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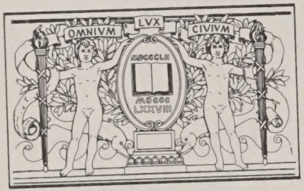
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The Nation:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1870.

The Week.

THE Congressional labor of the week has been mainly expended on the usual important work of the closing days of the session, the Tax, and Tariff, and Appropriation Bills getting a principal share of attention, though the House has passed the Funding Bill, and, conjointly with the Senate, made some amendments in the naturalization laws. The word "white," wherever it occurs, is struck out; but an amendment providing that the Chinese be excluded from the benefits of the amendment was retained. The Senate, on Friday, went through some odd performances with the income-tax clause in the Tax Bill. In the afternoon of Friday, it abolished the tax entirely. In the evening, under the management of Mr. Sherman—management perhaps a little too sharp for dignity or for the permanency of the result obtained—it was voted that the tax, reduced in amount to two-and-a-half per cent., and limited in existence to the next two years, should be continued. Great is the consequent disgust of the newspapers; but we do not observe that there is much of the popular clamor which the newspapers would have us believe is raging.

As usual on the Fourth of July, the sachems and braves of Tammany, to say nothing of certain guileless medicine men and a fluent prophet or two, met on the Fourth of July for their annual "big talk," and afforded some indication of the intentions of the Democratic party, or, at any rate, of the franker section of it which inhabits New York, and listens to the words of "Big Six." As it happens, this section of it is just now the most powerful in the party, for New York will carry into the next convention an almost overwhelming influence in virtue of her immense Democratic majority, and the facilities for making it bigger if a bigger one is wanted. Still, the party has for a long time seldom failed to hearken to those of its counsellors who were deemed to have the longest heads, and the enthusiasm of the "young men" is usually restrained by the medicine men and great chiefs. This time nothing was done but what might have been expected, unless, indeed, we except the open nomination for the next Presidency of Governor Hoffman. This, however, any crowd of New York Democrats have always been ready to do by acclamation for the last two or three years; and, for the matter of that, there would seem to be no reason discernible by ordinary observers why Mr. Hoffman might not be the choice of a full and regular Democratic convention.

He has never failed in getting such offices as he wanted, the record of his "running" being about as good as that of any man in the country; some, at least, of the duties of his offices he always performs with credit; he is thought to have good abilities, and if his official conduct will not bear close inspection, the mass of the people do not know the fact; his name would get him many Republican votes, unless, indeed, the Republicans were to give a place on their ticket to a genuine German; he is young and has many personal friends, and, on the whole, though there is a belief—not too well founded—that no man much talked of for the Presidency stands any chance of getting it, Mr. Hoffman is sufficiently likely to turn out the candidate to make it worth the while of other Democratic gentlemen with aspirations to look thoroughly into such passages in his history as his complicity in the Erie frauds; his complicity in the voting frauds of last fall in this city; his connection with Supervisor Tweed, and much more of the secret history of his official existence. The Republicans, too, might do worse than go into the investigation, for appearances now, as we are about half through the present quadrennial political period, do not seem to indicate anything like a walk over the course in the next contest.

The speeches of the Tammany orators were in manner better than those for several years past, and were perhaps a shade better in spirit, the passage of the amendments having necessarily the effect of moderating a little the obstinate anger which used to assert that the reconstructive legislation must be undone. There was, however, more or less of this spirit shown. Still, it may almost be left wholly to the consideration of such persons as are in the habit of persuading themselves that because Copperheads were once bitterly hated, the Republican party is never going to be beaten. Really, the kind of talk of which we had some on the Fourth from Senator Casserly has now not very much political significance. Bitter haters of the North there are in the South, no doubt; and no doubt there are men in the North who still hate rebels; but it is not to minorities like these classes that it is much worth while to look; on the great middle mass of the people all this set of feelings begins to have a slighter influence. Of more consequence is it to see the planks of the new Democratic platform. The importation of Chinese labor is to be opposed, and "the workingman" is told to see in the Democratic party the friend of the artisan, protecting him against the servile labor which will bring into existence here a condition of society in which we shall have only the very wealthy and a horde of servile laborers, their serfs. There is to be at once a great diminution of our taxes—a lightening of the burdens of this generation, and remitting to future generations some part of the expense of the war. There is to be at once full amnesty to the persons engaged in the late war, and an absolute withdrawal of Congressional interference with the States. Little or nothing was said concerning Cuba, and about as much concerning San Domingo, while the inefficiency of the present Congress received a great deal of attention. But the main planks were the Chinese question, the taxes, and the cessation of Congressional intervention in the affairs of the States. Of course, also, it was felt that the advent of the Democracy to power would produce cheering and unmistakable indications of the thousand years of peace. In that time justice shall be done alike to ploughholder and bondholder, Mr. Cox said; taxes shall be light; paper money shall be worth its face; "bribery, fraud, scheming, and bounties will become obsolete—as they were unknown under Democratic rule;" no more land is to be stolen from the people, no more grass grown in our ship-yards, no more powers usurped. It is almost like living under the direct rule of Peter B. Sweeny himself! Finally, Mr. Cox thought that the Radicals would soon discover that in bringing over a Chinaman they had caught a Tartar.

His view of the case seems to have struck General Butler also, who, in his Fourth of July oration, delivered in Connecticut, spoke out plainly the feeling of Eastern Massachusetts, which is a region of artisans. General Wilson also, as we remarked last week, perceives the pretty plain determination of the average workingman to resent the coming invasion, if, indeed, there is an invasion to come. When General Butler made an end of his speech, Ex-Governor Hawley, who was on the platform with him, denied the soundness of the speaker's doctrine, and dealt with him for it, but softly, as one of the brethren with another. He did not see his way clear, he said, to shut the inviting doors of America in the face of a suffering world. With the flag in one hand and the New Testament in the other, he would welcome all who would come hither. He did not say what his attitude would be in case some millions of Mongolians, destitute of our political training, aliens to us with an alienage that makes them foreign in a vastly different sense from that in which any European is foreign, were to establish themselves among us permanently. Probably he is not ready with his answer, but from the tone of his remarks we feel a fear that he would for a while yet at least simply quote the truths of the Declaration as to the equality of all men. But that would hardly dispose of the problem when once such a problem had really come. As for the question of the Chinese coming here in not very large numbers, and settling, as at North Adams, temporarily, and as the contracted and imported servants and instruments of a manufactory, it is probable that the workingmen of Connecticut will soon settle that for most of her legislators. But, from present appearances, it is borrowing trouble for any of us to be worrying ourselves too much about waving the flag and either inviting or repelling suffering Mongols by the million.

Whether or not we ought to be now or at any other time fighting the Indians, or on the eve of general Indian war, it would seem that there is no doubt that, being on the verge of war, we ought to have some soldiers on the Plains. Wherever the Indians now like to go in a band of five hundred or a thousand they find themselves superior in strength to our forces. Of officers there seem to be plenty, and the young gentlemen who lament that they cannot be out in active service instead of being shut up in the artillery school at Fort Monroe are probably profitably employed in studying the algebra and geometry which disturb them so much. But if men are not to be had elsewhere, it appears as if the four or five hundred soldiers stationed at that fort might be employed to better advantage in doing garrison duty in some fort on the Plains that now has fourteen or twenty men in it and has to shut itself up when the Indians take to the war-path. Everybody says the one thing too, except the Indian agents and the Congressmen who practise their economies in the safety of Washington and the full view of admiring constituents, by cutting down the Army Appropriation Bill—while, perhaps, adding something to bills like that which was the other day stigmatized as a mere scheme to lay hold of the farms of the Mission Indians in California. General Sherman says there are not soldiers enough; General Sheridan says he cannot keep the field, and must content himself with guard duty; and there is but one account from the settlers. It is possible that the reports of the coming trouble are exaggerated; but Sheridan says that the Indians of the Northern and Southern Reservations both are off their reservations, and that he distrusts them entirely, naming Red Cloud by name. Possibly that gentleman does, as has been suggested, place some reliance in the assurances of certain great orators here in New York, who, when he was with us, informed him that rather than the red man should suffer injustice, they would themselves grasp the United States by the throat and compel it to be just. At all events, the army is mistaken, or Red Cloud begins to fear his "young men" are irrestrainable. Perhaps they are really so; and perhaps they are conveniently so. In either case, reflections are suggested as to the propriety of the "treaties" we make with these potentates.

British gold has been once more triumphant in its nefarious work. More than a majority of our Senators and Representatives have united in signing a letter to Special Commissioner Wells, in which they set forth the service that he has done the country, and declare him a most useful and faithful officer. It is said that Mr. Dawes ascertained, by a strict canvass, that there could be obtained a two-thirds majority in favor of continuing the office, which went out of existence, by limitation, on the 1st instant. Mr. Wells, being advised thereto, went to the President to discover his feeling in the matter, and was told that Mr. Boutwell opposed the continued existence of the office of Special Commissioner, and that he must think no more of it. Had Congress, then, re-enacted the law establishing the office, it is clear enough that we should have had in it some other man than Mr. Wells, and it is clear, too, that he would have been, in effect, a preacher of high tariff at all events, whether or not he were theoretically a protectionist of the Carey-Greeley school, as he probably would have been. Mr. Boutwell is said, by some people, to be merely jealous of Mr. Wells's reputation as a financier, of which, indeed, the Springfield *Republican* says truly that it is "a better reputation than any man in this country ever won off the battle-field in so short a time." But there is no need to look so far as that for the motives of an act which is entirely in consonance with all the apparent and avowed motives governing Mr. Boutwell's public conduct. He wants high duties, because his notion of the way to get a large revenue is to make duties as high as possible, and his desire for a big revenue is that the Secretary of the Treasury may diminish, by sheer force of purchase, the volume of the national debt. He would not precisely kill the goose that lays the golden egg, but to lighten the burden of taxation and so give our bird time to hatch a brood that would all, in the next generation, be laying golden eggs too, is an idea that finds no lodgment in his mind. In Mr. Wells's it has, and so have many similar ideas; and Mr. Boutwell naturally looks on him with distrust. Then, too, the fanatical moral reformer's hatred of "the judicial mind" is a sentiment of respect compared with the depth and sincerity of his contempt for a statistician and scientific legislator.

A good piece of news that comes from Connecticut is that the Hartford *Evening Post* nominates Mr. Wells as representative from the Third Congressional District, which certainly has now an opportunity to honor itself and "do the state some service." But the opposition in caucus may well be too strong for any such nomination to be made, for how many assessorships, and clerkships, and collectorships is Secretary Boutwell likely to allow his former subordinate? Not "his quota," we imagine. The "men inside politics," however, should remind themselves that Mr. Wells may one day be Secretary himself. It is also reported that Governor Hoffman has offered Mr. Wells a Special Commissionership to examine and report on the system of taxation now in operation in this State.

Probably Mr. Thurlow Weed, if he possessed the power of being in several places at the same time and of making himself invisible, might master the secrets of New York politics, but they are far too much for most people. How, for instance, to explain the recent changes in the Federal offices in this city? One thing seems to be clear about it, namely, that the change is a blow at Senator Fenton, whose influence, by the way, considering his character, is not the least of the mysteries of our local politics. Ex-Senator Morgan apparently it is who triumphs in these latest events, and Mr. Conkling, too, is understood to be very well pleased, while Mr. Fenton is working hard to defeat the confirmation of the new candidate for the collectorship. Mr. Thomas Murphy, an Irishman by descent if not by birth, is a Roman Catholic in religion, a shaky Republican, for he was strong for the projected Andrew Johnson party at the time of the Philadelphia Convention, shaky in his business reputation, and an out-and-out politician of the kind that is noisiest in conventions. He is expected to weld together by his management of the custom-house the three or four thousand employees of the custom-house, and the thousands more or less who are dependent on them, into a compact mass useful to the Republicans in this city; and there is hope in the souls of some that he may detach certain Roman Catholics from their allegiance to Tammany. The reasonableness of this expectation becomes manifest when it is recollected that Mr. Murphy is a leader in one of the "gangs," as the Republican committees in this city are called who, by their fighting, greed, and treachery, have made the party in this city the imposing host that it is. There is no doubt that he will feed fat a temporary Murphy faction, and will repay some old grudges as well as reward some old services, but it may very well be doubted if his appointment will do anything but still further weaken the party. But it looks very much as if he would not be confirmed.

Mr. Noah Davis, now in Congress, is understood to be a good lawyer, and is a well-known Republican in the interior of the State. He also is an enemy of Fenton's. That he is fit for his place, the District-Attorneyship, is not doubted. We do not know, either, that the present incumbent's fitness is doubted. Mr. Hillhouse for the Sub-treasuryship is said to be well selected; and it is difficult to get a good man for so responsible a place, held at so small a salary, and under bonds so heavy. With these changes, which may be the work of the politicians, or may be, as some say, so far as they offend Senator Fenton, the result of a personal friendship which Grant has for Ex-Senator Morgan, there comes a talk also of changes in two foreign missions. The President does not like Mr. Motley as minister to England, or Mr. Bancroft as minister at Berlin. Mr. Grinnell might have had the Prussian mission, it is said, and Mr. Morgan the English. None of the appointments, the actual ones or the rumored, seem to give anybody a higher respect for the President's way of selecting his men.

Mr. Conkling, some time since, brought into the Senate a naturalization bill, which has for its object the prevention of some of the frauds which occur annually in the naturalization of foreigners in this and other cities, but in this city defiantly and to an enormous extent. Everybody knows that the conferring of the privilege of American citizenship—which ought to be a solemn act, and to wait patiently for which, and, moreover, take some trouble in the getting of which, no one should think a hardship—has here been done with such indecent haste and shameful dishonesty as to constitute one of the great scandals of the country. The new bill throws the business into the hands of the United States Courts and Special Commissioners of Naturalization. Every Democrat opposed the measure with all his might, though not a reason was urged against its passage which was better than calling its advocates Know Nothings. It will, however, no doubt become law. It was embarrassed in its course through the Senate by its friends as well as its enemies; Mr. Sumner making its discussion the occasion for a fight in favor of the Chinese, whom he declared "born free and equal;" which Mr. Stewart not accepting, Mr. Sumner denounced the honorable member from Nevada as a Simon Peter, who had turned traitor to the cause of human liberty, and, taking a copy of the Scriptures, he read, *in extenso*, an account of Peter's denial of his Master, to which he added the remark that now Mr. Stewart also might well go out and weep bitterly. To laugh consumedly, however, appeared to Mr. Stewart the proper way of treating the matter, and "the debate became highly interesting," one account says. It was a good deal more like Peter's denial of his Master, Mr. Stewart thought, for Mr. Sumner to pretend that the Bible was in favor of letting in millions of pagans into a land now of Gospel light. Mr. Williams, of Oregon, announced that, for his part, he considered Mr. Sumner's notion of the Mongol's equality to be "all stuff and nonsense." But Mr. Sumner insisted on his amendment, and a vote was taken which resulted in its rejection, and shortly afterwards the bill passed. The latter part of this ludicrous debate is, perhaps, of value, as indicative of the loosening hold on power and influence of a set of ideas and a set of men who, though for reasons more extraneous to themselves than any of the school have yet been able to believe, formerly had a good deal more influence in this country than they are now enjoying.

Some time since, a clause was introduced into the Tariff Bill providing, in the interests of students, that a man who should import English or other foreign books in single copies, should pay no duty upon them, but that the man who imported them as a dealer should, as now, be taxed. This legislation had, at first sight, a look of fairness, but there is no doubt that it would have worked injustice. Under this provision, any one, student or not, might have brought into the country, at one entry, any number of volumes—a hundred thousand—provided the collection contained all single copies, and no duplicates. That there are not foreign publishing houses who would speedily have had some "students" over here, travelling about and taking orders, no one will doubt; and it is probable that the attempt to benefit the class of buyers whom Congress intended to benefit would have resulted in most of them being left without the convenience of large collections to examine, but dependent on their own knowledge of the means of buying books and transmitting money abroad, or else upon the services of a low class of agents. The American importer, on the other hand, would clearly be injured, and probably more injured than such good as the clause conferred upon others would, on the whole, compensate for. Moved by considerations of this kind, the Senate has struck out the provision, and we now buy of the importers again. But surely the end desired by the Senate might be partially at least attained if there were some such provision as that the student and the importer alike might import, duty free, all current scientific books, and all books of any kind more than fifty, or thirty, years old. The newest of the literature of knowledge, and the oldest of the literature of power, are the needs of the student classes in this as in other countries; and much of our present tax on advancement in learning and culture would be removed by some such provision as the one suggested. It would be hard, to be sure, to draft it; but there is no impossibility in specifying the subjects which would free the new books from duties; and as to the others there need be no trouble.

Coming chiefly, we take it, from the purely political press, there was in Illinois a while ago, the Constitutional Convention being still in session, a great deal of talk to the effect that the defeat of the new constitution was a foregone conclusion. But its friends promptly came to the rescue, and have not only prevented its defeat by default, but have worked so well as to secure the adoption not only of the main body of the instrument, on which it was easier to get a vote, but also of all the provisions which were submitted to a separate vote; and the majority, as we go to press, is said to be large. We have heretofore given our readers pretty full information of the character of the new constitution, but, that interest in this experiment may be kept alive, we recapitulate its chief points. Of most popular interest, perhaps, is the section relating to minority representation. The last half of it reads thus: "In all elections of representatives aforesaid, each qualified voter may cast as many votes for one candidate as there are representatives to be elected, or may distribute the same, or equal parts thereof, among the candidates, as he shall see fit, and the candidates highest in votes shall be declared elected." There are to be three representatives in each senatorial district, and two years is the term of office. A majority of all the members of each House is required for the passage of a law, and, for an act to take effect before the first day of the July next succeeding its passage, the majority carrying it must be two-thirds of each House. No appropriation of money can be made in any private act. No local or special laws can be passed for the chartering of towns and cities; for regulating the interest on money; for changing the salaries of officers during their terms of office; for granting or amending railroad charters; for bestowing any exclusive privilege on any person or corporation. There shall be no "consolidation of stock" of competing or parallel railway lines. The roads shall be public highways, and the maximum and minimum rates of fare shall be fixed by the Legislature. The State must not lend its credit to any person or corporation; nor extend the term of office of any officer; nor release or commute the payment of taxes to any town or district. No defaulter, and no person convicted of any infamous crime, shall sit in the Legislature or hold office. Finally, provision is made that there shall be no "gerrymandering" of the State in the interest of the party that happens to be uppermost. General legislation in place of special; minority representation, and the control of the railroad highways of the State may be roughly said to be the great distinguishing marks of the new constitution, the operation of which will be looked at closely, and which is sure to find imitators if it proves a success. The number of people everywhere increases who have ceased to believe that our constitutions, State or national, were inspired, and that the forty millions of Americans of to-day were saved by the labors of the founders all thought and care in regard to the laws under which they live.

The news from Europe is of no special importance. From the Council nothing definite is heard, but it is definitely known that the 29th of June passed and St. Peter's Day was not marked by the promulgation of the dogma declaring the infallibility of the Pope. No one seems any more able than before to tell us what is to be the upshot of the gathering, but there is talk of everything's being brought to a conclusion by the 10th instant. From Spain or from Paris comes rumor that Prim is negotiating with a prince of the house of Hohenzollern to fill the throne of Spain. But Prim lives in such a cloud of intrigue, and has thus far so well concealed his intentions and plans, that no story is too absurd to find some credence and some seeming confirmation. In England, Lord Clarendon has been succeeded by Lord Granville, and the Earl of Kimberley takes the place of Colonial Secretary. How well he will be able to deal with discontented New Zealand and with Canada demanding independence remains to be seen. But he is a man of university honors; in the prime of life, being but forty-four years old; has been Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Ambassador to Russia, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and has filled various like positions, diplomatic and other.

"THE INTERESTS OF THE PARTY."

All our custom-houses are interesting to Americans for other reasons than their use as instruments in the collection of the larger portion of the national revenue. In most other countries, they possess no attractions for anybody but the statistician or the political economist, and their returns are nothing better than the dry statement of the nature and amount of private trade with foreign countries. In the United States, on the other hand, they not only furnish an easy and efficacious mode of filling the Treasury, but they form the channel through which the public beneficence reaches most forms of suffering and misfortune. There is no American, who knows anything about the custom-houses of his country, who can pass one without exhibiting an emotion which few foreigners can understand, because he knows that it is through them, and them mainly, that the Federal Government appears in the character of an almoner, and consoler, and soother, and that in every one of them he would be pretty sure, should he lose either his fortune or his reputation, to find refuge and subsistence. There is no custom-house roof that does not cover, as with a shield, not simply large numbers of honest men who have lost their all, but of rascals who, having tried hard and unsuccessfully to get a living out of somebody, are forced to seek at least temporary solace in the bosom of the people, for such the custom-house may fairly be called.

The New York Custom-house, besides sheltering more affliction and disappointment than any other, brings in a very large proportion of the Government revenues, and, consequently, it is the source of a large and very important portion of the Government patronage. It, therefore, plays a part in politics to which no other custom-house in the world can lay claim, and excites an amount of interest and attention all over the country which people would never think of bestowing on any mere fiscal machine. The capacity of nearly every administration is tested by the manner in which the offices in it are filled. To make the wrong man collector, surveyor, or even appraiser of this port, is a mistake which no reputation, however brilliant, can survive. Probably no single person has in these latter days rendered much greater services to a community than General Grant rendered to the United States. After many men had been tried and found wanting, he struck the blow which not glorified, or exalted, or enlarged the nation simply, but saved it. Nevertheless, his inability to give "satisfaction to the party" in the matter of the New York Custom-house is held, by many sage politicians, to have dimmed the lustre of his exploits, and, indeed, many hold that it shows that he was not much of a general after all; that there is no use in calling a man a great soldier who could give the collectorship to Moses H. Grinnell. Not that Mr. Grinnell has proved a bad *collector*. We have read most of what has been said against him during the past year, and we have never yet heard it said that he failed in his duty towards the Government. We believe it is generally acknowledged that he put as few rascals in office as was, under the present system, possible, and, in employing helpless and incompetent persons, employed the least helpless and incompetent. It appears it was in his duty to the party he failed; and he failed in his duty to the party almost in the direct ratio of his fidelity to the Government; for his duty to the Government required him to be particular about the fitness of his appointees, while his duty to the party required him to disregard fitness to the utmost possible extent. Indeed, although Mr. Grinnell had been by no means unknown or inactive in local politics, it may fairly be said that, in appointing him, as in giving the United States Marshalship to General Barlow, and in one or two other cases, the President gave signs of that desire to break with party traditions and institute a new régime for which a vast number of his supporters really gave him credit during the presidential campaign; for Mr. Grinnell's business position and antecedents put him in the category from which it would be natural and proper to select the man who was to receive and hand over the enormous sums of money that come through the New York Custom-house, and to resist the tremendous temptations which that institution offers to anybody who has control of it.

But, as we have frequently said before, the President committed at the outset the capital mistake of trying to ride two horses, or to reform a little when nothing but total change would do. When the people were in the temper in which they elected him, they would have cordially supported him in an attempt to throw off the party yoke, break with the past, and establish the principle of selection for fitness. Nobody expected from him skill in the management of party machinery; nay, his nomination was demanded by the country mainly because he was well known *not* to have it. But then, the only condition on which he could count on the support of the country in turning over a new leaf was *thoroughness*. People were willing to accept him as a plain, blunt soldier, who would do his duty; and had he stuck to this rôle from the outset he would have carried all before him. But the minute he tried to reform by piecemeal—that is, to fill some offices on the principle of fitness, and others on the principle of "spoils"—he at once offered himself to criticism as a "manager," and his enemies were not slow to perceive and take advantage of his weakness in this direction. In the character of a politician, skilful in the adjustment of "claims," he is, of course, condemned, both by his education and temper, to hopeless failure; and every attempt he has made to "manage" has been disastrous. In that sphere, he is as helpless as any owl in daylight. Any sparrow can peck at him and make sport of him.

The politicians have at last succeeded in persuading him to put the New York Custom-house to rights according to their notions, or, in other words, to take sides in the fight which has been raging between the two contemptible factions which have long divided the Republican party in this State, and made those who have watched the doings of the Republican leaders in this city wonder what courts and jails were made for when such people as these were running about loose. He has accordingly, acting we do not pretend to know under what influences, ranged himself against the Fentonites—a band whose bond of union consists in admiration of Senator Fenton—by ousting one of its chief men, General Merritt, from the post of naval officer, and the shifting of Mr. Grinnell to make way for Mr. Thomas Murphy. Merritt's removal is of no great consequence, and there might be many excuses made for Mr. Grinnell's, but, in appointing Mr. Murphy, it may be fairly inferred that the President has cast aside all regard for the better aims and tendencies of the party, for Mr. Murphy is a politician of the politicians, has never been anywhere but "inside politics," is rich through Government contracts, and has that peculiar reputation which consists in being generally believed capable of participation in any job, and, indeed, by no means savory charges are made against him under this head already. A touch of the humorous, as is so often the case in these matters, is given to the affair by the pretence that the "interests of the party" called for what we must characterize as this monstrous abuse of a great trust. It remains for the people to let the politicians know what the "interests" of great parties really are. Managers are apt to forget them very rapidly.

CONGRESS AND A FUNDING BILL.

The financial legislation of the present Congress is, we are glad to say, likely to be at last brought to a close by the new Funding Bill which the House has just got up as a substitute for the Senate bill and which, let us add, there is no likelihood of the Senate's adopting. Many attempts have already been made to give the European capitalist an opportunity of investing freely in United States bonds, and all on the principle that his greatest difficulty at present is the high rate of interest. Accordingly, both Houses have been steadily at work for some years trying to lower the interest sufficiently to accommodate him. Mr. Sumner gave the listening Senate to understand last spring that if we only lowered the interest enough, there would be a rush of capital from abroad that would set free millions on millions for employment in "getting people down to tide-water" on new railroads and in various other industrial enterprises, but then in his bill he quite arbitrarily and injudiciously, as it seems to us, fixed the rate at four per cent. or thereabouts, because whatever be the motive which induces a man who can buy a United States bond at five-and-a-half per cent. to prefer one at four per cent., it must act with equal power in leading him to prefer a two per cent. bond to a four, and, indeed, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, if the argument be sound, that in no way can the United States get so much money as in offering to take it without paying any interest at all. Mr. Sumner, too, and in this he was only repeating the arguments of many other people, laid a good deal of stress on the length a bond had to run as an element in its value, and, if we remember rightly, mentioned forty years as a period of peculiar temptation to capitalists. No doubt, investors are influenced by the length of a bond in deciding whether they will buy it, but if time was so important an element in the problem as to reconcile a man holding securities at six per cent. to a conversion at four, we might fairly conclude that, by signing a solemn engagement never to pay off the debt, we could get money at one or even a half of one per cent.

In spite of all the discussion which has taken place, neither the House nor the Senate have disembarrassed themselves of these peculiar ideas about the motives which influence investors, and especially about the ability of Congress to cajole capitalists by fine words. For instance, there is no doubt that the solemnity of the discussions of which we have had so much, as to the amount of interest which the Government should pay on its new loan, and as to the name its securities should bear, "fours," or "fives," or "sixes," has been due to a firm belief that the Government could fix the interest at what it pleased. Now, it can fix the rate at which it will borrow, but it can no more fix the rate at which capitalists will lend than it can fix the price of beef in the London market. Congress calling a bond a "four per cent. bond" will not do more to make it a four per cent. bond—that is, towards borrowing money on it at that rate of interest—than calling a sheep a cow does towards converting mutton into beef. A capitalist can now go into the market and buy as many United States bonds as he pleases at rates that will pay him from five to six per cent. Capitalists are not doing so with any great eagerness, else the price would rise rapidly, and the interest consequently fall. What Congress asks us to believe is, however, that while neglecting these bonds, with which they are now familiar, no sooner will a bond bearing a much lower rate of interest be offered, than they will rush at it. Mr. Schenck says he has "assurances" that the whole of this proposed new issue will be taken during 1870–1, and the House seems actually to have been encouraged by the announcement. Now, we venture to say that no person who has either the means or the intention of investing even ten thousand dollars at four per cent. in these securities ever gave Mr. Schenck any assurance of the kind. If any banker, home or foreign, ever said so, we can understand his unwillingness to have his name mentioned, for there would, if he takes money on deposit, certainly be a run on him. Nobody would leave funds in the hands of a banker who did business on sentimental considerations, or was such a fool as to lend money to a man one and a half per cent. less on new notes than he was obliged to pay on the paper already in the market. We take the liberty of believing, therefore, that the "assurances" came from some gentleman to whom the business of banking is an inscrutable mystery, and who fancies that people make advances to Government out of admiration.

One thing is certain, that if this last House bill does not "fund" something, funding is all over for this year. It has occupied more of the time of the House and Senate than anything else, and has, perhaps, furnished more amusement to the world than anything they have done or attempted. The discussions on it, if carried on by gentlemen with more knowledge of the principles of finance, would have been very offensive to the moneyed world, because they were all based on the assumption that capitalists are idiots; and the exceeding transparency of the arrangements made to entrap them have only been pardoned by the consideration that they were made in perfect simplicity and good faith.

We shall now make a suggestion, not to Congress, as a corporate body, but to the individual members, as gentlemen about to enjoy a few months of leisure—in which they will have, what they rarely have at Washington, time for reflection—and it is this, that the Secretary of the Treasnry be authorized to sell a certain amount of United States bonds, of certain denominations, in open market, for what they will fetch. We shall then know at what rate the United States can borrow, and shall be able accordingly to give a name to the funds. But it is only in this way we can find out. Congress does not know, and can do no more towards fixing the rate than the New York Common Council. Gentlemen may fancy, and a great many do fancy, that there would be in this a sacrifice of dignity, but then they cannot prevent this sacrifice by humbug; indeed, we only aggravate it; and this funding humbug has gone about far enough. No matter what we *say*, we have to sell our bonds in the market at such a price as investors are willing to offer. Mr. Chase tried to hide this process from the public eye by issuing legal tenders, and trying to make people believe that when he had sold a $1,000 bond for $1,000 in greenbacks, with gold at 200, he had sold it "at par." That device really did succeed for a little while, but people rapidly found it out, and have since then become exceedingly sharp—*how* sharp, Congressmen have little idea. There is no course so "dignified" as the truthful, frank, and straightforward one which takes account of the principles of human nature and of the facts of human society. It is time that we recognized this in our financial legislation. There is nothing in selling bonds at their market value to be ashamed of, if we really want the money; and if they go low, it is not the lowness which ought to make us blush, but the causes which produce it. People whose past-due promissory notes are circulating to the tune of $300,000,000, at 12 per cent. discount, ought not to be so terribly sensitive as some Congressmen seem to be. Our credit will be and is improved by deeds, never by names.

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM.

III.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte," requotes from the thirtieth chapter of his "Social Statistics" the following passages:

> "Ideas do not govern and overthrow the world: the world is governed and overthrown by feelings, to which ideas serve only as guides. The social mechanism does not rest finally upon opinions, but almost wholly upon character. . . . The social state at any time existing is the resultant of all the ambitions, self-interests, fears, reverences, indignations, sympathies, etc., of ancestral citizens and existing citizens. . . . Ideas wholly foreign to this social state cannot be evolved, and" . . . their "establishment . . . depends on the fitness of the society for receiving them (from without). Practically, the popular character and the social state determine what ideas shall be current, instead of the current ideas determining the social state and the character."

The fallacy here refuted (though refuted by assertion only) is a very common one. Comte assumes it as a truism "that ideas rule and overthrow the world." If he were right, the unity of Italy would be inexplicable except as a revolutionary intermezzo; while Mr. Spencer's theory not only explains the accomplished fact, but shows its logical necessity and the reasons of its endurance. According to Comte, the intellectual differences pointed out in the preceding articles ought to have created—what they have not created—that *anarchie intellectuelle* which Positivists abhor as the source of all evil, and their sudden mixture and permutation ought not to have been, what it has proved to be, an exchange of mental commodities conducive to wealth and power. And this being so, we must infer that the products thus exchanged were complementary to each other, or else that they had some common factor, which, according to Mr. Spencer's theory, must be the resultant of all the hopes and fears, aspirations and desires, hatreds and sympathies, of all the Italians, past and present.

Where can we search for such resultants? The component forces with which we have here to do are feelings pure and simple, aspirations, character; and the natural manifestations and truest utterances of these are *poetry* and *music*, and popular *customs* or instinctive modes of action. In these the sentiments appear freest from intellectual admixtures, much freer than in plastic art, in prose literature, and in political action. The study of the local customs would open a vast field, upon which we cannot enter here. But music and poetry are more easily surveyed. Both seem to be a common property of all Italian races. In a language where the inflexions are longer than the radicals, and generally long enough to attract the word-accent, rhyming becomes almost inevitable. The emotions that crave utterance can get an easy vent in such a language, without having to overcome those technical difficulties which in more unwieldy, rhymeless, or monosyllabic languages make poetry the art of a select few. There is not a person in Italy that has not made some verses in his life. The custom still prevails at dinner parties to season the last courses of the repast with a round of extemporized couplets. Like the "loving cup" of old, this custom, too, may pass away and be superseded by postprandial prosing and heartless toasting. But it is still in force thoughout the peninsula.

The improvising powers of the Italians are notorious. They are common not only to all the Italian races, but to all ranks of society. They seem independent of dialect, of occupation, or of education, and are kept in working order by frequent practice, though, of course, with variable success. And this is done under the only form of soliloquizing which is deemed compatible with soundness of mind, namely, under the form of *singing*. Sometimes it may be screaming rather than singing; it may be out of tune or out of key, or it may be a keyless Ambrosian chant; yet, in the majority of cases, it must be called singing. Almost everybody, unless he is talking, sings. The Turin weaver, sitting at his loom, sings. The Lombard peasant, walking behind his plough, sings. The Sicilian muleteer, driving his donkey, sings. The fisherman sings in his boat, the washerwoman sings at her tub, the *vetturino* sings on his box, the ragamuffin sings in the streets, and even the dandy may intone the *casta diva* quite unexpectedly in broad daylight and in a crowded street.

The genuine Italian street-songs, the *ritornelli* and the *rispetti*, are simple and sometimes quaint melodies, to which extemporized verses are sung. In the north of Italy, these melodies change, like the fashions, almost every season, but in Rome and the Neapolitan provinces they still preserve their archaic character. Nobody knows their origin or their authors. The recent ones are, of course, extempore performances of some idler, who tests the merit of his song by singing it continually until it spreads from street to street and from town to town. But those used in the South must be of great antiquity. To unlearned ears they seem to be in minor keys, but they belong in reality to the "authentic" Greek modes, or to the plagal modes of Gregory the Great; at all events, they must have originated long before the consequences of Guido's (of Arezzo) musical reform were felt in those southern regions. The keys and the characters of these *ritornelli* differ very considerably in the different parts of Italy—so much so, that they cannot be said to have any common trait that stamps them as Italian. They are not popular songs, such as any other nation may have. Nor must they be confounded with the real songs of Italy, composed by the masters of the art, and which become popular afterwards. The *ritornelli* are (and this is all they have in common) musical blanks, to be filled up by each singer, according to his momentary mood and feelings, with improvised rhymed verses. Thus every Italian has a ready means of thinking aloud, and he rarely fails to avail himself of it to beguile his solitude or the tedium of a task or a walk. It may not be real singing always, or real poetry, but it is an attempt at both; and the universal use of *ritornelli*, as an utterance of feeling, is a truly national characteristic of the Italians. It shows, perhaps, that the Italians cannot be a reticent people, or a very deep people either. But it also shows clearly that, if they cannot keep their feelings to themselves, they like to utter them in an artistic form, and that these feelings are such as to be capable of artistic utterance; in other words, potentially at least, the Italians are a nation of poets and musicians.

The territorial distribution of this poetic or musical talent is strikingly even. It seems to thrive in every corner of the land, and even the maxima of its excellence are pretty equally scattered over the surface of the peninsula. Sicily can boast of having been the cradle of Italian poetry. Sorrento was Tasso's birthplace; Filicaja was born at Naples, Metastasio at Rome, Petrarca at Arezzo, Dante and Niccolini at Florence, Ariosto and Tassoni at Modena, Monti and Guarini at Ferrara, Chiabrera at Savona, Alfieri at Asti; Manzoni, Parini, and Giusti at Milan, Goldoni at Venice. More striking still is the local distribution of musical genius. To mention only the greatest names: Bellini was born at Palermo; Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Mercadante at Naples; Palestrina at Rome, Rossini at Pesaro, Pacini at Pistoja, Paer and Verdi at Parma, Tartini at Padua, Donizetti at Bergamo, Paganini at Genoa.

This alone would not be conclusive, perhaps. But when added to what has been said in proof of the ubiquity of musical and poetic talent in every part of Italy and in every stratum of Italian society, it cannot but strengthen our argument. Moreover (and this is an important addition), the masterpieces in both arts show a remarkable similarity of style and character, or, negatively and more accurately expressed, there is no radical or specific difference between them. All Italian musicians were melodists—Bellini the Sicilian as well as Donizetti of Bergamo. If Palestrina was less so, it was due to no local spirit, but to his avowed object of divorcing sacred music from secular music. They all wrote for the voice. Instrumental music, as an independent art, has never been cultivated in Italy. Its dreamy, undefined, transcendental character has charms for the German, but does not tempt the Italian, who uses instrumental music as the scaffolding for his melodramatic performances, just as a painter uses the frame for his picture, but who does not care to decipher its hieroglyphics.

In Italian poetry, too, there is an absence of all that we are wont to call *romantic*. It shows a variety of forms—epic, dramatic, and lyrical. Many of the poets were masters in satire and in epigrammatic verse; some were sentimental; but no Italian poet ever excelled in the "romantic" style. Ugo Foscolo's attempt to acclimatize it in Italy was a failure, and that, too, at a time when the romantic school had monopolized poetry in Germany, and when the triumvirate, Wieland, Uhland, Tieck (which Heine suggested as a good rhyme to "romantic"), reigned supreme from the Alps to the Baltic.

These are curious coincidences. The persistent neglect of instrumental music, and the exclusion of the romantic style from poetry, by a people so eminently musical and poetic, constitute a curious trait. If the universality of musical and poetical disposition showed a community of sentiment in the Italian races, this equally universal exclusion of the romantic and the transcendental shows a further community of *modes* of sentiment, which, as such, becomes an important, if not the most important, national characteristic of the Italians. Let people thus constituted, however discordant they may be in other respects—let them have common enemies and common sufferings, and the unionist sentiment, the national idea, is the inevitable result.

But even this affinity of feeling and community of aspiration would have remained sterile in Italy without a community (and that, too, an easily intelligible community) of material interests. If one part of a country is so constituted that whatever is good for it, economically and commercially, is detrimental to the immediate interests of the other parts, then their cohesion must depend on the capacity of the people to look beyond these immediate interests, and this capacity is notoriously rare in the world. But when it can be proved even to the most short-sighted and selfish politician that the *idem velle et idem nolle* involves no sacrifice to any one part, the greatest obstacle to this union is removed.

Now, Italy cannot, like some other countries, be divided into an agricultural and a manufacturing district. It is both, at the same time and everywhere. It is agricultural throughout because the soil is fertile throughout, in Sicily as well as in the Lake district. Whether they plant grain or rice, the vine or the olive, whether they rear cattle or silkworms, the Italians must everywhere be agriculturists, but, roughly speaking, in no part of Italy more so than in another. Even the plains of Lombardy, which might, at first sight, be called agricultural *par excellence*, are interspersed with busy towns, with mills and factories. Even there the Italian rustic does not live in vast solitudes of waving corn-fields. Even there his fields, though numerous, are small, and his villages, though small, are numerous. Most of these latter are boroughs rather than villages, and consist of compact streets, with street-lamps, shops, cafés, and restaurants, and the people seem cockneys rather than villagers. They cultivate the ground, of course—how could they help reaping such easy harvests?—but they do so from no predilection or natural predisposition. They are born cockneys, and their natural mission seems to be to build towns wherever they can, and to cultivate the resources of town life. Thus the plough remains within earshot of the theatre and the café.

The cultivated Italian, it may be granted, likes villa life as much as Horace or Cicero ever did. He has a genuine taste for stately villas, terraced gardens, fountains, statues, and shorn hedges. If he can, he will pass his Aprils and his Octobers at such a villa. But rural life in the northern sense, the idyl in a thatched cottage, has but little attraction for him. While in town, he may long for it, to

> "Quaff sweet oblivion of life's cares."

But, when he gets there, he soon finds out that the cares of town life are sweeter than the oblivion of them, that they are always easier to bear than to forget, and that the chair in his café was a more comfortable seat than the turf *patulæ sub tegmine fagi.*

It is well known especially to the managers of universal suffrage, that townfolks are more quick-witted than country people. But this quick-wittedness is a cause as well as an effect, and if not allowed to be wasted in idleness, vice, or crime, can easily be turned to good account. The poor man of a town naturally becomes the artisan, the mechanic. Now, the Italian being naturally of a townish disposition, may not improperly be called a born artisan. He has a well-shaped hand and a clear head, is docile and ingenious. His country is rich, if not in coal, in water-power, and in a variety of raw products, both mineral and vegetable. If some parts of Italy have never acted up to the measure of their capabilities, if the exporters of raw silk have still to depend on the Lyons looms for their wives' wardrobes, this is not owing either to lack of skill or of resources, but to native apathy, and, above all, to the perverseness of the fallen dynasties.

The soil of Italy being everywhere fertile, and the Italians having, instinctively as it were, studded this fertile soil with towns, or possible centres of art and industry, it follows that the agricultural interest and the manufacturing interests must be everywhere coexistent in Italy. And they are in such close juxtaposition that they cannot war against each other, or give rise to inter-territorial antagonism. What is good for Turin may not be good for its rural suburbs; but what is good for the whole of Piedmont will be good for the whole of Tuscany, and what is good for Lombardy will prove good for Naples too. All parts of Italy are equally interested in the establishment of free-trade, or (according to their lights) in the maintenance of protective duties, and the tariff cry can never be made the cry for secession in Italy. Nor is there any other cry that could serve such a purpose. Where affinity of sentiment—where similarity of utterance, be it in speech, art, or action—and where identity of economical interests exists as it does in Italy, the union of the country may well be considered safe and lasting, notwithstanding the newly formed political fractions—of which it may be said that their denominators are much bigger than their numerators, and that their sum total must be unit, whatever their differences may be.

Only one form of centrifugal force must, sooner or later, assert itself, and that is administrative decentralization, or, as we may call it in this case, municipal autonomy. The "land of the hundred cities," as the Italians like to call their country, has a right to claim this autonomy, and will claim it, as soon as she has recovered from the excitement and confusion created by the national transformation. Sooner or later, Italy must become, what every body politic ought to be, *e pluribus unum.* That is the chemical formula of organic substances, the magic formula of life. *Ex omnibus unum,* says Christianity; and even Victor Hugo's less pretentious formula, his "United States of Europe," though absurd as a political cry, and revealing a ludicrous want of perception in its author, embodies a legitimate and righteous aspiration.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 17.

I DO not suppose that in any European country, or in any age, there ever was a situation thoroughly analogous to the present political one here. The word "gâchis" is more than ever the only one that describes the condition to which matters have come; and such an apparently inextricable "mess" can hardly be imagined.

Just see how we stand: The absurd *plébiscite* having, as far as outward appearances go, "succeeded," and the Empire being reaccepted by the masses, as 7,000,000 of votes are stated to have victoriously proved, the first cry is that we are going inevitably in for "reaction." M. Rouher and M. de Forcade are seen dimly looming in the distance, and the Extreme Right are regarded as likely to be surpassed. On the other hand, the Liberal Imperialists, as they style themselves, declare that the success of the *plébiscite* is the commencement of a new era of freedom—"Order and freedom combined!" say they.

Well, it is neither. The success (if such it be) of the *plébiscite* is simply another step in the "gâchis." The spirit of the age is too strong to let the Emperor venture upon any real recurrence to "personal power," but the irresolute nature and past tergiversations of Ollivier forbid him to trust the Progressists or to follow the guidance of genuine public opinion. Accordingly, he contents himself with a small personal affront to M. Ronher, and eludes all serious political responsibility.

The "small affront" is this: A few days previous to the ceremony of receiving the 7,000,000 of votes, the Emperor settled with M. Rouher that both he and M. Schneider should make him a short speech, in the name of the two bodies of the state. M. Rouher prepared his discourse, the Emperor was quite satisfied with it, and the two harangues (that of M. Schneider and M. Rouher) were communicated to the Keeper of the Seals. The evening before the ceremony, M. Ollivier returned to M. Rouher *his* speech, simply stating that it was dispensed with. You may conceive the indignation in the Senatorial camp. But the very day following, the real difficulties began. Majority after majority fell crushing in upon the ministry, like the beams and rafters of a house whose roof has fallen in, and Émile Ollivier soon found himself destroyed by the chamber he had so foolishly and so unconstitutionally spared. Upon the question of the publicity of the *conseils généraux,* the poor unfortunate ministers alone voted for the Government. But that was comparatively nothing; the real disaster was what is now termed here "Jérome David's paving-stone" (*le pavé de Jérome David*). Ollivier had, as usual, resorted to his vulgar and hackneyed expedient of the "want of confidence" vote, when Jérome David, the very "head and front" of the Extreme Right wing, launched out his terrible verdict: "We may think ill and lowly of you; we may deem you irresolute, incapable, unsafe; we may, in a word, condemn you from *all* points of view, but, *till the time comes for your displacement, we will vote for you!*"

So hard a blow was never given to any minister, and as such Ollivier felt it. Pale and trembling with rage, he sprang to the tribune, and implored his pitiless enemies to recall their words: "You cannot insult men and then support them," he stammered; "you cannot tell us we are unworthy of esteem and then inflict upon us your protection. *In the name of honor, vote against us!*"

So strange an appeal was, perhaps, never made before; but it was useless. The *Right* knew its strength—knew that the Left, not feeling itself yet ready to compete for office, meant to abstain, and the representatives of every principle Ollivier had been called upon to defeat rose up and ruined Ollivier for ever by the contemptuous unanimity of their vote.

This time, in spite of his enormous vanity, Ollivier has felt that he was mortally hit. He will undoubtedly resort to the framing of an Electoral Reformed Law, which will naturally induce a dissolution, but it is all too late; Ollivier is doomed, and will swell the list of those men who, in history, have thoroughly misunderstood their own aptitudes and the desires of their country. "Ollivier was born to be an usher at a provincial school" said a well-known politician, the other day, whose words have more than once stamped the public men of his time in France. It is probably true, and when the Emperor lets him drop, as he will the day it suits him, there will remain of Ollivier nothing—he will go down used up and ridiculous.

But what is, perhaps, more worthy of attention than anything else that is going on, is the fact of the publicity of debate at the general councils. This, coupled with one or two other little circumstances, is, perhaps, the most important event that has occurred in France since the great revolution. The work of '89–'93 was, as we all know, a work of centralization—a work of hostility to what was, at that time, called Federalism, and what represented the provincial spirit. Every single move of every French Government since—let what would be its form—has gone in that one same sense for the last eighty years. This recent vote is the one first step in the opposite direction.

From the period of the great Revolution, through the First Empire and the Restoration, down to 1830, the same spirit prevailed. The capital was everything; there was, elsewhere, no intelligence, no policy—nothing The people of the provinces were ignorant, uncultivated, "ridiculous," not to be taken into account. This endured through Louis Philippe's reign, but the instrument of freedom existed, and the province had a means of self-assertion if it chose. After the Revolution of February, 1848, when Louis Napoleon came to power and ended by achieving empire, he very soon judged that it was impossible for a despotic rule to coexist with the councils general and *mairies* existing in their (then) form. If the prefects named in Paris tried to coerce the department they administered, they found opposite to them an assembly composed of all the territorial force, and headed by the most influential personage of the county, whom they had elected President.

This could not be allowed to subsist, or all autocracy was at an end. Accordingly, in the month of May, 1855, the new municipal laws were framed, by which the Emperor became virtually the one single source of all power. From him were henceforth to emanate all the presidents of general councils and all the mayors of towns and villages. In reality, for fifteen years the central Government had been supplying both "question and answer" at the same time. It nominated the prefects, but it also nominated the local functionaries; so that, instead of something like truth and the general good being served by discussion, administrative pressure was everywhere and unescapable.

All this is altered now, and it is the one great gain of the last crisis, thanks to which all independence might ulteriorly be achieved. But the one almost unbelievable step is that of publicity. No one would ever have dreamt, till now, of the debates of the general councils being made public. Not the most advanced Liberal—nay, not even the most radical of republican parliamentarians—ever adverted to such a contingency; and this extreme and extraordinary proposal came from the Right.

It is true that, out of all the vast majority who voted this unexpected measure, I do not believe that any one has even now realized to his own mind the incalculable effects it may produce. It is, in truth, the absolute negation of the principle on which is founded the policy of France since '89, namely, centralization. Up to 1789–93, France had her representative machinery in her provincial parliaments, and there was more genuine liberalism in what were termed "Les États" than modern historians have agreed to admit. The granting of publicity to the discussions of the general councils will, in fact, make of them, in a given time, little less than so many diets. Two small incidents show what must soon follow: the first was the attempt to give publicity to the municipal councils also; and the second was the proposition for grouping together several departments, so as to make a "region."

The first proposal was negatived very properly, for, in the present state of education in France, there could have been nothing secured, save loss of time, by the publicity of the debates of municipal councils composed chiefly of peasants. As to the composition of several departments into a "region," that may or may not succeed, but if it does, it will simply be made a *de facto* return to the *États* of the pre-revolutionary epoch.

There are few things more curious than to watch the evolutions of the political institutions of old European countries, reviving, as they often do, almost primeval principles under forms which seem to spring from the so-called revolutionary tendencies of our time.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons announce that they have nearly ready a life of Charles Dickens, by Mr. George Augustus Sala, a gentleman qualified to make, if not a satisfactory biography of Mr. Dickens, at least a pleasant volume about his former acquaintance.

—Messrs. Sabin & Son's *Bibliopolist* for April and May is largely taken up with an account of the Rice sale, at which certain books named brought astonishing prices. Dr. Brinton furnishes an interesting account of the ancient phonetic alphabet of Yucatan, with illustrations, and expresses his belief that the "deciphering of the inscriptions of Palenque, Uxmal, Itza, and the other ruined cities" of the peninsula, as well as of the three or four manuscripts that have been preserved, "will become certainly a less serious task than that of translating the cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh." What is probably more certain is, that this field of archæology and ethnology is destined eventually to absorb the energies of the best scientific intellect America can produce. The monuments of Yucatan indicate periods of human civilization scarcely less impressive than the geologic periods to which they are so peculiarly related. Catlin, in his newest work, just published by Trübner, assigns thousands of years to the submersion of the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal. Beside such a chronology, the ruins of Ceylon and the Malayan archipelago seem almost modern. In the *Bibliopolist's* Notes and Queries, by the way, there is copied from the Waterbury (Connecticut) *American* an account of the earliest button-making in this country. If the enquiry were extended so as to embrace the continent, we would submit in evidence the statues from which Dr. Habel made drawings in the Central American cities he discovered on the Pacific coast, and to which we recently referred. These effigies wore shoes and buttons, and their beards were of the cut now known as the imperial. Even a Connecticut Yankee must sometimes acknowledge that there is nothing new under the sun.

—We mentioned, a few weeks since, the decision of the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Illinois, in regard to the right of an author to his productions before publication. Delivery, it will be remembered, as of a lecture or a sermon, or even the representation of a play, was not considered publication, at common law, and therefore the writer had a legal protection against any reporter or plagiarist. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just rendered a decision which still further guards the interests of the tribe of *littérateurs.* The proprietors of a Boston paper which thrives by publishing stories and "novelettes" to a not over and above intelligent audience, were sued for the return of certain prose and poetical manuscripts which they had received from a would-be contributor. The latter had forgotten to enclose stamps in case of rejection, and, after waiting some weeks, the publishers destroyed his rubbish. The court, however, decided that, unless bought and paid for, the author had a property in his contribution, and the jury accordingly awarded him fifty dollars, besides costs, which it is safe to call a liberal verdict. Apparently the printed warning that manuscripts cannot be returned unless prepaid does not avail the publisher, who, we presume, is not liable except in the case of articles for which it is customary to pay. It would, indeed, be a hardship if every "letter to the Editor" must be filed away religiously or put in a pigeon hole. We should hope, too, that a certain lapse of time would vitiate the author's claim to his manuscript; but if there is no other defence for the publisher, we should advocate his suing the author for "storage"—charging the exact amount previously recovered of him under the ruling we have cited.

—An English paper is "exercised in mind" by a decision recently made in an English court which had before it for consideration two versions of the play of "Frou-Frou." In the original French there is a certain amount of uncleanness in the shape of insinuation and indelicate *double entente*—or *double entendre,* as everybody says; and in the account we get of the young girl who is the heroine there is the pleasing suggestion, or, indeed, statement, that she is perfectly well aware of the wickedness of her old *roué* of a father. In Mr. Sutherland Edwards's English version of this feeble and immoral drama—which, however, had its success and was at once pounced on by the British playwrights—the indecencies are purged away; the old rake is made more stupid and less wicked; the girl goes to her ruin with a cleaner mind; the innuendoes are left out, and the play made every way more suitable than the French one for the more proper and less intelligent British playgoer. This version was at once succeeded by another one, which differs from Mr. Edwards's in retaining most of the improprieties of the original. Mr. Edwards's employer, who had paid for the right of translation, brought suit against the writers of the second version, but finds himself at the end of the hearing with his claim upset. The international copyright law between France and England makes a distinction between an adaptation and a translation—a distinction which may often work injustice, as all of our readers know who have read that liveliest of all Mr. Charles Reade's abuse, "The Eighth Commandment." The evidence was, however, that by omitting the indecency and making certain changes in the business and in the sequence of scenes, Mr. Edwards has made what the theatrical profession reckon an adaptation and not a translation.

—Medicine being a non-literary profession, and a college education not being considered an indispensable preparation for it, it is not strange that the rhetoric of doctors should so often remind us that M.D. and A.B. are not degrees of the same order of culture. The regular medical oration is a sufficiently wonderful production, but we have lately met with a poem which will match the most favored prose production of even the Georgetown Medical College—let us say, with all respect for that institution. The author is the president of a medical association of one of our chief cities, and, though he declared that his "poem," as he himself called it, "was not designed for publication," he has had the additional weakness, after delivering it on a public stage before his colleagues, to let it get into print. This is how it opens:

"No captious thoughts, or aim, or disposition,
Nor wish, nor jealous feeling, would
In this hasty, hurried manuscript
Bear intolerance, by he who writes suggestions
Only, on such a theme as etiquette."

Proceeding to give his experience of consultations under the code of ethics, he poetizes as follows:

"Once on a time
Was summoned by a friend to see another's
Patient. Responded no! Unless with the attendant.

. . . .

At last I did agree to meet the doctor the
Following day for consultation,
The hour came, and I was there;
Another passed, and I in waiting still:
Began to think of leaving. But in my exit
Met the sage, with a good morning doctor,
Shaking hands. A fine nice morning this?
'*Yes,*' was his reply. '*Have you seen the patient, sir?*'

. . . .

He turning to the patient's friend, remarked
'*If you'r dissatisfied with me, let him see the patient.*
Go in and see him, sir; I'll ne'er prescribe
For him again.'"

The moral is enforced by this quotation:

"Sir John Herschell says,
'If a man has desire, and disposition
To become a scholar, and a gentleman of culture,
Give him discipline, books, and opportunity,
And success will crown his efforts,
Unless, perchance, his ethics become perverted.'"

And with this noble strain the poem concludes:

"Keeping in mind then,
That conscientiousness is the goal of goodness,
And goodness and purity the principle of the *golden rule,*
And the motto of *right* our beacon light,
We will be enabled to 'paddle our fragile bark'
Through the billows of adversity, despondency, and despair,
And gain the shore of distinction and honor;
True to ourselves, our neighbor, and our God."

It is but just to say that the author, who has thus mistaken his powers, is arguing for more liberal and enlightened "ethics," and deserves to be anything but ridiculed for his sentiments. He, we are sure, was not scandalized by our criticism the other day on the color-code established at Washington, nor felt that it was harsh in us to say, with Whately, that the trade-unionism of physicians is not less odious than that of mechanics.

—In our issue of June 16 (No. 259), using the information then made public, we stated of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, which had just elected three ladies members, that they were the first thus favored. We are now informed on better authority, and are pleased to state that long ago the Academy recognized the fact that the study of the natural sciences does not pertain to men exclusively—that science belongs to no sex. The list of members of the institution shows that Mrs. Lucy W. Say was elected in October, 1841; Miss Margaretta H. Morris, September, 1859; Miss R. A. Cope, Miss Ann Haines, Miss Jane R. Haines, and Mrs. E. H. Vaux, February, 1867; Mrs. E. P. Long and Miss Bohlen, in March, 1867. The American Philosophical Society also has elected ladies. Its list of members includes the Princess Catherine Romanowna Daschkaw, who was elected April 17, 1789; she died January 4, 1810, aged 65. Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz, Mrs. Mary Somerville, and Miss Maria Mitchell were elected October, 1869, and Mrs. Emma Seiler, January, 1870. In this society, candidates for membership are selected and proposed without their knowledge; and rejected candidates cannot know, under the rules, that their names have been before the society. Such being the record of the Philadelphia societies, the recent opposition to Miss Lewis and her colleagues appears to have been purely reactionary.

—To any one whose taste or study leads him to make pedestrian excursions on the Continent, may be recommended Bensen's "Brief Description and History of the City of Rotenburg on the Tauber" ("Kurze Beschreibung und Geschichte der Stadt Rotenburg ob der Tauber"). The town in question (spelt also Rothenburg) lies on the border of Bavaria and Würtemberg, nearly due west of Nürnberg and south by east of Würzburg. Formerly, when on the travelled highway between Augsburg and Frankfort, it was a city of considerable importance, and at one time reckoned in all the domain belonging to it some 20,000 inhabitants. Seven years later, however, in 1810, nearly half its territory was ceded to Würtemberg, and since then its population has been on the decline, so that while the city itself might contain 40,000 inhabitants, it actually numbers but 1,242 families or 5,000 souls. Rothenburg is built on an elevated plateau resembling not a little the site of Jerusalem, and its more than forty towers make it a very impressive object from the plain. What entitles it to a visit from those who follow the by-ways of Europe, is the fact that, as has been said, it is the most antiquated of all German cities, and preserves most purely its mediæval aspect—is like a stiffened or petrified city, that has been forgotten alike by destructive and by reconstructive time. Architecturally, it is almost without exception a Gothic city, and its Jacob-Kirche (1373–1471) is to be ranked with the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Ulm, and Freiburg. In short, Rothenburg offers to the stranger probably the least altered remnant now obtainable of the Middle Ages.

—Rothenburg is, perhaps, connected by name with a period far anterior to the Middle Ages, and, for those who are curious about the religion of our Northern ancestors, or, in fact, about the religious development of mankind, has an interest additional to what has been already alluded to. We venture, at least, to regard it as one illustration of an admirably critical article in the *Revue Celtique* for May—the first number, we remark, of a periodical which starts with the best evidence of the wisdom of its projectors and the ability of its editor, Mr. H. Gaidoz—on the true name of the Celtic divinity known as Gargantua (the devouring). The writer, Professor F. Liebrecht, compares three independent essays relating to the same divinity, and draws from them mutually confirmatory proofs that formerly a part of the Indo-Celtic race worshipped a solar god of destruction as well as of generation, whose name occurs in the forms Rudra (or Ruda, the Hindu Siva), Hrodr, Hrodo, Rode, Ruth, Roth, etc. Some of our readers may recall the account we gave, two years ago, of Dr. Hugo Meyer's analysis of the myth of Roland, and his identification of this hero (Chrodoland, Hruodland, Hrodland, Ruoland, Roland, Ruland) with the sun-god, Tyr (Heimdall, Freyr, Balder), who, in the North, was also known as Hrodr, and in Germany as Hrodo, Rode. Traces of the worship of a Gallic deity, Roth, or Ruth, the male analogue of Venus, are found in Rouen more particularly, which has a *Mont de Roth* as well as a *Mont Gargant*. St. Mellon, followed by St. Romain, in the fourth century, uprooted this heathen worship and threw down its idols, with the singular result that, in commemoration of this achievement, the phallic symbol, which distinguished the deity himself, was sold in the streets of Rouen on the fête-day of St. Romain (October 22), in the shape of little images called *gargans*, till within fifteen years, when the custom was suppressed on the ground of its indecency. It is this phallic element which connects, if it does not identify, the worship of Roth with that of Rudra. The number of places which bear the name of the former is considerable in Germany and the North, but we can only conjecture that Rothenburg should be classed among them.

—The *Revue Celtique*, to return to it once more, is shapely and well printed, and contains 178 pp. of matter in French and in English, with several woodcuts. The contributors are French, English, German, and Russian scholars, and do not seem to be lacking in number. Mr. Gaidoz takes especial charge of the *Chronique*, but also furnishes several short reviews, and throughout adds notes to the writings of others in a manner which realizes the idea of an editor, and a most competent one. Of the longer articles, two, besides Professor Liebrecht's, relate to Celtic divinities; two—and they are highly interesting to lovers of decorative art—on Irish miniature as displayed in the initial letters of illuminating missals and the like; two to Irish manuscripts; two to a Breton folk-story; and one to a Breton dialect. Professor Max Müller discusses the name of the Danube. And, finally, there is inserted in the binding a facsimile reprint of a Welsh work by Griffith Roberts, in 1567, in 32mo, to be continued until completed. We can only repeat the good wishes with which we welcomed the inception of the *Revue*, feeling confident that it will fully equal, if not exceed, the expectations of scholars.

—The first part of a "New Dictionary of the Italian Language," compiled by a commission appointed by Minister Broglio, has by this time appeared. It contains a preface by Giorgoni, in the form of a letter to Sella, the present minister of finance, as one who knows something of everything and much of many things. The letter concludes with a discussion of the right of Florence to impose its language upon the rest of Italy, as Rome sets the standard time. The last degree of intimacy with the character of the late Massimo D'Azeglio is now afforded to the public by his "Letters to his Wife, Louisa Blondel," edited by Giulio Carcano (Milan: Rechiedei Bros.)—a 16mo volume of upwards of 500 pages. The widow of the great statesman has of her own accord thus supplemented the *Ricordi* edited by her daughter, and it may be supposed that she would not have done so had not the correspondence been of a nature to bear so severe and unusual a test. The letters are 315 in number, embracing the years 1838–1865, and are calculated to inspire fresh admiration and reverence for the writer. Count Cavour's memory has been perpetuated by a newspaper bearing his name, and Massimo D'Azeglio's is at length similarly honored, though not precisely in the same way. Two Florence advocates, of previous experience as journalists, began last month the issue of a new daily literary and political paper called *Fanfulla*, the name, as readers of "Nicolò de' Lapi" need not be reminded, of the hero of Barletta. As might be guessed, *Fanfulla* will not ally itself with any faction, but will carry a free and, let us hope, an entirely honest and patriotic lance, like the old soldier himself in other days.

—All the world has heard of the village of Ammergau, in Bavaria, where the peasants every tenth year represent, on several days in three or four months, a mediæval passion play; and if there is anybody who has not, he has only to turn to one of the pleasantest of love-stories, and read the Baroness Tautphœus's "Quits," to get a full description of it. This year it is attracting tourists from all parts of Europe, and even is a great part of the inducement which draws people to Germany from far-away America. According to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whoever goes will see something extremely well worth seeing. There is nothing of the rough buffoonery and clumsy attempts at imitating trained actors, which we might hastily expect. On the contrary, everything is done with a skill that a manager might envy, and the effect is so far from being in any way comic or low as to be solemnly impressive, though no doubt too horrible in parts. In the space at our disposal we give some brief account of the nature of the performance. It takes place in the open air, the surrounding hills being seen over the stage, and the rustling of a row of poplars supplying a constant undertone. Here, in front of an audience of five thousand persons, is a wide and deep platform containing the stage proper (which has a temple front and is provided with drop scenes), and also there are buildings with balconies—in which some of the action goes on—porticoes and vistas representing the streets of Jerusalem. The main business of the play is to represent the Passion of Christ, and this is accomplished by a performance which lasts from eight in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon, with an intermission of an hour at noon. First, a chorus of ten men and ten women—dressed in tunics of clear colors, short muslin cassocks, and, over the cassocks, long robes, of colors contrasted with those of the tunics—advance to the front of the platform, and the choragus introduces the first *tableau vivant*, which is a scene drawn from the Old Testament, and supposed to foreshadow some scene in the life of Christ. Thus Judas's bargain with the high priests is preceded by the prefiguring sale of the innocent blood of Joseph. While the tableau is on view the chorus sings explicatory verses, an orchestra of a dozen violins and a few wind instruments playing at the same time music melodious but not very decidedly marked. Next come the actors, and represent some scene in the series of events beginning with the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ending with the ascension. The actors are, perhaps, a hundred in number, and, like the chorus, they are richly and handsomely dressed. Their language is largely made up of the words of Scripture, ingeniously and probably filled in and rounded out. Their parts, as we have said, are played excellently, with an adaptation to the requirements of the rôle, an absence of self-consciousness, and an absence, too, of that transparency of disguise so common on the stage, which would be considered admirable in the best trained stock company. But, for the matter of that, these men and women ought to acquit themselves well. Naturally intelligent, educated to a considerable extent by the clergymen of the place, submitted to the influence of a refining tradition, the Ammergau peasant has from his childhood taken some part in these representations. If he is to play Judas, for example, he has been selected, and his hair and beard have been trained or trimmed, perhaps for years, in accordance with the conception of Judas which the tradition has handed down. Interest, of course, centres in the actor who takes the part of Jesus. He is this year a young man of the type of face familiar in the Jesus of Dürer, and is at first somewhat disappointing to the eye of one accustomed to the lineaments with which the Italian masters have made us familiar. It is all the fitter, for the play represents rather the Man of sorrows than the One altogether lovely. The actor in question plays with dignity, and great sympathy, vigor, and effectiveness. The scene of the crucifixion is one which draws abundant tears both from women and from men, and indeed must be trying to weak nerves; if there are many American women among the witnesses, and there are no hysterics or spasms, it is a wonder. It opens with the three crosses. The thieves are already nailed to theirs and lifted up, but the third lies upon the ground with the sufferer stretched upon it. The executioners then raise it, and the ensuing scene lasts half an hour or so. The most horrible part of it is the breaking of the legs of the thieves, which is said to be done in the most life-like manner. There are no signs of the contrivances by which the figures are fastened to the cross, and they appear to hang supported by the nails that seemingly are driven through the hands and feet; and when the spear pierces the side blood appears to flow out. Most painful, too, is the scene of taking down the rigid corpses from the crosses; the effect being very powerful on the nerves of the audience, as is shown by the shudder running through it, when Nicodemus first loosens and afterwards draws out the nails. But this horrid fidelity to truthfulness of detail is alleviated, we are told, by the beauty of the grouping—equalling that of the highest masters—when the body of Jesus is lowered to the ground among his weeping relatives and friends.

—There is, perhaps, no one of our English poets with whose idea we connect so inevitably as with Gray's the idea of elegant refinement of educated taste. New proof of the justness of this view of his character has recently come to light in the shape of nine vellum-bound volumes containing a large collection of manuscript music—arias, canzonets, selections from unprinted operas—which the poet gathered together when in Italy. Pergolesi is represented in the collection, and so are Zamperelli, the great Leonardo da Vinci, Rinaldo di Capua, Bernasconi, Leo, Latilla, Orlandini, Sarri, Galuppi, Broschi, Lampugnani, Araia, Mazzoni, and other composers. Each volume has an index in the poet's own handwriting, and there are even some songs written by him, which we may very probably conjecture him to have often sung to the accompaniment of the harpsichord with which he used to solace himself and regale his friends in his bachelor quarters at Cambridge. That he was fond of playing, and that his taste was for Italian music, we already know from his biographers. The volume containing these songs that we mention is lettered "Ana de L. da Vinci," but what is the character of the ana we are not informed. Undoubtedly it was when Gray was a young man, travelling in Italy with Horace Walpole, that he made this interesting collection, which is now held for sale by Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.

RECENT WORKS ON GOVERNMENT.*

THERE is always a certain charm of novelty in taking up a book by a new author with an old subject, and Mr. Mulford has introduced himself for the first time to the public under a caption which commends itself to our columns and our readers. There has been in literary circles a good deal of friendly criticism of this work in advance of its publication, and a generous distribution of the table of contents and the opening chapter, with some commendatory notices, may have taken off the freshness of the first reading. Yet, with a great deal of learning, and much substantial excellence, the work is not likely to secure many readers or much solid praise. The citations show that the author has read the leading political writers of Germany, and the names of men like Mohl and Stahl, Bluntschli and Zoepft, show that his study in that direction has been many-sided, for these are the leaders of the most diverse political tendencies. Stahl represents and embodies the high-and-dry church-and-state party, which flourished greatly under the late mediæval King of Prussia; Mohl is the leader of the liberal conservatives, and typifies the scientific statesmen of modern Germany; while Bluntschli and Zoepft are professors and book-makers, who are not at all on the first line of either literary or political importance. Yet Mr. Mulford puts them all on the same footing, and treats them all alike. In the same way, his references to Dr. Brownson and to Calhoun, to Lieber and Hurd, are made in a way that shows a readiness to use any available author, without much regard to his authority. Another fault of the book is the fact that there is an overanxiety to support much that is admitted and may well be assumed, by references to great names and learned works. Then, too, there is the strong influence of men and minds such as Maurice and Hegel, Stahl and Trendlenburg, who are acknowledged as the author's chief sources, and who belong to a school that has little act or part in the practical working political science of their own countries, and is not in the least likely to be useful here. Moreover, the book, in spite of a strong denial at the outset, is of itself an abstract study, and, although applied to many of the practical questions of the day, abstract science is not to the taste even of the best of our political students. There is a pretty strong infusion of theology, of a mild Unitarian type, not unlike that of Dr. Bellows and his school, who think less and talk more in the old conventional way than they mean, and use Scripture authorities and parallels rather because they are familiar and ready at hand than from any special aptness or fitness for illustration of our real political history or condition. There is, besides, a want of continuity in the subject, and of due arrangement in the chapters and subject-matter, while the entire absence of an index throws the reader back on that unsatisfactory finger-post, pointing only and always in one way—the table of contents.

With these and other faults—not the least of which is an unreadableness of style—Mr. Mulford's "Nation" has good qualities, and much in it to commend. It is an honest effort to find a basis for political science outside of the mere dry letter of the law; to establish the right of our Government on some broader and firmer foundation than the well-worn text of the Constitution; to show the ethical and moral significance of the important political problem in course of being solved by the growth and prosperity of the United States, and of the great commonwealths within it. There have been so much pains taken to restrain study and intellectual cultivation in the legal profession, and in the larger field of elementary education at schools and colleges, to the hard crust of the existing, as if there were no other, form of government, and no science of comparison, that it is satisfactory to find an author who endeavors first to make a diligent study of the men who have labored to open a wider range of political science, and then to apply his labor, and the fruits of it, to our own daily political life, and the problems of our own political future. The question of what success Mr. Mulford has had, and what results he will produce, are really, therefore, less important than the fact that the task has been begun. The growth of a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing condition of the science of politics is just as wholesome as that best of all signs, the hearty disgust for the present state of the nation, due to the miserable trade in politics.

Mr. Seaman is not a novice in the art of book-making, and puts the fact in evidence by stating on his title-page that he is the author of "Essays on the Progress of Nations," and by a few pages of notices of his two volumes on that subject at the end of this his last work. The book itself has a good and honest purpose, and in that at least suggests comparison with

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"The Nation: The Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States. By E. Mulford." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. pp. 418.

"The American System of Government, its Character and Workings, etc. By Ezra C. Seaman." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870. pp. 282.

"The First and Second Part of a Work on Government. By J. B. Colt." Hartford. 1870.

Mr. Mulford's somewhat similar endeavor. The defect of that, its excess of learning, its ponderous movement, weighted as it is with German philosophy and a great deal of very sound and very useless wisdom of other tongues and other men, would be just the disease with which Mr. Seaman ought to be inoculated. His method is that of the good old-fashioned American politician of the type of fifty years ago, and as he tells us that it is forty years since he commenced the study of the law, it is not surprising that he should claim (in Italics) *to have discovered great defects in our representative and elective system*. This much any man who had lived in poorer and better days might have done; but he *seeks to point them out to his readers, and to suggest suitable remedies*, and this part of Mr. Seaman's labor is likely to be about as effective as Mrs. Partington's use of her mop.

Mr. Seaman's reforms are either an impossible return to the rules of his own political youth, or mild moral changes that are not needed by the better part of our population, and not worth anything for the lesser and more active portion that does such mischief. To return to a property qualification is almost past hope, while minority representation has practically been adopted in New York, and is not likely to be left without imitation in a country so imitative as ours. The evil of the existing systems of party nominations has been met, at least in part of Pennsylvania, by what is there known as the Crawford County system; and if its effects are as good as is believed by those who have secured its adoption, they are not likely to be disregarded by a community which is not yet totally in a state of political depravity. Mr. Seaman sees no good to come of Civil Service Reform as it is now agitated, but this is rather because he can see no good in the Republican party than from any real consideration of the subject. He suffers, however, even more from defects of style, a kind of Western orientalism of language, the use of such fine phrases as serve to round sentences without completing their sense. He declares, for instance, that the Supreme Court of the United States enlightens the civilized world, as if it had not enough to do in our own quarter of it; and that the Auburn penitentiary system does so too; and that the extremes of popular candidates here were, on one side, "nature's noblemen," on the other, "trading politicians of easy virtue," certainly a mild suggestion of Burke. The rehash of newspaper leaders on Woman's Rights, Statistics, and Currency can hardly save the book or commend it even to the authorities that supply so much of its material, although it is drawn with happy indifference alike from *Times* and *World*, *Tribune* and *Post*, and other such nourishing fountains of political truth and science.

Mr. Colt is apparently a spiritualist, or a believer in "the spirit style," and his fifty pages are about equally divided into a prose part and a poetical part, wherein the three representatives, Republicus, Democraticus, and Monarchicus, or Hengist, talk from their respective stand-points, although they talk in pretty nearly the same strain, and with an equal indifference to common rules of English verse, English grammar, and English spelling. There is something odd in the ingenuous faith that leads a man to print all his pet beliefs, and to defy the common belief of the world. However nearly allied to that which is often allied to great wit, Mr. Colt seems to have got little good of his relationship, unless there be wit in making new words, as, for instance, "gingle," "sensed," "a unite," "birthe," "to birth," "birthing;" but some of his hits are not so utterly bad as the new phrase of "slavery, our heel institution," or the new word "untearly," and indeed we ought to be thankful to the printing-press for the ingenuity of discoveries that no sane intellect could make or preserve.

It would be well worth while suggesting to some of our industrious collectors to make a specialty of eccentricities of the class to which "Colt on Government" belongs. In one case, a long litigation on very dry subjects has been enlivened by frequent appeals made by one of the parties litigant through the printer, and the public thus reached is much larger than that generally interested in a lawsuit; but the joke is made a sad one by the incoherence of the poor man. In another case, a learned recluse has passed among his friends for years as a man of vast capacity and profound learning, but in an unfortunate moment he trusted his thoughts to print, and that which was instructive in conversation and harmless in manuscript, turns out, under the garish black and white of printed matter, to be wanting in the one thing that makes the difference between sound and unsound. Almost every man knows of some one who passes for sane enough in the ordinary affairs of life, yet is really just on the verge or across the line of the *mens insana*. But when print and paper are used, the whole world is made witness to that which might have rested in the bosom of a few persons. The curious distinctions and the plentiful cases of imperfect mental condition which the new school of writers and practitioners in lunacy supply, both in their text-books and in their evidence as experts in law courts, may well stagger us; but they are not more surprising than the revelation of such a publication as that of "Colt on Government," and if it serve only to show Mr. Colt how much he needs to be broken in, and curbed, and bitted, it may do good enough to prevent any more of it.

DALL'S ALASKA.*

THE American people are probably not quite as much interested in Alaska as they were two or three years ago. At that time, every available source was eagerly ransacked for information; but, nevertheless, comparatively little was found that was reliable. With reference to the southern shores of Alaska, and the Aleutian and Seal Islands, we are now tolerably informed. This portion of the territory, since its cession to the United States, has been pretty well examined and reported upon, both by official and unofficial travellers. Of that interesting portion of the territory which is adjacent to the great Yukon River, we are still comparatively ignorant, and our sources of information with respect to it are few. Our fullest and most accurate information up to this time concerning the Yukon and the adjacent territory, was to be found in Mr. Frederick Whymper's interesting book, entitled "Travels in Alaska and on the Yukon," which was published last year, and which is principally an account of a journey made by him and Mr. William H. Dall from Norton Sound to Fort Yukon and back. To this we may add the reports and other papers of Captain Raymond, United States Engineers, who made during last summer a topographical and astronomical reconnoissance of the river from the sea to Fort Yukon. We now have an important addition to our Alaska literature in the work of Mr. Dall himself, at one time Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. It is issued in the usual elegant style of the University Press, and is profusely illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts.

Mr. Dall divides his book into two parts. In the first, he gives an account of his travels on the Yukon and in the adjacent territory; and, in the second, he treats of the geography, history, inhabitants, and resources of the country generally.

In the fall of the year 1866, Messrs. Whymper and Dall made an overland journey from St. Michael's Island in Norton's Sound to Nulato, a Russian trading-station on the Yukon River, about six hundred miles from the sea. Wintering at this station, they started in the following spring in boats for Fort Yukon, a station between five and six hundred miles further up the river, where they arrived after a journey of twenty-seven days. After a stay of several weeks at this place, they returned in canoes down the Yukon to the sea. An account of such a journey, through a country almost unknown and untravelled, could not fail to be deeply interesting; but we imagine that the general reader, who is not likely to feel particularly entertained by the author's personal doings and discomforts, will find Mr. Whymper's account much more readable than Mr. Dall's; though, on the other hand, the latter contains some valuable matter which is peculiar to itself. We may mention, as a single instance, the song of the Koyukon woman hushing her child to sleep, in the translation of which the original spirit and rhythm have been wonderfully preserved—a song, by the way, which suggests the thought that the Great American Poet may be going to come from Alaska. Perhaps Mr. Seward bought him, and he is not, after all, coming from the boundless prairie, as some prophets have held, nor from Colorado, as is held and taught by certain others.

But the chief excellence of Mr. Dall's book lies in its second part. Here he has collected an astonishing amount of valuable information, from sources numerous, and in many cases not easily accessible, concerning the geography, history, inhabitants, climate, and resources of the new territory. But we notice one serious and unaccountable omission. Mr. Dall completely ignores the important expedition of last year. Having mentioned his last journey from Nulato to the sea, he says: "This completes the history of the explorations of the Yukon"! And yet the fact that on two occasions he does not disdain to make use of the results of the enterprise, just so far as they are needed to confirm some statements of his own, or otherwise serve his purpose, precludes the theory of ignorance which we would fain adopt in lieu of one more damaging.

The expedition of last year was remarkable for being the first journey *by steam* on the waters of the Yukon. A small steamer, constructed by capitalists in San Francisco, was sent on the deck of another vessel to Norton Sound, and finally succeeded in reaching Fort Yukon. During this journey, many astronomical and other observations were made at various places on the river. When the geographical position of Fort Yukon had been determined, and it was found to be within our territory, the agents of the Hudson Bay Company were ordered to remove beyond the line, and the American flag was raised over the fort.

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* "Alaska and Its Resources. By W. H. Dall." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870. 8vo, pp. xii. 627.

Of all this, Mr. Dall gives not the slightest intimation. Concerning the most careful exploration of the Yukon ever made, the reader will, therefore, discover nothing. Probably the facts were not regarded as sufficiently important for mention. One cannot get everything into a single book, and room was required for the information that *ukali* gave Mr. Dall the heart-burn; that he was on various occasions cruelly bitten by unmentionable insects; that he broke the handle of his frying-pan, and lost his iron spoon; that the intoxicated Malemutes, "the most lamb-like people on the face of the earth," cowered before his threatening revolver; or that he sailed triumphantly into some Indian village, over him floating the stars and stripes and the rampant clam-shell of the Scientific Corps. The purpose of the book is stated to be, "to comprise in a small compass the most valuable part of the present knowledge of Alaska;" should it not be added, "with special reference to its bearings on Mr. Dall"?

The strictures which the author goes out of his way to make on the map of Whymper and Arrowsmith appear to us not fair as regards the former. Turning to Mr. Whymper's book, we find that he does not pretend to assume any responsibility for the map of that portion of the river between Nulato and the sea. It is copied (he tells us) from the maps of Lieutenant Zagaskin, of the Russian Navy, and Captain Smith, of the Telegraph Expedition. Of this Mr. Dall must be perfectly aware, yet it is this part of the map which contains the "several inexcusable errors" upon which he so severely comments. His criticisms on the remainder of the map seem to be equally uncalled for. It was made from notes taken during a canoe-journey to Fort Yukon and back. Mr. Whymper had no means of ascertaining correctly either distances and positions; and, under these circumstances, he published it as a mere "sketch-map" (inaccurate, as a matter of course), for the purpose of giving an idea of the country until something better could be obtained. The scientific reader may be safely trusted, in view of these facts, to judge whether Mr. Whymper's conduct in the premises can be fairly described as "more than reprehensible," and also whether that of Mr. Dall, in such invidious allusions to the legitimate labors of a fellow-worker, is not something decidedly less than magnanimous.

After reading Mr. Dall's criticisms upon his former comrade, we naturally turn to his map with the expectation of finding something much more accurate and creditable. Mr. Dall states his authorities for his map of the Yukon River as follows:

> "The course of the Yukon from Fort Yukon to Nulato, from Ketchum's sketch-map and my own compass-bearings and distances, carefully corrected for variation and by means of all the known points. . . .
>
> "The course of the Yukon below Nulato is from the Russian Admiralty charts, corrected from my own observations."

Considering the great difficulties under which Captain Ketchum labored in his journey from Nulato to Fort Yukon, his sketch-maps cannot have been very accurate; moreover, it is presumed that Mr. Whymper had the benefit of them equally with Mr. Dall. The latter's "own compass-bearings and distances" were taken at the same time and under the same circumstances as Mr. Whymper's, and we see no reason why his work should be regarded as more accurate than that of the latter gentleman. As for his corrections "by means of all the known points," they become somewhat insignificant when it is remembered that no such thing as a known point exists between Nulato and Fort Yukon. Mr. Dall, it seems, has corrected the charts of the Russian Amiralty from his "own observations." These observations consist, as far as we can ascertain from his book, of a few compass-bearings and a series of skilful guesses, made while floating down the river!

On the whole, we do not think we ought to expect much accuracy in Mr. Dall's map; and examining the position which he assigns to Fort Yukon, the only point east of Nulato as yet determined by observations, we find that he has located it thirty-eight minutes too far north, and one degree and forty-six minutes too far east. Under the circumstances, are we not prepared for the conclusion that a little of that modesty which characterizes Mr. Whymper's book might have been advantageously employed to adorn the pages of Mr. Dall?

We are also at a loss to understand why the name of the author should lend its lustre to two geographical features of the new territory. Geography it is proposed to enrich by the addition of *Dall River* and *Cape Dall*: the former, a stream past the mouth of which he floated; the latter, a cape, the vicinity of which, as far as we can discover, has never been seen by Mr. Dall. We admit that this is a harmless vanity, since the ignorant natives who are destined during the present geological era to be the sole inhabitants of these localities will probably cling perversely to their own uncouth nomenclature; but it seems rather beneath the dignity of one who, even in a small way, professes to be "scientific," to seek that cheap notoriety which people less favorably circumstanced attain by chalking their names upon fences and barn-doors.

In treating of the resources of Alaska, Mr. Dall takes a much brighter view than is usual of the agricultural prospects of the country. It is true, he admits that "in the Yukon Territory we cannot look for self-supporting agricultural districts; still," he remarks, "the settler may have milk in his tea and fresh vegetables on his table, if he possess the energy and knowledge to make the most of his opportunities. It will not be necessary for him to rely on the products of the chase alone, if he will but take the necessary care to provide shelter for his cattle, and to cut and gather for their winter fodder the perennial grasses which cover prairies and lowlands."

When we mildly ask, "What settlers?" Mr. Dall promptly replies, "Those who are called there to develop the resources of the country, be they lumber, fish, or furs." But lumber, we are told, does not exist on the Yukon within one hundred and fifty miles of the coast, and is not of a very good quality when obtained. Besides, this portion of the river is tortuous and shallow, and should timber-rafts ever reach the river's mouth, they would still be eighty miles from the nearest anchorage. Moreover, in spite of Mr. Dall's dismal prognostications, the vast forests of Puget Sound and Oregon still offer us an abundant supply for an indefinite time, and while these remain we are not likely to seek lumber in Northern Alaska. As for fish, we would ask whether swarms of salmon have caused the settlement of the Columbia River and Puget Sound; whether the fish of these localities have ever found an adequate market; and finally, whether, while these near sources are capable of furnishing vastly more fish than are sufficient to meet the demand, we can properly regard this as one of the resources of the Yukon? As to the fur-trade of the Yukon, it furnishes employment for something less than a score of men, none of whom can be regarded as settlers, and all of whom are hardy hunters and traders who are continually travelling up and down the country. It will undoubtedly refresh these adventurous backwoodsmen, unaccustomed to luxuries and inured to hardships, to learn that nothing prevents them from having milk in their tea except the trifling want of a cow. It should also be remarked that Northern Alaska appears to have some disagreeable climatic peculiarities. It is intensely cold in winter and hot in summer. Moreover, the relative length of day and night at certain seasons of the year does not seem to be agreeable to the civilized man. We are inclined to believe that these small circumstances might injuriously affect the settlement of the country, even if it offered much greater temptations than are claimed to the adventurous pioneer.

The views presented in this volume, of other portions of the territory and other resources, are equally sanguine, and, in our judgment, in most cases equally unwarranted. We are quite willing to admit that "a proper and not onerous system of taxation would afford two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold per annum;" but is there not some pertinency in that other fact, which we do not find in this volume, that the territory is an expense to the Government of about three times this amount?

Mr. Dall says, "We have bought for a nominal price the key to the North Pacific. It can no longer be said that three iron clads can blockade our entire western coast. Two hundred and fifty years hence there may be a new New England where there is now a trackless forest. The time may come when we shall call on our Pacific fishermen to man our fleets, on the lumbermen of Alaska to don the blue, and strike another blow for unity and freedom. The oak must weather the storms of many winters before it gains maturity. Alaska is not a California, where cities arise in a night and may pass away in a day. Meanwhile we must be patient."

We should say so. But we wonder whether Mr. Dall really thinks that any enemy would ever be insane enough to blockade Alaska!

PAYNE'S "INDEX OF BIOGRAPHY."[*]

This is a very useful and, in general, well-executed biographico-chronological dictionary, and we are sorry that we are bound to criticise, to condemn, and to reject—as our superscription shows—its very first word. But the fact is that Haydn, the author of the well-known "Dictionary of Dates," has had nothing whatever to do with the elaboration of the work before us; that he died a number of years before its compilation by Mr. Payne; and that his name figures on its title-page only because the publishers of his "Dictionary" formed the plan for the new work, and destined it to be a companion to the older. Their design met with a long-cherished similar desire of Mr. Payne, and he elaborated the work with zeal and care. His aim was "to give to the public a copious, if not an exhaustive, date-book of biography, which, while portable," should be "somewhat wider in conception than most manuals of a like order;" and this, we have no hesitation in saying, he has fully achieved. And we not only find his "Index" "no unworthy *confrère* of the 'Dictionary of Dates,'" but superior to it both in plan and execution. But in qualification of this our praise we must add that we are far from sharing the editor's—or should we rather say, the publishers'?—admiration of Haydn's production, the merits and demerits of which we lately set before our readers. Mr. Payne's first edition is more perfect than the eleventh of Haydn's, but neither is, as yet, sufficiently correct "for the use of the statesman, the historian, and the journalist."

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[*] "Haydn's Universal Index of Biography, from the Creation to the Present Time, for the use of the statesman, the historian, and the journalist. Edited by J. Bertrand Payne, M.R.I., F.R.S.L., F. Geog. Soc. (London and Paris), Member of the Society of Antiquities of Normandy, Massachusetts, and New Jersey." New York: Virtue & Yorston. London: E. Moxon, Son & Co. 1870.

Comprehensiveness, conciseness, and a very careful revision are the chief merits of Mr. Payne's "Index;" its principal defect is a lack of symmetry. The following may perhaps be regarded as a fair specimen of the best of his notices: "Johnson, Andrew, American statesman, *b.* 29 Dec., 1808; worked as a tailor; self-educated; gradually rose to be member of Congress, 1843–53; governor of Tennessee, 1853–57; United States senator, 1857–63; elected Vice-President of United States, 1864; President (after the assassination of Lincoln), 15 April, 1865–4 March, 1869; articles of his impeachment rejected by the Senate, May, 1868." But with notices of such conciseness and fulness combined, many others contrast either by their unproportionate length, or—which is much more frequently the case—by a brevity to which some of the most essential details are sacrificed. Thus, while the notice of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, is spun out to a considerable length, that of the Emperor Titus consists only of four short lines, three of which are filled out with his names and the dates of birth, succession, and death; the conquest of Jerusalem is not mentioned. The same contrast is observable between "O'Donnel," for instance, and "Pulaski," the latter of which contains no allusion to the important historical career of the "Polish patriot" in his own fatherland, besides what may be contained in this designation. In the same way, the brief notice of Maximilian of Mexico entirely ignores his life in Europe, and immediately after the date of his birth gives that of his acceptance of the Mexican crown. Graver omissions are those of entire heads important in history or literature, such as—to mention only a few—Rehoboam, King of Judah, and the two Polish Kings Stanislas of Poland, one of whom is vainly referred to under "Poniatowski," and the other also ignored as Leszczynski; the Generals in the Thirty Years' War, Thurn, Pappenheim, and Torstenson; the Zrinyis, Kara Mustapha, Chlopicki, Dembinski, Windischgrätz, Muravieff; the historians, Schlosser, Rotteck, and Raumer; the poets, Rückert and Herwegh; L. A. Feuerbach, Gutzkow, Tschudi; Gfrörer, George Rawlinson; Jules Favre, Sardou, Veuillot.

Two-thirds of the names just mentioned belong to the history and literature of the last two generations, and it is but justice to the author to state that he has treated earlier periods much more fully and with greater care and accuracy. Contemporaneous history, owing, in part, to the deceptive guidance of hastily executed and ill revised materials of reference, forms, in fact, the weak side of his book. Thus, we find that Garibaldi defended Rome in April, 1850; defeated the Neapolitans in May, 1850; and retired from Rome in July, 1850—all of which events took place in 1849; that Mazzini was "dictator at Rome as triumvir" from March, 1849, to June, 1850—though he too retired in July, 1849; that Kossuth was born "27 April, 1806, or 16 September, 1802"—both of which dates are wrong, the correct one being April 27, 1802; that both Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin received a number of votes for the presidency "22 December, 1848"—a date posterior by twelve days to that of the well-known election of the *Dix Décembre;* that General Pepe, then at the head of a revolutionary army in Northern Italy, suppressed the republican "insurrection at Naples, 15 May, 1848." That the same General subsequently defended Venice is not stated; nor that Cavaignac served in Algeria; nor, in either of the respective notices, that Emile Girardin killed Armand Carrel in a duel; nor that Prim commanded the Spanish army of invasion in Mexico. Lee is stated to have "baffled M'Lellan [*sic*] before Richmond, May, 1862;" "defeated Burnside at Fredericksburg, 12–16 December, 1862;" "Grant in the Wilderness, 5 May, 1864;" and "surrendered with his army, 9 April, 1864"—all of which dates are more or less incorrect. Neither Fort Donnelson, nor Vicksburg, nor Chattanooga is mentioned in the notice of Grant. Under "Johnston," "Jackson, Missouri . . . 1862," stands for "Jackson, Mississippi . . . 1863." Similar mistakes, or misprints, occur in the notices of Burnside, Beauregard, and "McClellan," while Meade is stated to have "superseded Butterfield as commander of the army of the Potomac," and to have been "succeeded by General Grant." The war of 1846–48 with Mexico is not mentioned under "Taylor, Zachary;" under "Grant" its date is "1845;" under "Lee," "1846–47;" under "Johnston," "1847;" under "Hooker," "1846–48;" of General Scott there is no notice. Defects of this kind in the biographical chronology of the past are not only rarer, but, a close examination allows us to state, exceedingly rare. Mr. Payne is very correct in the spelling of foreign names and titles, with few exceptions. Russian names form a general exception. The two pages which contain "Kostrof" and "Kutusoff" have four equivalents for one and the same Russian termination: *of*, *ov*, *ow*, and *off*.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

THE *Atlantic* for July has among its contributors Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Hamerton, Mr. Howells, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Phelps, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Colonel Higginson, Professor Shaler, and other men and women of more or less eminence in letters, but its best piece of magazine literature is a fresh and interesting account—often humorous in a very pleasant way—of how Mr. Ralph Keeler, the author, made "The Tour of Europe for $181 in Currency." A natural-born wanderer he seems to be, for he is the same person who a year ago described his boyish journeyings with a troupe of negro minstrels who traversed our Western States; and here we have him setting out from the city of Toledo, seven hundred miles from the sea, determined to make the grand tour as it never had been made before. How he got to New York: how afterwards he travelled through Germany, Belgium, France, and Italy, this morning dressed in the blouse of the *Handwerksbursche*, and this evening in the broadcloth that asserted him the equal of the potentate in whose dominions he may have happened to eat his four-cent dinner; how he was matriculated at the University of Heidelberg; how he was penniless, and on the verge of suicide at Paris, but at the end of certain days of starvation received some money for a magazine article, and thereupon forthwith set out not for home but for Italy; how he slipped through the hands of the Roman police—not having money enough to pay the tax levied on departing foreigners—and got to Leghorn; how he there, for want of ten cents, attempted to cheat a boatman whom he hired to carry him aboard an American bark lying in the harbor, and how a foremast hand paid the ten cents for him; how the captain of the bark brought him home for nothing, and how on arrival here he found awaiting him a check for an article he had sent to a Scotch periodical—of all this Mr. Keeler makes a story that would be agreeable reading for its incidents merely, but which he tells in a manner that of itself gives pleasure, and will make readers desire further acquaintance with him.

Mr. Shaler's essay, entitled "An Ex-Southerner in South Carolina," is interesting, but will be displeasing to a good many persons as being not laudatory of the negro race in general, and decidedly not laudatory of the negroes of the South Carolina Sea Islands. What may be the usefulness of general philosophizing on the negro's nature, and the possibility of his being or becoming the equal of the white man, we do not know; but most of the fault that has been found with Mr. Shaler's assertion of facts is undeserved, the facts being, we think, nearly what Mr. Shaler asserts them to be, and we have closely observed the negroes of the region round Beaufort. That these people are unchaste, unindustrious, and untrustworthy, any one would say who knows them. Doubtless they are, on the whole, the least intellectual and least moral of all the colored people in the South, if we except the negroes of the rice country, with whom, by the way, the war to some extent mingled them. As to the drunkenness alleged against them by some observers, more is now heard of it than used to be heard in times of slavery or in the time when there was a strict military government, and how much of what is heard is true it might be difficult to say. It would, however, be not wonderful if a people without self-respect, suddenly exposed to temptations of a sort powerful to influence the sensual and the ignorant, should become open to the charge which some bring against the South Carolina blacks. Of more importance is the question raised by Professor Shaler whether or not the Southern negro can be as rapidly raised in the scale of civilization by teaching him English grammar as by taking some other means of elevation. However that may be, there is no one, we suppose, who has thought much on the subject who will not agree with our author that the Southern black man needs, as soon as he can get it, as much as possible of the Southern white man's advice, example, and honest, hearty, unforced co-operation in all the business of life. Manifestly it is not for his good that anybody should create any artificial gulfs between him and the abler men among whom his lot is cast. It is not, however, necessary to discourage his learning the alphabet or English grammar or anything else under the heavens. Nor can Professor Shaler be said to do this. Only, his opinion that the schoolmaster is not, on the whole, the best of all the possible instructors and helpers of the negro, may very probably be, by some of his readers, mistaken for the opinion that the negro would be better off if the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses were away.

Mrs. Stowe's second "Old-Town Story," which is, perhaps, not so good as the first, but much better told, is from the mouth of Mr. Sam Lawson, and relates an attempt made by the British, in the war of 1812, to capture the American sloop *Brilliant*, aboard which vessel Mr. Lawson was at one time a mariner. "A Day's Pleasure" is the first part of one of Mr. Howells's essays. One of Mr. Higginson's essays we may call "The Shadow." It has all his prettiness and gracefulness, not to say grace. But doubtless there is, under the true grace, of which gracefulness no more than reminds us, a substratum of strength. "Criminal Law at Home and Abroad" is by Mr. Francis Wharton, and is devoted to showing that the continental European system of examining accused persons as if they were criminals very ill subserves the ends of justice. The English fashion of holding the prisoner innocent till he is proved guilty, and of respecting his silence, Mr. Wharton thinks better in its integrity than as we here in America, in some States, have modified it. To say that a prisoner may testify is, Mr. Wharton remarks, to say that he must; for if a prisoner may speak and will not, he will be thought silent because of fear that his words may betray him. Then, too, the prisoner, innocent or guilty, will naturally think he can better himself by talking; but who of us, Mr. Wharton asks, being put into the position of an accused person, would not, in our trepidation, and under skilful cross-examination, often make ourselves appear guilty though we were not guilty? And how much more likely should we be to betray ourselves if, instead of being questioned by a lawyer, with a lawyer of our own standing by to protect us, we stood before a judge, and were searchingly questioned not only about the one act with which we are charged, but concerning every act of all our lives, and each word or circumstance, of no matter what nature, which could throw any light upon our characters and dispositions? This method of examination, says the writer, is the child of the civil law, which is the law not of constitutional liberty, but of despotic government; and we may be doing ill to adopt in our republican court-houses the methods of government which look on men as rather the abject slaves of the state than as the possessors by right of individual freedom. "The Shipping of the United States" is an instructive article, good for Congressmen, by Mr. E. H. Derby. Mr. Longfellow's poem tells a story and inculcates a moral. Mr. Burt Wilder writes on the Woman question, which certainly is becoming tiresome, as treated of in the magazines; and the "Reviews and Literary Notices" are numerous and all good. The works criticised are Dante Rossetti's Poems, Beecher's "Lecture-Room Talks," Emerson's "Society and Solitude," Fitz Hugh Ludlow's "Heart of the Continent," a "Book of Decorum," compiled by a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, a "Life of Gibson the Sculptor," and two or three other volumes. The *Atlantic* has, we see, at last frankly adopted the system of signatures to articles. Whatever may be the merits of the anonymous system, there is no doubt that it is better to give an author's name with his contribution than to print his contribution without signature, and, at the same time, send about to all the papers a slip for publication containing the contributors' names. The latter nearly all the so-called anonymous magazines have long been doing as regularly as the months came in, and except for the clumsiness and inconvenience of this habit of theirs, there has not been any difference between them and their companions.

A strong point about the *Galaxy* is its independence of all the publishers, including its own. Its editors are understood to have complete control of its columns, and as it happens that they are not in the publishing business, the magazine occupies a position not occupied by any other leading magazine which we now recollect. Its reviews are perhaps not so able as they appear to be honest, and all the advantage of its position it perhaps does not reap; but it certainly is intelligent in its reviews of books, and that is fully as much as can be said of the book-reviews of most of its rivals. It professes, however, to be a magazine of light reading rather than of literature and criticism. Its reputation in this particular it well maintains this month, Mr. Mark Twain's department being up to his ordinary mark, and being, to our apprehension, very funny, and very well worth reading by anybody who likes to be amused, and is not above laughing when he feels like it.

The *Catholic World* pays its respects to a gentleman whom we have been for a long time expecting to see brought to confusion. He is a person who has written more or less for the *Galaxy* and the *Christian Union*, and whose writings have had a good deal of the attention and praise which the more zealous and foolish portion of the Protestant world always gives to the sillier and weaker and dirtier of the attacks upon Roman Catholicism. "Ten Years in Rome" is the general title under which this person's writings have been ranged, and he professes to have been at first a student in the College of the Propaganda, and afterwards a sub-librarian of the Congregation of the Index Expurgatorius, and still later the private secretary of the Cardinal D'Andrea, some of whose papers he says he has now in his possession. The *Catholic World* flatly denies each and all of these assertions, and makes out what seems to us a clear case of imposition against the author in question—a case perfectly consistent, too, with the air of mendacity and ignorance which all his writings wear. It will be well if the editors and churches that have patronized him since his arrival in this country give some attention to his character—as to which there is no doubt plenty of evidence in New York as well as in Rome.

Another person to whom the *Catholic World* pays its respects is Mr. Disraeli, whose picture in "Lothair" of Archbishop Manning and whose theory of the methods of the Catholics in the business of converting desirable young Englishmen to the ancient faith, are not such as to please good Romanists. Still, the gentleman who once remarked that it was difficult to understand the prejudice against Jews when one reflected that half Christendom worships a Jew and the other half a Jewess can afford to take a certain quantity of abuse, especially if it is of a rancorous and violent kind. This writer, however, shows some appreciation of the novel, or, as he calls it, political pamphlet. This no doubt it is in intention, as its forerunners also so often were; but no doubt too its political weight will be just about that of its forerunners.

Lippincott's has for its most prominent article something by Mr. Justin McCarthy, who in the *Galaxy* talks about American women in a manner which shows that he did not fail when in the old country to kiss the blarney-stone long and often, and who in *Lippincott's* is fluent with familiar not to say threadbare talk about the bad influence of British women in politics. "A Week among the Mormons" is worth reading, trite as its title threatens it to be, for it is the work of a person who seems to have had exceptionally good means of getting information. She confirms all that has been said about the homeliness and ignorance of the Mormon women, the deliberateness of the Mormon men's practice of keeping them illiterate and uninformed of the life women lead outside of Utah, the dissatisfaction or rather the painful resignation with which they regard polygamy, and the cunning and sensuality of the leading Mormons. Mormon girls are not educated at all, she declares; and then, while still young, their heads filled with Mormon dogma and with nothing beside, they have laid on them the yoke of marriage and maternity. Is is thus, she says, that they reach such measure of contentment as they do reach, but it seems to her even then but a weary resignation. And it seems to her certain by-and-by to disappear; she thinks the advent of the railroad is already causing a stir among them, and that they are looking curiously at the Gentile world.

The *Overland Monthly* is as good as usual and contains some excellent writing. We think nothing better has been anywhere said about Dickens since his death than that which the editor says here in his perhaps rather too laudatory words of tribute. There is also a striking sketch called "Mr. Thompson's Prodigal" which everybody will like, and which in its picture of Mr. Thompson himself is extremely good.

In *Putnam's* the most readable thing is Mr. Stillman's praises of Dante Rossetti, who seems to him highly to be admired. Mr. Stillman has, however, a good deal of knowledge of his subject.

Harper's has some excellent talk about Fechter in Mr. Curtis's best vein, and besides its other reading of the regular kind which it always offers, it has some very pleasant reminiscences of Thackeray by Mr. George Hodder, once his amanuensis and for many years his friend and warm admirer. Perhaps this is the most attractive of all the articles in the month's magazines.

Hours at Home continues its newly discovered letters of Charlotte Brontë, and has for its most noticeable other contribution something by

Froude the historian on salmon fishing in Ireland. Mr. W. C. Wilkinson has some pretty verses entitled "In Memoriam W. W. A." They have a freshness not common now in poems of this class.

Spontaneous Generation and the Hypothesis of Physiological Units. A reply to the *North American Review.* Pamphlet, pp. 16. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—As one of the minor events of the considerable battle which is likely to be waged about Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy, the publication of this little pamphlet would not demand much notice were it not for the facts that it is in answer to the two heaviest charges brought against that author by his reviewers, and concerns two of the most important questions which now occupy the attention of a large number of thinkers. Mr. Spencer was charged with having tacitly repudiated the idea of spontaneous generation in one part of his work; the establishment of his whole scheme being dependent upon the existence of this spontaneity in the evolution of life. The second charge is, in the words of Mr. Spencer, "that in ascribing to certain specific molecules, which I have called 'physiological units,' the aptitude to build themselves into the structure of the organism to which they are familiar, I have abandoned my own principle, and have assumed something beyond the redistribution of matter and motion."

Mr. Spencer seems to define himself clear of both those charges. In freeing himself of the second he exhibits his extensive knowledge of the facts of natural science and his power of generalization. There would be no other way to give the reader a distinct idea of his argument save by transcribing half a dozen pages in mass. Should he desire to give his mind a nice steady pull in consecutive thought, let him attentively read the last eight pages. No naturalist can lay down this really fruitful brochure without a sincere respect for the intellect which produced it. Yet we doubt whether, if he is a student of any part of the field of nature which can acquaint him with any of the great series of phenomena, such as the development of life in time, the succession in classification, or the growth of the individual, he will feel quite satisfied with the methods or the results of the author. Great and far-reaching as is the grasp of Mr. Spencer, he cannot grasp all the sciences as well as those less tangible branches of human thought which may not be included by this term. The result is that most special students who give their life to getting a little insight into some of the parts of the infinite field find that Mr. Spencer is a master in all those things of which they know a little, but fails more or less, seems to want personal familiarity, with the one subject which they know well. For this not Mr. Spencer but nature is to blame; we confess him an Aristotle in comprehensiveness, but the man who is to do for the science of to-day what the Stagirite did for the science of the Alexandrine age must be equal to an Aristotle raised to the tenth power—we might say to the n^{th}. The task must be gone at in another way. We must wait until we get some constants in our biological sciences before we write the equation of the universe. We have been trying for a long time to do something with *polarities* observed and hypothecated, but the word has proved anything but an "open sesame" in our sciences.

Analysis of American Law. By Thomas W. Powell. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1870. pp. 712. [Preface, pp. 12; Selection of Law-Books, pp. 2; Analysis of the Law, pp. 17; Index, pp. 7.]—Although published in Philadelphia, the author writes from Ohio and largely concerning Ohio. His book appears to be a judicial mixture of Kent's "Commentaries" and Blackstone's. Unfortunately the mixture is not well made, and there are blunders of composition very damaging to the use of students, as, for instance, that at page 576, where the expressions are loose enough to make the penalty of bigamy fall upon the person who is the unfortunate victim, not the author of the mischief. If the law of Ohio really punishes the wife of the man who commits bigamy, and sends her to prison for his offence, there are a good many citizens of other States likely to go there and make use of the privilege—a pleasanter one even than that of Indiana or Illinois in divorce. This looseness of English is so common throughout the book that one instance may serve for the whole. It is rather odd in this day and generation to find De Tocqueville referred to as "a foreign gentleman of great celebrity, and of friendly sympathy for us;" it is a note of the rusticity that marks the whole key in which the book is written. Citizens, with the author, are "the favored of the people;" but wherein the distinction exists between the one and the other nowhere appears. The effort to put all the law in one volume is not a very new one, but the distribution of it into four heads—Public, Private, Civil, and Criminal Law—is at least a novelty, which would be worth doing if it were done well. The selection of law-books in a prefatory page shows, however, that Judge Powell desires only to make the law cheap and easy of access—a bad thing for clients, but a worse one for lawyers, as it leads them, if they follow his suggestion, to take their learning at second-hand, if they take it at all. The mixture of principle and authority, of technical and general, is of a kind that always puzzles the professional mind, and makes it avoid such a hotch-potch as handy-books and treatises of the law; and here we have it only at rather unusual length, and apparently in great honesty of purpose, as a *vade mecum,* a cheap and commodious course for laymen and students. The condition of mind in which either class would rise from the perusal of one of the fragments of this book is past conjecture; if it were possible to find any one who could read it through, in the vain thought that that was a study of the law, there must be small hope of his future success in getting a living in the courts.

The book belongs to that class common enough in all sciences, and mischievous specially in those which are not in their nature absolute, which give results alone, with little or nothing of the processes of reasoning or of historical development that brought them about. A man may be a very good practitioner in law or in medicine, but unless he knows the reason by which he acts, the less he writes the better. A lawyer may give his clients good advice, or a judge may decide the causes that come before him honestly and well, but if in doing so he talks of "jobs by contract," of fiction in pleading as "a humbug," and generally neglects the simple rules of grammar, it is for the great disadvantage of students to have him preserved in a ponderous and imposing-looking volume. The book is intended only for Ohio law-students, but theirs is a hard fate, if they surrender the good old landmarks of the law for this new light.

The Private Life of Galileo. Compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. (Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1870.)—For the unscientific reader, this life of Galileo will prove a very interesting book, though it is a pity that it was not written more with a view to instruction, if not less with a view to entertainment. Not only is the book deficient in this respect, but it leaves an unpleasant feeling in the mind that the writer has not done a perfectly honest piece of work, but has tried to present the character of Galileo in the most favorable light, rather than to discover and tell exactly what manner of man he was. Certainly the impression he seeks to convey is different from that conveyed in other books that treat of the same subject. This difference we might put to the credit of his book, but that certain things are evidently glozed over, and that Galileo's own letters sometimes convey a different impression from that inferred from them. Nothing is much better established than that this "martyr of science" was seldom or never perfectly straightforward. Of course, it was not so easy to be straightforward in Italy in the seventeenth century as it is in England or America to-day. The Catholic Church, and especially the Society of Jesus, at that time, was a thoroughly organized conspiracy against all honesty of thought and sincerity of speech. But there was no call for Galileo to promise Urban IV. that he would do one thing and then go deliberately and do another. There was no call for him to teach the Ptolemaic law after he had accepted the Copernican system, as in a letter to Kepler he confessed to have done. But to criticise the conduct of the philosopher is not to justify the conduct of the church. The account of his trial will be new to the American reader, being made up from a paper in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* (1867), entitled "Galilée, son Procès, sa Condamnation," based upon Vatican documents. It is an instructive chapter in the internal economy of the Roman Church.

We get very interesting glimpses of the social and domestic relations of Galileo. As a man of the world, we see him looking out sharply for his own advantage, with an unmistakable fondness for good company and wine, and submitting his neck almost too easily to the yoke of patronage. The picture of his family and connections is not a pleasant one, he having no lawful wife, but three illegitimate children, two of whom are sent, while very young, to a convent, and plenty of brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews, who are the veriest parasites, begging of him continually for all sorts of assistance. A more worthless set of people have seldom if ever beset the path of a great man. Even his daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, does not justify by her letters the high estimate which our author sets upon her. They are very interesting letters, or would be, if they had nothing to do with Galileo, for they are so many pictures of convent life in the seventeenth century. Apparently it was a very dull and stupid sort of life, mainly given to preserving citron and baking quinces and pears. Of these delicacies Sister Celeste sends many to her father, but he pays for them with interest, among all his relatives there not being a more inveterate beggar than this same Sister. The convent, true to its Franciscan vow, is poor enough, and Galileo is continually being called upon to replenish its exhausted treasury. He seems to have been of a remarkably generous disposition, and withal somewhat credulous and easily duped.

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Churchill (Mrs. Elizabeth K.), Overcoming	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XVII	(Littell & Co.)
Peterson (Henry), The Modern Job	(H. Peterson & Co.) $1 50
Pollard (Edw. A.), The Virginia Tourist	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Sand (Geo.), Jealousy; or, Teverino	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)
Sullivan, Bart., (Sir E.), Protection to Native Industry	(S. R. Wells)
Thomas, A.M., M.D., (J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1870.

The Week.

The Tax and Tariff Bill and the Appropriation Bill have, of course, occupied the attention of Congress for the last week, and the former is now the subject of the final conferences, while the latter has passed both Houses and gone to the President for signature. The projected expedition to the North Pole gets fifty thousand dollars instead of a hundred thousand. The plans of putting up new buildings for the State Department, extending the Capitol grounds, and increasing the salaries of the judiciary and heads of Departments, which were all Senate amendments, the House defeated, acting under an impression—as to which we wonder how correct it is—that the people demand these small economies. We very much doubt if the people would rage a great deal if the Secretary of the Treasury or the Secretary of State were to get three or four thousand a year more than he gets now. The *Tribune* makes a fearful hullabaloo each year about the continuance of the franking privilege, and one would suppose the voters were on the point of rising in their might and straightway hurling honorable members from their seats; but nobody observes that Senators or Representatives ever do more than go through the motions of repealing the franking law, or that their votes on the subject make or unmake them. And just so we are inclined to think it would be in case Congress took the bull by the horns and gave United States judges a salary that they could live on. The House managers were willing to do something for the Supreme Court justices, but the rest of the judiciary they proposed to leave as at present. To this the Senate managers could not agree, so it will be matter of further conferences next year. Female clerks are hereafter to be paid as male clerks of the same grade—a stroke of statesmanship which ought to secure to the Republican party the votes of the *Revolution* officials when once the franchise is given them. Mr. Drake's attack on Chief-Justice Chase's decision in regard to the status of such suitors in the Court of Claims as were rebels during the war, came to a successful conclusion. It is now declared that all claimants of property in that Court must prove their loyalty from the beginning of the war, else they have no standing in Court. Neither Mr. Johnson's pardon nor the taking of Mr. Lincoln's amnesty oath is to avail them anything. They may, however, apply, if they like, to Congress for relief.

The Tax and Tariff Bill effects a large reduction of taxation, for Congress was compelled to lend an ear to the clamor of the country, and the influence of the Treasury Department was not able to prevail entirely against the unmistakable popular demand for a lightening of the burden. But there is no doubt that Congress might wisely and, with good policy, have made a still further reduction, and that the $60,000,000, or thereabouts, might very well have been increased to a hundred millions and more. So far as we have got at this present writing, the whole system of special or license taxes is abolished except the licenses of brewers and distillers. The income tax is set at two and a half per cent. instead of five, and the exemption is set at $2,000. This relieves the law of a great deal of its practical injustice, for it removes from its pressure most of the men of small fixed salaries. The House, as we write, has accepted the diminution of percentage and the increase of exemption, but confers with the Senate as to limiting the operation of the tax to the years 1870 and 1871. There will be more gold watches owned in the country hereafter than the singularly small number which have been in existence here since 1863, for the tax on those articles is dropped, as is that on carriages, billiard-tables, gold and silver plate, boats and barges, passports, legacies and successions, and gross receipts. Stamp taxes are taken off canned fish, transfers of mortgages, and notes of less than $100. Except stamp taxes, no taxes are henceforth to be paid on sales except on sales of tobacco, wines, and liquors. The iron men have got the duty on Bessemer steel rails fixed at 1¼ cents a pound—a specific duty which is heavier than the present *ad valorem* duty. How this tax will fare in conference remains to be seen. It is also in the bill that goods in bond may be carried to interior ports—a provision which caused much discussion, and divided the East and West by a marked line.

Other Congressional business has not been devoid of interest. On Wednesday week, Mr. Washburn, of the Postal Committee, procured the printing of a large number of his reports on the proposed system of postal telegraphy, and made a speech showing how much cheaper and more serviceable the telegraph might become if used as in England and in Belgium. The Pat.-Woods-Porter breach-of-privilege case came up on Wednesday and Thursday, and whiled away some few agreeable hours. On the latter day a proposal was made that a new voting machine be set up in the hall of the House during the vacation, and it was highly recommended, Mr. Cox informing the House that it was in use in Italy and France, and worked admirably; and that though its use would stop filibustering by dilatory motions, he would waive partisan objections, and vote for its admittance. But Mr. Dickey civilly declared that the concern was all a humbug, so it was rejected. On Thursday, in the Senate the most impudent scheme yet projected for stealing Government land was offered in the shape of a certain amendment brought in by the Postal Committee for the benefit of the American and Oriental Steamship Company, which is to ply between this country and India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and wants twenty acres of land in the Southern States for every ton of ships built, and 640 acres for every ship's apprentice taken on board. It was easily killed. While we are on this subject of Congressional honesty we may, as requested, call attention to the fact that for some reason Congress has refused to unseat no less than four Democrats whose seats were contested by Republicans.

On Friday, the Senate Committee, to whom it was referred, begged to be excused from further consideration of woman's right to the ballot, and were so excused. Perhaps the movement feels the effects of the weather; something has taken much life out of it lately. On the same day the Senate agreed that the number of Representatives should be raised to 300. In the House, the bill was passed which is designed to promote reciprocity with Prince Edward's Island. It provides that the island shall admit all United States goods at the same rates as she admits those of Great Britain or any of her colonies, while we, on our part, have greatly lowered the duties on the products of the colony. This is a sort of a premium to the island on staying out of the Dominion, and will not make Nova Scotia or New Brunswick more contented with their lot. The revocation of the treaty three or four years ago did the business men of the maritime provinces great injury, and their dissatisfaction is at the bottom of two-thirds of the disgust with the Dominion. On the same day the Senate took off the disabilities of about 5,000 ex-rebels, but excepted from amnesty G. A. Smith, and Basil Duke, who was generally known as "John Morgan's brains," and the House had its annual talk about abolishing the *Globe*, and, as usual, did not abolish it; it also passed a bill making it possible for a judge to resign, if so minded, after ten years of service, and providing that, in case his resignation is accepted, his salary shall be continued to him.

The Senate, on Monday, discussed the pensioning of Mrs. Lincoln, and seemed to be more inclined to grant her petition. But there was the usual talk from Mr. Yates and others about Mrs. Lincoln and her family having been Southern sympathizers during the war, and about the danger of establishing the precedent of putting a civilian on the pension list. We may, however, without overturning much, establish the precedent, we suppose, of giving a pension to the widows of Presidents murdered in office by public enemies. On the same day, the amended Naturalization Bill passed. It might as well have been amended out of existence, for any good it can do in the prevention of frauds. It provides for two Special Commissioners of Elections, one from each party, who shall "assist" at elections in towns containing 20,000 inhabitants, and who shall have the services of the United States marshals. The truth seems to be that neither party dares to appear hostile to the speedy naturalization of foreigners, so we are to keep all the old abuses. Georgia, as we write, is not yet in.

We are obliged to postpone to next week the full consideration of the Currency Bill which has passed at last. It orders the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem $45,000,000 of three per cent. certificates, but does not tell him where he is to get the money to do it with, a somewhat important omission. He is to redeem them as fast as certain $54,000,000 new national bank-notes, provided for by the bill, are issued by new banks to be hereafter established; and, if he does so, there will nominally be an addition of $11,000,000 to the currency, but in reality, owing to the scarcity of greenbacks which must take the place of the certificates in the bank reserves, the probabilities are that the banking circulation will be diminished rather than increased. A funding bill has at last been agreed on, which issues $1,000,000,000 thirties at four per cent.; $300,000,000 fifteens at four and a-half; and $200,000,000 of tens at five. There is some hope for these last; but little, we should think, for the others.

The threatened war has served to confirm, in a rather striking manner, the views recently expressed by us on the steady decline of speculation in all branches of business. Our markets have scarcely been affected by it at all. Gold, which in 1866, on the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war, rose thirty-five per cent. in two days, has barely moved from its recent sluggish inactivity. The public funds have not materially fluctuated. Grain and flour have actually declined, and nowhere is there evidence of any disposition to speculate on the probable results, to us, of a war between the two mightiest military powers of the European continent. That our material interests can remain unaffected by such a war, should it arise, is, however, not to be anticipated. On the contrary, it would have a most far-reaching influence on our national development, and could not fail to bring about changes in the social condition of European nations which would react upon us with double force. The prospect of peace or war is, therefore, for us, of the utmost importance—a fact which makes it all the more remarkable that speculation has not attempted to benefit by it. Even the Currency Bill, with its varied and important provisions, failed to influence the markets in either direction.

The session, as everybody knows, has not been a reputable one. In fact, a more helpless Congress, as far as the national interests are concerned, has not often met and talked, than the Congress now about to dissolve. But it has dealt with one subject energetically and promptly, namely, the case of Pat Woods, a drunken Irishman, who, while drunk, assaulted Mr. Porter, a member of Congress, in the streets of Richmond. Woods met Porter, and invited him to "take a drink;" Porter refused, whereupon Woods smote him in the face. It seems incredible, but it is as true as that the sun is in the heavens, that the House took this offence out of the hands of the police, and made it a breach of privilege; have actually debated it for several hours, Pat being at the bar; went very near imprisoning him for eight months, on the motion of Mr. B. F. Butler; and have finally imprisoned him for three months. We believe it has never been questioned that, to commit a breach of privilege on the person of a legislator, you must know him to be a legislator. There is no pretence that Woods knew Porter; Congressmen have no peculiar costume; and, consequently, what he really did commit was a common assault. A more miserable and ludicrous piece of tyranny, therefore, than treating it as a violation of parliamentary law, was probably never committed. All that can be said about it is that it is a worthy close to the debates on "funding" and on the tariff and the currency. But, if Congress is going to follow this precedent, Congressmen ought to have a uniform, so that, when anybody gets into a bar-room wrangle with the more disreputable members, he may restrain himself. The House has, however, done itself credit by its treatment of Whittemore, whom it refused to readmit, though it is doubtful whether, owing to its failure to expel him formally the first time, its position now is technically sound. The scamp's labors among the colored people are thus thrown away for the present. But why don't his defrauded creditors in Massachusetts bring him home on a requisition from Governor Claflin? Is he not "wanted," as the police say, in Salem, or thereabouts?

In spite of the great rejoicings there were over the reciprocity clauses in Mr. Burlingame's treaty, and the admission of China "to the family of civilized nations" which that treaty was declared to mark, the arrival of barely seventy-five quiet, well-behaved Chinamen in South Adams, Massachusetts, for the harmless, if not meritorious, purpose of making cheap shoes for American Christians, has raised a great uproar, and thrown a large number of politicians of both parties into a state of terrible excitement. It now appears the Chinese civilization is not only not equal to ours, but is far inferior; that the teachings of Confucius are worthless; that the Mongolian blood is horribly corrupt; that the Chinese population is eaten up by nameless vice; and that "the admission of China to the family of civilized nations" was a great mistake; and that "down-trodden Chinamen" are not going to be allowed to take shelter in this particular refuge of the oppressed. As we have before noted, General Butler has come out against them in a Fourth-of-July oration, and even Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, denies that they have an "inalienable right" to make shoes in Massachusetts; and now the renowned Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, has introduced a bill into the House providing for the appointment of a joint-committee to devise machinery for the exclusion of Chinamen from the United States, except as travellers and merchants. It is safe to predict, however, that it will be as difficult to keep Chinamen out of America, if they want to come, and if employers want their services, as "to keep the skin from perspiring," to use King Louis of Holland's happy phrase, when his brother was urging him to enforce the embargo laid by the Berlin decrees. Nor do we think their advent will prove fatal to the American government or civilization. The only class in the world equal to the task of destroying either is the class of native American demagogues.

The Massachusetts Crispins seem, at least so far as South Adams is concerned, to be completely disorganized by the arrival of the Chinese, and we see that many of them have betaken themselves to other employments. Should the experiment prove successful, and there seems little reason to doubt that it will, it is very likely that the importation of Chinamen will become a favorite mode of resisting strikes all over the country. The lesson to be learnt from the incident by the working-classes is plain enough. Capital cannot be resisted successfully by force, or by restrictive legislation, or by combinations, however well organized. It is too subtle and fugacious a thing, and the world is too large and communication too easy, for any one country or race to retain it one minute longer than it pleases to stay. If it cannot work successfully in Europe, it will go to America; or if it finds America hostile, it will go to Asia. Moreover, steam has given it access to an enormous labor-market, which the trades-unions of Christendom will find it impossible to penetrate. Between India and China it is safe to say that capital now has within its reach, if hard pressed, the labor of three or four hundred millions of very cunning hands, ready to work for small wages, and for as many hours as they can support. In the face of this tremendous fact, the efforts of European and American workmen to coerce capital become almost ludicrous. They have but one means of protecting themselves against its tyranny, and that is, becoming capitalists themselves by co-operating. It is becoming clearer and clearer every day that this is the only road out of their difficulties. Of course, it requires more patience, intelligence, and self-restraint to co-operate than to strike or harangue political meetings, but there is nothing else for it; and working-men are gradually, though perhaps very slowly, beginning to feel this. At a recent co-operative congress, in Manchester, England, it was stated that the number of co-operative societies had risen from 150 in 1860 to 1,000 in 1870; that they had 250,000 members, and a capital of $15,000,000; and it is now proposed to establish a co-operative bank, we presume like those of Germany. We fear, however, the movement will not receive the support it deserves till the great craze of a "general strike" has had a trial, and has plunged the industry of the civilized world in confusion.

The long fight at Washington over the New York collectorship has resulted in the overwhelming defeat of Senator Fenton and the triumph of Mr. Conkling, who seems in his heart not to dislike a fight, and who appears to have managed this one with great skill and ferocity. How far to go in congratulating the country on his victory we do not know. He is hardly fighting "for his own hand," or it would be easier to tell; for, doubtless, there is a choice between such a man as he and such a man as Fenton. But, for anything we know, he represents a side which may be as unprincipled and rascally as ever any New York governor was. Certainly the man in whose immediate interest this final battle was fought is not a shining credit to his friend, the President, nor his patron, or rather ally, the Senator, nor even to the Republican party as existent in the city of New York. The scenes at Washington would have been ludicrous if one did not think of what they mean. Heated politicians hurried there from all parts of New York; Tom This was telegraphed for by one set of lobbyists, and Charley So-and-So was summoned to counteract him, and went on with pockets full of affidavits; there was mysterious wine-drinking in hotel-parlors, and much open whiskey-drinking in Washington bar-rooms, and fierce discussions of "claims" and "records;" there was any amount of button-holing, and promising, and threatening; there was betting on "Tom Murphy's chances," and on Fenton. One ornament of the curule chair makes a two or three hours' speech, to show that Tom is a traitor to the party, and a swindling contractor; another Senator calls his honorable friend a thief, a taker of bribes, and a detected traitor to the party; and then, by a vote of forty-eight to three, the most valuable and one of the most responsible offices in the United States is given to a hack politician, unfit for any trust. Senate and President share the honors about evenly. There will now be a clean sweep of custom-house officials, and for the second time in two years the work be committed to green hands.

The Illinois Constitution has been adopted by a heavy majority, the minority representation clause included. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this to the whole country, inasmuch as the constitution will probably be copied elsewhere. The minority representation clause is the first serious attempt made by a democracy to amend its legislative machinery, and is, perhaps, for that reason, and in consideration of the magnitude of the evils it is intended to correct, the most important political reform effected since parliaments first met. Its working will be watched with great interest all over the world, and, indeed, it would be difficult to offer a more instructive study to political observers than the history and debates of the convention which framed this constitution. It will be very curious, too, to watch the experiments of "the men inside politics" on the minority representation rule. At present they are walking round it, and smelling it a little fearfully. They will gradually pluck up courage, however, and handle it, and see whether they can't make a stink-pot or fire-ball of it, or sell it as old cheese.

All other news from Europe becomes unimportant by the side of the news of the French attempt to get up a war with Prussia, which appears to have produced a profound sensation all over the Continent; for, however small our faith in the conclusions of the agent of the Associated Press, there is no getting over the evidence afforded by the quotations of Government funds on the various exchanges. There has been something very like a panic both in rentes, consols, and even in five-twenties in London. The performances of the Emperor are all the less excusable, inasmuch as they are due to his recognition of a theory which he has always waged war against, and against which his dynasty was a standing protest, and which has really lost all force in European politics—viz., that the family ties of sovereigns exercise an influence on international relations. It is notorious—and a dozen proofs of it might readily be produced—that they do nothing of the kind. Since the French Revolution, there has not been a single war or revolution in originating or conducting which the blood relationship of kings can be said to have played any part. Yet, all the excitement in Paris is due to the pretence that nations do still fight battles to help the then monarch's uncle or first cousin. To what extent the French public shares the fury of the court and the Paris press, it is impossible to make out from the telegrams. Everything we know of the state of French feeling about war points to the conclusion that the Emperor's dread of Hohenzollerns is not shared by the people at large, and that he would in case of disaster have absolutely no sympathy to fall back upon. Some of the stories of his intentions must, if true, call forth many grim smiles at the Prussian headquarters—such as, that he is going to command in person with the Prince Imperial on his staff.

The Prussians, in the meantime, seem to be taking matters very coolly, and have, as far as they show themselves in the controversy at all, the air of men who are quite sure of their game. Their moral position could hardly be better, unless, which is very unlikely, the French hold proofs of their complicity in the Hohenzollern nomination. They have had nothing to do with Leopold's selection; he is not a member of the royal family properly so called; on reflection, they may see fit to discourage or forbid his pretensions. In the meantime, it is the Spaniards who are acting, and not they; and in any event, it is impossible for them to do anything in the presence of hostile military demonstrations. If there is to be fighting, the French will have to begin it, and, if they begin, we venture to predict they will find the Prussians thoroughly prepared, and with one of the finest and best-led armies the world has ever seen. It is worth mention that there is hardly a mile of the Rhenish Provinces over which Prussian officers, of all arms, have not for years been in the habit of doing the work of actual marching and manœuvring, as if in real war, by night and by day. And if Napoleon's nerves can stand the fag of even a fortnight's campaign in that region, he must be in a far better state of health than the public has of late been led to believe.

By the way, we cannot help feeling surprised that none of our daily contemporaries have seized on the present tempting opportunity for getting up a "triple alliance" among the European despots. Such materials for new and startling combinations as now present themselves both to editor and correspondent have not been witnessed for many a long day. We perceive with pain, too, that there is trouble between the *Tribune* and *Times* about the Hohenzollern family, owing to the *Tribune's* having declared that it was Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, instead of Prince Leopold, who was the candidate for the Spanish throne, for which the *Times* raps it over the knuckles. But, then, is the *Times* sure that the *Tribune* does not mean the "Prince Charles, of Roomelee," of the *Worcester Spy*, who is, according to that periodical, hereditary ruler of Constantinople and the parts adjoining, and who has been missing since the late great massacre of the Jews in those regions? Is it not possible that he has turned up in Spain, and is trying to shelter himself from the Sultan's wrath by getting himself made King of that country, with the secret support of the Moors of Granada? Should this supposition prove well-founded—and we regret that we are unable to reveal the source from which it comes to us, but the *Tribune* may rely on it that none of its correspondents, either horse or foot, has access to it—there will be warm work before long. What the effect of this will be on five-twenties, it is difficult to say. We also see, with regret, that the pusillanimous Khedive, whom the *Tribune* got ready for a fight with the Sultan, at considerable expense, nearly two years ago, has utterly and finally backed out of his engagement, and is at this moment in Constantinople, making his peace and submission. This is a little too bad, but we never did believe in the Khedive, and were surprised at the *Tribune's* taking any trouble about him.

"THE CHINESE INVASION."

The arrival of the Chinese shoemakers in Massachusetts has plunged a great many gentlemen, some worthy and some unworthy, into considerable embarrassment. In the first place, those Republican politicians who were led by their ardor, during the anti-slavery struggle and the reconstruction process, into taking strong ground against the doctrine that there was any marked difference either in the political or moral value of different races, are somewhat appalled by the prospect of having the strength of their position subjected to so serious a test as the influx of countless Chinese. In the second place, our friends the protectionists, who have so long been advocating the exclusion of the products of foreign "pauper labor," while calling loudly for the admission of "the pauper labor" itself—that is, for a protected market for their goods, but an open market for the workmen—are a good deal startled by the prospect of seeing their system applied to such a vast store of pauper labor as the Chinese Empire. In the third place, the uproarious sinalogues who amused themselves, after the arrival of the Burlingame Embassy, in abusing Mr. Ross Browne and everybody else, native and foreign, who denied that the Chinese were a progressive people, and their civilization equal, if not superior, to ours, and that the Burlingame treaty was one of the greatest gains ever made by humanity, are now a good deal alarmed by the operation of that very reciprocity clause of the treaty over which they did so much of their crowing. One's enjoyment of tiger-hunting, it has been well remarked, depends largely on which does the hunting—the tiger or the man. So, also, when we agreed to give the Chinese the same privileges in the United States which Americans enjoy in China, and declared that China was henceforward to be considered a member of the family of civilized nations, the value of our agreement seems to have depended a good deal on whether we or the Chinese availed ourselves of it to any great extent; and we suppose we shall now see some of the very publicists who shrieked so triumphantly over Mr. Burlingame's treaty asking to have our minister sent whimpering to the Board of Foreign Affairs at Peking, to tell them that when we agreed to let the Chinese come here freely the same as Irishmen and Germans, we never, never thought they would come. But then, it is quite clear that a country which receives a million and a-half or two millions of immigrants every year, and which is constantly calling for more, and has practically unlimited room within its borders, and which has made itself conspicuous by its hostility to distinctions "based on race, or color, or religion," cannot—consistently with decency or self-respect—get up and tell a great empire, with which it has just concluded a treaty of peace and amity, and before there are seventy thousand Chinamen in the country, that their morals, manners, blood, and religion are so objectionable that we cannot possibly receive them even as day-laborers, except in driblets. It may not have been wise to talk about the Chinese in the way we did when Mr. Burlingame was here, or rush into the treaty with the enthusiasm with which we rushed into it; but there is now no help for it. We must stick to our bargain. It is too late to have the Mongolian blood analyzed, and the low condition of Chinese morals exposed.

It is quite safe to say, however, that the expectations entertained by some of the alarmists as to the probable volume of the Chinese immigration, are grossly exaggerated; that the number of Chinese who know anything about the United States, or can be tempted into coming here, is comparatively small, and that the "swamping" process with which we are threatened, if it ever comes to pass at all, is indefinitely remote. We think, too, that the fear, into which some orators pretend to fall, that we are going to see "the coolie system" established among us—that is, Chinese laborers working at low wages, in a state of half-slavery, for a long term of years, has no foundation in fact. The coolie system cannot be established anywhere, except in a country where the sparseness of population and the sluggishness of public opinion would allow of the employer using violence to enforce his rights, without the provision of severe legal penalties for desertion or refusal to work. In the United States, the law provides no adequate remedy for breaches of contract on the part of laborers, as those know to their cost who import Irish and Germans; so that, no matter what we may, at public meetings, call the Chinese whom capitalists bring in—coolies, peons, or slaves—they will be, in practice, as free from the first day as any Irish hodman in New York. If one of them runs off or refuses to work, the employer will have no remedy but an action for damages—whether he could resort to a bill in equity for specific performance, we are unable to say—and we presume no Chinaman would object to any employer's pursuing him with weapons of this sort, as long as he found any solace in it. As to coolies being subjected to any species of corporal compulsion in any workshop or factory in the United States, those who fear this can hardly have estimated the keenness of the look-out which is now kept in all parts of the country, by large numbers of gentlemen, for attempts to "establish caste in America." Let us but hear of one or two cases of coercion, or attempted coercion, and we should see the victim surrounded by more "rising young lawyers" with writs of habeas corpus, and more members of Congress, and persons anxious to be members of Congress, with speeches and exposures, than the largest factory in the United States could possibly contain. Indeed, let the employers be ever so peaceable and long-suffering, we do not doubt that there will spring up what may be called a coolie bar, composed of legal gentlemen entirely devoted to egging on the Chinamen to make their masters uncomfortable in innumerable ways. So that we earnestly recommend all persons who are afflicted by the prospect of even a partial revival of slavery amongst us to hang up their harps and trumpets, and possess their souls in peace. We doubt if even Mr. Banks will ever be able to get materials for one report out of this particular field of possible human misery.

But, supposing that the Chinese are likely to come in vast numbers and undersell our laborers by their low standard of living, and debauch our politics by their ignorance and immorality, what can we do to prevent their coming? Nothing, we fear. We have gone too far in leaving all these things to be taken care of by Providence, to go back now and attempt to construct protective machinery. There is no way in which they can be shut out, and we are quite sure that any party which attempted to provide one would cover itself with ridicule. All the forces and ideas and wants of the age would fight against anything of the kind. Not that we agree with General Hawley, that we ought, "with the flag over our heads and the New Testament in our hands, bid them come." This mode of meeting difficult political problems has been tried long enough, and has met with very indifferent success, though it is still a favorite with a great many good people. It has been found in practice that when you sit down in this way the thieves come and sit down beside you, with far larger flags over their heads and a far larger Testament on their knees than yours, and, after having read you to sleep, go along the road, and "clean out" the passengers, and, when you wake up and open your Testament again, you find, on the whole, the world somewhat worse than when you closed your eyes. If we are really to be beset by a great swarm of men of an inferior civilization to ours, it will be well to wave the flag and well to read the Bible, but we shall need, also, the diligent and careful repairing and strengthening of our political fabric. We shall need stringent measures for the purification of elections, closer attention to the character of public men, a total reform in the civil service, and, above all, the restoration and preservation of the independence of the judiciary. It is the attempt to conduct the complex affairs of a great nation on the model of the town-meeting which has enabled ignorant foreigners to work so much mischief in American politics, and if they succeed eventually in making a change in the form of government necessary for the protection of property and civilization, it will be because Americans themselves have furnished them, in the shape of corrupt and incompetent civil servants and of poor and dependent judges, with the only weapons which can ever put American polity in serious peril.

THE EUROPEAN IMBROGLIO.

We are witnessing, in the eagerness of the French Government for a fight with Prussia, the first marked and, it is to be hoped, most unpleasant result of the plébiscite. Ever since the vote, the constitutional machinery, which it was fondly hoped that M. Ollivier had set up, has been getting out of gear. The Emperor has openly allowed other persons to speak for the Government in the Chambers, and his adherents have, it is believed, under the instructions of the Tuileries conveyed through an obscure journalist, voted against the ministry, on one occasion putting M. Ollivier in a ridiculous minority of twelve in the Corps Législatif. In the Senate he has been no less unfortunate. The convention he recently made with the Pacha of Egypt about the capitulations, or treaties exempting Christians from trial before the native tribunals, will probably not be ratified. Another convention made with Spain, admitting Spanish judgments to recognition in the French courts, without examination of their merits, brought on him still rougher handling in the Senate, and his colleague, the Duc de Grammont, who is now high in favor at the Tuileries, did nothing to help him. The journalist above mentioned, M. Clement Duvernois, a mere creature of the court, who has for some time been carrying on a paper, maintained, it is generally believed, out of the privy purse, of late took to abusing M. Ollivier so fiercely that the Emperor had, in common decency, to dismiss him; but on going he fired a parting shot by announcing that "the ministerial is not necessarily the imperial policy, and that it may often happen that the policy maintained by the ministers in the Chamber is at variance with the personal tendencies of the sovereign;" and that "before the 8th of May it was difficult to distinguish between the Emperor and his ministers; but, thank God, the plébiscite has changed all that." To appreciate the full significance of this, it must be remembered that Duvernois, besides being an "inspired" editor, is a member of the Chamber.

M. Ollivier's retention of his office, under not only these personal slights, but the almost open repudiation of the régime the carrying out of which was his object in taking office, has lost him the respect of nearly every man in France whose respect is worth having; but the complete exposure of the hollowness of the pretence that parliamentary government had been restored seems to have been reserved till now. The attempt to pick a quarrel with Prussia about the Spanish crown is being made in a style which makes further concealment of the real state of the Government impossible. Both in the nature of the pretext, and in the manner of putting it forward, there is an ostentatious eagerness on the part of the Emperor and his confidants to make it appear as plain as possible that France is still ruled by a Cæsar, and that the army is still the most important element in the state, and to wipe out the remembrance of the checks of the last seven years, if not by actual war, at least by an amount of bluster which will produce on the French imagination the effect of war.

There is nothing in the offer of the Spanish crown to Prince Leopold to call for sudden military demonstrations on the part of France. There are a dozen ways of accounting for the offer without ascribing it to a desire on the part of Prussia either to annoy France or aggrandize herself. No malice aforethought is implied in it, as in the celebrated Spanish marriages set on foot by M. Guizot. The Spaniards are looking high and low for a king, and turn naturally to the idle young men of royal blood. They have tried Italy, Portugal, and England in vain. The Orleanist princes ruled out, there is no Frenchman available, and it was the most natural thing in the world that they should next turn to Germany; and amongst the eligible Germans there is nobody so eligible as this Prince Leopold. He is a Hohenzollern, to be sure, but of another branch than Frederick William's, is out of the line of succession to the Prussian throne, is nearly as closely related to the French Emperor as to the King, and has had his readiness to accept a situation as monarch advertised, if we may use the expression, by the accession of his brother to the throne of the Danubian Principalities. If, however, he is too much of a German to permit of his reigning at Madrid without offence to France, the course prescribed to the Imperial Government by usage, and courtesy, and a decent regard for peace, and for the opinion of the civilized world, and the course which, let us add, a ministry really constitutional would have pursued, was to ascertain first from Prussia whether she supported or took any interest in the Prince's nomination. If she had repudiated all share in promoting his election, as it appears now she would have done, and as, indeed, she has done, it would only have remained to signify to Spain the determination of France not to permit his accession, and Spain assuredly would not have thought of disregarding peremptory prohibition from such a quarter. It would, indeed, be ridiculous for the Spaniards, after the remarkable displays of indifference to all possible aspirants to their throne which they have been making for the last two years, and with their treasury on the verge of bankruptcy, to go to war with France for the sake of Prince Leopold, whose name the nation now hears for the first time. In fact, the quarrel, if quarrel there be, lies between France and Spain simply. Prussia really withdrew from the controversy by the repudiation of Prince Leopold, which the telegraph announces she at once made; and here it ought, as far as she is concerned, to have ended.

The Emperor, however, was clearly determined from the outset either to humiliate her or force her to fight, for he has insisted on her not only disclaiming all connection with "the intrigue," but forbidding the Prince to accept the Spanish offer. Now, to this demand Prussia might accede as a matter of comity after the receipt of a serious remonstrance, but it is clearly impossible for her to accede to it when backed by threats and immense and sudden military preparations and warlike articles in the Paris papers. A demand made under such circumstances is almost a declaration of war, and there is no power in Europe which would hesitate to consider it so; but its success would serve the Emperor's purpose nearly as well, and in fact better, than a great and decisive victory. It would relegate Prussia once more to a second-class position, and restore the prestige of the Empire.

It is difficult to extract from the telegrams much aid in calculating the chances of war, inasmuch as the telegraphers naturally select all the startling incidents of the crisis and pass over the quieter and less striking phenomena which make for peace; but if it be true that the French Government has of late been bringing to bear on the Spaniards the pressure which ought to have been applied to them at first, and to nobody else, it would seem that it is preparing a back-door escape from a position which every day must become morally less tenable. A more ferocious display of eagerness for war has not taken place in Europe within sixty years than France is now affording; and in our time any power which takes the field under the strong moral reprobation of the civilized world goes into battle half-armed. It appears, indeed, as if fortune, which has done so much for Prussia, was going once more to crown her with rejoicing; for Bismarck could not possibly have desired a better chance of escape from the various and great difficulties which attend the organization of the new confederation than that which the French Emperor is apparently offering him. The Prussian yoke is a heavy one, and the other members of the confederation are tolerably restive under it. What is wanted to reconcile them to it, and to drive the whole of Germany into a real as well as paper unity, is a foreign war forced on the Government, and no war could possibly do the work so well as a war with France. Austria or Russia, or even England, might in a contest with Prussia find plenty of friends and sympathizers on what is now German soil; but a French army seeking to annex German territory without provocation will find itself face to face not with Prussia only, but Germany in arms; and Germany in arms is, we take it, a foe which France will never again meet with the smallest chance of success. That unseen and indefinable force which we call national vitality, and which, if it does not always win battles, wins campaigns, and holds the future with a mighty grasp, has apparently abandoned France, while it swells the German veins almost to bursting. France is living on her nerves, and splendid nerves they are, but they cannot do the work of muscle. Her population is stationary or declining, her great towns are converted into great sores, her Government has no roots in the soil, and, though the army never was better, it has smaller reserves, in proportion to its responsibilities, in the shape of heart and hope and numbers to draw on, than any of its predecessors, and none of its predecessors has ever undertaken a task so mighty as the subjugation of Prussia, as Prussia will be when the Rhenish Provinces are invaded. We cannot help believing that the sober second thought of the Emperor, if not his physical inability to support the strain of prolonged excitement and anxiety, will yet lead to a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty.

ANOTHER DELICATE SUBJECT.

THE fact, which there is no denying, that there are to be found, amongst the female advocates of Woman's Rights in this country, some whose reputation is positively bad, and others whose reputation would bear improving, has not unnaturally brought some odium on the whole movement, and this odium is somewhat increased by the belief which many people entertain, that, owing to the chance of acquiring notoriety which the movement offers, the number of such women engaged in it is likely to increase greatly if it continue to spread. These charges the respectable agitators meet by a plea which is known to lawyers as "confession and avoidance;" that is, they say: "True, but what of it? You men, in your politics, have no hesitation whatever in associating on perfectly friendly terms with well-known profligates of your own sex, and think yourselves and your work none the worse of it. Indeed, some of your most famous statesmen have been men of dissolute lives. Now, chastity is a law of universal obligation, just as binding on one sex as on the other. We shall, therefore, not submit any longer to the imposition of pains and penalties for the violation of it on women to which men are not also exposed. If you wish us to be particular about the company we keep, you must set us a good example. Until you do so, we shall follow the good old plan of 'accepting aid from any quarter,' and shall admit everybody to our platform who is willing to adhere to our doctrine and preach it." This is the argument, too, which the Englishwomen who are engaged in the discussion of that savory subject, the Contagious Diseases Act, use freely, with the necessary modifications, and although as yet it is brought forward somewhat timidly in this country, and oftener in private than in public, we have little doubt we shall see it paraded before long as invincible, and large numbers of "strange women" securing under cover of it "spheres of usefulness," from which, under the present heartless social regulations, they are excluded. Some of the respectable section of the agitators are, however, conscious apparently that this view of the subject at least needs defence. Mr. T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*, utters a mild protest against bringing to the work anything but "clean hands," and deprecates the use of the platform for the repair of damaged reputations or the purging of old stains. Mrs. Stowe has also warned the brethren and sisters away from the discussion of matrimony and kindred subjects, feeling conscious apparently that the views of some of them on these questions can hardly be aired without giving offence. But, with all this, we believe we are right in saying, that from the doctrine that "chastity is a law of universal obligation," which there is no gainsaying, the champions of Woman's Rights have deduced, or are fast deducing, the conclusion that one of the things they may lawfully do, in order to get these "rights," is to treat female violations of the law as no worse than male violations of it, and to disregard, as of male invention for the perpetuation of male tyranny, the old and universal usage which lodges woman's honor in her purity. In doing this, they are doing one of the things which make them in our eyes, and that of a large portion of the community, mischievous people, and mischievous in the direct ratio of their individual worth and influence, and in support of this view we shall resort once more to that plain speaking without which, as we have already said, it seems impossible to discuss this question efficiently.

Although it is true that chastity is a law of universal obligation, it is not true that men's guilt in violating it is as great as that of women, because the degree of guilt depends on the degree of temptation, which in the case of men is very strong, both from temperament and circumstances, and in the case of women very weak. Men's passions are fierce and active; women's, feeble and dormant. Moreover, the way in which the work of life has been divided makes men's exposure to temptation constant; women's, very rare. The race has, therefore, in forming its moral judgment on the quality of offences against sexual purity, always treated the man's guilt as less heinous than the woman's, and although this rule does occasionally work astounding injustice, and has called into existence that great blot on Christian civilization, the cold-blooded male seducer, it does in the vast majority of cases work what, we believe, is in the courts of heaven, as well as those of earth, recognized as substantial justice. The distinction has, however, a utilitarian as well as a purely ethical basis, and one no less important certainly. Like most other of the usages kept up by society for the regulation of the relations of the sexes, it has for its object the maintenance of the integrity and purity of the family. The maternity of a child is a physical fact, very difficult of concealment, hardly ever successfully concealed, and usually provable by many witnesses. The paternity of a child is, on the other hand, simply an inference which derives all its strength from the importance attached to chastity by the female sex. It rests simply and solely on the character of the mother. It is incapable of proof by any other testimony than hers. All that is known about it is locked up in her breast, and to weaken her scruples, therefore, is to throw doubts on the origin of all her children; or, in other words, to strike at the very roots of the family organization. If we had things so arranged, therefore, that a woman thought no more of violating her marriage vows than a man, we should have probably in a very large part of the world have either to give up the family altogether, or shut women up, as they once were shut up. The inference with regard to the paternity of children, therefore, has to be jealously guarded, not only because it is in the nature of things weak, but because it furnishes what is, in the present state of human nature, the main or sole inducement to husbands to toil and accumulate for their wives and offspring. For, let it never be forgotten, the husband must, except in an infinitesimally small number of cases, be everywhere the bread-winner. Children must always look to their father for most of the arms with which they face the world. Now there may come a time when, after having heard the requisite number of lectures, and read the requisite number of tracts, a man will toil cheerfully for the maintenance and education of such children as his wife may see fit to introduce into the household, without caring whether they are his own or not. But we are still far away from any such consummation. As matters stand, brutal man will neither dig nor delve for the support of any children which he does not possess a moral certainty he has begotten. He acquires this certainty through his confidence in his wife's purity, and society helps to justify it by visiting her lapse from virtue with the deepest of earthly damnations. To be sure, the arrangement does not work perfectly; but then the world is full of imperfections, brethren. We know you would have made a far better world if you had had a chance, and it does seem a pity that so many things, and especially the relations of the sexes, and the manner of perpetuating the species, should have been settled without waiting for your appearance or consulting you. But then, you must admit, it is the Lord's doing, and, if not as well done as you could have done it, is at least unchangeable.

But we have another worse charge to make against this new manifestation of the rage for equality, and a more serious one. Instead of trying to level *up*—that is, to raise men to the female standard of purity—the agitators are actually, and almost without blushing, trying to level down—that is, to put women on men's lower plane. The necessity of associating with scoundrels, and of pretending not to know that they are scoundrels, is to the best men a horrible necessity. Women are saved, and to their own infinite gain, from having to undergo anything similar with regard to the worst members of their own sex. We know there is often cruelty in the exemption, but we know, too, that it is an unspeakable support to virtue. It might, perhaps, have been better, as we said some time ago, if matters had been so arranged that a man might have thieves for his bosom friends, while entertaining a hearty horror of theft. So also it might, perhaps, have been better if matters had been so arranged that ladies might have prostitutes visit them freely at their houses without losing a particle of their horror of vice. Providence has managed the affair differently. It has made, as is notorious, the avoidance of bad company one of the greatest aids and one of the chief conditions of right living. Women are fortunate enough to be able to avail themselves of it in the cultivation of the greatest of all their virtues, and the most useful. It is now gravely suggested that they throw this aid away, and display for the morals and manners of their fellow-women that beautiful indifference which their brothers and husbands show for the weaknesses of the Fisks and the Whittemores—that is, reduce us all to the same condition of moral phlegm, so that, when we go home in the evening sick and sad, after a day's work among male scallawags and cheats, we may meet our sweet Mlle. Cora Pearl, the distinguished Cocotte, and her friend Madame Dodo, the brilliant and public-spirited proprietor of the celebrated "never-failing No. 3 pills," coming out from a committee meeting in our back parlors.

We venture to affirm, however, that the moral standard which prevails among the women of the Western World, and the precautions they take for its maintenance, are among the most precious achievements of civilization—those of which mankind may most justly be proud. If we were asked to point out the most impressive indication of progress, we should unquestionably name, not the deliverance of women from the bolts, and bars, and veils of the harem, but the commission to their custody of their own purity, and the singular fidelity with which they have fulfilled the trust. We doubt, too, if anything has done half as much for the elevation of men as the lesson which every man learns from his earliest years from them of what is possible in the field of self-restraint, and one of the very best things we know about men is the pains they take to keep the unseemly, or base, or degrading side of life from the eyes and ears of their wives, and daughters, and sisters. Women, it is true, have done little for the world by their minds; but they have done an enormous deal by their manners, in exemplifying, day by day, virtues of which, in their absence, men would only dream. The next task to be undertaken by them is the introduction among men of their standard of virtue; and not—even for the sake of shining in the edifying wrangles of the caucus and the court-room—the adoption of men's. The value of their contributions to politics is a matter of pure speculation; if we were to judge from what they have done already, we should say it would be very small. The value of their contributions to morals, happily, is a matter of experience. There is no man to whom some woman has not proved a second conscience, and it will be a sorrowful day for humanity when we see men and women in the market-place and the legislature encouraging each other—to use the chaste language of a distinguished male Republican politician and philanthropist—"not to be too damned scrupulous."

ENGLAND.—THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

LONDON, June 24, 1870.

THE great interest of the past fortnight has been the debate—which is not yet ended—upon the Education Bill. The question is, in many ways, so important, and it illustrates so strikingly some of the modern tendencies of English politics, that I must dwell upon the situation at some length. I gave you a short account in my last letter of the then position of affairs. To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Gladstone opened the debate on the motion for going into committee by proposing a new scheme, intended, in the view of Government, to offer an available compromise. This scheme, whether successful or not, considerably modifies the attitude of Government towards the question, and I must shortly explain its nature. There were, as I explained, three classes of schools proposed in the original bill: first, the denominational schools on the present system; secondly, the schools founded out of local rates; and, thirdly, schools founded by denominations, but receiving aid from the local rates. In each of these classes of schools, according to the Government plan, religious instruction might be given in the tenets of any particular sect; but a proviso was inserted to enable the children of other sects to attend the schools without receiving instruction to which their parents might conscientiously object. Mr. Gladstone's present proposal is that, in the second or rate-supported class of schools, the religious teaching shall be strictly "undenominational," to use the expression which has become technical; and that object is to be secured by forbidding the use of any catechism or formulary characteristic of any particular sect. By this means, it is hoped that a religious teaching will be given which will be tolerably acceptable to nearly all classes of children. This is regarded as a concession to the party represented by the Birmingham League and the secularists generally. It is balanced, therefore, by proposing to increase the Parliamentary grant at present made to the denominational schools, which was formerly one-third of their whole resources and is now to be one-half. Finally, the third proposed class of schools is to be given up altogether; that is to say, the denominational schools are in no case to receive aid from the local rates. Thus the measure, if adopted, will in fact reduce our system to two classes of schools: schools founded out of the local rates, and supported partly by the rates, partly by the children's payments, and partly by Parliamentary grants, and teaching a kind of neutral religion from which all specific formularies have been cut out as much as possible; and, secondly, schools founded by the denominations, and supported partly by voluntary subscriptions, partly by children's payments, and partly by Parliamentary grants, and giving such religious instruction as they please, though, as a condition of receiving the Parliamentary grant, there is in all cases to be a "conscience clause."

This plan has excited an extraordinary amount of discussion from all sides and from all points of view. It is disputed whether it is a concession to the denominations or a concession to the supporters of a secular system. An animated debate has already lasted for three days, and will last for at least another day. From the chaos of conflicting sentiment, it is rather difficult to disentangle any definite result. Two conclusions, however, seem to be probable. The new plan has certainly not pacified the opposition. Mr. Disraeli did his best to make matters unpleasant on the first evening on which it was propounded; and his attack has been followed up by several of his political friends. They place themselves unreservedly on the side of denominational education, and denounce the kind of neutralized religion which is offered as being equivalent to no religion at all. On the other hand, the radicals are equally clear that the scheme will, in spite of appearances, be on the whole in favor of denominational teaching. They declare that the religious instruction will be just as denominational as now, in spite of the exclusion of catechisms; and demand that stronger security shall be taken. It is plain enough that the only logical conclusion from their demands would be to exclude religious instruction altogether from the state schools, and leave it to voluntary effort. If the agitation be continued, I have no doubt whatever but that is the position which they will ultimately assume. But it is curious to remark that they are afraid of urging this distinctly and boldly; they dread the unpopularity which might result from saying that the Bible should be excluded from the schools; for, after all, they feel that the Bible is still a good name to conjure by in England; and they, consequently, propose that the religious instruction to be given in the rate-supported schools should consist simply in "undenominational and unsectarian" teaching from the Bible—whatever those adjectives may mean. Hereupon issue is joined, and any amount of eloquence is expended in pointing out, on the one hand, that the English people will not be satisfied without a religious teaching which is something more than a sham; and, on the other, that no Englishman will submit to paying for his neighbor's religion. All the usual commonplaces are advanced with proper energy, and all other aspects of the education question are fairly lost behind the disturbance produced by this exciting topic.

Mr. Forster, whose position has improved more rapidly than that of any of our statesmen during the last few years, has spoken very forcibly of the danger of delay, and the many objections to leaving children uneducated whilst we are discussing what shade of theology is to be impressed upon minds equally incapable of all theological distinctions, and the postponing all the other important questions which are pressing for public attention. The newspapers, for the most part, agree with him in that matter, and cry out with tolerable unanimity against the miserable waste of time and energy due to these vehement discussions. For God's sake, it is said, let us get some system of schools set at work, and drop these ceaseless squabblings which stand in the way of all serious reforms. And yet the debate is continued. Very few members seem willing to sacrifice their eloquence to their patriotism. Indeed, the more the situation is examined, the more serious it seems to be. The indications as to the fate of the present measure are far from distinct; the obstinacy of opposition, both on the radical and conservative side, may protract the discussions to such a length as to render legislation impracticable, or the majority at Mr. Gladstone's disposal may enable him to force it through. Even if carried in its present form, there is danger that it may lead to a renewed agitation during the coming vacation, and he would be a bold man who should feel certain that that agitation would not lead to very serious results. The fact is simply, that the question touches what is just now, and, if I mistake not, is likely to be for some time, the most delicate point in English politics. There is, as I have several times remarked, a growing eagerness about all questions which touch the position of the National Church. It would be useless to enquire who is most to blame or to praise for this state of things; but everybody feels that questions connected with the Establishment have a most intimate connection with our politics. The strongest point of the Church has been the degree in which it has supplied the educational system of the country. In almost all rural districts, the schools have been founded and supported by the clergy, and in towns the clergy have taken by far the largest share in the work. This being so, they have a natural jealousy of legislation which proposes to take the management in great degree out of their hands. Dissenters, on the other hand, are thoroughly determined to take every possible advantage of the change. This is the difficulty which gives the real intensity to the struggle. It is the beginning of a warfare which will probably be carried on with greater rather than less animosity as time goes on; and must ultimately end, as most people believe, in the disestablishment of the Church of England. We are, indeed, a long way from that consummation, and there will be many ups and downs in the contest, many truces and fresh outbreaks of hostility, and many new party combinations, before the end. Meanwhile, however, the existence of jealousies which cannot be really satisfied short of that conclusion is daily more obvious, and serves to embitter controversies which would otherwise be of less importance. Now, Mr. Gladstone is still a genuine believer in the Church of England; though by his legislation in the case of Ireland he has done more than any living man to hasten the inevitable catastrophe. Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters, on the other hand, are dissenters, and in almost every English borough the dissenters form a strong and united portion of the Liberal party. Hence, in spite of his existing majority, he is in a position by no means free from danger. He may carry his measures in the House of Commons, but there is always the risk that by alienating the dissenters he may lose his command of the country. They could change the balance of parties, and upset the present régime, strong as it appears to be at the present moment. The indignant Radicals, like Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. Dixon, may be in a small minority, but their hostility is of more importance than their numbers indicate, because they have at their backs the great majority of the dissenting interest. I have noticed this, because it is the circumstance which gives real importance to an opposition of no great numerical value. At present, one of two things seems to be almost equally likely. Either the Government will get their own way, or all legislation on the matter will be postponed for a year. As I should exceedingly regret such a conclusion, and would rather see almost any system of schools than none, I hope for the success of Mr. Gladstone's proposal. But if it succeeds, there will still be food for agitation, and I only express the general conviction in saying, that ultimately any compromise, however ingenious, will probably break down, and that the state will either confine itself to supporting the efforts of the different denominations, or, which is far more probable, that it will attempt simply to provide a secular system, and leave the religious instruction of the country to voluntary efforts. The difficulties in the way of any solution are so great, that we have probably a long period of political warfare before us.

I will only remark at present, that one other question seems to be coming up, namely, the efficiency of Parliament itself. Never were so many important questions before it, and never did the House of Commons appear to be so incapable of getting through its work. A proposal was made the other day to forbid the bringing on of any business after twelve o'clock at night. It was finally agreed that it was impossible to draw a hard and fast line, and that the question must be left to the good sense of members. The facts stated, however, were significant of the labor imposed upon ministers by present arrangements. After a hard day's official work, Mr. Gladstone has to be up night after night till long after twelve, ready to take his part in debate, and scarcely able to snatch more than a few minutes for his dinner. Mr. Bright's health has broken down under the pressure, and more than one of his colleagues has suffered materially. Considering how seriously Mr. Gladstone takes every question, and how excitable and vehement he is apt to be, it must be admitted that the strain to which he is subject is almost greater than a man can be expected to bear for many years together. It is not wonderful that arrears accumulate, and the present meritorious effort to get two large measures through the House in a single session seems as if it might aid simply in increasing confusion. The fact is that Parliament undertakes to do too much, and, not content with having supreme legislative power, insists on applying itself to the minutest details. It settles everything, from a change in the land-laws to altering the direction of a road in the Park. Some remedy is clearly needed, and the present era of political activity will, it is to be hoped, call attention to this amongst other aspects of our system.

Correspondence.

COEDUCATION AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Without attempting fully to discuss the merits or demerits of a system which, at present, is attracting much attention all over our country—bearing, as it does, so intimately upon the more important question of "Woman Suffrage"—I beg permission to state a few simple facts concerning coeducation at Antioch, hoping that in the course of my remarks I may be able to correct certain loose statements which, from time to time, have been made, ostensibly for the purpose of giving information relative to the success of coeducation, but really to give aid and comfort to the agitators of "Woman's Rights."

I am further led to make the following statements by an expression of opinion on the part of the *Nation*, of May 26, that it would be desirable to ascertain the average proportion of male to female students in the mixed colleges of the West.

Antioch began its career in 1853 under the direction of Horace Mann, whose well-known reputation as an educator induced a large number of young persons of both sexes to apply immediately for admission. Commencing with the year 1853, the attendance, as shown by the catalogues of the respective years, is as follows:

	1853–4	1854–5	1855–6	1856–7	1857–8	1858–9	1859–60	1860–1	1861–2	1862–3	1863–4	1864–5	1865–6	1866–7	1867–8	1868–9
Gentlemen,	235	238	248	401	252	207	145	150	121	..	96	..	138	133	148	130
Ladies,	98	141	115	138	158	116	85	96	77	..	72	..	70	73	84	77
Total,	333	379	363	539	410	323	230	246	198	..	168	..	208	206	232	207

It will be seen from the table above given, that the average attendance of the ladies bears to that of the gentlemen a ratio varying between the limits ¾ and ⅓ nearly. There is no catalogue for 1864–5, and that of 1862–3 I have been unable to obtain.

From 1857 to the present year, the numbers in the graduating classes are given in the subjoined table:

	1856–7	1857–8	1858–9	1859–60	1860–1	1861–2	1862–3
Gentlemen,	12	5	14	21	5	6	0
Ladies,	3	2	4	7	2	8	1
Total,	15	7	18	28	7	14	1

	1863–4	1864–5	1865–6	1866–7	1867–8	1868–9	1869–70
Gentlemen,	0	0	3	4	2	3	4
Ladies,	1	0	1	0	3	1	3
Total,	1	0	4	4	5	4	7

Here the proportion of the female graduates to the males is from $\frac{1}{1}$ to ¼. It will be noticed that, from 1861 to 1865, the ratio is reversed, that is, the number of female graduates is larger in each case than that of the males, though the numbers in both cases are very small. The cause of this inversion in the ratio is due to the war, which, as is well known, took a large majority of the patriotic young men from the schools and colleges all over the country. This fact is amply sufficient to explain why the number of male graduates was not proportionately larger. Again, Antioch underwent, about that time, a financial crisis which would operate, of course, to the diminution of attendance irrespective of sex. These two conditions removed, I can see no good reason for believing that the ratios existing between the numbers of the male and female graduates previous to the war would have changed.

Of what significance are the figures given in the first table? It is a notable fact that there are many colleges in the country, especially in the Eastern States, which offer better facilities to young men than Antioch has been able to afford. The *best* class of young men (and I say it without intending any disrespect to Antioch) attend those colleges. Men of less ambition and perhaps of less ability, and men without means, come here. How is it with respect to the other sex? Deprived of educational advantages in her own State, the Eastern girl, intelligent, full of impetus and fire, hurries to join her Ohio sisters in the participation of those privileges which her brother enjoys at Harvard and Yale. We hear it said again and again, that woman is not inferior to man in mental grasp—that she does not want energy—that she can endure as much hard study as man and come out of it better—that all she wants is the *opportunity* of going to college.

If these be the characteristic traits of women, what shall we do with the figures given above?

If the incentives to attend college acted alike upon men and women, we should regard the statistics given above as *prima facie* evidence that women have either little desire or little ability to become highly educated, but it becomes so *a fortiori* when we remember that these mixed Western colleges are the *only* ones which *women* can attend, whereas men have access to *all the colleges in the world.* Reverse the case, and what would be the result? Allow women free access to all colleges, but restrain men to a half-dozen small colleges here in the West. I think in that case there would be little question in regard to the predominant sex at Antioch.

These considerations lead us to the easy explanations of what Woman's Rights people regard as a telling fact. It has been repeatedly stated that the women of Antioch were equal to the men intellectually. In the Cornell *Era* of March 23, Professor Russel says: "At Antioch College the women always took the lead in mathematics as well as in history." If the statement were true, which I deny, it would prove nothing, for the reasons which I have just given. But the statement, aside from this view of the case, is worthless for three reasons. First, No record of class-standing has been preserved at Antioch, and hence Mr. Russel has no data upon which to base an opinion; secondly, Mr. Russel did not teach mathematics; and, thirdly, my own observation, extending through a period of four years, warrants me in the opposite belief. It is certainly a great pity that men of intelligence and experience should make statements at once so gratuitous and unscientific.

But if it can be proved, as it cannot, that the women of Antioch recite as well as the men, it remains to be shown that they are equally able to apply the principles learned in the recitation room. I have looked in vain among the statistics of the alumnæ of Antioch, but can find nothing to confirm Mr. Russel's statement. I find no women who in after-life have justified his very liberal opinion of their mathematical superiority. On the contrary, I find that most of our female alumnæ have accepted the positions of wife and mother, and in so doing have shown their good sense. They have shown by their own free choice that domestic life—aye, even the much-abused *sphere*—presents attractions superior to every other calling in life.

To show that woman is able, equally with man, to undergo the mental strain incident upon a course at college, some statistics were given in the last number of the *Nation* relative to Oberlin College, by which it appears that the mortality among the male graduates of that college is greater than among the females.

Out of 79 male graduates of Antioch 9 have died, 3 of whom were either killed in battle or died of sickness induced by exposure while soldiers. Omitting these, we have 6 out of 79, or a little less than 1 to 13. Of the female graduates, 2 out of 37 have died, or 1 to 18.

If it were at all worth while, the significance of these figures could be changed by the statement of two facts. First, the mental strain inseparable from a college drill at Antioch is not of itself sufficient to impair the constitution of any person, male or female; and, secondly, a large number (nearly all, in fact) of the young men who graduate here have done it without means. They have paid their college expenses by sawing wood, building fires, sweeping the halls, etc. Where a young man relies upon his manual labor for support while attending college, it is easy to see that a much larger draft is made upon his vital resources. A man who works four or five hours a day each day at manual labor can only sustain his class-standing at a great sacrifice of strength, and, in many instances, of health. Such men rarely graduate with constitutions unimpaired, and it would be strange indeed if mortality were not greater among them than among women whose only duties have been to prepare recitations. I admit that some women are going to school here under the same unfavorable conditions, but few of this class have ever graduated and few succeed in remaining in school for more than one or two years. I merely adduce these plain facts to show how gratuitous many of the statements are which are daily made by persons of superficial observation as to woman's ability to cope with man under all circumstances. I do not say that she *cannot* do it; I only say that in Antioch, and I presume the case is the same in other Western colleges, she has not, up to this time, actually done so.

That the system of coeducation is a good one, and will, sooner or later, become widely adopted, I firmly believe. Its tendency is toward moral development in both sexes. For the past ten or twelve years, not a single difficulty has arisen here out of the sexual relation. All this proves that coeducation may be safe when practised within proper bounds; that men and women may be morally as well as intellectually improved by it; but I don't think that it proves anything more.

We have not, as yet, data sufficient upon which to base a law relative to the comparative mental capacities of men and women.

S.

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a constant reader and great admirer of the *Nation*, but from some of its religious sentiments am sometimes compelled to dissent. In the issue, June 16, is an article, under the caption of "The Church as a Reformatory Agent," called forth by a discussion raised in Mr. Beecher's church as to whether Charles Dickens was a Christian. In the discussion of the subject you make some very just and pertinent remarks, but some also which were at least uncalled for. As to the power of the early Christians, it is only partly true that they conquered the world by the spectacle of a "godly, sober, and religious life." If we credit the history of the church, we must admit that very marked displays of divine—miraculous—power continued for several generations after the times of the apostles. But with that statement I did not wish particularly to find fault. The vices of our times are greatly different from the earlier ages of the church, you say, and "great numbers of the knaves of our time . . . are in the church, and active in it, and call themselves 'Christians,' as a help in their business; and their presence, great and small, has robbed the church, we do not hesitate to say, of a large portion of its power as a reformatory agency." All of which is true. But you make this last statement for the purpose of showing church members that it is useless for them to talk of and insist upon reformation in the case of individuals or of society, until the church is rid of all its tainted members. Now, that is simply the old, threadbare objection that has been raised by every individual to whom Christ in his Gospel has appealed since he published it. But how futile it is. Suppose every body of reformers were compelled to rid itself of its unworthy members before it should be allowed to preach its doctrines, what would become of reform? Did not Christ and his apostles go about their work of reformation while yet there was at least one of their number who was a deceiver? Far be it from me to palliate the presence of bad men in the church. But it is wholly impossible, in the present state of society, that such shall not be the case. The tares and wheat will be found together, and human power cannot wholly separate them. You pay, perhaps, a just compliment to the Quakers, and say that, "if other denominations wish their denunciations of fraud and corruption to have weight, and their reproaches of such men as Dickens for not being Christians to be anything but impertinences, they will have to weed themselves in some way of their tainted members, and prevent themselves being used to push trade."

Now, I suppose the editor of the *Nation* will admit that the principles of Christianity, and its claims upon each individual, remain the same, whatever be the character of its professors. If its claims are not the claims of man, but those of God—if every man is responsible to his Maker, why may Mr. Dickens, or any other man, be excusable for refusing to be a Christian or a church member until the church is weeded of its "tainted members"? I confess I am unable to see why a man, or class of men, should be branded as impertinent for raising the question as to whether the character of a certain other man measured up to a prescribed level—a level not of human prescription, however.

Will you, sir, be kind enough to throw a little more light upon this subject? and oblige, B. H. B.

[We neither said nor suggested that "the church should rid itself of its impure members before it preached its doctrines." What we did suggest was that it was very unsafe and unbecoming to assail anybody who, like Mr. Dickens, did Christian work outside the church, for not formally belonging to the organization, or to doubt his being a Christian because he did not belong to it, as long as so many members of the church are great rascals. If, for any reason, the church is obliged to submit in silence to the presence, in its pews and at its sacraments, of notorious knaves—(and we affirm that it does so submit)—who use their connection with it as a cover and help in their villany, then, we say, it owes, at least, some silence and forbearance to the upright, pure, and self-denying men who profess and practise Christianity outside of it. We say, moreover, that it is a fair deduction from Christ's teachings that, were he on earth, he would have taken Charles Dickens to his heart in a loving embrace, while he would take a whip of small cords to some of the "Christians" who have had the audacity to question Dickens's claim to be considered one of his followers. In short, our position is that, if the church means to make membership a test of men's Christianity, it must make it a mark of pure living also, which it does not.—ED. NATION.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BREITMANN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether the gradual development of the original Hans Breitmann be in or out of keeping; whether the first sketch be improved or obscured by the subsequent touches, is a fair question for critical discussion. You take the latter view; allow me to submit some reasons for holding the former.

When Breitmann first appears to us, giving his "barty," he is a jolly, rowdyish Philadelphia German, probably proprietor of a *weinhandel* or a beer saloon. This is all we know of him, for the maudlin sentiment which concludes the ballad is put not into his mouth, but into that of his guest, the narrator. About a year passes and Breitmann turns up again, rather more beery and rowdyish than before, but giving evidence of some education and intellectual capacity. The "demperance men" have woke him up a little; he retaliates on their sermons by preaching a sermon himself against the Sunday laws. He can "quote what Luther said," and bring tears into the eyes of his sympathizing audience by his allusions to Fatherland. Then he goes back to his casks and his counter, and we hear no more of him till the war, which wrought so many wonderful changes, stirs up his soul also. He remembers that he, too, once fought for freedom in his native Baden, that he was "out" in '49 with Hecker and Sigel. Having got rid of some superfluous flesh among the Turners, he raises a volunteer cavalry troop, goes off to the war, fights heroically, and plunders indiscriminately. To his nature, thus aroused, comes simultaneously the recollection, across the fumes of fifteen years' beer and tobacco, that he was once a *bursch* and studied Latin and metaphysics. He furbishes up his long-disused learning as he had furbished up his long-disused sword. It comes back to him—somewhat shaky and imperfect. Thus the Latin of the "Philosopede" is bad even for macaronic Latin, *inter* governing an ablative, etc.

Of the two processes through which Breitmann has been put by circumstances, the first seems to me very natural, and the second not unnatural. At the supposed time of Breitmann's arrival in America, somewhere about 1850, the state of our society was such (and is it *entirely* changed at present?) that a man having a taste for some recondite specialty, and also strong animal instincts, found almost nothing to encourage his pursuit of the one and a great deal to encourage his indulgence of the other *penchant*. Thus the decadence of the *bursch* into a lager-beer-saloon keeper is a very likely occurrence. His subsequent partial restoration is less probable, but not very improbable, certainly not impossible. The rehabilitation is but partial. Breitmann may become a metaphysician and a sort of scholar again; he may even take the fashionable European tour on the profits of his *weinhandel* and his official and military spoils, but he will always have a bit of the rowdy sticking to him. Still, I am astonished at your taxing him with coarseness. Had you said *profanity*, I could have understood your censure and sympathized with it. Breitmann *is* sometimes wantonly and gratuitously profane. This regrettable fact may, perhaps, partly at least, be accounted for by his having made during the war the acquaintance of a certain journalist who is well known to swear more terribly than our army ever did in Flanders, South Carolina, or elsewhere. It ought, also, in justice to be remarked that the Puritan mind is prone to a species of irreverence (such as constantly crops up in the "Biglow Papers") which to some cultivated persons is more offensive than downright hard swearing, because the former looks premeditated, while the latter is extemporaneous. Still, after all possible palliation, the naked fact remains that profanity is, under all circumstances, highly reprehensible. But, however reprehensible, it is not exactly a synonym for coarseness. *Coarseness* means to me one of two things, *vulgarity* or *indecency*. The latter cannot surely be predicated of Mr. Leland, and of the former he has less than the great majority of our popular writers, "whether *or not* [*?*] they have been sermonizers or humorists." A page of Billings or Nasby, an editorial of the *Tribune*, an essay of Dr. Holland's, a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher's, contains more vulgarity than all the series of "Breitmann" put together.

Allow me to remark, in conclusion, that all his hostile critics have utterly failed to perceive or appreciate the many-sidedness of Mr. Leland. They have regarded the "Breitmann Ballads" as merely "funny" or "comic" verses. They have closed their ears to the spirit and swing and dash of those battle-pieces which challenge comparison with the most stirring lines of Browning ("Breitmann in Battle," "Breitmann in Maryland," etc.), and thoroughly confute Mr. Justin Macarthy's *obiter dictum* that no American war poetry breathes the *certaminis gaudium*. They are equally deaf to the pathetic element introduced into "Breitmann in Church." Do me the favor to read again as an illustration of the first point Breitmann's outburst against discipline, verses 3, 4, and 5; as an illustration of the second, all the penultimate stanzas describing the death and burial of Von Stossenheim. In my opinion, they contain the nearest approach to real poetry that can be found in any of the "numerous verse" as yet evoked by our war.

Carl Benson.

Lenox, Mass., July 2, 1870.

[The charge of coarseness brought against Mr. Leland's last book, and also against other of his writings, was based on a passage in the poem which tells how German may be learned, and on passages that Mr. Leland chose to translate from Heine. We need not be more specific. In this last book, it is, as we have said, a not very serious degree of coarseness, but coarseness it undoubtedly is. As to the question of the "development" of Breitmann, the processes which he has undergone since his first appearance mean, to our apprehension, that Mr. Leland cared more to be funny than to stick to his original figure. It is probable that under his second method we get more jokes about more sides of the German character than we otherwise should have got, but we pay for this by losing, as we maintain, the true "development" of Breitmann. It is our opinion—our guess, if Carl Benson prefers to call it so—that Mr. Leland was unwilling to take the trouble of artistically developing his creation in accordance with its original form, and that he has for some time merely been saying as many witty things as came into his head about any German fashion of thought that afforded opportunity for jesting. To be sure, a little of Breitmann now and again "crops out," as the geologists say. As for our author's many-sidedness and the high excellence of his verse we are of another opinion than our correspondent, or, rather, we know nothing about his many-sidedness, and we hold the opinion that his verse is spirited verse, decidedly clever, but not to be called remarkable. And all the Von Stossenheim business, with its deliberate pathos in the midst of its jocosity, seemed to us in false taste. The sentimentalism and prettiness of it were not too good anyhow, but where they were placed they were bad. As for Mr. Justin McCarthy's *dicta* on American war poetry, it had not occurred to us to consider them. We are rather inclined, now that we think of the matter, to agree with him, and to say, so far as we recollect our war poetry, that while it had some other merits, it had not for a merit the expression of the *certaminis gaudium*. In Mr. Leland's poetry rollicking, high spirits in campaigning and fighting makes itself manifest; but the *certaminis gaudium* is another matter.—Ed. Nation.]

CAPTAIN PARKER AND COLONEL HIGGINSON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The following is an extract from an editorial from the South Carolina *Daily Republican*:

> "The allegations contained in the letter published in the *Nation* are beneath notice. We know Mr. Parker, and have known him for quite a long period, and we can believe the testimony of Col. Higginson as to his former life.
>
> "We should not deem this small business worthy of notice, had not Northern friends written to us about it."

If I recollect aright, Col. Higginson made this statement in a letter published in your paper.

"Of his (Capt. Parker's) antecedents or occupation before enlistment, I remember nothing, if I ever knew anything." Thus, it appears from the Colonel's own statement that he knew nothing whatever of Capt. Parker's former life.

"I should not deem this small business worthy of notice" had not Northern and Southern friends volunteered to furnish me letters and affidavits which will prove *more* than all I have said concerning our State Treasurer.

I would respectfully suggest that his political friends had better not deny, or throw any doubt upon, any of the statements made in my letter in the *Nation* of June 9. If they do, the proof will be forthcoming.

Yours truly, J. W. Collins.

Beaufort, South Carolina, June 30, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce that their biography of Dickens, which is in the hands of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, will contain, besides a full history of Mr. Dickens's life, his uncollected pieces in prose and verse, anecdotes, the biographer's personal recollections of the novelist, and many letters written by Mr. Dickens to various persons. The volume, which is to be a large two-dollar duodecimo, will also contain an engraving after a photograph taken a few days before the death of the original. Dr. Mackenzie has long been far gone in what Mr. Disraeli calls his anecdotage, and his books are full of all kinds of gossip, but they always discredit the dictum of the ex-premier—as indeed do most books of personal anecdote—for they are always pleasant light reading. No doubt the opportuneness of the forthcoming volume will be the most conspicuous thing about it, but it is safe to say that, inadequate as it must necessarily be, it will have numerous really good qualities and will be worth attention. So, we may say here, will doubtless be Mr. James T. Fields's reminiscences in the next *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Fields having had exceptionally good opportunities of seeing most sides of Mr.

Dickens's character and of knowing him at his best. But, beyond a doubt, we shall have numberless essays and many volumes; and not more than the vast public which admired the novelist will very eagerly read.

—Is it ungracious, by the bye, to call the attention of some of Mr. Dickens's American friends to a mistake that they make in selecting for praise one particular of his conduct when he was last in this country? They gently censure him for having written the "American Notes," and for his humorous portraits of typical Americans in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and then they praise him for the frank retractation which he made at the farewell dinner that was given him in New York, and for his statement that he felt bound to tell all the world that he had been allowed to go about the country everywhere without being intruded upon by anybody. Rather a singular way that appears of complimenting a people—averring that actually they have acquired the decency of not putting their noses into the hotel-rooms of celebrated persons who wish to be treated with ordinary civility and good manners. Both the censure and the praise which our critical fraternity have bestowed upon Mr. Dickens for his American caricatures and his parting compliments are a little absurd. Mr. Dickens was a caricaturist, and caricatured, very funnily too, certain veritable phases of American society just as all his life he caricatured Englishmen and English things, and our anger at his account of Mr. Pogram and the rest most of us now admit to have been what Mr. Charles Reade's Jacky calls "a good deal dam ridiculous." The farewell speech was, beyond a doubt, well meant, but to look on it as condonation of the original crime, error, or whatever it was, seems to be to blunder, and moreover to forget the circumstances under which late after-dinner speeches are very frequently made.

—The managers of the Boston Public Library announce that they are gathering materials—pamphlets, broadsides, prints, newspapers, and so forth—for the purpose of making volumes commemorative of Dickens, and they ask the assistance of all their friends, as they desire to make as full as possible the evidence of the loss sustained by his death. Also, as formerly, the managers desire to make volumes commemorative of the recent "Memorial Day," by which term is doubtless meant the day otherwise known as "Decoration Day"—a designation not so good, perhaps, as that here suggested, but one that it will be found difficult to displace.

—We have just been advised by Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy, of Philadelphia, publishers of "subscription" books, that it would gratify them if we were to make some more remarks intended to injure the subscription-book business. They exhort us to "go in, gentlemen," and say that, if we are well paid for attacking the subscription publishers, why, "it is all right." The supposition is that we are corrupted and bribed by the regular trade—a hint which those gentlemen will perhaps take to heart. Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy also direct us to insert, as an advertisement of Dr. Daniel March's volume, "Our Father's House," the description of that work which we quoted the other day as an illustration of the way in which the subscription publisher fosters literary taste and discernment in the rural districts. Our readers can turn, then, to our advertising columns and refresh themselves with Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy's account of "Our Father's House." Next the firm informs us that a copy of the work in question is on its way to us, and, finally, administers a finishing stroke by urging us to read the book "either before or after you review it." Not after, we think. We do not mind saying, however—whether in consequence of getting the advertisement we leave Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy to guess—that some of Dr. March's writings we have read, and that we know him for a man of ability. Neither his "Night Scenes of the Bible," nor his earlier work on the places specially connected in memory with the life of Jesus, would lead any one to expect from him the book which Messrs. Zeigler & McCurdy's advertisement would seem to promise. It is true that a man may, when once he has got into it, easily degenerate into a writer of the sort of letterpress that would match the "rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings, and superb binding" of the advertisement. But it is more charitable, as well as more reasonable, to consider what manner of man the subscription-book publisher is, than to believe without evidence that a good scholar and preacher has turned imbecile.

—We have called attention on several occasions to the peculiar character of the premiums offered subscribers by editors and publishers; but, perhaps, with the exception of the Catholic journal which agreed to celebrate the mass so many times for so many new subscriptions, we have not found a more curious "inducement" than is held out by the *National Normal*. This is an educational journal published in Cincinnati, of which we know little, except that "reviewers have pronounced it lively, spicy, wide-awake, slashing, etc." Whether, we may remark, it merits all these laudatory terms we do not know. Nor, indeed, could we say how laudatory such terms are when applied to a magazine whose object is to instruct and assist school-teachers. We have not read more than one article in the *National Normal*, and that was a very remarkable article about Harvard University, to which seat of learning the editor had just been paying a visit, and of which he made an original estimate. That is to say, to persons who had an intimate acquaintance with the matters of which the editor talked, his statement seemed a series of absurdities. But the magazine may be a good magazine for all that, though its name and its praises are not in its favor. What we were to speak of is one of its premiums for subscriptions. Whoever sends the publisher a new name and the proper accompaniment of a dollar and a half is to get a photographic group of the editors of the *National Normal* and of the officers and teachers of the Southwestern Normal School—"12 photos," the whole group being of "the full size of a page of the *National Normal*." This would seem not a very "deludhering" lure. To be sure, however, some of the editors and teachers are of the suppressed sex.

—In speaking last week of the admission of women to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, we did injustice, it would seem, to two of the ladies whom we mentioned as having been admitted to membership. Mrs. L. W. Say and Miss M. H. Morris were, we are now informed, admitted indeed, and not only that, but were admitted in virtue of their long devotion to science and at a time when admission was an honorable scientific distinction. But as for the other ladies mentioned by us, they—if we understand our new informant, who is herself one of them—were admitted at a time when the society, being in want of money, conferred membership on anybody, man or woman, who gave to its treasury a certain sum.

—The *Journal of Psychological Medicine* is always interesting—though it cannot be said to have all the interest which belongs to the peculiarly attractive field in which it works—and the July number is as good as any which have preceded it. The opening paper will perhaps be pleasing to many readers, for it deals with the case of what De Quincey would call that hugely overrated murderer, Daniel McFarland. The conclusion to which Dr. Hammond comes in regard to this agreeable personage is "that he is at present in such a physical and mental condition as to render him liable, upon comparatively slight cause, to another explosion of mania"—a statement which suggests the enquiry if it is not somebody's official duty, or cannot be made somebody's official duty, to catch him and put him where he ought to be. "Contributions to Biology" is by Dr. H. B. Baker, who treats of the order of creation of living beings, the simplest form of existence, organic motion, and kindred topics. He suggests something that is new, we believe, in reference to the effects of certain poisons. As, for instance, he maintains the theory that the acids of arsenic prove the cause of death by combining with and refusing to release the iron of the blood. Hydrated peroxide of iron is therefore the best medicine in cases of poisoning by arsenic; and therefore, too, it is that the habitual use of small doses of arsenic gives paleness to the complexion of the user, the red color disappearing with the disappearance of the iron which causes it. "Right and Left Handedness" is an interesting essay by Dr. Thomas Dwight, who lays down, as probably true, the following propositions: "1. There is an inborn impulse to use, to excite motion, one-half of the brain, the left, in preference to the other. 2. One-half of the brain, the left, has a more acute perception of tactile impressions, while the other, the right, distinguishes more readily different degrees of temperature and weight. 3. This arrangement is occasionally inverted." Occasionally "inverted," it will be observed the doctor says; that there is ever such an arrangement as to produce a person having the two halves of the brain one in function, he seems to deny. He is inclined to believe that there are no ambidexters, and that all persons who have been called such have very probably been persons who were born with a tendency to left-handedness, and who acquired the faculty of using the right hand also. He would, moreover, maintain that ambidexters, so-called, are not equally skilful with the two hands after all. That is what he would have to maintain, ambidexters being so called because of the popular belief that they can do the same thing as well with one hand as with the other, and not because of any belief as to the innate or acquired character of the qualification. That we shall ever know the nature and origin of this impulse to use one side in preference to the other, Dr. Dwight thinks impossible; but a step is made, he remarks, when it is admitted that it is an impulse born with us, a part of our organization, and is neither due to the arrangement of the arterial system nor is the effect of habit. Another article that the general reader will like is that written by Dr. J. Schwabe, and entitled "From the Lumber-room of Modern Superstition." It is very harsh with our brethren the spiritualists; and it taunts the somnambulists also. Why does not some one of them go to Paris, it wishes to know, and take the premium of ten thousand francs which, more than forty years ago, the Academy of Sciences offered to any somnambulist who will read, in the presence of a committee, a sealed letter which will be placed upon his breast? Dr. Schwabe supposes that the reason why the somnambulists do not take steps to acquire this sum of money is that they know well that certain preparations are necessary before one reads sealed letters "with the stomach," as he coarsely says, in order still further to belittle the clairvoyants. "Above all," he adds, with German lightness, "they must know beforehand the contents of such letter." People who have faith in the moon's influence on the weather, and her mysterious effect upon tapeworms, the planting of vegetables, the chopping of wood, and the like, also come in for raps from the doctor, who is austerely scientific enough to gratify Mr. "William St. John," who writes from Hodmir, Hungary, to the Sunday *World*, letters of a character to make Superstition hang her wretched head. Readable, too, is the notice of the life of Faraday, by Professor S. H. Dickson, who makes the best review of the book, or rather of its subject, that we have anywhere noticed. The three other long articles are less readable, but perhaps better worth reading, than any of those mentioned. They are these: "Some Points in regard to the Development of a Nervous System and Vision," by Dr. T. Edwards Clark; "Galvanization of the Sympathetic Nerve," by Drs. A. D. Rockwell and G. M. Beard; and "A Case of Cancer of the Brain," by Dr. S. G. Weber. Among the book-notices there is one good one of a German work, which perhaps will be worth the attention of some of our advanced thinkers. "The Relations of the Morbid Conditions and Processes in the Female Sexual Organs to Mental Disease" is the translated title of the work. The introduction dwells upon the influence which the sexual "sphere" exerts on the development and general character of the organism.

—We are requested to say that the next meeting of the American Philological Association will be held at Rochester in this State. The first meeting will be at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th instant, and the place of meeting will be the First Presbyterian Church. Professor W. D. Whitney will address the Association on the evening of the first day of the session. Rochester is "proverbial for its hospitality," like every other city and town on this continent, and the members of the Association will no doubt make a pleasant visit. For this and every other reason, there should be a full attendance.

—Our readers have not, we believe, had any full account of the undertaking which is now in progress in England to revise thoroughly the authorized version of the Bible, and we take from an English paper an account given by a writer who seems to be heartily in favor of the scheme. To begin with, it is necessary to understand that the English Government has nothing to do with it, which is probably just as well for its popular success, as there are large numbers of British Nonconformists who would hold off from any movement that suggested the interference of the state with religious affairs. And, of course, it is highly desirable that the dissenters should be drawn over to use the new Bible, for, probably, it is they who use the Scriptures most—at least so far as reading the Bible goes. The admirable arrangement of the Prayer-book gives, in the matter of acquiring acquaintance with Scripture, an immense advantage to an English Anglican over any but a sedulous private reader. To return: the state has nothing to do with this attempt at revision, which was set on foot by the Convocation of the Southern Provinces of the English Church, and which will be largely in the hands of Anglican clergymen. It will not, however, be by any means exclusively in their hands; the company who have now for a week or so been at work on the New Testament—a body separate from that engaged upon the Old—contains, indeed, an archbishop, three bishops, three deans, two archdeacons, two canons, and some plain parsons; but it also contains representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, and other dissenting sects, Scotch as well as English. Dr. Newman was desired to asssist; but, of course, it was impossible that he should do so. Dr. Pusey frowns on the scheme—not many things, it would appear, pleasing that gentleman nowadays. The chief promoter of the movement has been Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a man of great energy and very well known as an admirable Biblical scholar, who has long believed and taught that there is urgent need of a revision of the King James Version. The arguments opposed to his have been, first, that to meddle with the words as they stand would tend to unsettle the faith. The Bishop replies that faith in the very historical foundations of Scripture has of late been seriously shaken. It was urged, too, that present change would beget a future demand for more extensive alterations. Dr. Ellicott answers this objection by pointing to the confessed deficiencies of the present translation, and to the existing means for assuredly improving it, and then reminds the objectors that it is discreditable and wrong to neglect the duty of to-day for fear that the morrow will not be able to care for the things of itself. It is our bounden duty, he holds, that the people should have God's truth put before them in as manifest a form as possible. No one says that, fine as our present Bible is, it does not often mislead. Holding these views, and pushing them with great energy, Dr. Ellicott has succeeded in getting the Convocation of Canterbury to authorize a committee which, as we have said, is in alliance with the learned of the dissenting churches and has begun work. It is computed that even if the committee were to be as radical as the Bishop would have it be, the changes would not affect more than about five per cent. of the words as they stand. But how many dogmas of the churches would be affected by the changes that would be made by an assembly of perfectly unbiassed scholars, of eminence equal to that of the committee—that there is no one to tell us, and the world at large will not expect too much from this assembly's labors. The *Saturday Review*, by the bye, to whom we are indebted for our facts in regard to this matter, remarks in its customary pleasant way that the proposal of Mr. Buxton that the President of the United States should unite with Queen Victoria in appointing the board of revisers was of course an absurd proposal. At which little sneer, Boston, with its new lexicon of Byzantine and Patristic Greek, which will smite awe into the hearts of Tregelles and Tischendorf and Lachman, can afford to smile superior.

—A curious and instructive comparison for those who are interested in our own Civil Service Reform is found in the progress of ten years in English agitation of the subject. In the first part of the fourth volume of the Transactions of the National (British) Association for the Promotion of Social Science, for 1860, will be found, at pp. 302–326, a few suggestive articles by Horace Mann, James Heywood, and W. G. Blackie, on the then existing condition of Civil Service Examinations. In 1853, a report by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan described the Civil Service as being recruited in great measure from the unambitious, the indolent, and the incapable, and those who, from indolence or physical infirmity, were unable to succeed in other professions. This was the result of the old system of appointments by the Government. In consequence of the impression produced by this report, the Government promised, in 1854, to introduce a plan for improving the system of admission; but it was not until 1855 that an Order in Council was issued, constituting the present Civil Service Commission—a Board independent of political influence, charged with the duty of testing, according to standards and rules prescribed by the various departments themselves, the physical, mental, and moral qualifications of the Government nominees. The system of patronage was still maintained, and in the same hands as before; the only difference being that the persons nominated were to be examined as to their fitness. In 1859, after a great deal of discussion, both in Parliament and out of it, a select committee of the House of Commons, of which Lord Stanley was chairman, made a report endorsing open competition as best for the public service, but not recommending its speedy adoption in all the departments. India was the *corpus vile* on which this experiment was to be tried before it could be safely attempted at home. It has borne the test, however, so well, that now, in this year, on the 4th of June, 1870, after discussions, as the London *Times* says, that have extended over some fifteen years, the principle of unlimited competition has triumphed in the distribution of Government appointments. By an Order in Council, the entire Civil Service of the United Kingdom, in all its grades, high and low, has been taken from the hands of official patrons, and made the prize of ability, industry, and good education. The change from that concomitant of Parliamentary government ever since Parliamentary government has been fully established, the nomination system, has been made slowly and by degrees; but it seems now to be completed by this bold reform, characteristic alike of the careful and almost tedious delay in preparation, and the rapidity in consummation, of all the schemes adopted and matured by Mr. Gladstone. Naturally enough, the change has attracted no small degree of attention, and the *Spectator* welcomes it as interesting in political organization, and introducing into it the men and the classes who have hitherto scarcely attempted to study it, and have never seriously attempted to mould it. Still another authoritative newspaper sees in this new reform a reflex action due in part to the discussion and agitation of the same subject in this country, and Mr. Jenckes's Bill, in spite of Congressional inaction on the subject, has done good if it be so; while the unconscious influence of all that has been written and said shows that the friends of reform builded better than they knew.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

PERHAPS to criticise fully and truly these poems it is necessary that the critic should have a fuller knowledge than we have of Mr. Rossetti's paintings. If to say this is to hint that we consider the poems, in and of themselves, unsatisfactory—an inadequate expression of their author's thought and feeling—we shall still say it. And further, we may say that we would desire a closer acquaintance with the author's paintings, because we should be glad to think of him himself more respectfully than we find ourselves now able to think of him; and there is a probability that in his work with the brush, which may be reasonably supposed his more natural instrument of expression, we should find not only a better presentation of his thought, a more effective address to the mind and feeling of the reader, but also less of what seems to us affectation—essential falseness and weakness.

A more adequate expression of the author's thought and feeling we have been asking for; but it may be that he has no great amount of thought to express, and that, as we say, he needs colors wherewith to express the feelings and sentiments which his subjective intellect and sensuous nature perceive clearly, and even with painful intensity, but which, by reason of this subjectivity of intellect, he cannot set before himself, still less before anybody else, in words that do much more than hint at them. As for his power of thought, we certainly do not find that he has it in excess of that of nine-tenths of the contemporary minor poets. There is no poem in the volume which makes any abiding impression upon the mind except by reason of its pictorial power, which often is very great indeed, and by reason of an occasional intensity of sensual religious feeling, which, however, often goes near to be disgusting, as producing here and to-day the impression of falseness or weakness in the man who pretends to feel it or the man who really feels it. We say plainly that we do not find ourselves able to believe in a really honest nineteenth-century Fra Angelico, for example, with a sound English education, unless he is, *ex hypothese*, a person of some considerable weakness of mind, or a person conceitedly perverse to the point of easy self-deception—which is saying again, in a more particular manner, that he is a weak person, to whom one gives little attention or respect.

Is this, for instance, genuine religious feeling, or is it religious feeling "after the early Italian manner?" The poet speaks of the Virgin Mary, who, after long and heart-sick waiting, as a widow might wait, is now at last joined to Jesus in heaven.

"But oh! what human tongue can speak
That day when death was sent to break
From the tir'd spirit, like a veil,
Its covenant with Gabriel,
Endured at length unto the end?
What human thought can apprehend
That mystery of motherhood
When thy Beloved at length renew'd
The sweet communion severéd—
His left hand underneath thy head,
And his right hand embracing thee:
Lo! He was thine, and this is He."

The sensuousness of the conception is also to be noted, but the book is throughout sensuous, though it is never that Mr. Rossetti drops into any such thick air as his friend Swinburne finds native to his lungs. He is usually in Mr. Morris's plane. It is true of all of them, however, that they seem to be unduly troubled by woman and keep up constantly a more or less dismal and wailful or dismal and wooing noise about her. A sort of clean indecency, as in the sonnet on "Nuptial Sleep"—a sort of deliberate hovering between nudity and nakedness, if we could make our meaning clear—is as low as Mr. Rossetti ever gets. But it has all come to be tiresome enough, and the only excuse that a man could make for writing things like "Jenny," for instance, is that he wrote them years ago, when the fashion first came in; when nobody but Browning had done morbid psychology and nobody had been prurient, purely or impurely, in the fashion with which we have since been made so familiar. "Jenny" suggests Browning, but more directly suggestive of that poet is "A Last Confession," which, perhaps, most readers will like better than any other poem in the volume. It is powerful—a dramatic story of passion very effectively told. Or shall we say that it would be all this if Browning had not done the same sort of thing so long, and so much better? Yet there are some fine and original things in it, as the description of the woman, and the growth of the quarrel.

The sensuousness of Mr. Rossetti's writing is most agreeably visible in "The Blessed Damozel," which is aglow with what has been pronounced mystical, imaginative love, but which, as it seems to us, expresses in a sufficiently carnal manner the author's belief that earthly passion and affection, in no wise elevated or clarified, so far as we observe, is to last on into eternity and be of the bliss of heaven:

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

. . . .

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

She is looking for the coming of her lover, from whom she was parted ten years ago by death. When he comes—

"We two, she said, will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

. . . .

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love."

So, it may be held, a despairing and longing lover might conceive of his mistress, lost to him in heaven—as being even there unhappy or uncontent because he also is not there. And, doubtless there may be truth to nature, and beautiful and poetical truth to nature, in this conception. Still the lover would be of a certain temperament who should so imagine, and the details of whose conception were such. It was not, however, to insist on this that we cited these passages, but to remark on an allied quality which is the most marked quality of the book, and that is the definite, pictorial imagery which is so definite and clear that it must have at its root a desire to body forth in tangible, palpable form, if that were possible, the pictures that present themselves to the author's mind and the feelings that agitate him. His sister, Miss Christina Rossetti—a better poet to our mind—thinks in pictures which she must write down; her brother habitually composes pictures which he might better paint. He has some thinking to do outside of this picture-making, and there he is at another disadvantage as compared with his sister; she interferes less with her reader's enjoyment of her pictorial power. Not one of his own Pre-Raphaelite paintings could be more plainly visible than the Blessed Damozel as she leans out from the gold bar—

"Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn."

There is, of course, in this "Blessed Damozel"—which, let us say here, exercises the prerogative of the imagination, creating for us its own place and time, and exerting its own compelling charm—there is, of course, in this fine poem the quaintness of the Pre-Raphaelite painter, and its author's limitations are pretty sharply indicated. But to see them more strongly marked, a poem like "The Woodspurge" will better serve:

"The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will;
I sat now, for the wind was still.

"Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

"My eyes wide open had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

"From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

In this pretty and true little piece—which, by the way, has about as much to say as any of its companions—the Pre-Raphaelite is very plain to be seen—even to the length of his hair, if we may be permitted to be irreverent, where we have not the least reverence at all. Our author's intensity; his pictorial power; the strain of dejected sadness that pervades all his writings until he is even depressing; his utter abandonment to his feelings; his affected diction; his way of making his subjective sorrows and joys flood the whole universe, so that to this day the little weed no doubt means bitter grief to him—everything that he is and has except his religiousness, if that is the name of it, and except the direct presence of the sexual side of his sensuousness, is to be seen in "The Woodspurge." Perhaps his want of humor, too, might be guessed from it. Or, if his serious poems are not proof that nobody with a strongly-developed sense of the ridiculous could have written them, the reader may look at "A Match with the Moon," where there is something intended for fun. Or he may turn to the absurd little foot-note where Mr. Rossetti is at pains to inform us that it was not Mr. Tennyson who taught him to rhyme firsts and fourths and seconds and thirds, but that he used the metre of "In Memoriam" weeks before that poem appeared.

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* "Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

It is now some years since we made the acquaintance of "The Blessed Damozel," the first poem of our author's which became generally known to Mr. Rossetti's public, and although familiarity with it has diminished the respect which at first we had for it, it is still, to our mind, a very fine poem, giving proof of true poetical capacity in its author. But the volume before us has been a decided disappointment. Not only in no case does the author show himself capable of going out of the narrow range of sentiment with which "The Blessed Damozel" deals, but in no case has he been nearly so fortunate as he was when he gave us that magically bright figure, breathing its own breath and dwelling in that ineffable land. Afterwards he can give us sonnets that sound as if they had been translated out of the *Vita Nuova;* pictures that look as if they had been copied after some monkish painter with a lust of sanctity,—a hunger and thirst after palpable spiritual food; an occasional pretty fancy or a true thought, as in the last poem we have cited; a diction as highly colored and even more forced, if not so forcible, as that of "The Blessed Damozel;" as much warmth of passion as hers. But nowhere else are his faults so well subordinated as in that piece, where they even go to assist him in producing his effect, while at the same time his virtues are at their best, and, combining with his weaknesses, produce a unique and fine poem. One such is enough, to be sure. Such things are not the bread and wine whereby man lives, and that do not cloy.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.*

OF American writers of "juveniles," as the publishers call them, the number has come to be immense. Almost every religious denomination has its thousands of Sunday-schools, in each of which it is thought necessary that there should be a library, filled with books, which may be good, but which must at all costs be denominational, and which, therefore, can be written by almost anybody. And it is an established belief among parents generally, sectarian and unsectarian, that, so long as a child does not read books that are "immoral," he cannot read too much; and that a book's being in every way foolish does not make it so harmful that the child needs to be protected against it. What, then, must be the character of the reading that is prepared for the world of youthful readers is easily seen. It is a fact that, within the last ten or fifteen years, one of the most successful of our writers for children has turned out, not three volumes, or four, or five, or ten, but no less than forty-six. And he has not only issued his six volumes of the "Boat Club Series" and six of the "Starry Flag Series," and five or six each of half-a-dozen other sets of volumes, but he is the editor of a monthly magazine for boys and girls; and, moreover, he will, no doubt, be ready at Christmas to add four or five more volumes to those which he has already published. That there should be any nutriment in the daily and hourly skimmings of a mind that can consent to work in this manner is an impossibility, and it must be simply a misfortune to a child to be submitted to the influence of such a story-teller and moralist. It is in his publishers and bankers' books only that a justification can be found for his; it is out of reason that he should be successful otherwise than pecuniarily. Yet, except in the matter of fecundity, the author to whom we allude is a fair specimen of the common run of our writers for children, and his performances are on the ordinary level of "juveniles." He sells more volumes than the others, but he does not sell different ones—the very great majority of such things being the work of writers at once incompetent and given to money-getting, or incompetent merely. Most such authors, it would almost seem, are persons who think incompetency to write for adults a sufficient reason why they should write for children; and they prey on the young, and preach to them, just as a certain sort of clerical gentleman, incapable of keeping together a congregation at home, goes out as a missionary to the illiterate heathen, and gets a living by "talking down" to people who do not understand him, to be sure, and do not get good from him, and who, for anything he cares, get from him good or get from him harm, but who like to listen to talk, and are willing to give him a living for talking. But there are missionaries, too, of another kind—men and women who put to shame most of us that stay at home; and so, it is needless to say, there are writers for children who command the admiring respect of the best writers for men, and of the best readers; but between them and the majority of writers for children the difference is infinite. Hans Andersen, for instance, there is nobody who patronizes; nor does any one, writer or reader, look down on the brothers Grimm, or the author of "Robinson Crusoe," or Mr. Lewis Carroll's narration of "Alice's Adventures," or the sketches made in fairyland by Mr. George Macdonald.

There is no country in the world, it is said, where children count for so much as in the United States, nor where so much is done for them; but, for some reason or other, we have not produced any thoroughly good writer for children. Possibly it may be true, as is charged against us by enemies, that it is only Young America that is born here, and that there are never any Americans who really are young. At all events, whether from want of an audience, or from whatever cause, it is easy to name all the American writers who at all skilfully address themselves to the childlike mind. Miss Louisa Alcott we take to be about as good as any, though one sort of the work that she does Mrs. Whitney perhaps does better. The young lady who is all but marriageable, but who has not yet quite finished her last year of boarding-school—the New England young lady, who has still some months of school-life to finish, but who begins to have opinions in regard to the niceness of various young gentlemen; who, though she may play croquet, has "views of life;" who goes to the Thursday afternoon concerts in Boston, and to the Horticultural Hall lectures on Sundays; who has a cultivated taste in music and an eclectic turn in religions—this mingled young girl and young lady, produced in the vicinity of Boston and not elsewhere, Mrs. Whitney draws with what seems to the unlearned eye perfection. Miss Alcott draws her too; but, on the whole, Miss Alcott's sympathies seem to be rather with earlier stages of life than with this of which we speak, and there is—at least to the adult reader—something of a fresher sense of boyhood and girlhood to be got from her writing than from that of her cleverer contemporary. Miss Alcott, however, no more than Mrs. Whitney, is free from an influence which it appears to be agreed shall be called Bostonian, and which is, doubtless, of disadvantage to any one who proposes to make literature in which there shall be at once matter to interest children and, so to speak, the living figures of children themselves. Self-consciousness in not the worst sense of that term—a constant consciousness of the goodness and beauty and admirableness of one's good and beautiful and admirable acts and thoughts and behavior—a sort of patronizing and Jack-Horner-like practice of all excellent virtues and graces—would seem to be extremely common in that corner which knows itself to be the new and improved *umbilicus mundi.*

Then, too, it may be said of this "Old-Fashioned Girl" of Miss Alcott's that it is done from the outside, and that what is depicted is only partly the thing that was to be depicted, and is partly Miss Alcott's not perfectly intelligent and sympathetic conception of it. It is not boys, we should say, it must be women, who have acquaintance with any boy so persistently touzly-headed as Miss Alcott's "Tom," and so extravagantly fond of pockets full of pea-nuts, and so sure to get into scrapes which prove nothing at all against the sinner's moral character, but merely bear witness to his superfluous animal spirits and energy. And, doubtless, our author's girls, also, are to some extent artificial, and persons of her drama rather than real persons—creatures of her will rather than beings with wills of their own. This is not always true, for every reader must recognize in Miss Alcott's stories many pictures that are strictly photographic—that are, indeed, strictly true to nature. But, speaking generally, her personages exist for their creator's purposes, not their own; they all are made that they may point a moral. The hero must preach a woman's notion of manliness—must be, violently, the nondescript known to women as The Boy; the heroine must be, out and out, the "old-fashioned girl"—that is to say, she must be unsophisticated to a degree which makes it too manifest that she was created in a world very familiarly acquainted with sophistication; the second heroine must be a "new-fashioned girl" of the most decided and fashionable type, and the doings and fortunes of these personages must be such as to teach us the value and beauty of simplicity and honesty, and the folly and badness and hollowness of pretension and display. Thus a wide door is opened to unnaturalness; and that a good deal of unnaturalness does not come in, few readers would say.

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* "An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

But—to stick to the quotation—if Miss Alcott's personages do rather too much and too regularly point a moral, they also in their way do adorn a tale; and the readers of her books are exceedingly few, discriminating and undiscriminating, who have not got from them pleasure. They are unfailingly good-hearted and kind-hearted; they have a great deal of fun in them, and a great deal of good sense; no one will learn from them to admire any moral qualities but those that are to be admired; they are, as stories, well enough constructed, and whether or not the author's "call to preach" she does well to answer, and whether or not her art of portraiture is defective, it is certain that she assists the reader to reproduce his youth, and to sympathize with the young and innocent and happy. Those who demand of each worker in literature an artistic success will be of another opinion, but to have produced, whether artistically and legitimately or otherwise, the effect with which we have credited Miss Alcott, seems to us not a small service to have rendered. Perhaps we might say more than this, and credit our author with having written books well adapted to the wishes of her ostensible audience, and likewise to its needs. Certainly her stories have been read by an immense number of girls and boys. But girls and boys read anything and everything, and are easily pleased; and, on the whole, one would set down Miss Alcott as being of that class of writers for children who write not so much for children as about them, and would not predict for her the true success of writers of "juveniles," as of other works—the pleasing of more generations than one.

The First Book of Botany. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. (By Eliza A. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.) —After half a century of unsuccessful clamor for a place in a general education, natural history has suddenly had the school-doors thrown wide open for its entrance, and is not only made welcome, but is hailed as the bearer of panaceas for all the chronic ills of our school system. From this unreasoning trust it has more to fear than from the unreasoning suspicion which preceded. Those who know its real value as an educational agent, who are devoted to the difficult task of securing its proper influence in the training of youth, must feel great apprehensions lest the next generation lose confidence in the value of a scientific element in our education. After a spasmodic effort to cram a certain amount of scientific information from encyclopædic text-books into the heads of primary and grammar-school students—after perceiving that no brilliant intellectual result follows this well-conducted experiment, it is to be feared that the old-fashioned pedagogy may be again master of the field. If anything brings this disgrace upon natural science, it will be the utter misconception of what it really is and what it can effect. If it falls from public esteem, it will be before the persistent text-book makers who are now swarming around it. Natural history is about as well suited to be taught by a text-book as morality or religion. If a book must come into the business, it will be good in proportion to its want of all the characters which belong to the class. Judged by this standard, we must award the unpretending work of Miss Youmans high praise. The author has unquestionably the proper conception of the duty of the teacher. Every effort is made to keep the attention of the student upon the object to be studied, and so well has she succeeded that we may safely say that the student can do nothing with the book unless he has the specimen in hand. As the title indicates, the object of the plan of instruction adopted by Miss Youmans, essentially that of Professor Henslow, of Oxford, is to cultivate the observing powers of children. She has very properly limited the field to the elements of structural botany. The plan of the work can be best understood by taking the arrangement of a single chapter. That which treats of "The Stem" has six exercises, under the following heads: "Parts of the Stem and Leaf Axil," "Appendages of the Stem," "Position of Leaves," "Arrangement of Leaves on the Stem," "Shapes of Stems," "Attitude of Stems," "Color, Surface, Size, and Structure." All of these features are distinctly shown by diagramatic drawings, and there is a schedule to aid the student in his analysis. The plan is so arranged as to be suitable for a primary school, but the method is one which may apply to the college as well. We heartily recommend any teacher, in any department of natural science, who is wise enough to doubt the perfection of his methods, to look over this book.

As an appendix, the authoress gives us her opinions on the "Educational Claims of Botany." Although she assigns a high value to this study, it is not a higher value than any teacher who has had varied experience in teaching natural history must award to it. The proper road into the biological sciences is certainly through the vegetable kingdom. The material is more accessible, the forms are less influenced by vitality, and the problems are not complicated by the great questions which come from the intellectual powers of animals; and, in giving us this good guide for the student, and better guide for the teacher, Miss Youmans has earned the thanks of all those who desire to see education what it should be.

The Woman of Business; or, The Lady and the Lawyer. A Novel. By Marmion Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," etc. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—This ought to be a very good book to take into the country for summer reading. It is long enough to last a not overvoracious reader for a whole season, and although it is constructed with no little skill, is not ill-written, and has some very fair character drawing, it is of a sufficiently unexciting, not to say uninteresting, description to allow its readers to lay it down readily at any moment, while yet it permits them to resume it free from any lively apprehension of being bored by it. This is not to give the book, as a book, any special praise, but, as we said before, we do not know that it is not the best recommendation of it for summer reading. A very good novel, taken to an out-of-the-way country place, is apt to produce lively dissensions between the best of friends, and gives occasion for some keen strategy for obtaining possession of it, which is rather discouraging to such observers as a prior reading of the book in question gives leisure to cherish optimistic views of human nature.

Of course, if one has a conscience about his amusements and desires to read nothing but "the best," he will not, on the score of such approval as we find ourselves able to give it, be likely to hasten to possess himself of this story—nor, indeed, will he stand in any great need of our advice to leave not only it but every other novel of the season unopened. Judging from the numbers and the badness of most of them, one is driven to conclude, however, that the ordinary novel-reader is not overburdened with either conscience or discrimination in his choice of amusements.

A Race for a Wife. By Hawley Smart, author of "Breezie Langton." (New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1870.) *Breezie Langton: A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five.* By Hawley Smart, author of "A Race for a Wife." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—These are novels of a kind which, while they indicate on the part of their author a certain kind of cleverness and what is called "knowledge of the world," are good for nothing but to pass away the idlest of hours, and are not even then likely to prove other than an aggravation of its dulness. They are sporting novels, devoted in great part to unexciting details of the turf and gaming-table, which read as though their author had devoted himself to a class of subjects and a kind of readers with the sole view of attempting to make literature in his own case a tolerably well-paying profession. The hack novelist is visible on every one of his pages. As to his plots, incidents, and characters, they are alike old and unexciting, and though neither of these novels is to be found fault with on the score of immorality, the vapid moralizing in which their author indulges himself after a fashion not unsuggestive of Mr. Lawrence, is nearly as valid a reason for condemning them. We are sorry to find the Appletons including them in their "Library of Choice Novels," where they assuredly make a poor show beside stories like Freytag's "Lost Manuscript," and are easily put to shame by Mrs. Oliphant and Anthony Trollope.

Harbaugh's Harfe. Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch Deutscher Mundart, von H. Harbaugh, D.D., herausgegeben von B. Bausman. (Harbaugh's Harp. Poems in Pennsylvania German Dialect, by H. Harbaugh, D.D., edited by B. Bausman.) (Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia. 1870. Pp. 117.)—A very tender affection and a pious zeal have together produced a really praiseworthy monument to an excellent man. Dr. Harbaugh was very popular among his own church and his own neighbors, and he wrote books that have been acceptably received in the large circle of pious people, on "The Future Life" and other kindred subjects. His own life was that of a successful and self-made man from among Pennsylvania Germans. His great-grandfather came from Switzerland in 1736, and settled in Berks County, Pa. His descendant, the author of the poems in which the ancestral tongue is preserved, was one of twelve children, and his own poetry is the best witness to the life he led.

After working on the paternal farm, in the intervals of hard work picking up what he could at the country school, he became a cabinet-maker, and supported himself by his handiwork until, and even during, his partial course of study at Marshall College and the Theological School in Mercersburg. His pastoral life was passed at Lewisburg, Lancaster, and Lebanon, and for the last years of his life he was Professor of Theology at his own Alma Mater at Mercersburg. He was born and bred, and spent his life and labor, and died in the very home of Pennsylvania German, and what he wrote in honest simplicity was read in perfect faith. His poems have been collected in this volume, and to them have been added very simple and not ineffective sketches, that reproduce the scenes of the author's birth and life, while an admirable explanation of the dialect itself, with nine pages of a glossary, rather than a dictionary, giving the words in Pennsylvania German, in German, and in English, make the book really useful as an addition to our small stock of philology of our own country. The author of this little sketch, Mr. J. M. Beck, of the Reading *Adler*, is of opinion that Pennsylvania German is a dialect of its own, but nearest to that of the Pfaltz or Rhenish Palatinate, brought over by the early emigrants from that section of Germany. It is, of course, largely affected by its stronger English neighbor: but that varies in degree, for in the Lehigh Valley the German has kept the upper hand, while in the Susquehanna the English element is more marked, although the dialect itself has become the "Haussprache" of many families of Scotch and Irish origin. Of the strictly literary or poetical merit of the work we have the less need to speak, because it has a special interest of its own in thus preserving the customs and the language of one section of our country. But, as compared to the other productions in the same dialect, of which several have recently been first mentioned in the *Nation* and afterwards attracted attention both abroad and at home, "Harbaugh's Harfe" is a world ahead of the "Pit Schwefelbrenner" and other merely political or would-be comical popular appeals. As contrasted to the Hans Breitmann books, too, it has the merit of being truthful and honest, and as showing exactly what Pennsylvania German is both in the population that speak it and in the few who are trying to give it shape and form enough to preserve it in print.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.*	*—Prices.*
Black (Wm.), Kilmeny	(Harper & Bros.)	$0 50
Collins (Wilkie), Man and Wife	" "	1 50
Dixon (Wm. Hepworth), Free Russia	" "	
Elliot (Chas. S.), Songs of Yale	(Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.)	1 00
Edwards (E.), Lives of the Founders of the British Museum	(J. W. Bouton)	
Four Friends, The Golden Treasury Psalter	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Hackett (Prof. H. B.), Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Amer. ed	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1870.

The Week.

CONTRARY to the anticipations we expressed last week, Louis Napoleon has pushed on to extremities, and war is now on foot between France and Prussia, although, at the present writing, there is no news of actual collision, though the telegraphers report sometimes a slight skirmish, and at others an awful battle, as having occurred on Sunday or Monday last. It is now universally acknowledged that Prussia had, before the declaration of war, conceded everything which self-respect permitted or usage required. The crisis has been brought on by the Emperor's insisting that the King should not only repudiate all connection with the Hohenzollern candidature, or even forbid it, but should make a general disavowal on behalf of himself and his family of all intention of ever at any time laying claim to the Spanish throne. Of course this was an insult. If you accuse a neighbor in private of having given you cause of offence, and he denies having committed or connived at the act of which you complain, and you then insist upon his promising that he never will commit such an act, or connive at it, most people would consider it the part of prudence for you to keep the doors open in the line of your retreat, if your neighbor be a choleric man. The insult appears to have been aggravated by the conduct of the French ambassador, M. Benedetti, who, doubtless under instructions, pursued the King to Ems, dogged him, and insisted peremptorily on an answer. This led, as was of course expected at Paris, to his prompt dismissal by a message, which was doubtless uncivil, through an aide-de-camp, and war was forthwith declared by France.

The whole performance bears a striking resemblance to the manner in which faction fights used to be "inaugurated" in fairs by another branch of the Celtic family. There is one emotion which probably no man but a thoroughbred Celt is in our day capable of experiencing, and that is a sense of wrong at not being attacked by somebody. Accordingly, we find the French looking on themselves as martyrs, and the police are encouraging the singing of the *Marseillaise* in Paris—a shout of defiance hurled at a ruthless invader—though the guilt of the foe appears thus far, in this instance, to consist in not having declared war without provocation. Of course, however, there can be no doubt that war with Prussia has long been deliberately planned by the court. The failure of the Imperial anticipations with regard to the results of the campaign of 1866, and the rather ludicrous rebuff experienced by the Emperor when he politely asked the victor for the Rhenish Provinces, coming on top of the Mexican disaster, gave the Napoleonic dynasty a serious blow, and the last three years' have been passed in preparation for some stroke of retrieval. The army has been enlarged, reorganized, and rearmed with breech-loaders. There can be little question, however, that the final move has been precipitated by the result of the plébiscite, and this result has been due partly to the insane behavior of the Reds and partly to the baseness and stupidity of M. Ollivier. The Flourens and Rocheforts managed to frighten thoroughly all that portion of the French people which has anything to lose and loves a quiet life, and some sapient Liberals intensified their alarm by treating these madcaps with the respect due to real champions of freedom. The Emperor cunningly appealed once more to the popular voice while the public mind was in this state—a distinctly revolutionary proceeding to which M. Ollivier tamely submitted rather than resign. Thinking himself enabled by the vote to throw off his pretence of liberalism and go back once more to pure Cæsarism—that is, the reign of brute force veiled by the mock deliberations of a sham legislature — Napoleon has once more thrown himself on the army, and provided a victim for it in the person of Prussia.

The probable limits of the war no man living can determine. The most serious feature in the case is that the original cause of the dispute—the Hohenzollern candidature—being removed, it will be almost impossible for the Emperor to strive for anything short of the Rhine Provinces; the French people will certainly consider anything short of their annexation as a sign of failure, and Louis Napoleon cannot afford to make another military failure. It is doubtful whether he would survive one; the dynasty certainly would not. But it is impossible to conceive of a cession of German soil by Prussia in our day, except as the result of overwhelming defeat—such defeats as only the elder Napoleon was competent to inflict. Any victories the French may achieve are pretty sure to be dearly bought, and to leave the victor little energy or audacity, while they would be sure to weld Germany into a solid and enduring mass. Moreover, as a "rectification" of the French frontier, the Rhine Provinces of Prussia would be of no use without Belgium, and any menace to Belgium would unquestionably bring England into the field. Her obligations on this score are such as cannot be evaded without greater humiliation than the English people are prepared for; and, England in, all other powers would follow, and we should have such a clearing off of old scores as has not been witnessed since 1813. We suspect, before it is all over, the opinion which was generally held out of France in 1815, that Bonapartes are enemies of the human race, will have generally revived. But it is not the Bonapartes, after all, who are most to blame, but the French people, whose want of political sense produces Bonapartes just as our foreign vote in New York produces Tweeds and Sweeneys. Tyrants and demagogues must have a suitable soil to grow on, just like fungi or weeds.

The probabilities are that the campaign will be a slow one, owing to the age of the principal generals on both sides—they are all sixty and more; but it is certain that the engagements will, owing to the weapons employed, be murderous. There is one contingency which may be looked to as capable of closing the war at any moment—the breaking down of the French Emperor's nerves. This suddenly brought about the treaty of Villafranca, in the midst of successful operations, in which he had the sympathy of Europe, and when he was eleven years younger and in better health. Thiers and Jules Favre, approaching the subject from opposite sides, condemn the war as unprovoked; but, although there is little doubt that the enthusiasm for it which has been reported from Paris has been to some extent manufactured, once the troops are in the field there will be only one party in France. In Germany, too, the actual advance of the French will, there is no question, end all wavering, even on the part of those who most hate and fear Prussia. Baden takes the lead, and the rest of the South Germans will go in one by one. Their case is a hard one. If the war strengthens Prussia, she will probably swallow them without more ado; if she is defeated, they have to share in a humiliation which for all Germans has traditional horrors. French rule and French campaigns have left bitter memories all over the confederation.

And now, would it be too much to ask of the daily papers either to employ rational beings as their news collectors in Europe, or else *edit* the despatches before publishing them?—that is, if not weigh their probability, at least strike out those portions which are, through their absurdity, insulting to the intelligent reader. For instance, who that finds amongst his Cable telegrams the announcement that "the French hold Rome, the key of the Mediterranean," does not feel his fingers instinctively searching for the hair or nose of the Associated Press? How does that body suppose a person of average sense likes being told seriously as a piece of news that "Eastern France is absolutely alive with soldiers," or that "the Corps Législatif had declared war against Prussia at fifty minutes past one this afternoon," or "that secret instructions have been issued to French officers that the troops shall divide all lands they conquer?" We think the press owes it to the American public to offer a reward for the discovery of the person who sent this last report over the wires, if it did come over the wires. A more wanton insult to the American people, including the lunatics and inebriates, it would require a man with a genius for insults to devise.

The telegraphic report from Paris, to the effect that the leaders of the various parties in Hungary have united in a public declaration of sympathy for France, will most likely turn out to be a fabrication of French newsmongers. Of the three parties in that country, the extreme Left, which from time to time receives its inspiration from Kossuth, desires nothing more ardently than the fullest success of Prussia, which would lead to a consolidation of the whole of Germany under the Hohenzollern dynasty, and the total break-up of Austria, and consequently to the complete independence of Hungary. The moderate Liberal party, whose leading organ is Jókai's *Hon*, have also many a time unequivocally declared for the cause of German unity, and against the pretensions and interference of both France and Austria. The Conservative party, generally designated as the Deák party from the name of its leader, might perhaps be induced by its belief that the continued existence of Austria is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the Hungarian nationality not to rejoice in the too complete success of Prussia; but that party is too prudent and too well disciplined to indulge in exaggerated and premature effusions of sentiment. Nor would Deák himself, "the Aristides of Hungary," be inclined to lend his voice to the cause of the aggressor, even when likely to serve the interest of his country. Some insignificant demonstration in favor of France may have taken place in Pesth on the part of some rash youths, but we are convinced the leaders of the Hungarian parties have had nothing to do with it.

A decorous and business-like close of a session nobody expects, for somehow Congress always contrives to be at the last in a great hurry, and in a state of extreme confusion, so the House was like a bedlam on Friday, when the adjournment took place. But if there was as much noise and disorder as ever, there seems to have been an improvement in particulars more essential. "One-half of the House occupied itself in watching the other half," and there was far less than the regular amount of jobbery. There was, however, no lack of attempts of all kinds, down to the simple and bold device of surreptitiously inserting a clause never enacted into a bill in process of engrossment. It would seem as if there ought to be no difficulty in detecting the author of this little trick, but, so far as we hear, the honorable member, or the clerk, or whoever it was, has not as yet been discovered; nor do we remember any case of the kind in which investigation was followed by the public discovery of the culprit's name. The House was ready for adjournment before the Senate, which body could not be brought to an agreement with the House's views concerning the Georgia Bill and the Indian appropriations.

Just what in effect has been done with Georgia it is not easy to see, beyond the fact that she is once more within the Union. The latest fighting over her has been caused by the question whether or not before her admittance she should be saddled with a Congressional command to keep Bullock and his crew in office for a term of two years longer than otherwise they could have kept in. No mortal knows any good reason why House and Senate should not have driven him from their doors, and it is past guessing what can be the motives of Congressmen in guarding his interests. But, so far as now appears, Congress, in its final action, has at least shirked the settlement of the question, if it has not settled it in a way to make its miserable record in regard to the Georgia muddle consistently unwise and incapable to the very end. The bill declares Georgia in the Union, and ordains that State elections shall be held "in accordance with the State constitution." What it is that the law and the constitution order is the question over which Bullock and his enemies have been disputing, and now, it would seem, Bullock and his judges and Legislature are to have the deciding of it, so that on the whole we are likely to hear a little more of Georgia.

The quarrel over the appropriations for the Indians terminated in a truce, but there is no peace. The House claims the right to make or to refuse to make appropriations necessary for the carrying out of treaties. The Senate, of course, maintains that the treaty-making power is vested in itself and the President conjointly, and that whenever the payment of money is necessary for the carrying out of a treaty, the House is bound to make the necessary appropriations, asking no questions; otherwise, it would be arrogating to itself the exercise of treaty-making functions, a sphere from which it is shut out by the Constitution. It is proper to observe, by the way, that this troublesome problem in the working of our political machine has come up now and here because of our absurd fashion of calling our bargaining and dickering with a few naked savages an exercise of the "treaty-making power." Still, it was safe to come up sooner or later, and the House, which yielded reluctantly at the time of the Alaska purchase, is said to have made up its mind not to yield in case Mr. Sumner had ever brought forward the St. Thomas treaty. General Grant and Secretary Cox were of course very anxious for the passage of some sort of a bill, as otherwise an Indian war was inevitable, while in case the Secretary could fulfil his engagements, there was a prospect of general peace—Red Cloud himself being "good in his heart" at present, and in person preaching goodness to a pair of hostile tribes disposed for war. Mr. Dawes undertook to get the matter settled by offering to put into the hands of the President five million dollars, to be spent as he in his discretion might think best; but this the Senate would not have; and in the last of a dozen or so of conferences, the House Committee assented to the Senate's bill, but attached to it a declaration that their action must be taken as neither affirming nor denying the validity of the Senate's opinion as to appropriations for treaties, and the question is sure to be reopened.

The Army Bill was another measure that got a great deal of attention in the closing days of the session. It is a measure as to which it is difficult to say whether it was more the result of a spirit of true economy or of that curious wool-pulling economy which covers, scantly, such a multitude of sins of extravagance in Washington. Here is the Senate, which absolutely has passed every land-grabbing bill that it could lay its hands on, and which provoked the derisive laughter of the House by sending in its Secretary, too late, in the very last seconds of the session, with the announcement of still one more grant of lands—this economical body it is that effects a saving of $1,300 on the salary of Sheridan, and $500 or so, more or less, on that of Sherman, and then asks our admiration for its carefulness in expenditures! However, the law seems to be in the main judicious. The number of names on the retired list is fixed at three hundred; any officer of thirty years' standing may be retired at his request; a court of enquiry is to examine into the cases of officers held to be incompetent or of bad character, and such as cannot stand an examination are to be mustered out; any officer that likes can be mustered out by asking it, and gets, on going, a year's pay; the normal number of major-generals is set at three and of brigadier-generals at six, and no appointments are to be made until there are less than three officers of the one grade and six of the other; and, finally, the grade of general ceases with Sherman, and of lieutenant-general with Sheridan. One other thing in the new law the country will approve, and that is, that officers are forbidden to wear brevet uniforms while on duty, and are never to be designated by brevet titles in official communications. The country would have been well pleased to see the whole brevet system abolished.

The high-tariff men who have actually killed American ship-building, and have done it as directly and more effectually than if they had burnt every ship-yard and hanged every shipwright, were of course very loud in opposition to President Grant's proposal that Congress should admit foreign ships free of duty, should remit the duties on foreign articles that enter into ship-construction, and should grant American registers to vessels whose European owners might wish to transfer them to our flag. With the help of the other high-tariff men, and with the advantage of the time in the session when the proclamation was sent in, the copper, iron, and cordage men were able to defeat the measure proposed. It might probably have been of less advantage than many expected, but that is a matter which it is not worth while to consider at present, now that it is not going to be tried, and it is the less worth while now that there are growing indications that the whole Congressional management of our shipping interest, as of the rest of the trade of the country, will in no long time undergo a very thorough overhauling from top to bottom. But it occurs to the reader of the proclamation and the debate upon it to ask why, if the free admission of material for ship-building and of foreign-built ships is likely to be profitable to this country during the fifteen months next to come—why would it have been of detriment during the fifteen months last past? Who would have been hurt in case the President's proclamation had been made law, except those few thousands of our forty millions of people who were clamorous against it on Friday in Washington?

Mr. Motley comes home from London, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, a very able and competent man, takes his place. The cause of Mr. Motley's dismissal, for it is said he refused to resign, seems to be a radical difference of opinion between him and the President and State Department as to the mode of settling the *Alabama* question. The President and Mr. Fish, as our readers may remember, hold that the concession of belligerent rights to the rebels by England was simply an abuse of discretion; that the real wrong towards this country lay in subsequent open violations of neutral duty—an opinion which, we believe, is shared by nearly all the jurists of the civilized world who have ever heard of the question. Mr. Sumner, however, maintains that they are all wrong, and has managed, so runs the story, to impress Mr. Motley so profoundly with his view of the matter, that the latter refused to surrender it, even to Secretary Fish, and urged it on Lord Clarendon. This is unfortunate in all sorts of ways, because Mr. Motley, if not as sound a lawyer as might be found for the place, has a variety of other and hardly less valuable qualifications for it which are not easily supplied elsewhere.

Our chances of a quiet life in New York have been seriously diminished during the week by what we fear is the commencement of a series of Orange riots; or, rather, of Ribbon attacks on Orangemen. An Irish "Protestant Association" of this city went last week on a picnic to Elm Park, accompanied by their wives and children, and on the march displayed their Orange banners and badges, and played what are in Ireland known as "party tunes." They were peacefully feasting and dancing in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, when some hundreds of Catholic laborers who were in the neighborhood, hearing of it, at once repaired to the scene of gaiety, and, under the influence of a sense of duty, as the Catholic papers seem to think, began to pistol, cudgel, and stone the whole party, women and children included. The Orangemen resisted valiantly, in a style which would have done King William good to see; while the Papist onslaught, if made at Franklin or Trout River, would have sent the redcoats flying in every direction; that is, if the redcoats had been women, with long hair, or had had no arms, and had been taken unawares, Canada would by this time be a Fenian Republic. A second attack on the street-cars, after the Orangemen had dispersed, and were going home, in which women were again brutally beaten, and all sexes robbed with impartiality, closed a disgraceful day—one of the many days which is gradually bringing the civilized world to regard an "Irish patriot" as a sort of cowardly tiger, with the voice of an ass and the heels of a hare. Six persons were killed and over a hundred wounded. Is there nobody of sufficient influence and education among the Fenian leaders or the Catholic clergy to prevent these atrocities?

It is quite true that the Boyne was a victory of one race and one creed over another, and was followed by shocking oppression on the part of the victors; it is natural that Irish Orangemen should like to celebrate it, for it delivered them from what is popularly known as "a very tight place," and changed the course of both Irish and English history. But it is also true that it is bad taste and policy and citizenship to persist in the public celebration of any event which reminds one's neighbor of misfortune and humiliation, and the persistence of Orangemen in doing it comes very badly from such "Bible Christians" as they profess to be. On the other hand, we wonder whether it ever occurred to a Fenian that no political success, peace, or comfort is possible to any people which has no capacity for forgetting. A man who mourns over "six hundred years of wrong" confesses *ipso facto* that he is a miserable politician as well as a silly fellow; and anybody who is roused to such a degree by the celebration of a battle fought two hundred years ago that he has to throw paving-stones or flourish a knife, may know that he is born to be ruled by a calmer and graver people, that such as he can never found a state or administer a government, or be anything but a laughing-stock and a by-word. If all races found it such a dreadful thing to have the memory of lost battles and other long-past political misfortunes recalled, the civilized world would spend most of its time rioting, and calling names, and hurling defiance, and would soon cease to be civilized.

The Infallibility dogma has at last been carried in the Council, a minority of about 90 holding out against it; but this minority includes nearly all that is respectable for character, talents, learning, and influence in the Catholic Church, and represents by far the larger portion of the Catholic world, the majority being largely made up of Italian bishops, and bishops *in partibus*, who are literally dependent on the Pope for their bread and butter. The formal proclamation of the dogma, however splendid the ceremony may be made, will now excite but little attention, the public mind being fixed on the war. The Jesuit fathers, who have "put the thing through," to use the phrase of their brethren the politicians, begin to find that the vote in the Council by no means ends their troubles. A spirit of revolt has begun to show itself among both clergy and laity all over Germany, and even in Bohemia. The Prussian Catholics are especially rampant, and in the Swiss Catholic canton secession is openly talked of. In England, the effect promises to be not less disastrous. Father Newman has spoken out pretty boldly, and the leading Catholic layman, Lord Acton, has passed the winter at Rome, as one of the chiefs of the opposition. The worst is probably still to come, as the heretics, and schismatics, and scoffers, instigated by Satan, will probably now resort to comparisons of what the actual Pope says with what his predecessors have said, seeking thus to throw ridicule on the new article of faith. As long as Pius IX. lives, however, they will be handsomely cursed for their pains.

Talking of the Church, there has been a curious controversy in Dublin between the National Board of Education and Cardinal Cullen touching the morality taught to children in the school text-books. For instance, the Cardinal denies that it is right to teach children that concealing the truth to avoid unpleasant consequences is lying, or that "we are commanded by God to speak every man truth unto his neighbor." But to the following statement, which is made to the children in school, he specially objects: "We may say things which are not entirely false, but may bear a double meaning, or are true in themselves, but not true in the sense in which our hearers understand us, in which case we lead people to believe what is false. This is called equivocation, and is to all intents and purposes the same as a lie, and equally criminal." "This teaching is," he says, "not correct, and such doctrines ought not to be infused into the minds of children."

We have the best authority for contradicting the statement that Father Hyacinthe had obtained from Rome a regular dispensation from his monastic engagements, and had been registered among the secular clergy. In the prevailing tone of opinion at Rome, his secularization would not be accorded without a retraction on his part of his famous protest of 20th September, 1869. But, so far from withdrawing that, Father Hyacinthe abides by the convictions that compelled it, and even renews it the more energetically in face of the new excesses of the Ultramontane party, now so rampant at Rome.

WITH WHICH SIDE SHOULD WE SYMPATHIZE?

THERE could hardly be a more striking illustration of the shallowness of our civilization than the fact that one of the foremost nations in the world should at this moment be placing its blood and treasure at the disposal of a Bonaparte—of all men in the world—to carry on a war of succession. The reappearance of a Bonaparte on the throne of France was an express assertion and vindication on his part and on that of the nation of two doctrines—of which the attack which they are now making on Prussia is an open repudiation—viz., that every nation has a right to choose anybody it pleases for sovereign, and that no choice it can make gives any other good reason for either fear or complaint. The will of the people being the supreme law, the blood or antecedents of the person it chooses for its chief could not, we were told, affect its foreign policy. It was only Bourbons and other imbecile adherents of divine right, and of the theory of royal ownership of kingdoms, who would see in family alliances any necessary disturbance of international relations. The other powers of Europe frankly accepted this preaching in 1851. They remained perfectly tranquil while the head of a family which had been proscribed by the public law of Europe as dangerous to its peace put himself on the throne of France by a bloody revolution, and admitted that if France was satisfied nobody else had any right to complain. It is this man who is now plunging into an armed conflict, first of all, in denial of the right of the Spanish people to choose their king; and, secondly, in assertion of the old monarchical theory that the foreign policy of governments is regulated by the blood-relationships of its sovereigns; in short, we are witnessing in the nineteenth century a war of succession, in which the principal actor is an elected dictator.

The *World* last week endeavored, with a good deal of ingenuity, to show that so far as any claim to the sympathy of the American people is concerned, Prussia is on no better footing than France, owing to the despotic temper and thoroughly feudal antecedents of the reigning king. But it must not be forgotten that he has inherited both his temper and his position, and that he is a very old man, to whose vagaries the Prussian people submit, partly because they entertain a traditional affection for his house, and partly because his reign must at best be short. In fact, he is but a relic of the old régime—the last surviving monarch who believes in the divine origin of his own authority. His heir is a liberal, and, if not a "progressive man" in our sense of the word, is sufficiently so for all the purposes of Prussian progress, which, if not rapid, is one of the surest and strongest things the modern world has to show. Nothing else certainly has offered Europe thus far so comfortable an escape from feudalism; nothing else has been so successful in popularizing the government, while upholding the claims of knowledge and skill to the supreme control of human affairs, and in stimulating industry without creating a vast proletariat. The arrogance of the Prussians there is no denying, and the foreign policy of Bismarck has certainly been thoroughly unscrupulous; but then his unscrupulousness has been displayed in the execution of schemes to which every lover of his kind must wish success; in the deliverance of a great people from being the prey of despicable and voracious princelings; and in the infusion of activity, largeness of aim, and noble ambition into their national life. Frederick William and his minister will pass away. The work of their hands will last, and the Prussia they have aggrandized must certainly long remain that community of the old world to which those who are interested in the improvement of human character through political action will look with most hope. There is no enemy of standing armies, too—nobody who feels the magnitude of the evils which these vast isolated hordes of idle men inflict on the world—but must wish that when an army composed as the Prussian army largely is, takes the field in a good cause, victory may perch on its banners. An army in whose ranks ploughmen fresh from the field, clerks fresh from their desks, and professors fresh from their chairs, stand shoulder to shoulder, must always be an object of sympathy to those, of whatever country, who look forward to the time when the soldier will never be anything else than an armed man defending his home, and must, wherever its "vollied thunders" fly, make the spread of Cæsarism impossible.

That the present Government of France is a Cæsarist government —that is, a government of brute force, unhallowed by time and unsupported by traditions or sentiment—and that it can never be anything else, we suppose is now fully demonstrated. Nothing can be clearer than that the late concessions to liberalism were only a sham and a snare, intended to extract from France the vote which has encouraged the desperate gambler who occupies the throne to engage in another and unprovoked war, in the hope of securing his son the succession. There is no longer a vestige of constitutionalism in his policy or his methods. Unfortunately, he has this time hit upon the very surest means of rallying the French people to his standard. They would not be the descendants of the Gauls if any regard for political freedom caused them to hesitate seriously about following to the field anybody to whom either law or accident or usurpation had committed the national flag. Nevertheless, in spite of their antecedents, we are still loth to believe in the accuracy of the telegraphic stories of the enthusiasm with which this wicked war has been greeted. We may be sure that, however the ministerial press in Paris may shriek for battle, the cause of national progress, of political freedom, and of humanity has not been left without plenty of eloquent witnesses in France as well as elsewhere, and if they do their duty manfully, and the Prussians hold German soil stoutly, it may be that this will be the last time we shall see the French army doing the bloody work of reckless and unscrupulous adventurers. Nobody who knows anything of its many great qualities, of the courage, the science, the self-devotion which it always has to show, or of the almost pathetic worship of the point of honor of which even the rank and file are capable, can see it wasted in these wild forays without the deepest sympathy and regret.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

THE political complexion of the next Congress is a matter of considerable speculative interest, in respect to which, even at this early day, it is possible to form some reasonable anticipations.

The political aspect of the Senate cannot be materially changed. The Republicans may, and we think will, lose one Senator from each of the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, New Jersey, and North Carolina. They have in effect lost one each in Oregon and Tennessee. They *may* lose one in West Virginia; but they are more likely to gain one in Minnesota, and may possibly, through the colored vote, gain one in Delaware. There is a bare possibility of loss in Illinois and Nebraska; but this can only happen in case of a political deluge. In any event, the Senate would remain Republican by more than a two-thirds vote.

The House of Representatives is a body more open to change; and here the Democrats confidently look for success. This is, however, no new story, and proves nothing. We must consider the details of the approaching contest, with small regard for the vague expectations of excited politicians on either side. In order to arrive at a fair conclusion, we must consider the country in separate divisions, with reference to the peculiar wants and interests of each section. There is no general wave of feeling which is likely to sway the country as a whole. Indifference is the only feeling which is widespread at this time. In the New England States, we discern no indications of political discontent, and see no reason for expecting great changes. The doubtful district of New Hampshire is made reasonably safe by the fact that the Navy Yard is in it, and is controlled by Republicans, who doubtless understand, from the fate of Collector Grinnell, that they are expected to be vigilant politicians. The Republicans must, however, lose two districts in Connecticut, which they carried only by reason of the unpopularity of the last Democratic nominees, who were formerly Johnson Republicans. In New York, the war between the Fenton and Morgan factions seriously weakens the Republican party; and there are also other troubles in its ranks which have a very unfavorable influence. Governor Hoffman has pursued a line of policy which has strengthened him with his party in the rural districts, and has, upon the whole, strengthened his party as well as himself. The result will certainly be a loss to the Republicans of the 11th, 12th, and 30th districts, while they will run some risk of losing the 16th (Clinton), 18th (Saratoga), 21st (Oneida), and 28th (Monroe) districts. We do not believe, however, that they can lose all of these, though we incline to expect a loss of the 18th and 21st. Several other districts were lost at the recent judicial election, but that afforded no test by which the result of an election next fall could be measured. In New Jersey, Mr. Hill, who was elected by 79 majority, can hardly expect to succeed again. But, on the other hand, Mr. Haight, the Democratic member from the 2d district, may be defeated by the colored voters, who are very numerous in his district. In Pennsylvania, we judge that the present ill-feeling in the 3d district will cause the loss of Mr. Myers's seat. The 10th (Cake's) district is naturally Democratic, and will no doubt go that way this time. So will the 21st (Covode's). The 13th (Mercur's) is likely to be lost. The Republican majority has been diminishing there for some time, having been 1,287 in 1866, and only 311 in 1868; and the colored vote will be small. But the colored vote will, we think, gain the 5th district to the Republicans, and save the 16th, which would otherwise be doubtful. In the 17th, Mr. Morrell is running again, which means that he intends to be re-elected; and, in Pennsylvania, "where there's a will, there's a way." We consider Delaware and one district in Maryland doubtful, since the admission of colored voters; but shall, in our final estimate, leave them, as at present, Democratic.

In the Southern States generally, the financial mismanagement of many Republican officials will prejudice the party. But it has been made quite clear that nothing except intimidation will divert the colored vote from the Republican ticket. We do not therefore believe that any Republican who was fairly elected in 1868 from the South will be succeeded by a Democrat now, except in cases where the majority was very small. Mr. Heflin, of Alabama, was elected by 153 majority. Messrs. Roots, of Arkansas, and Van Horn and Dyer, of Missouri, were, we fear, counted in rather than elected. The operation will hardly be repeated. In Tennessee, the Democrats will doubtless gain five or six members, owing to the repeal of disfranchising laws. We allow them six. On the other hand, the colored vote will gain the St. Louis district, with at least two Kentucky districts, and save Duvall's in West Virginia, which would otherwise be unsafe.

In the West, the free-trade sentiment is not unlikely to be the cause of some division among the Republicans; but the course of the Western Congressmen has been generally shaped according to the interests of their respective districts, and is probably satisfactory to their constituents. The districts which were closest in 1868 are precisely those in which the colored vote will now be largest, except in the northern part of Ohio. By this vote we think that the Republicans will save, in Ohio, Stevenson's district (majority, 497), Schenck's (475) (he talks of declining renomination, but doubtless will not decline), Lawrence's (629), Smith's (343), and Moore's (956). But the colored people alone can hardly save Welker (462) or Bingham (416), and we doubt if they will suffice to save Winans (155) in the Columbus district, although colored people are numerous there. Mr. Winans is a free-trader, and there is much opposition to his nomination on that account. If he is thrown aside on that ground, the district will be lost. In Indiana, the colored vote would save all the Republican members, but for some domestic quarrels, which bid fair to lose two members. This vote will, we believe, save the Detroit district in Michigan, and may save the doubtful district in Illinois, though we should concede that to the Democrats. The Milwaukee district in Wisconsin will, we think, be lost by the Republicans this year.

We know of no reason for expecting any changes in California, Nevada, or Nebraska. But we put Nevada in the Democratic column, inasmuch as the Republican majority there has diminished since 1864.

The prospect for the next House, under these circumstances, appears to be about as follows:

	Rep.	Dem.		Rep.	Dem.
Alabama . . .	3	3	Indiana . . .	6	5
Arkansas . . .	1	2	Iowa	6	0
California . . .	1	2	Kansas . . .	1	0
Connecticut . .	1	3	Kentucky . . .	2	7
Delaware . . .	0	1	Louisiana . . .	3	2
Florida . . .	1	0	Maine	5	0
Georgia . . .	3	3	Maryland . . .	0	5
Illinois . . .	9	5	Massachusetts . .	10	0
Michigan . . .	6	0	Pennsylvania . .	14	10
Minnesota . . .	2	0	Rhode Island . .	2	0
Mississippi . . .	4	1	South Carolina . .	4	0
Missouri . . .	6	3	Tennessee . . .	2	6
Nebraska . . .	1	0	Texas	2	2
Nevada . . .	0	1	Vermont . . .	3	0
New Hampshire . .	3	0	Virginia . . .	3	5
New Jersey . . .	1	4	West Virginia . .	3	0
New York . . .	15	16	Wisconsin . . .	4	2
North Carolina . .	5	2			
Ohio	11	8	Total . . .	143	99
Oregon	0	1			

THE CURRENCY BILL AGAIN.

Most of our readers will remember the compound-interest notes, bearing six per cent. compound interest, of which several hundred millions were outstanding at the close of the war. These notes were legal tender for their face value, and the national banks held a large amount of them as a part of the "legal-tender reserves," which they are obliged by law to keep on hand for the payment of their depositors and the prompt redemption of their own notes. Of course, they were extremely valuable to the banks for this purpose, for the reason that by means of them the people were actually paying the banks interest on the money lying idle in their vaults, which they would have had to keep on hand under any circumstances, for their own protection, whether or not compelled by law.

Now, every United States Secretary of the Treasury has to have a hobby. Mr. Boutwell's hobby is to reduce the rate of interest on the debt—a praiseworthy hobby in itself, though rather mischievous when ridden blindly against the stone walls of fact. So Mr. McCulloch's hobby was to complete at any sacrifice the funding of the debt before the end of his official career. To do this it was necessary to induce the national banks to give up their six per cent. compound-interest notes without the unpleasant use of compulsion. These imperious national paupers insisted upon compensation, and as it seemed impossible to withdraw the national pap from them entirely, a compromise was effected. A new security was created for the benefit of the banks to take the place of the compound-interest notes, but instead of six per cent. compound interest the new securities bore only three per cent. interest, and instead of the banks being allowed to hold their entire reserve in them they were only allowed to hold three-fifths of their reserve in these new securities, which have since become known as the Three Per Cent. Certificates. By the Act of March 2, 1867, fifty millions of these certificates were authorized, and by a subsequent act permission was given to issue twenty-five millions more. But the full amount has never been issued, and by occasional cancellations the total amount outstanding has been reduced to about forty-five millions. It is these forty-five millions of three per cent. certificates that the so-called Currency Bill proposes to abolish.

To this extent the bill is a wise one. The existence of these forty-five millions of certificates is a constant and most serious, though perhaps remote, danger to the Treasury. They are virtually a call loan to the Government for an amount exceeding three or fourfold the entire cash balance of the Treasury on more than one occasion. If presented for payment under the pressure of unforeseen necessities, they might force the Secretary into an unwelcome issue of new greenbacks, involving a total reversal of the established financial policy of the Government. That the danger has not developed into disaster is due solely to favorable events, not to the perverseness of Mr. Boutwell, who is blind to everything except his own political fortunes as they may be advanced by his intended grand achievement—the reduction of the interest rate. This danger the bill is intended to remove. Beyond this commendable intention, there is nothing in it that is not inconsistent, futile, or downrightly mischievous.

This wonderful emanation of the joint wisdom of House and Senate orders the Secretary to redeem forty-five millions of three per cent. certificates. Of course, it tells him where he is to get the money from. Not a bit of it. According to his last balance-sheet he had on hand about twenty-nine millions of currency. His lowest possible working-balance is about nine millions, so that at best he would have twenty millions to spare for the redemption of certificates.

Owing to imperfect statements, it is not known how large a proportion of these twenty millions consists of national bank-notes, which are not available for the purpose; but we may safely assume that it is not less than one-fourth, leaving, say, fifteen millions of greenbacks to redeem forty-five millions of certificates—very fair arithmetic for Congress.

It may be asked, does the bill require the Secretary to redeem all the certificates at once and immediately? It does not. He is to redeem them as rapidly as certain new national bank-notes, provided for in the bill, shall be issued by new national banks. These may not be issued for a long time, but the very argument upon which the bill passed was, that the need of these new national banks was so urgent as not to admit of a moment's delay. According to the framers of the bill, these new notes will be issued with the utmost rapidity, and hence the Treasury will be called upon to redeem the certificates almost immediately, for which contingency the measure, as we have already shown, makes such admirable provision. Such legislation is humiliating to us as a people, and would ruin our credit abroad if the latter were to any extent based upon the wisdom of our legislators.

For our own part, we do not share the belief that many new national banks will be started, and hence are not alarmed about any danger arising to the Treasury from this source. The difficulty in connection with the three per cent. certificates, which may arise from outside events, and which we shall consider hereafter, has no direct reference to the Currency Bill. The essential question for the mass of the people is, Does the bill affect the amount of circulating medium, the currency of the people? and, if so, in what manner? It is in relation to this important question that so much misrepresentation has been practised. The true answer is: Nominally the Currency Bill increases the currency; practically it diminishes it: apparently it works inflation; in reality it is most decided contraction.

The first section of the bill provides that the Secretary may authorize the issue of fifty-four millions of additional bank-notes, and the next section provides that he shall cancel forty-three millions of certificates, which for all banking purposes are the same as greenbacks. *Apparently*, therefore, eleven millions more currency is to be issued than withdrawn. In reality, the effect is very different. The moment the Treasury withdraws a dollar of certificates, the bank holding the same is by law obliged to procure a one-dollar greenback to put in its place. Now nothing is so difficult to procure when wanted as greenbacks. Of the four hundred millions (in round numbers) of paper money issued by the Government, all the banks in the United States, according to their last quarterly statement, held precisely eighty-three millions. The balance, as we have repeatedly explained in these columns, is held by the people, who prefer them to national bank-notes and do not want to part with them. So decided is the preference given to greenbacks over national bank-notes, that, even when money is comparatively scarce, national bank-notes are sometimes superabundant, and can be passed among bankers in large lots only at a discount. The further issue of fifty-four millions of national bank-notes, already superabundant, will not add one dollar to the greenbacks, which are now in rather deficient supply. But the destruction of forty-three millions of three per cent. certificates imperatively necessitates the procuring of forty-three millions of additional greenbacks by the banks to take their place. Where are the banks to get them? There is but one answer. They must get them from one another—which is impossible—or they must do without them. In other words: The greenbacks are only needed by the banks for legal reserve against their deposits and their circulation. If they cannot get the additional greenbacks, they must diminish either their deposits or their own circulation. For every one-dollar greenback that they fail to get, they must, according to law, diminish their deposits or circulation *four* dollars. If, therefore, the banks cannot, by some process as yet undiscovered, induce the holders of forty-three millions of greenbacks to give them up in exchange for the same amount of national bank-notes, then the banks must reduce their present circulation or deposits by *four times* forty-three millions. To reduce their circulation thus would be to withdraw one hundred and seventy-two millions of old national bank currency in exchange for fifty-four millions of new. To reduce their deposits would require a curtailment of their loans to a similar extent.

We have purposely given the extreme case. Such a contraction as here described is utterly impossible; it would throw the whole business of the country into confusion. Indeed, the effect of the Currency Bill would not practically be as severe as we have described. In the first place, a certain amount of greenbacks is still always obtainable at a merely nominal premium; and, in the second place, the banks, at last accounts, held more than the reserve required by law, and thus they could lose a small portion of their greenbacks without serious inconvenience. So that, practically, the enforcement of the Currency Bill, even if it is at all likely to be enforced, would not have as serious an effect as we have described. But that any other view than ours, that it works contraction and not inflation, can be for one moment seriously entertained by any thoughtful banker, seems to us totally impossible.

We do not propose at this time to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of the intended change. There are other features of the bill which claim our attention. The bill itself had its origin in, and is intended to remedy, the supposed injustice of the existing distribution of the national bank circulation among the different States. Whatever injustice and favoritism may have been at work in the original granting of bank charters, was of course injustice against the many in favor of the few. It was the individuals who benefited by the charters, not the people of the different States in which the banks are located. If a merchant in Texas has good security on which to borrow bank-notes, he can borrow them as cheaply from a national bank in Massachusetts as from a national bank in his own State. The great mass of the people in Texas will not find borrowing one bit easier by having new national banks started there. The only effect of redistributing the currency will be that, whereas heretofore certain individuals in the New England States have had the legal right to derive profits from their neighbors, that legal right will hereafter be shared by certain individuals in Texas and elsewhere. The supposed increased borrowing facilities for the Texas merchant is simply a delusion, which does not need to be explained again to readers of the *Nation*, and the Congressional measure to this effect will be about as effectual as Congressional measures often are.

Besides cancelling the three per cent. certificates, authorizing the issue of fifty-four millions of new, and redistributing the old currency, together with various minor objects, the bill also incidentally furnishes the means of returning at an early day to specie payments—means so ingeniously devised that, if we had specie payments to-morrow, this measure alone would be almost sufficient to cause an immediate suspension for five years at least. It is positively astounding in its recklessness. It authorizes the issue of an unlimited amount of coin-notes, on the deposit of United States bonds, and stipulates that, against every one hundred dollars of par value *in currency* of bonds deposited, eighty dollars of *gold* notes may be issued, *which the United States guarantees.* At the present moment, when our bonds are really worth nearly par in gold, this does not seem an extravagant risk. But there is no earthly need of the United States incurring any risk whatever in the matter; and, to recognize that the risk incurred is really a most grave one, we need only reflect that, less than nine months ago, our six per cent. bonds were worth less than seventy cents in gold. Where would the Treasury have been then, if this precious law had been in operation? Every dollar of these coin-notes would have been instantly presented for redemption, and banks and Treasury would have been involved in like wreck and ruin. It is very easy to say that such scenes as those of last September are not likely to be re-enacted soon; we do not ourselves believe that they will be; but the Fisks and Goulds are not all dead yet; there are plenty of sensible people who believe that gold will naturally rise again to very high figures; every year since the peace we have had periods of high gold, and on the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war it ran up to 168. With such recent experience before us, it seems the wildest trifling for the United States Government to offer, without the slightest particle of consideration, an unlimited guarantee that gold shall never again advance beyond 130. Yet this is precisely what section three of the Currency Bill accomplishes. And there was not the slightest necessity for it. For nothing would have been easier than to require of the issuing banks a deposit of bonds sufficient, at their market value *in gold*, amply to secure the

Treasury. The worst of all is that these inadequately secured coin-notes are actually made a legal tender among all specie-paying banks, which is of itself enough to discourage any conservative institution from ever attempting to resume. Yet this bungling specimen of Congressional folly is everywhere hailed as a step towards specie resumption, and, unfortunately, banks are already preparing to organize on the Pacific coast in accordance with its provisions. It is to be hoped that, before serious evil can result, another session of Congress will modify this ill-digested and ill-considered measure, and thereby prevent more financial complications than any we have yet encountered.

THE RACE QUESTION.

There can be no question that a most difficult problem for the coming legislators of this country arises from the mingling of the diverse races under its government. Teuton, Celt, Mongol, and negro are already claiming place upon our soil and recognition in our social system. Types of existence belonging to each of the great continents of the Old World are struggling with the modes of thought and action peculiar to our own, and, if we do not add something from South America or Australia to our political caldron, it will be because the aboriginal types of those countries die out before we can get hold of them. It is the fashion to talk of our political system as if it were a new and totally original experiment. Self-government, much in the American form, is an old dream, and to a great extent an old reality; but those who think that we would be nothing unless peculiar can find a sufficiently original feature in what bids fair to be the polygenous character of our people in the future. Not excepting even India, that great eddy where the drift of humanity has been gathering ever since the Asiatic peoples began to move, has any country ever had as diverse materials gathered upon its soil as we now promise to have.

If any one questions the difficulty of this task of fusing diverse races into a harmonious political whole, let him look for a successful political experiment under similar conditions. We are much mistaken if he finds a case where a vigorous political or social life has ever been developed in a state composed of such heterogeneous materials. We are far from asserting that it is impossible to combine several races in one society, and have that society strong. We would only have our people recognize this problem as a difficulty requiring study to understand it, and great political skill to avoid its worst consequences. The strength of the governmental as of all other machines is the strength of the weakest part; it may have one class of its people in advance of the age, yet, if another is far behind in the scale of progress, it is impossible to have a nation of the ideal excellence. Now, in the case of a mixed people, the elements being too heterogeneous for ready fusion, the immediate result of the interaction of the several races is to form a caste system, certain portions of the social duties being delegated to each. There can be no doubt of the great danger to our whole political and social experiment should such a social stratification be the result of the mingling of the several races which are coming together upon our soil. There might be a great people built on such a plan, but few would care to risk the future on the result of such an experiment. We have only to look at the results of the Irish immigration to this country to see how readily a certain spirit of caste is developed. It is now well-nigh impossible to find a day-laborer born upon the soil; his dignity would be compromised by such occupation. Unskilled labor in the older parts of this country is entirely given up to foreigners. Fortunately, this people is of the same race as ourselves, and one or two generations in their new conditions obliterate the distinction. But with a permanent color and a permanent social character, such as the Chinese have, there can be no doubt that there would be more danger from this source.

It is not often that the other branches of thought cast much light upon the problems of social science, but natural history throws some upon this question of race. It is obviously of the first importance to determine how far these peculiarities of the different races are permanent, and what time and means are necessary to modify them in case they are not unalterable.

Applying to man the rules which we know to hold with other animals, we may get some information on this difficult point. The fundamental fact brought out by the researches of Mr. Darwin is that any characters which have been the property of a group of animals for a long time tend to perpetuate themselves. This tendency to revert to the ancestral type, which is the agent operating to prevent indefinite variations, is probably intense in proportion to the length of time to which the race has been subjected to the conditions which have produced and maintained its character. If this view be correct, and most observers of this class of facts can find something in their own experience to confirm it, we may expect to find those races of men who have been long exposed to the same conditions of existence more difficult to change than others which have been exposed to uniform conditions for only a short time. No one can look at the character of the several races which have distinct traits and a long history without the conviction that there probably is some value to be attached to this view. The most migratory of the races, the Aryan, is the most flexible, accommodating itself to the greatest variety of conditions, and varying most rapidly under the influence of its surroundings. One of the most stationary, the African, reared in a region of singularly uniform conditions for at least four thousand, possibly for five times that number of years, is the most rigid of the types of men, suffering greatly from changes of climate, showing but little tendency to seek new conditions, and less capacity for being modified by them.

Two and a half centuries of existence on this continent have produced very considerable changes in the Aryan race, as represented by our people. The same period, under far more pronounced differences of condition, have produced but little, if any, change in the physical status of the African. It is questionable whether, excepting where there is an admixture of white blood, the color or form have undergone any change. Unfortunately, we are in want of statistics concerning the relative physical condition of the American negro and the African negro, but it is evident that, at the rate of change of the last two centuries, it will require a much longer time than it is worth while for us to talk about to bring him into the condition of our own race.

The Chinaman comes of a stock having as much atavic force—if we may thus modify the word atavism, which Mr. Darwin uses to designate the tendency of a stock to hold to its ancestral type—as any other type of man except the negro. An old and indigenous people, they may be reckoned upon to remain essentially true to their type for any number of generations.

The world's experience with half-breeds is not such as should incline us to the experiment of a fusion of the three races of our future—if, indeed, the Mongols are going to come in such numbers as to form a large element of our population. With them, if they do come, and with the negro we must reckon upon dealing as heterogeneous materials, taking them for what they are, and trying to make them all they can be. In our effort to do the best possible for ourselves and for them, we should remember that, from the bottom to the top of the animal kingdom, allied races are almost invariably enemies; they dislike each other's very smell, and find in that an excuse for war; and it is probably this animal instinct which makes it so difficult to mingle races without having castes. Furthermore, we should remember that the two races are both well anchored to their peculiarities by the hereditary force—are among the most inflexible materials which could have been given to us. To keep out social stratification, and the attendant loss of power from a political system composed of these elements, may fairly be looked upon as a difficult though, in the darkness of inexperience, no one can say an impossible task. There is manifestly but one road to avoid the danger, and that is to educate, in the broadest sense of that word, each and all to the highest possible point, and to associate as intimately as possible each of these races in all the avocations for which their capacities may fit them.

THE SECULARIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

We spoke some weeks ago of the decline of the Church as an instrument of social reform. The comments that article has elicited make it worth while coming back to the subject.

A glance at the past discloses three distinct periods in Christian history. To the first belongs the primitive church—a body with purely spiritual objects, and wholly supported by spiritual power. Subsequently (in the Church of Rome), we see the Christian institution still true to its high moral and religious purposes, but sustained, and practically corrupted, by temporal power. The third era opens with the Reformation, when the Protestant church essayed the difficult task of avoiding mediæval debasement, while it yet reposed on the arm of the state. That the Reformers, like the Catholics, relied on the civil power is attested by English, Scotch, Swiss, Dutch, and Swedish history. It is true that Protestant countries have made earlier and more conspicuous displays of toleration than Catholic states, but even to this fact there are some remarkable exceptions. If it was not until after the French Revolution that Protestantism was permanently indulged in France, it was temporarily permitted by the Edict of Nantes, in 1598; while the Roman worship was not allowed in Sweden until 1781. It is also well to remember that, at the time the Puritans were burning for witchcraft, and exiling Roger Williams into the wilderness, the Catholic colony of Maryland had taken the most tolerant grounds with respect to liberty of conscience. At this day, every Protestant country in Europe (except perhaps the Swiss cantons) aims to depress all creeds but one by maintaining a state church, and, in so doing, falls short of absolute toleration.

With us the case is different. The principle of religious liberty, urged by Jefferson before the House of Burgesses in Virginia, and afterwards embodied in the statutes of that State, is now fixed by the Federal Constitution, and wrought into the household words of the people. Relieved from the coil of state influence and the curse of state aid, an enthusiast might have indulged the hope that the church would now return to her apostolic practice, and appear once more as a purely spiritual body, sustained by purely spiritual power. It soon appeared, however, that her mediæval training had not been in vain, and that she was not easily to be divorced from that temporal authority with which she had been so long and closely allied. Having lost all but the tradition of that self-contained energy with which she had laid the foundations of her immortal empire, she now sought to obtain from society that secular aid which she had grown to believe indispensable, and which she could no longer receive from the government. It may not be superfluous to detail a few of the methods by which (in part, perhaps unwittingly) she has absorbed, without reforming, worldly and unprincipled men—a policy by which she has added to her numbers and her wealth, but has given to her reputation, conventions, and moral conduct that unspiritual character described in our title as her "secularization."

In the first place, she has preached the restoration of that system of business support and social visitation *within* her communion that was the custom and necessity of early times, but which could then have been no allurement to the worldly, since she was, at the best, but a small and despised organization. Now, however, that her influence and her patronage are immense, it may well be questioned whether the false professions of faith to which a state church tempts the political aspirant are more corrupting than the same professions from those who only seek financial profit or social elevation. It is difficult to see why an unregenerate man, who does good work, is unworthy of Christian patronage, while it is very clear that, if it is denied to him, he will become either a hypocrite within the church, or a fierce enemy entrenched against her. It is also evident that general visiting, *merely* on the ground of a nominal religious fellowship, degrades the church into a means of social aggrandizement, and furnishes another worldly impulse to religious profession. The specious argument is sometimes offered that the union of temporal with spiritual interests does not diminish the latter, while it adds to the grounds of our church attachments. This position is, however, refuted both by psychology and history. In France, the Huguenots flourished during the persecutions antecedent to the Edict of Nantes, but when, under the administrations of Henry IV., Richelieu, and Mazarin, they were eligible to the highest civil and military posts, it became apparent that they were rapidly declining. The cause of this phenomenon is as deep as the roots of the heart. Two opposite motives cannot each be supreme, and, when temporal and spiritual interests are united, the former (because immediate) will almost invariably dominate. Hence, the French conversions to Romanism in the seventeenth century, and hence the multitude of worldlings in our existing church.

The marked efforts which are made to secure the "conversion" of rich and influential persons are, unfortunately, too notorious; while the indulgence which is displayed to their vices, when they are once within the fold, forcibly suggests the Feejeean custom of requiring twice the evidence to convict a rich man that would doom a poor one. It is a curious instance of moral compensations that the state church, with all its evils, is less liable to this frantic courtship of the high and mighty than those organizations which are not governmentally endowed. It may suffer from being degraded by the world, but it is not degraded by being itself a courtier. The free church of this country has further contributed to its secularization by indulging pew-holders who are not church-members with a vote in the election of its clergy. In this way, the world has frequently held the balance of power in so important a matter as the choice of a pastor, and has expressed its taste by filling our pulpits with carnal and sensational men—speculators in the Lord's vineyard, who foot up their so-called "conversions" as a banker does his accounts.

In some respects, the secularization of the church is to be lamented as one of the unavoidable effects of the age. Those social movements that have awakened the female mind from its former apathy to everything but emotional and domestic concerns have also roused it to the incalculably useful passion for management and combined effort. In short, women are beginning to experience the instinct for club organization, by which they can better effect their purposes, gratify their gregarious tastes, and display their individual powers in labor and command. The church, which may be considered as a religious club, is almost the only institution ready to receive them, and absolutely the only one which is fitted to their present tastes. Completely organized, it demands nothing of their fledgling skill, while the narrow but useful sphere to which it limits their exertions relieves them from a responsibility which they feel unable to meet. It is the vague yet impassioned desire to do something, to express themselves somehow, in some way to bind themselves to the outside world, which leads hosts of women to join the church, who, as men, would unite with a business, scientific, or social club. Of course, such characters reflect small credit on their religious profession, and, indeed, by their distressing combination of red-hot zeal in all church labors with unsanctified dispositions, wreck the happiness of many a way-worn shepherd. Another difficulty under which the church necessarily labors was suggested in these columns some time since, and arises from the refined and, as it were, unobtrusive vices of these times. The moral corruptions of our day break inwardly, and hence the guardians of Zion are specially subject to deception respecting the real character of those who would make a profession of faith.

The agencies above enumerated have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about that ecclesiastical secularization which is none the less disastrous because it has produced a delusive prosperity. In the sixteenth century, the Papal Church bent all her energies toward the erection of an unrivalled temple, that should for ever attest the splendor and the magnitude of her resources. St. Peter's was completed; but, to obtain the needful funds, those rash and unholy means were employed which were the proximate cause of the great religious rebellion, and which inflicted the first serious wound upon the Catholic Church. Thus, as the house which was "made with hands" developed the vain show of its superb proportions, the spiritual temple began to decay. This generation may learn from the past, and not imitate the example of those hasty children who blow their bubbles till they break with their increase and the shattered rainbow disappears in vapor.

Correspondence.

THE ENGLISHWOMEN AND THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me, as a diligent and generally approving reader of the *Nation*—the letters of your London correspondent inclusive—to take marked exception to the first paragraph of his communication under date of May 13? The writer gives his testimony in favor of the Contagious Diseases Act, and states that "its operation has done much good to the troops, and to the population of the towns where it is in operation, and that it is more likely to be extended than to be repealed." He has a right to his opinion, but not to speak as he has done of the large number of English, Scotch, and Irish ladies who regard the *acts* (for there are *two*) as cruel, unjust, tyrannical, and immoral; who are laboring for their repeal, and are acting for this object with such unity, ability, devotion, and energy, and in such numbers, that they can hardly fail to succeed. You will agree with me that their success is at least probable when they have the countenance of such men as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Rev. James Martineau, Professor F. W. Newman, Rev. F. D. Maurice, and many other eminent guides of English opinion, who differ widely on other subjects. Amongst the ladies, I will only name Harriet Martineau; Florence Nightingale; Elizabeth Pease Nichol; Jane and Eliza Wigham, of Edinburgh; John Bright's two sisters, Priscilla McLaren and Margaret Lucas; Helen T. Bright Clark, his daughter; Ursula M. Bright, his sister-in-law; Anna M. Haslam, of Dublin; Mary A. Estler, of Bristol; Madame Venturi, of London; and Josephine E. Butler, of Liverpool, who may be regarded as the recognized leader of the ladies of England in their opposition to the acts. This lady was until lately president of the National Association for the Higher Education of Women, a position which she resigned solely from a sense of duty, in order that she might devote herself more completely to her present far more arduous and invidious presidency of the ladies' association for the repeal of the obnoxious acts. She is also widely known as the editor of a series of admirable essays by various writers, lately published by Macmillan, entitled "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," of which the very best portion is an introduction of remarkable literary excellence and moral beauty contributed by herself. These names are selected from a list of more than five hundred, many of whom are known to myself, and, as generally happens in all useful movements, a large proportion of them are members of or are connected with the Society of Friends. These are not the kind of people who do their work by *shrieking*, as your correspondent infers, nor by "unladylike appeals to buncombe;" nor are they of those who "think that argument is irrelevant, or that they see to the bottom of the complicated question by a species of intuition, and answer tables of statistics by texts from Scripture." Whilst many physicians favor the acts, very many of equal eminence agree with the women in abhorrence of their unjust operation and their immoral tendency. Of this number is a considerable proportion of the faculty in this city, which is celebrated as a school of medicine and surgery.

The term "Contagious Diseases Acts" is a decent name for measures assumed to be called for by the evils incident to the enforced celibacy of the rank and file of the army and navy. Their provisions do not attempt to limit prostitution, but to render it more safe for the debauched men, whilst they include severe and revolting enactments against the unhappy women. In conclusion, I would particularly beg your attention to "A Few Words in Reply to the Editor," in the May number of the *Fortnightly Review*. It is from the pen of Madame Venturi, one of those illogical shriekers whom your correspondent alludes to.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, June 30, 1870.

[Our London correspondent would, we know, have a good deal to say in reply if he were here, and some of it we may be allowed to say for him. We do not believe it ever entered into his head to doubt the general goodness and purity and praiseworthiness of the ladies engaged in this agitation against the Contagious Diseases Acts. Everybody knows, too, that there are amongst them women of the highest character and social position, and women who have already done good service in the cause of humanity and science. But then all these things do not diminish the anxiety with which their methods inspire those who look forward to see women taking an active part in the work of legislation. We think we are not exaggerating when we say that nothing in this country, at least, has done so much to hinder, if not indefinitely postpone, the admission of women to the franchise, as the advocacy of it during the last two or three years by a body of women, of whom a large number enjoy, *as women*, the respect and esteem of everybody who knows them. We believe they have succeeded in satisfying a large portion of the community that female suffrage would be a great calamity; that if worse women than these acquired much political influence, they would increase greatly the abuses from which the body politic is already suffering; while if the best women of the present movement are fair representatives of the female politicians of the future, their exercise of political power would result in attempts to make the moral law, as they understand it, and the law of the land conterminous, thus reviving a system of government which has been the source of the greatest calamities which have befallen mankind, of which the government of priests is a fair specimen, and which among weak races would result in a state of society like that of China, and among strong ones in a state of society like that of Spain and Mexico. We shall not go into particulars in support of this view, because it would involve a discussion of the Contagious Diseases Acts, with which, we are glad to say, there is no occasion to trouble American readers. We may add that we are ourselves all but convinced of the inexpediency of this legislation; but we owe our conversion—if conversion it can be called—to the exceedingly able paper of Dr. Simon, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council. On such contributions as the ladies have made to the controversy we hope never to see legislation based in any civilized country, and we have read most of them—the principal ones certainly. Take, as an illustration of what we mean, one of the tracts of the association which Mr. Webb forwards us—a paper read by Mrs. Josephine Butler at "a conference of delegates from associations and committees formed in various towns for promoting the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts." The subject is "The Moral Reclaimability of Prostitutes"—a very interesting one, one on which the public naturally looks to these ladies for much light, and one bearing strongly on the matter in dispute. Mrs. Butler is an excellent lady, who has done much good work in her day, and who is probably known to American readers as the editor of the volume of essays of which Mr. Webb speaks; so we took up her pamphlet with a good deal of eagerness, hoping for some information as to the results of honest labor in this great field of human misery. What did we find? We shall present a list of the propositions she lays down, and, in doing so, shall scrupulously avoid any approach to caricature:

1. It surprised her so much to be asked to write a paper on such a subject "that it took away her breath for a moment." It was as if "she had been asked to write a paper to prove that trees regain their leaves in spring."

2. "It is a fact that such women are being constantly reclaimed;" but she questions whether the most powerful reasoning would convince anybody who believes in his heart that they are irreclaimable. If any one doubts it, the fault is in his heart and character. "A single look at a man's face is enough to tell her whether it is of any use to ask him to aid in the reclamation of fallen women." The best way of convincing people is to take them among the fallen women; but in many cases this would be useless, as the very presence of some persons "paralyzes the good there is in the outcasts." [In other words, the only use of arguing on this subject is to convince the convinced, and persons of unsatisfactory physiognomy are not worth persuasion. It seems to the unregenerate male mind, however, as if a few figures, such as M. du Camp gives in his recent articles in the *Journal des Economistes* on this subject, conveying the results of the labors of such institutions as those of the Dames Diaconesses and the Ouvroir de Notre Dame de la Miséricorde, and of the Nouveau Bon Pasteur in Paris, would reduce the most hardened infidels, if not to penitence and good works, at least to silence.]

3. "The minds of prostitutes are greatly distracted by speculations with regard to the profligacy of men," and they consider "the reclaimability of profligate men doubtful, because of the hypocrisy of their lives."

4. Humility is not infrequently found in the character of outcast women. They do not excuse or defend their sinful life.

5. It is "foolish" and "a crime" and "utterly silly" to generalize about fallen women. Many sin from hunger.

This is the whole of the pamphlet. We have faithfully reproduced every leading proposition it contains. The point treated at most length in it is the hypocrisy of men.—ED. NATION.]

DALL'S ALASKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Trusting to the proverbial justice of the *Nation*, I ask an opportunity in your columns of refuting some serious misrepresentations, and defending myself against an unmerited reproach contained in a criticism in your issue of the 7th on "Alaska and its Resources."

The points to which I refer are as follows:

1. The statement is made that I have left unmentioned the explorations of Capt. Raymond and their results; and the inference is directly drawn that it was done intentionally from unworthy motives. Was it want of care or of candor which omitted, after quoting the expression, "This completes the history of the explorations of the Yukon," to notice the qualifying phrase of the paragraph, five lines below, "previous to July, 1868, as far as is known to me"?

It was never my intention to carry the historical notes on the Territory beyond the date of the transfer, and at the time the above words were written Captain Raymond had not reached San Francisco on his return. The position of Fort Yukon was communicated verbally to me by that gentleman long afterward, and was then inserted in the electrotype plates which had already been cast. That I did not acknowledge this courtesy in the preface was due to the fact that it was already printed. His preliminary report, which, however, contains nothing new except the position of Fort Yukon, is duly referred to in the Appendix. It is to be presumed that his final report will not long be delayed, and in it we may anticipate a valuable contribution to North American geography.

2. The reviewer objects to my strictures on a certain map as "decidedly less than magnanimous" toward Mr. Whymper. Assuming the criticism to be made in good faith, it appears that he cannot have read my remarks nor examined the said map. Not a word can be found in the whole volume in any way reflecting upon Mr. Whymper or his work, and the assumption that I have so reflected is destitute of any foundation in fact. The facts are these: Mr. Whymper did not construct the map which accompanies his book, nor is there any evidence that he assisted in its construction. Mr. Arrowsmith, as I distinctly state in the remarks referred to (p. 291), and as the map itself bears evidence, constructed and drew it from Mr. Whymper's bearings and notes, and from Zagoskin's map; and, *in so doing, introduced several gross errors*, not appearing in the latter nor warranted by Mr. Whymper's notes, if, as I suppose, they agreed in substance with my own. This "more than reprehensible" carelessness in a professed geographer called forth my criticism, with the remark that it should be "a warning to future explorers to be careful into whose hands they put their information." How this can be twisted into "an invidious allusion to the legitimate labors of a fellow-traveller" passes my comprehension! The result for Mr. Arrowsmith is, however, that instead of being wrong to the extent of thirty-eight minutes in latitude and one degree and forty-six minutes in longitude (as my "few compass bearings and skilful guesses" brought me), he has gone wrong, from nearly the same data, to the extent of fifty-eight minutes in latitude and two degrees and twenty-four minutes in longitude, besides introducing several gross and *unnecessary* errors. I hope this will be sufficient to repel the baseless charge of petty meanness toward other explorers, which I feel the more deeply as my most earnest endeavor throughout the book has been to do the most impartial justice to every explorer who had visited the Territory up to the date of writing, "July 1868, as far as was known to me."—I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant, WM. H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, July 9, 1870.

[We of course did not know that it was "never Mr. Dall's intention to carry the historical notes on Alaska beyond the date of the transfer." We presumed his purpose to be, as he defines it in the very first sentence of his preface, "to comprise in a small compass the most valuable part of the present knowledge of Alaska. His "qualifying phrase" was omitted by us because it does not affect, grammatically or logically, his unqualified statement that his account "completes the history of the explorations of the Yukon." The sentence in which it occurs, and the only one which it qualifies, *merely enumerates the white persons who, up to the date mentioned, had been upon the river.* The mention of the title of Captain Raymond's report, under the head of "Executive Documents," in the Appendix, does not invalidate our statement that the steamer expedition of 1869, in many respects the most remarkable journey ever made on the Yukon, is nowhere mentioned by Mr. Dall. If it was not proper to take notice of this exploration before the party got back to San Francisco, a sentence or two on the subject might have been subsequently added in the Appendix or elsewhere, together with other matter which Mr. Dall appears to have found no difficulty in introducing.

We were aware that Mr. Dall affects in his book to disclaim the application of his severe comments upon the map of Whymper and Arrowsmith to the former gentleman; and we must adhere to our opinion, nevertheless, that these comments do reflect upon Mr. Whymper. Accepting Mr. Dall's declaration of an earnest desire to do impartial justice, we must point out to him that the map in question was constructed from the notes of Mr. Whymper, presented by him to the Royal Geographical Society, and published in his book. Mr. Whymper is as much responsible for it as Mr. Dall for the sketch which accompanies his own book. If unnecessary errors should be discovered in Mr. Dall's map (and the course laid down for the Stikine River, though tardily atoned for in a note, might be called by a severe critic a quite "unnecessary" blunder), would it be fair to assail vehemently the person who constructed and drew the map, presuming that he did not follow the notes given him? Mr. Dall's strictures are none the less severe upon Mr. Whymper for being nominally directed against Mr. Arrowsmith. "Qualifying phrases" must be more skilfully applied if they are to turn aside the force of language so strong and clear. Moreover, Mr. Arrowsmith's experience as a map constructor is far greater than Mr. Dall's, and should protect him against such assaults of conjectural criticism.—ED. NATION.]

A QUESTION FOR MR. JAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has Mr. Henry James anywhere indicated the methods by which he would secure a substantial amelioration of the marriage state? I mean *practical* methods, such as plain people can understand, and within which they may at once begin to labor. If, for instance, he invokes the aid of legislation, what should be the nature and scope of the bill which a legislator, so minded, should propose? If he relies upon education, what book or books should a school committee, with his proposed reform at heart, prescribe as text-books? C. I. S.

ATCHISON, KAN., July 9, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD announce three reprints of books for children, of which one at least will be welcomed. They are: "The House on Wheels, or the Stolen Child," which is translated from the French, and is illustrated with twenty engravings; "Letters Everywhere," consisting of stories and rhymes for children; and the last year's book of Mr. Lewis Carroll's—"Behind the Looking-Glass, and what Alice Found There," the Alice being the Alice of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and the new volume being profusely illustrated by Tenniel.——Messrs. Sever & Francis will publish translations of a story by Björnson, entitled "Railroad and Churchyard:" of a story called "Old Olaf," by Thoreson, another Scandinavian writer; and of a story by Goldschmidt with the title of "The Flying Mail."——Harper & Brothers announce a volume to be called "The Life and Speeches of Charles Dickens." Here we may properly mention the fact that Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith and of Landor, and a most intimate friend of Dickens, is understood to be engaged to write his life. People who have read the Landor, and not the Goldsmith, may by possibility have their doubts about Mr. Forster's being the best man to do the work; but those who know both the lives we mention will expect an admirable book. For that matter, the "Life of Landor," if imperfectly appreciative of Landor's character, and too eulogistic of his powers of mind and the value of his works, is nevertheless a very interesting mine of literary history, biography, criticism, and anecdote. The man on vacation who wants but one book with him could hardly find a better book than this one to put into his trunk, and it would last a lazy reader a reasonably long vacation too.——Messrs. Fields & Osgood announce that they will publish in book-form the sketches of an Englishwoman's life at the court of the late King of Siam, of which some, but not the best, have already appeared in the *Atlantic*.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who, more than any other of our publishers, convey by their selection of books for publication the distinctive impression of taste, are going to republish the now somewhat dimly famous "Margaret," by Sylvester Judd. All critics who have read it speak very highly indeed of this novel, and declare that, except Hawthorne, no one comes near Mr. Judd's excellence as a maker of the New England novel. There will, at all events, be satisfaction and refreshment in going back to the fountain-head again; certainly, for some time the lower parts of the stream of New England novels have afforded pretty vapid drinking. The same house will publish in the fall Jean Ingelow's new volume.——A novel which will deal with other than Eastern phases of American life is promised in the *Galaxy*. The West Point officer stationed in the West is to figure in it, we believe, and he is a comparatively new personage in any of the respectably high regions of fiction, though the Dime novels have had something to say of him. Mr. De Forest is the only good writer that we can recall who has had luck in depicting the West Pointer as he appears after having undergone a certain amount of frontier demoralization. The author of the new story is for the present anonymous.

—A correspondent writes to ask where he may find, if he may find at all, these works of Cooper's: "An Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief," "Gleanings in Europe," "Letter to my Countrymen," "The American Democrat," "Sketches in Switzerland," "Sketches in France," "Sketches in Italy," "Sketches in England," and "The Middle States of America." We think that all of these works are long out of print, if indeed it is not true that one of them, the "Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief," never was in print in book-form, but appeared only as a magazine story. The various tours are, we believe, in two volumes each, except the tour in Switzerland, which is in four volumes, and the whole set of them, eight or ten in all, may still be picked up in the second-hand bookstores. Mr. W. Gowans, for instance, of 115 Nassau Street in this city, could, no doubt, supply our correspondent with them, and also with the "American Democrat" and the "Letter to my Countrymen." These latter, which are more valuable than the others, as being very full of Cooper in his most aggressive self-assertiveness, and being roundly abusive and arrogant, and also as being marked books in our literary history, are of more than one edition; but the tours, which are of small interest, were never, we think, printed more than once. Still, as we say, all can probably be got. Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Adams, publishers, of this city, could perhaps give our correspondent some information on this point if he desires any. We observe that Allibone says that the old firm of which Mr. Townsend was the principal member, once made "a complete edition of Cooper's works." This statement is meant, we take it, to cover only the author's works in fiction, for on the next page, in a list furnished Mr. Allibone by Mr. Townsend's firm, we count just thirty-four titles, all of novels, and of all the novels; and we suppose that there was never a really complete edition of Cooper's works in every field of literature which he cultivated. But Mr. Gowans or Mr. Townsend, either of them, is better informed on the subject than we are. The neglect of Cooper, which our correspondent thinks remarkable and rather lamentable, seems to us not injudicious nor undeserved. Such of his works as are good are, we suppose, the most popular novels at all the circulating libraries—more popular than even Dickens's at the Boston Public Library, let us say. It is the trash which he wrote hastily, and which he should not have consented to write, that the world now very properly and very kindly allows to sleep.

—Mr. Steiger, a German publisher of this city, whose name must be known to most of our readers, has hit upon a scheme which is interesting and which bids fair to be very useful. Everybody knows who has any familiar acquaintance with our German fellow-citizens that though they are nothing like so clannish as the Irish, and for that reason, and for the further reason that people of American blood and people of German have so much in common, they, nevertheless, give up unwillingly their nationality, do not at once become Americanized, and do not easily reconcile themselves to the thought that their children are to be out-and-out Americans. Their press in this country does much to foster this feeling, which is, of course, a natural feeling enough, and the outcry was great when some time since, in his "History of German Emigration to America," Mr. Frederick Kapp asserted that the hope of building up a new Germany in this country is an idle one; that the German immigration to the United States comes in contact with a defined, well-settled, powerful nationality, which has proved its ability to absorb other races, and which now cannot succumb to any foreign elements, nor be held off from assimilating them. German influence is most visible now at the West, for there it has founded new townships; but there the powerful American influence is permeating more and more thoroughly day by day, and to dream of a Germanesque Utopia in America is, Mr. Kapp would say, merely to dream. We are all to be Americans together—the American of the future doubtless getting a new tinge from the various new ingredients that are mixing with the blood of his fathers and mothers, but still being distinctively American, and not a new order of German or Irishman or Englishman. These views provoked, as we have said, a loud outcry in the German-American press, and Mr. Kapp received a good deal of undeserved and hasty abuse, of which some was bestowed on what were really his views, but much more on an exaggerated conception of them. These themselves we have given, substantially; but he was charged with a wish to make all Germans at once turn Americans, and even give up the use of the German speech. The matter has set itself right by this time, we imagine, and we should say that there is a much more general assent given to the opinion of Mr. Kapp than was given when his work first appeared. It is proper, by the way, to say that it is one of several works by the same learned and philosophical author which ought to be more generally read by Americans than they are. The "Life of Steuben," the "Life of De Kalb," the "History of American Slavery," the "History of the Soldier Traffic by German Princes in the American Revolutionary Period," are historical works of real research and real ability. Probably it is to Mr. Kapp's "History of German Emigration" and the controversy thereupon arising that we owe the scheme of Mr. Steiger's devising which we have mentioned. He intends to give prizes for essays bearing on German life in America; the first essay to be a "Historical Sketch of the Intellectual Vigor and Progress of the German Population of North America, and especially of the Influence of the German-American Press upon American Institutions." This is a very interesting topic, and ought to be fruitful of good writing. The prize, too, is a good one, and sufficient to stimulate men of real ability, for it is the unusually large one of eight hundred dollars. Should the experiment turn out well, Mr. Steiger will follow it up by propounding for discussion questions kindred in nature to the one above given, and offering for each a prize of the same value. The result will not, we hope, fail to be a little library of very good essays. In the *Literarischer Monatsbericht* for July those who are interested in the subject will find full particulars.

—It is, no doubt, a useful custom which exists in many, if not all, of our colleges—that of compiling statistics of each class as it is on the point of graduating; but it has for some of its results things that are absurd and disagreeable. Perhaps if the spirit is there, we may as well have the letter—though this we doubt—but certainly the printing of statistics such as these, for example, does nothing to raise the reputation of American colleges. We copy from the "Statistics of the Class of 1870 of Yale College":

> "Turn we next to corrupted or abbreviated names and nicknames. In this particular our class can hold its own with any of its predecessors. Of the first class there are the following:
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> "Back, Beack, Betsy, Bonus, Carp, Del; Nate, Joth, De, Fafner, Josh *alias* Fe, Hess, Hoad, Jenks, Janz *alias* Janst, Kel (2), Link, Phil *alias* Phlip *alias* Philander *alias* Philemon alias Lin, Tomp (-y), Cutch *alias* Scutch (-eon), Mart, Mase, Met *alias* Calf, Perk, Rile, Rob, Schaife *alias* Saif *alias* Skaife *alias* Scaipo *alias* Shafe *alias* Lauri, Shep, Silli *alias* Shyleman, Swain, Tom, Van *alias* Schoony, Word. Of the nicknames, a number are omitted, as being used rarely or by only one or two intimate friends. The following are considered worthy of record—in this, as in the preceding list, those most used being put first, when there is any choice: Pill *alias* Champion *alias* Shanks Lazy, Beer-barrel, Wicked Rascal, Bummer, Baron Von Mauch Chunk *alias* Barny the Baron *alias* Old Innocence *alias* Cook *alias* Doctor *alias* Nicky Nubble, Ricardi *alias* Charpont *alias* Carpe diem, Zack, Spoon, Stub, Pater *alias* Dad, Old Business, Jock, Pus *alias* Jack *alias* Dicker *alias* Das Grose *alias* Fat Rascal *alias* Squaw, Daniel, Judge, Fagan the Jew, Marcus Aurelius," and so forth and so forth, to the extent of a hundred more.

This is a sort of inane vulgarity to which one would suppose a four years' course of the humanities would make it impossible that young men past their majority should descend. It would hardly be pleasing to us to have applied here Mr. Matthew Arnold's principle of judging of the civilization and culture of a community by the names which its members bear. "The girl Wragg" was, we believe, the designation that gave him pause, and set him moralizing on the inherent delicacy and loveliness of British nature as made manifest even in its nomenclature. The strength of brain and the polish of our average undergraduate would no doubt afford matter for some of his peculiarly civil speculation if he were to come upon the list given above. Here is another item deemed important enough for publication. "C takes the lead in the line of surname initials, boasting twenty-three representatives, of seven of whom it has been bereaved; but B suffers most of all, having lost twelve out of twenty-one. J, Q, U, X, Y, and Z have been unknown in '70, and we regret to say that of the others all but E have lost some of their representatives, from one cause or another." The terms "bereavement" and "loss" refer, no doubt, to suspensions or expulsions, or both. Not so silly perhaps—though we are not sure about that—but perhaps more vulgar and offensive is a custom which, as we guess from the same "Statistics," Yale still keeps up, as also, we believe, Harvard does—the custom, namely, of collecting a certain sum of money—generally as many dollars as the number (above 1800) of the class's year of graduation—and holding it as a fund for the purchase of a cradle, which is given to the member of the class who shall first become the father of a child. Much more honored in the breach than the observance are all such customs, and it is a pity that there is hardly a college in the country which is not given over to a greater or less amount of such puerility and folly. Faculties are practically powerless in the matter, and there is nothing to be done but wait for the more thorough emancipation and culture of the average undergraduate.

—From the sensible part of the work of the Yale compilers we learn that the average age of the young men who have just been graduated is 22 yrs. 6 mos. and 14 days. The youngest of the 113 graduates of this year was 19 yrs. 5 mos. and 24 days; while the oldest was 27 yrs. 6 mos. and 3 days, and appears not to have entered college till after he had gone through the war—in fact, not till after he had gone through a term of imprisonment at Andersonville. Of the classes immediately preceding this one, the average age seems to have been about the same with that just given. The average age of the class of '69 was 22 yrs. and 29 days; of '68, 22 yrs. 4 mos. 28 days; of '67, 22 yrs. 3 mos. 19 days; of '66, 22 yrs. 4 mos. 17 days. Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio furnish a very heavy majority of the graduates; while of the Southern States, only Louisiana, Kentucky, Maryland, and Tennessee appear in the list, and they are represented by but six men. Eighty, on the other hand, is the number of men representing the four Northern States we have named, Connecticut having 32 out of this number, New York 28, Pennsylvania 12, and Ohio 8. Massachusetts claims 9 of the 113. The New England element being thus strong, it is not surprising to learn that the class of '70 contains 52 Congregationalists—or at least persons who attend Congregationalist churches—31 Presbyterians, and 3 Baptists—a leaven of Calvinism which ought to keep all New Haven sound. Most of these Calvinists, too, are church-members; not less than 44 of the Congregationalists communicate, and of the whole class, 64 per cent. were members of some church. Unitarianism seems not to have existed in '70; but there were 17 Episcopalians, of whom 6 were communicants, 3 Methodists, 1 Universalist, 1 "Christian," 1 Lutheran, 1 Romanist, and 1 Quaker. 26 men "drink," 56 smoke, 8 chew tobacco, 7 "drink, smoke, and chew," 11 "smoke and drink," 87 play cards, and 83 dance—on the whole, not a bad showing, if the figures are accurate. But, then, doubtless the college communities are as free from vicious practices as any secular communities in the country. The vast majority of American college students work faithfully and behave themselves well. The average weight of these young Americans of twenty-two and a half years is 148 5-7ths pounds, and their average girth of chest something more than 36 inches. The average height is 5 feet 8 9-10ths inches. The predominant complexion would seem to be light, or, at any rate, not to be called dark. Blue and gray eyes were to hazel, brown, and black as 70 to 43; and men with black hair were but 18 in number, while those with red or light brown hair were 36, and those with darker brown 59.

—The American traveller who has seen Rome doubtless remembers the two colossal equestrian statues on the Quirinal Hill, or, as the modern Italians call it, Monte Cavallo. These statues bear respectively the inscriptions "Opus Phidiæ," "Opus Praxitelis," and, by general consent, have long been attributed to Praxiteles and Phidias. Winckelman gave this opinion the force of authority by adopting and advocating it. But archæologists and artists have since Winckelman's day exchanged doubts as to the generally accepted origin of these superb works, and now agree that not only were they not intended to represent Castor and Pollux, but could not have had the origin attributed to them. They were brought from Alexandria to Rome by order of the Emperor Constantine, and placed where they now stand by order of Pope Sixtus V. In 1865, Monsignor Falconieri, the editor of Nardi's *Roma Antica*, and the author of several treatises of recognized erudition, wrote a memoir upon these statues, in which he sets aside the Castor and Pollux theory, as also another which would make them represent Alexander taming Bucephalus, and shows that they were intended simply for horses in training by grooms for the public games and festivals of the day—a theory to us strongly borne out by our recollection of the total absence of nobility in the men's figures, which, although admirably executed, had received nothing at the hands of the artist intended to make them heroic. The whole subject is thoroughly discussed in an octavo lately published in Rome, "I Colossi di Montecavallo," which includes the memoir of Falconieri above alluded to.

—The mention of Sixtus V. reminds us that Baron Hübner, the well-known diplomat who for so many years represented Austria at the principal courts of Europe, has lately given the literary world an excellent life of that distinguished Pope. Sixtus V. will be remembered as Cardinal Montalto, originally the son of a swineherd, who by his talents elevated himself to the highest honors, and on being elected in the Conclave threw away his crutches, etc. These are some of the traits which, according to popular tradition, mark his history. Baron Hübner makes short work with these and all other stories not warranted by strict history. His work is confined strictly to the relation of facts supported by documentary evidence, much of which, from the archives of Vienna, Rome, Paris, and Simancas, is now for the first time given to the world.

—The chair in the French Academy vacated by the death of M. Sainte-Beuve, has been awarded by vote to M. Jules Janin. The vacancies caused by the deaths of M. de Pongerville and the Duc de Broglie have been filled by the election of M. Xavier Marmier and M. Duvergier de Hauranne. M. Marmier had for concurrents and opponents MM. de Loménie, Rousset, Jules Lacroix, Edmond About, Laya, and Léon Halévy.

—As reasonably certain as anything we know of the history of so remote a period as fourteen hundred years ago is the fact that Attila, King of the Huns, surnamed the Scourge of God, invaded the countries of Gaul in the year 451, sacked Treves, Worms, Mentz, Arras, and several other cities, and was finally defeated, with great loss, by the combined Roman and Visigoth forces under Aetius, Theodoric, and Thorismond. Two battles, it is said, were fought—one near Orleans, in which Theodoric was killed; the other at Mauriac. The second battle (Campus Mauriacus) was the decisive defeat, and while perfectly willing to believe that many Huns came to grief on that occasion, we decline accepting the statements of the chroniclers that Attila's loss amounted to 200,000 men killed. For the past thirty years a vehement archæological-historical controversy has raged in France as to the locality of those battles, and more especially of the Campus Mauriacus, to which Attila retreated after his first defeat. Twelve years ago, M. Amédée Thierry lavished a wealth of erudition on the subject in his "Histoire d'Attila;" and the titles alone of the various treatises and essays on Attila's invasion published in France since that period would fill one of our columns. They contain, it is true, a great deal of matter purely local, inasmuch as the question turns upon the identification of a geographical point; but the discussion has thrown many singular lights on a variety of interesting questions, such as the history and character of the prominent men of the epoch, the composition of the barbaric armies, the method of combat, the style and management of weapons and armor, etc. The last and one of the very best essays on the subject is entitled "La Campagne d'Attila: Invasion des Huns dans les Gaules en 451, par Anatole de Barthélemy."

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE COUNCIL.[*]

ALTHOUGH this trenchant *brochure*, which has already reached a second edition, is published anonymously, it is no secret that it is from the pen of M. Jules Gaillard, an attaché of the Cabinet of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, a devout Catholic, but of the enlightened and liberal school of Montalembert, Hyacinthe, Gratry, and the Archbishop of Paris. Until the seal of secrecy shall be broken, and the interior history of the Council exposed to the world, we may accept this as the most thorough, exact, and searching analysis of the constitution, the motives, and the working of the Council likely to be made by any one not a member of it, and as even more honest and impartial than a member could be expected to give. A preliminary section treats of the unwisdom of convening a council for the general objects vaguely presented in the original bull of indiction; for, as to science, "the spirit of research and analysis will not be discouraged by anathemas, and the sanctity of the faith could only be compromised by theological incursions upon the domain of observation and of pure reason;" and, as to civil affairs, the political and social problems now in process of evolution in modern society are not sufficiently resolved for the church to pronounce authoritatively upon the relations of these to the faith; in a word, the external questions which the Council was summoned to determine, either lie beyond the competence of the church, or are too inchoate for a dogmatic judgment.

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[*] "Ce qui se passe au Concile." Paris: Henri Plon, Imprimeur-Editeur. 1870. Pp. 212.

On the other hand, as Gaillard, like Hyacinthe, affirms, the church itself has need of a reformation in its own order and discipline—a return to the principle of diocesan autonomy, a revival of that synodal activity that for fifteen centuries was her strength and glory, and a modification of the Sacred College that would admit the various Catholic nations to their proportionate representation, and replace the Roman Congregation by delegates from the clergy of the entire world. For such reforms it might have been worth while to convene a council; but nothing was further from the thought of Pius IX. and his advisers, and nothing is more hopeless in the Council as now constituted and controlled.

Soon after the Council was resolved upon, the intentions of the Roman Curia began to develop themselves in the very extraordinary methods of anticipating and shaping its labors and decisions. Preparatory commissions, appointed by the Pope and convened in a mysterious silence at Rome, were to ease the reverend fathers of the discussion of vexed questions, by well-digested dogmas, to be submitted to their approval. At the same time, the memory of Bossuet began to be disparaged, and his disciples were assailed as unfaithful to the unity of the church; it was assumed that the session of the Council would be brief; that it would readily accept the doctrines of the Syllabus, and by a supernatural afflatus would declare the dogmatic infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff; the Papal benediction was sent in advance to doctors, editors, and ecclesiastics who were forward to espouse this dogma, and those who showed opposition, or even hesitancy, were subjected to the petty annoyances which the Papal court knows so well how to direct against subjects that will not bend to its will. In these preliminary "symptoms," the direct urgency of the Pope for the dogma of Infallibility began to appear; but the whole scheme of the ultramontanists became patent in the composition of the Council, and the regulations imposed upon it by the three bulls promulgated at its opening—the *Multiplices Inter*, which deprived the fathers of the right of organizing their own body; the *Apostolicæ Pedis*, which revived the anathemas of the famous Bull *In Cœna Domini;* and the *Cum Romanis Pontificibus*, which commanded the indefinite adjournment of the Council in the event of the Pope's decease, though this last was according to precedent.

In analyzing the composition of the Council, Gaillard shows the alarming growth of centralization at Rome during the present century. One effect of popular revolutions resulting in the disunion of church and state, or rather in an antagonism between the state and the Papacy, as in South America, Italy, and Spain, has been to deprive the episcopate of a certain independence of Rome that it once possessed, and, by curtailing its resources and putting it under the ban of the civil power, to cast it absolutely into the hands of the Roman court. Bishops who once could use the temporal prince as an ally against the usurpations of Rome are now completely at the mercy of the Pope. Moreover, in England, Holland, and the United States, the bishops are of the Propaganda, whose discipline is like that of an army in the field. Of the 759 prelates having a voice in the Councils, 50 are cardinals, 100 apostolic vicars, 50 generals of orders and mitred abbots; more than 100 are bishops of the Propaganda; 276 are Italians, and of these 143 belong to the Pontifical States. Here are 580 presumably, with a few individual exceptions, in the interest of the Roman See, leaving but 180 representatives of churches—the German, the French, the Portuguese—that retain a certain autonomy. Of the 1,100 existing bishoprics in the Roman Catholic Church, 900 are to-day at the absolute disposal of the Pope. Well might *La Civilità Cattolica* boast in advance that "the bishops of the whole world would be in such accord upon the main questions, that the minority, however eloquent it might be, would not be able to keep up an opposition."

This prediction has been verified in the course of the Council upon the dogma of Infallibility. The remonstrants have been able and eloquent, but their motives have been traduced, their voices silenced, their dignities threatened. The Pope, who at first affected to be restrained by modesty from taking the initiative upon the question of infallibility, at length sent to the Council a *schema*, declaring that the infallibility of the Roman pontiff covers the same subjects to which the infallibility of the church now extends; and this was supported in various allocutions, letters, and official audiences, and by the devices of moral coercion in private. M. Gaillard shows that this dogma will work the destruction of the episcopate, and for bishops at the head of dioceses will substitute apostolic prefects. It will subject all forms of human science to the arbitrary censure of the Pope. It will annihilate within the church freedom of conscience and of will. It will lodge the power of anathema and of persecution in the caprice, and, it may be, the malice, of a single man, impersonating the Inquisition in the Pope. In one word, the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope is *the consecration of theocracy*—the declaration of religious absolutism in its highest form—the Pope the only church, and the sole organ of the divine oracles.

THE POPULATION OF AN OLD PEAR-TREE.*

A MOST charming as well as instructive little book, with more excellence, marred by less error, than is usual in popular presentations of natural history. Since Réaumur produced the six ponderous volumes of his "Mémoires," a hundred and thirty years ago, many authors of all nations have aimed to describe the life of insects, so as to interest and amuse, as well as instruct. But while all their endeavors have been more or less praiseworthy and useful, there is not one, from the time-honored "Introduction" of Kirby and Spence to Figuier's "Insect World," which does not convince the reader that to portray the doings of animals in a manner at once attractive and true to fact is no easy task. One work is too big, another too little; one is too dry with barren statement, another deluged with baseless fancies; one author has copied what he finds in his too convenient city library, another has seen things strangely, for lack of outside help; one describes the doings of beetles and bugs which are more or less interesting to him, as they destroy his crops, disturb his rest, or accomplish wonderful things among themselves; another sees in them the embodiments of his own passions and faculties, and falls to moralizing upon humanity good or bad, so often and so copiously that the ordinary reader is unable to follow or appreciate him, and lays down the "Episodes of Insect Life" with the wish that the entomology had been condensed into two volumes, and the sermons and metaphysics left for a third, which he might read when in want of mental gymnastics.

Our author is not altogether free from this tendency, but the most serious objection to his work is the very unnecessary employment of supernatural means in order to exhibit the population of the old pear-tree. He has taken a walk, and lain down at the foot of the tree; he falls asleep. So far it is very matter-of-fact; but then he says: "All at once my senses became marvellously acute. . . . I now saw the face of nature under a quite novel aspect—from the point of view of the smallest members of creation. . . . This is no exaggeration; I really saw what I describe," etc. Now, we may grant, if we like, that he went to sleep, and there are not many incredible statements of what he saw while sleeping; but, if he did go to sleep, he certainly saw nothing except in dreams, and dreams are not over-accurate in matters of fact; and, finally, it was perfectly easy for him, or any one else, to see all he says he saw while in a fully wakeful state. If the introduction were pure fancy or pure fact, no objection could be raised, but to mingle the two is like placing a mermaid in a museum of natural history, or pretending that your baboon is a gorilla. We hope the time may come when scientific writers will faithfully acknowledge truth to be stranger than fiction, and when fantastic and impossible fancies shall no longer be thought an indispensable appetizer for a wholesome meal from nature's storehouse.

There is one other matter in the introduction which needs mention. On page 10, the author alludes to the pain which he caused some insects by treading upon them. As an entomologist, he doubtless knew that there is abundant evidence that insects suffer little, if any, pain from injury and mutilation; indeed, it may be doubted whether any other organs than the antennæ can suffer at all.

As was said at the outset, the statements are remarkably free from error; but a few corrections should be made. On page 13, it is said that the spider's mouth "bore a pair of mandibles and two hooks," and that these latter were "terminated each by a small hole;" more accurately, the hooks are the continuations of the mandibles or *falces*, and the holes are *at* the ends thereof. On page 14, the spinnerets are described as "four conical humps," with no allusion to the additional pair which all epeiridæ possess, concealed between the other two pair.

The sound made by the mole-cricket is described by our author (page 22) as like "the tinkling of a silver bell;" but Kirby and Spence say it is "low, dull, jarring, and uninterrupted." The transformations of the cockchafer are said (p. 30) to occupy four years, while three is by far the more usual number. Why the "waving" of wings should cause them to fall is hard to understand (p. 64), and it is more likely that a more vigorous and unnatural movement is required to enable the ants to dislocate them.

The "obsequies of a field-mouse" are most interesting, but in the text no allusion is made to the female necrophorus, and the male is credited with all the labor, even to *laying the eggs!* But the engraving represents three beetles, which is just one more than would be welcome at such a funeral ceremony. The intimation is also made that for a necrophorus to raise a field-mouse is an impossibility; we have seen one of them raise a good-sized *rat*, and shift it along, so as to remove it a foot in a short time, in order to reach the hole in which it had been previously buried.

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* "The Population of an Old Pear-tree; or, Stories of Insect Life. From the French of E. Van Bruyssel. Edited by the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'" New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870. 8vo, pp. 221. $1 75.

So much for adverse criticism upon the text. The illustrations are wonderfully good—correct, and spirited almost to perfection; but they are in many places strangely misplaced for ten or more pages, and may thus confuse, if not wholly mislead, the unentomological reader. The cuts are not even numbered or named; a predatory beetle appears among the description of ants; a number of other coleoptera dance a jig at the opening of a chapter on hymenoptera; further on, in the same chapter, a beetle performs upon the guitar; and last, and worst of all, the mole-cricket, described upon page 24, appears upon page 37, directly under a reference to a cockchafer. These are very serious faults of arrangement, and there is no excuse for them; but were there ten times as many, the cuts themselves are so uniformly excellent, the descriptions so lively yet correct, and the whole spirit of the author so fully in harmony with the best of nature's teachings, that we can only repeat our opening words, and add that "The Population of an Old Pear-tree" is not only one of the prettiest but one of the best little books upon insects that we have ever seen.

HESEKIEL'S "BISMARCK."*

HERR HESEKIEL is as thorough-going an admirer of Bismarck as Mr. John S. C. Abbott is of Napoleon. He sees in him not only a most successful statesman, exalted high above others, and "able to maintain himself even at the elevation at which God the Almighty has placed him for the good of his native country," a Prussian patriot in whose bosom "the fountain ever freshly runs whence he draws continual renovation for the service of his king," but also—what very few observers of his career have as yet seen in him—"a thoroughly honest politician—honest to such a degree that his political adversary is sometimes puzzled, and suspects some snare in his very openness." He asserts this with a bold face almost worthy of his subject, ready to "demonstrate the proposition," but defends himself against the possible suspicion of flattering a great minister and patron, by stating that he merely acknowledges "that his honesty has been implanted in the nature of Bismarck by the Almighty, that it could not but develop itself and become a sustaining principle," which makes it clear that in praising Bismarck he only means to praise the Lord. So much piety can certainly not surprise us in a man of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which Herr Hesekiel is, nor can so much admiration of Bismarck surprise us in a journalist who has so long fought with and under him "against liberalism and . . . the Mamelukes of this most evil despot."

Our author does not waste too many pages in demonstrating his proposition, filling his book chiefly with unpolitical as well as unphilosophical notices and anecdotes concerning the ancestry, the estates, the youth, the travels, and peculiarities of his hero—details tolerably interesting, perhaps, to a large portion of the Prussian public, but hardly of any interest to readers who have no Königgrätz to give thanks for—and with letters and extracts from speeches, meant to be illustrative of times, character, and political events—but so little and so poorly illustrative, in fact, as to leave the reader not otherwise informed in almost total darkness regarding the true character of recent Prussian history and of the statesman who so conspicuously figures in it. Nor do we intend wasting words in disproving our author's proposition or in showing up the real merits and demerits of his historico-biographical sketch—for this can hardly be considered a serious literary production; but we cannot refrain from quoting one anecdote and one letter out of the many contained in the "Life," in order to show what stuff can find a place in a German political panegyric, and find, besides, a British translator and an American republisher. Nor is the following the worst trash presented us in the form of either anecdotes or letters:

> "Bismarck wished to reinvigorate himself by a thorough hunting-party; he conferred with the Privy Councillor Oppermann, one of 'the mighty hunters' of Prussia; this gentleman joined him with enthusiasm, and communicated through the Oberförstmeister von Wedell, in Schleusingen, to obtain a woodcock foray with the famous shot Oberförster Klingner. Bismarck and Oppermann left Erfurt one morning together. At the first stage the travellers refreshed themselves at Arnstadt, as keen sportsmen, thinking nothing of the caddish opinions of the day, by a plentiful breakfast at eight o'clock, of delicate groundlings, and drank 1811 Bocksbeutel therewith. At the succeeding station they whetted their appetites with trout and drank beer with them, as the nectar of 1811 would allow no other wines to attract the palate. On their arrival at Schleusingen, at 3 P.M., they had more trout and beer; then an interview and arrangements with the Oberförster, and in the evening more trout, which Oppermann ate with wine-sauce, Bismarck remaining true to beer despite of urgent dissuasions. At night, about 12 o'clock, the Oberförster made his appearance with a keeper, to take the gentlemen off to the forest. Bismarck, however, was in a very lamentable plight; the mixture of fish and beer did not suit his constitution, and he was in a feverish state. He was advised to have some peppermint and stop in bed, but it was in vain; the keen sportsman was not afraid of stomach-ache; he was soon dressed, and away they went. Oppermann fired and killed a bird, but Bismarck returned home with nothing. . . . ."

> "BISMARCK TO FRAU VON ARNIM.—Schönhausen, 28th June, 1850.—I write you a solemn letter of congratulation on the occasion (I think) of your twenty-fourth birthday. (I won't tell anybody of this). You are now really a major, or, rather, would have been so, had you not had the misfortune to belong to the female sex, whose limbs [*sic* for members], in the eyes of jurists, can never emerge from minority—not even when they are the mothers of the lustiest of Jacks. Why this apparent injustice is a very wise arrangement I will instruct you when, I hope some fortnight hence, I have you *à la portée de la voix humaine* before me. Johanna—who at the present time is in the arms of Lieutenant Morpheus—will have written to you what is in prospect for me. The boy bellowing in a major key, the girl in minor, two singing nurse-girls, wet napkins and milk-bottles, myself in the character of an affectionate *paterfamilias*. I resisted a long time, but as all the mothers and aunts were unanimous that poor little Molly could only be cured by sea-water and air, I should, if I resisted any longer, have my avarice and my paternal barbarity paraded before me on the occasion of every cold the child will catch till it is seventy, with the words: 'Don't you see! Ah! if the poor child could but be gone to the sea-side!' The little being is suffering from the eyes, which are tearful and sticky. Perhaps this arises from the salt baths; perhaps from eye-teeth. . . . ."

The above extracts will also serve to give our reader an idea of the merits of the English translation. Let us add that the latter, from beginning to end, swarms with most ludicrous Germanisms. The illustrations alone are faithfully reproduced, and, though of little merit, they form perhaps the most valuable portions of the book, excepting a few vigorously written and slightly instructive letters of Bismarck's.

Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods (*from* B.C. 146 *to* A.D. 1100). (By E. A. Sophocles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870. Pp. xiv., 1188, 4to.)—Those who are busy counting up the sales of the last great novel by thousands and tens of thousands are probably not aware that a more remarkable book than the novel—in some respects the most remarkable book ever published in this country—has just been issued by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., in a modest edition of less than three hundred copies. We are not using extravagant language when we say that Sophocles's Greek Lexicon does greater honor to American scholarship than any work in the combined fields of classical and sacred learning that was ever published. We doubt whether there is another man living who could have written the book; if there is one, we have never heard of him.

We have no hesitation in claiming this work for American scholarship. It is true Mr. Sophocles was born under the shadow of Mount Pelion, and spent part of his youth on Mount Sinai, and is withal much more familiar with the road to that mountain from the Nile than were ever the children of Israel; but we cannot feel that we have a slight claim on the fame of a scholar who came to America in his youth, entered as an undergraduate at a New England college, and has spent the greater part of his life in teaching Greek to American students.

Let no one imagine that this learned work is written for book-worms, or for men of profound learning only. On the contrary, it interests every one whose studies in the New Testament or the Septuagint ever carry him to the Greek; that is, it *ought* to interest every clergyman in America and England. Never was such a broad field of observation opened to the student of ecclesiastical Greek. Here is a scholar whose view comprehends the entire Greek language, in its unbroken course, from Homer to the newspapers of modern Athens. His erudition is not based merely on a university knowledge of classic Greek, and a study of the Sacred Writings themselves; but he includes in his studies a range of literature little known to modern theologians, which is of inestimable value in the early history of Christianity, and illustrates by its language every book of the New Testament itself. Viewed merely as a lexicon to the New Testament and the Septuagint, illustrated by references to all the contemporary literature, the work of Professor Sophocles is well worthy the attention of every clergyman, and of every student of the Bible. It is, in fact, by far the best dictionary of the New Testament that has ever been made; and the scholar who is without it is behind the age.

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* "The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By John George Louis Hesekiel, author of 'Faust and Don Juan,' etc. Translated and edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of one hundred Illustrations, by Diez, Grimm, Pietsch, and others." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

The present Lexicon is the result of many years' hard and patient labor. Even a native Greek cannot read Greek by the hundred volumes without time and patience. To any one who wishes to see the basis on which the work rests, we commend the twenty closely printed columns of "authors referred to" which precede the Lexicon. It would rather surprise us to hear of any one, except Mr. Sophocles, and perhaps some maker of a biographical dictionary, who is acquainted with all the authors in this list; and we should respect the learning of a man who knew one-fifth of them. It requires but a slight inspection of the Lexicon to see that Mr. Sophocles has made a thorough study of their language, and has used it conscientiously in illustration of his subject. Some of his articles are almost grammatical treatises, while, at the same time, the richness of illustration does not interfere with the systematic arrangement or the ease of reference. We would refer any mere classical scholar to the article *ἵνα*, for example, that he may see how far his classical knowledge would help him in understanding the later uses of this simple particle. This list of authors should especially gratify those through whose liberality Harvard College library has been able to supply so many books of reference; and if we are greatly indebted to the subscriptions of the gentlemen whose names are prefixed to the work for the means of publishing it, we must not forget the munificence of Mr. William Gray and Mr. Stephen Salisbury, to whom we are quite as much indebted for the means of writing it.

The first results of the studies of Professor Sophocles in this field were printed, in 1860, by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as Vol. VII. of their Memoirs, under the title "A Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek." This work was really not published, as no copies were printed for sale, and the glossary itself filled only 480 pages of large type. The present Lexicon (apart from the introductory matter) fills 1132 closely printed pages, and is about three times as large as the Glossary. We find, for example, on opening the book at random, seventeen articles in the Glossary corresponding to fifty-two in the Lexicon; and the articles themselves, when repeated, are so enlarged and changed as to be really new. Once in a while we miss in the Lexicon a specimen of the author's peculiar exercise of his sense of humor which enlivened the less severe pages of the earlier work; for example, the definition of Στηλίτης as "an epithet given to those holy men whose love of admiration demanded that they should spend the greater part of their lives on the tops of pillars in the vicinity of large cities;" and that of *ἡ ὀρθοδοξία, orthodoxy*, as "usually equivalent to *ἡ ἡμέτερα δόξα, our opinion*." We must not omit to call attention to the valuable introductions which precede the Glossary and the Lexicon. These contain a history of the Greek language through its various fortunes, and will be an authority on many disputed points. The remarks on the *Troparia* (the hymns and chants of the Greek Ritual), which are given in full only in the introduction to the Glossary, are valuable to those who are interested in church music.

A Manual of Ancient History from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. (By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1869. 8vo, pp. 580.)—Mr. Rawlinson's "Manual of Ancient History" will be found a most useful book of reference. In respect to convenience of arrangement, clearness of statement, and general accuracy, it leaves nothing to be desired, and certainly has no rival in the field that it covers. We have found it especially satisfactory in the summaries that it gives of important groups or series of events, without entering into unimportant detail; such, for instance, as the legislation of Solon and the Gracchi, and the events of the Peloponnesian war.

In Oriental history, Mr. Rawlinson is himself an authority, and this outline will possess peculiar value. In Grecian history there are comparatively few obscure or difficult points, and the compiler has such good authority to follow in Grote, Hermann, and others, that there is little temptation to go astray. The Roman part, too, is excellent so far as events are concerned, but the internal history is strangely deficient; evidently Mr. Rawlinson has neither made a minute study of this subject—as indeed was to be expected—nor chosen the best authorities to follow. It would appear that, discouraged by the lack of agreement in later enquirers, he had thought the safest thing was to throw overboard all discussions since Niebuhr, and follow implicitly the views of that writer. At any rate his account is, in the main, that of Niebuhr, including points which are now almost universally rejected.

The account of the early patrician constitution is on the whole good, and does not require any remark. So with the Servian constitution; whether Servius established thirty tribes, as Mr. Rawlinson says, following Dionysius, or only four, as Livy has it, is a comparatively trifling matter. It is well known, at any rate, that the number in B.C 387 was twenty-one, so that, if there were originally thirty, there must be assumed a subsequent loss of territory of which we have no information. But we must object to the prominence which Mr. Rawlinson gives to the story that "it was said" that Servius intended to abdicate and establish a consular government—a wholly unlikely story, as it seems to us, and very far from being well supported by evidence. On page 348 this "is said," but on page 352 "Servius had designed," as if this alleged intention of a half-mythical king stood on the same footing of certainty with his centuriate and tribal organisms. On the other hand, we do not believe that Servius ever thought of *comitia* in connection with either the tribes or the centuries; it was not until the republic that these were used for legislative purposes.

The opinion that the first consul, Brutus, was a plebeian rests only upon the fact that the Bruti of the later republic were plebeians, and is wholly inconsistent with the general principles of the Roman constitution, as well as with the explicit statement of Livy (iv. 4), "*Nemo post reges exactos de plebe consul fuit.*" On the other hand, that plebeians sat in the Senate, both at the commencement of the republic and a hundred years later, is stated with equal distinctness (Liv. v. 12). Such a statement, therefore, as the following—even though supported by the great name of Niebuhr—ought not to be put forward categorically, seeing that it is at best nothing but an arbitrary and doubtful hypothesis: "No plebeian was allowed to enjoy the consulship after Brutus, and by degrees it grew to be forgotten that any but patricians had ever been regarded as eligible. No plan was adopted by which plebeians could obtain regular entrance into the Senate; and, as their life-members died off, the council of the nation was once more closed to them" (p. 353). So with the statement on p. 359, that, "prior to the Decemvirate, for above thirty years, the patricians had claimed and exercised the right of appointing, by their own exclusive assembly, one of the two consuls"—a view of Niebuhr's, which, as Becker remarks, "rests only upon a forced interpretation of single expressions used by the writers, while the sense of the whole passage is neglected." Mommsen indeed has proved, or at least shown it to be highly probable, that there was in the republic no exclusive assembly of the patricians at all.

Apart from these very material points, there are a few other expressions here and there that show a lack of exactness in Roman antiquities. On p. 353–4, he speaks of the *addicti* as "actual slaves," while it is clear, from the fact that an emancipated *addictus* did not rank as a freedman, that these were only *quasi*-slaves. P. 355, it is remarked that "the Roman was a volunteer army, not a conscription." Now the Roman army was a true militia; every freeholder between the ages of seventeen and sixty was obliged to serve. P. 356, he says of the Publilian Law of Volero that its "main importance" was "that it assumed the initiation in legislation, hitherto in the hands of the other order"—not even mentioning the purport of this law, which Mommsen pronounces "one of the most momentous in its consequences with which Roman history has to deal"! P. 431, in mentioning the restoration of the power of the tribunes among the measures of Pompey and Crassus, in B.C. 70, by which the legislation of Sulla was repealed, this is said to imply "the consequent resuscitation of the tribes"—as if the *tribes* had ever been abolished. Probably he means the *power* of the tribes, as exerted in their *comitia;* it is at any rate very inaccurately expressed.

A still stranger confusion is found in the list of the Roman provinces (454)—"Spain, Gaul, Germany, Vindelicia, Rhætia," etc. Now, admitting that Vindelicia was an independent province—it is made a part of Rhætia by such authorities as Marquardt and Kiepert—each of those others mentioned above was only a territorial name, the territory being in each case divided into two or more provinces; Spain into three (called by Mr. Rawlinson "portions"), Gaul into four (called by him "regions"), Germany into two (called by him "divisions"). Thus these five provinces were really ten or eleven.

But, while Mr. Rawlinson's view of Roman antiquities is defective, his Roman *history* is admirable. His views are sound, and he contrives to impart to it a remarkable degree of vigor and life for so brief a compend.

Seventy-five Popular Flowers, and How to Cultivate them. By Edward S. Rand, jr. (Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1870.)—Mr. Rand treats of things new and old in an earnest way which enlists our sympathies and interest at once. Of course there can be but little actually now said about the seventy-five popular flowers, their friends and cultivators having so often described them and their merits; but that little may be found in this book. Mr. Rand has himself cultivated the plants he writes about, and has found how well they are adapted to our climate, how they may be planted to give the best effects, and how and where they can be most cheaply procured. His favorites are not always our favorites; but the whole list is well selected, and it covers all the herbaceous plants that are actually necessary to make a flower-garden gay from spring to fall. With all their merits, however, they are but a small part of the list he might have described, and probably will describe, at some future time. There are so many persons now who love and cultivate flowers, that a really good book ought to have a wide circle of readers, and we hope Mr. Rand may be rewarded for his pains by a large sale. The title of "Seventy-five Flowers," let us say, is very modest; for, whilst seventy-five species are discussed, so many varieties come under each one that they number several hundred individuals. We can heartily advise all who have a little flower-garden which they want to make glorious at a small cost, to buy this book and learn therein how to do it.

Only a Girl; or, A Physician for the Soul. From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillem.—To the merit of producing readable and spirited translations, Mrs. Wister adds that of showing good taste in her selections of originals. Miss Marlitt was a writer whose acquaintance was certainly worth making by American novel readers; and Miss von Hillem, who resembles her somewhat, although she lacks a little of that freshness and spontaneity which made "The Old Ma'mselle's Secret" such pleasant reading, has still made a good story, which may be read with interest as well for the sake of the subjects it discusses as for the manner in which it is told. It is the "Woman Question" which gets Miss von Hillem's attention, and though she treats it in a fresh way, and is clever, and shows a good deal of knowledge, we fear she is not likely to be treated with much reverence or consideration by our Women's Rights agitators, since her investigations of the subject appear to have led her to conclusions widely diverse from theirs.

Her heroine is a woman who as a child has been left to the guardianship of an uncle—a scientific man of great acquirements, who has been put under the bans by his former professional associates for some malpractice which showed dishonesty. His ward possesses a large property which, in case of her dying unmarried, will fall to her uncle. Not being a vulgar knave—being in fact a most extraordinary sort, we are asked to believe, of rascal—he conceives the idea of killing not her body but her soul; or rather, of wearing out the one by means of the other, and of doing this in a way which shall at the same time earn him the unsuspecting gratitude of his victim. She has a good mind, and he proceeds to train it awry, and at great expense to her physical strength—flattering her meanwhile with the idea that, though only a girl, she has the intellectual strength of a man, and that he will cultivate it to the end that she may help to emancipate her sex, who owe their inferior position merely to the injustice of men, who have systematically kept them in ignorance. In this way he hopes to make her an object of aversion both to her own sex and the other, while he relies on her really noble character and his own constant surveillance to save her from any vulgar errors. He makes her an atheist and an ultra advocate of the rights of women, and when the time comes for her to make her sentiments known, which she does by attacking in well-written essays all forms of religious belief, and by seeking admission to one of the universities, she justifies the wisdom of his calculations by inspiring both men and women with horror. She is nevertheless beautiful and pure-minded, and Miss von Hillem of course rescues her from her entanglements, gives her for a lover one of the manly men one finds in women's novels, and humiliates her pride by countless trials to the point of her owning her love for him and accepting him in marriage, and makes her see by her utter failures and mistakes the sheer folly of her atheism. All this is managed well enough, if once one overlooks the ridiculous improbability of the main conception and is not repelled by the deliberate and gradual bringing about of a foregone conclusion.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1870.

The Week.

The most remarkable piece of war news is the revelation of a secret treaty, said to have been proposed by Louis Napoleon to Bismarck in 1866, by which France offered to acknowledge the validity of the recent Prussian acquisitions in Germany, and to acquiesce in the consolidation of North and South Germany, Austria excepted; Prussia, in return, to consent to, or assist in, the annexation of Luxemburg and Belgium to France. The authenticity of the document seems to be generally acknowledged, and was not denied by either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Granville in the British Parliament. There is no information as to the manner in which the proposition was received by Bismarck, but the impression seems to prevail that he considered it and rejected it, and that both parties have been guilty of great duplicity towards England and Belgium, to say nothing of other powers. The treaty has, however, all the air of a plan of Napoleon's for getting out of a bad scrape without fighting. One may be sure he would not have gone to war if Bismarck had shown signs of falling in with it. The effect of the revelation in England has been plainly exasperating, and will, doubtless, scare all the smaller powers. It throws a flood of light, too, on the causes of the Napoleonic quiescence in 1866, and the total failure of the scheme shows how thoroughly France was outwitted by Bismarck. The latter, who has probably kept the treaty ever since hanging over the Imperial head, has now shrewdly communicated it to the London *Times* as a "tickler" for England and Belgium. It seems likely to complicate the situation greatly, as it proves Napoleon to be even a more dangerous and ambitious schemer than he was generally supposed.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these incessant efforts to rearrange Europe, in which France has been engaged for nearly a century and a half, are the direct results of her keeping an enormous standing army at the disposal of the reigning sovereign, and exacting "brilliancy" from him as the condition of his tenure of office. With such an instrument in his hands, a man would be more than human if he refrained from attempts to use it. By the way, in view of the situation, what do our Woman's Rights friends think of the theory that there is no longer any necessary connection between "the ballot and the bayonet?"—that is, between political responsibilities and military duties? The painful truth is that the last twenty-two years have been, although not a period of incessant wars, one of the bloodiest periods in the history of the civilized world. It has had in it, besides the revolutionary struggles of 1848, four great wars and two little ones.

The facts of the situation, stripped of what is evidently absurd, sensational, or rhetorical in correspondents' and telegraphers' accounts, seem to be that Lebœuf, Bazaine, and MacMahon are with the main French army or armies, whose position seems to extend from Strasbourg on the Rhine to Thionville on the Moselle, having Bitsch, Sarreguemines, St. Avold, and Boulay for connecting points, and Metz and Nancy for chief base. This position offers the French the advantage of threatening at the same time a campaign in South-western Germany, possibly involving the occupation of Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Darmstadt, and Frankfort, and an invasion of the Rhenish Provinces of Bavaria and Prussia and the flanking of Luxemburg. To meet this double menace, the Prussians mass their forces on the strong defensive line along the Rhine, between the fortresses of Coblentz and Mentz, with advanced positions on the Saar, an affluent of the Moselle, running parallel with the above-mentioned section of the Rhine. Their most advanced—and, perhaps, most endangered—fortified supports are Rastadt, in Baden; Landau, in the Rhenish Palatinate; and Saarlouis, which faces Thionville and Metz. The Prussian headquarters are reported at Kreuznach, on the Nahe, an affluent of the Rhine, running parallel with the Moselle. The Prince-Royal, Prince Frederic Charles, and Herwarth von Bittenfeld are to command the left, center, and right, respectively, of the Prussian army; Von Falkenstein is to meet the French army under the Duke de Palikao, destined to operate on the coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic, in co-operation with the French fleet. Ostensibly for the latter purpose, a French fleet is concentrating at Dunkirk. The Cherbourg fleet has been reinforced by the fleet from Toulon. The main armies receive reinforcements from Algeria, and the evacuation of Rome, too, is said to be resolved upon. The fortifications of Paris are put in a state of defense. The departure of Napoleon to join the army is daily expected. The imperial guard has arrived at Nancy. The *garde mobile* is called out. Reports from either side boast of upward of a hundred thousand volunteers enrolled since the declaration of war, for the just cause.

There can hardly be any further doubt that Prussia has by this time the full control of the armies of the South-western German States—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse—and, to a degree, the sympathies of a majority of their inhabitants. It matters little whether Bavaria was, as the French say, or was not, misled into active co-operation with Prussia by a false announcement of Count Bray, her Prime Minister, that French troops had invaded Bavarian territory. Out of Germany and France, down to the ominous publication of "the proposed treaty" for joint Franco-Prussian land robbery, neutrality was the general watchword on the European continent, excepting, perhaps, Denmark. Not only Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland had declared for it, but also Spain—according to the *Moniteur*, by forming an alliance with France for its protection—Italy, though at the same time calling out two classes of reserves as a precautionary measure; and Austria and Russia. These two empires, however, do it with a reserve which seems to spring from their mutual relations, which are not much more friendly at bottom than those of France and Prussia. The Czar, in a note to the French Government, says "he will remain neutral as long as the interests of Russia do not suffer," meaning by Austrian interference. Count Beust, in a ministerial circular, couples with the assurance of entire neutrality that of "omitting no measure tending to guarantee tranquillity to the European peoples," whom the interference of Russia might menace. Turkey, too, arms for peace.

"Turkey has called out her reserves," says the Cable, "and stopped the telegraphs in all directions." This latter announcement is in the best Cable style; so is the following: "Upon the arrival of the steamer *Cimbria* at Havre, on Saturday, on her regular trip from Hamburg to New York, 500 Germans who had paid their passage to America, hearing of the declaration of war, left the ship, returned to Prussia, and enlisted in her armies." (Query: How many passengers were there altogether, old men, women, and children included?) And so is this: "Germany makes the dethronement of the Bonapartes its *ultimatum*," which is apparently corroborated by "G. W. S.'s" special announcement in the *Tribune* that "it is perfectly understood in Berlin that the German army, if victorious, will march to Paris." This marching "to Paris" can be no hard affair, as the same gentleman telegraphs the following to the same paper, on good special correspondent authority: "The crowds on the boulevards, ready to die for their country, have disappeared. Troops traverse the streets without eliciting a single cheer. Soldiers joining their regiments walk about in groups, almost all drunk. The bourgeois stare at them and shrug their shoulders." Unfortunately, however, the Cable informs us, on the contrary, that "the first regular battle will be a disastrous conflict, as both sides will fight with desperation"; and "G. W. S." himself telegraphs that "Marshal Bazaine is sending everywhere to buy maps of Bavaria"—which, by the bye, he ought to have done long ago—as if an offensive advance were still thought of by the French, in spite of their terrible demoralization afore telegraphed. And the "French officers," he tells us, "boast that they have a million men between Thionville and Strasbourg." This, however, may be slightly exaggerated, as the "special correspondent of the *Tribune* . . . describing the movements of troops," found only "10,000 at Fortsach [Forbach], 7,000 at Saint Avold, 3,000 at Sarreguemines"—total, 20,000, in the centre. How many he found at Metz, which he places on the Meuse, is not stated. Should France possess many such sons as that Mulhouse (or Münchhausen?) manufacturer who, according to the Cable, "has offered to equip 5,000 volunteers, and to supply them with rations during the war," the million boasted of might soon be completed in that locality. Anyhow, one last resort remains to Napoleon for baffling a coalition march "to Paris." He will, as indiscreetly heralded by the friendly New York *Times*, "proclaim the republic throughout Europe."

The Cable news has, however, on the whole been tamer than heretofore. Two skirmishes are the utmost extent of the hostilities, and, considering that war was declared suddenly and unexpectedly, it is not likely that the armies can be concentrated or get into collision for a week or two to come. The speculations of the news collectors as to the probable point of contact are, of course, worthless or next to worthless. It is not likely they possess a secret for which either Moltke or Bazaine would give millions. It is safe to anticipate, however, that the Prussians will leave it to the French to begin, and that a Prussian army, acting on the defensive and on its own soil, will hardly afford its assailants an opportunity for anything very brilliant in the way of a début. Another good specimen of the kind of reports which are considered worth telegraphing is to be found in a "special Paris despatch" which the *Tribune's* London correspondent actually sent to New York—"that a body of Prussian troops passing through the Black Forest [which is all on German soil] towards Basle, had several detachments stopped by the Swiss, who have a corps of observation numbering 25,000 men." The meaning of this rubbish seems to be that the Swiss invaded South Germany, and meeting in Baden or Würtemberg with Prussian troops marching south-west, stopped them by force, which would be a nice exploit for a "corps of observation."

The preparations of the daily press for reporting the war are nearly as active and vigorous as those of the soldiers for carrying it on, but it seems as yet very unlikely that we shall have any very clear or distinct accounts of it from any quarter. The *Sun*, of this city, has secured the services of Mr. W. H. Russell, of Crimean fame, as its special telegrapher; but if it be he who has appeared in the French lines as correspondent of the London *Times* also, he will hardly be able to act, as he has been arrested and sent away. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, announces that its special correspondent, so far from being sent away or molested, has "visited three fortified camps round Metz," and "been allowed to inspect the fortress of St. Quentin," the officer in charge "giving full information," which surprises us. The correspondent must be the same gentleman who saw the Emperor secretly cauterizing his back with a lighted candle. These camps and fortifications are hardly likely to be exhibited with such frankness to any less highly favored person. The French press has petitioned in vain for permission to send correspondents to the front. The military authorities announce that they will furnish "the war news" themselves, and the French public have thus the consolation of knowing that it will never be depressing. On the Prussian side there will probably be more indulgence; but correspondents will not be high in favor in either camp, and the chances are we shall not know very much about the operations till they are all over.

The death of Prévost-Paradol, almost immediately after reaching his post, was one of the many tragic results of the prevailing heat, and perhaps the saddest. We suppose there can be no reasonable doubt that it was its effect on a brain already excited by the news from home, and the novelty of his duties, which drove him to his doom. The stories of his remorse, on hearing of the war news, are good to tell, but absurd on their face. The course the Emperor was following was plain enough before Prévost-Paradol left France, and there was nothing in the news that was not more likely to strengthen his attachment to the Empire than to weaken it. His relations with it were very curious. It is only four short years since he bitterly and contemptuously assailed it; and his selection for a high diplomatic position—particularly as he did not belong to the profession—was as striking a proof as the Emperor has afforded of his desire to win over the literary class. M. Prévost-Paradol was neither a strong writer nor a strong thinker, but he was brilliant and graceful. His latest work, "La France Nouvelle," showed that his ideal was a constitutional monarchy, with a strong infusion of English or American morality.

Chicago, we are sorry to say, promises to be a scene of very gross corruption some time next month. The Fenians of all branches are going to hold another congress there, to see whether they cannot extract from the present European complication some support for their own cause; and the two belligerent powers, hearing of it, and knowing the weakness of most of the "Centres" for money, and being each anxious to get the Brotherhood on its side, will doubtless send plenipotentiaries laden with gold to seduce the delegates. We shall accordingly probably witness the repetition of the scandals which marked the liveliest times of the Polish diet. It is as well for Bismarck to know, however, that the body thus far inclines to France, and is indeed "demonstrating" fiercely in her favor, with that singular aptitude for getting on the wrong side of the fence—that is, arranging themselves in opposition to the great body of the liberal party throughout the world—which the Irish nationalists have displayed ever since O'Connell's death.

It would appear, or at least it is generally believed, that Mr. Motley was removed in order to spite Mr. Sumner, to whom he mainly owed his appointment, but who had offended the President by his opposition to the St. Domingo treaty. Senator Wilson wrote a pathetic letter to the President, begging him not to disturb Mr. Motley, which is ascribed not to any personal interest of Mr. Wilson in the manner in which the mission to England should be filled, but to his desire to have the rights of his colleague, in the matter of patronage, respected. We confess we think it is, or ought to be, ridiculous to dismiss Mr. Motley because of Mr. Sumner's behavior in a matter with which Mr. Motley had nothing whatever to do, but then it is a legitimate result of the system under which Mr. Motley was appointed, and which is every day becoming more firmly established. The obligation which rests on every senator or representative "to take care of his friends," creates a corresponding obligation on the part of "his friends" to suffer for his faults; therefore, when a senator, by pushing any man's claim to an office, formally declares him one of his "friends," and enters his name in the account he keeps with the Administration, the friend, on accepting the office, becomes what the French call "solidaire" with the senator—that is, becomes, as it were, part and parcel of him, and agrees, by implication, if need be, to bear a share of any calamities which his political errors may bring upon him. The relation between them, in short, bears some resemblance to that which used to exist between certain savage kings and their warriors, or between Hindoo Brahmins and their wives.

Senators now insist on not only confirming the nominations of the Executive, but on making the nominations; and the only mode of exercising any influence over them, or indeed over the public service at all, which the President retains, lies in the power of dismissal. In this way he avenges his wrongs, and snubs, and humiliations. The consequence is that when the report goes abroad that a senator or representative is at loggerheads with the Executive, the dozens of poor devils he has got places for begin to shake in their boots, or look about for other means of support, for they know they will be sacrificed in expiation of the great man's sins. It is only in very grave cases, however, that the sacrifice of an ambassador is called for, and we must conclude that Mr. Sumner's conduct in the St. Domingo business was of a peculiarly atrocious description. He will know better than to oppose an annexation another time. "Rotation in office" is a beautiful system, but then it is full of sorrows and uncertainties, like all other human institutions. There is hardly a day one does not see rows of "men inside politics," who are never tired of praising or defending it, weeping bitterly by the roadside over some of its reverses, the picture of misery, and the 'cute look quite gone.

The heat of the weather, which has now for nearly a month been excessive, and not here only but in Europe, is not unlikely to exercise an important influence on the fortunes of the campaign, as in France, at least, it is accompanied by a long-protracted drought, which has done terrible injury to the crops and threatens a large portion of the agricultural population with ruin. In this country, and particularly in this city, it has already caused serious loss of life, and, in the tenement-houses, untold suffering. Whether or not the magnetic storms, or, to speak more familiarly, the "spots on the sun," have anything to do with producing it and the pending war, is a subject of frequent debate among our daily contemporaries. The New York *Times* declares that some of the astronomers predicted the heat some time ago as the result of their solar observations, and at least hinted at the probability of a war as a consequence of the size of "the spots." The *Evening Post*, on the other hand, maintains that they did not; and the failure of any of the philosophers to come forward and claim the honors of the occasion certainly supports the *Post's* position.

The *Times*, by the bye, has now several times recommended the introduction of "punkahs," or huge fans attached to the ceiling, into our sleeping and sitting rooms, as the means of mitigating the effects of the heat; but it has always avoided saying how they were to be worked. Punkahs do not go of themselves, and if everybody worked his own, we doubt much whether the use of them would spread. We think most people would prefer enduring the worst ravages of the temperature, night or day, to agitating a powerful punkah. In India, where these instruments are most used, servants who do not mind heat are plenty; here, it would be almost as easy for a man to provide himself with a snow-bank to sleep in as an attendant, either alien or citizen, to sit up all night and fan him. We question, too, whether even the notion that anybody is really relieved by fanning himself is not a delusion. Doubtless, it is possible to lower the temperature of one small portion of your person in this way, but the exertion raises it elsewhere. The true democratic remedy for the heat would be big public fans in the style of a winnowing-machine, and worked by steam, into which anybody could go and get himself cooled off at the expense of the city, or for a small charge; or the punkah might be introduced into all houses, as the Croton water is, and kept in motion by a Punkah Department, with one Head Wallah—we believe that this is what the fan-worker is called—at a salary of $10,000, and about a thousand Assistant-Wallahs, all elected on ward tickets, and with strict regard to "their services to the party," and with nine months' vacation every year.

The woman suffrage question has come up before the Connecticut Legislature in the shape of a majority report, written for the committee by Mrs. John Hooker, and a minority report, written by Mrs. Cowes, we believe, one in favor of an amendment to the State Constitution extending the suffrage to women, and the other against it. Mrs. Hooker's report contains the arguments with which our readers are already familiar; Mrs. Cowes's we have not seen; but the Legislature shelved the whole matter with some appearance of levity. The movement, indeed, appears to have got as far as it is likely to get, either here or elsewhere, without more support from the women themselves, and, as far as our observation goes, their interest in it is less than it was a year or two ago. The men are largely hostile, but more largely indifferent. We will make one suggestion to its advocates which we think they will find serviceable, and that is, before using Mr. J. S. Mill's arguments any more, and referring to him as a crushing authority, to get from him a reconciliation of the rules for reasoning on political and social questions laid down in his "Logic" with the purely *à priori* method pursued in his essay on the woman question. His disregard, or seeming disregard, of his own canons has puzzled a great many of his male admirers, and continues to puzzle them, although it apparently makes no impression on his female followers. They cannot have a weightier authority at their back, but his feelings seem to be enlisted in this cause to a degree which, in the opinion of many who owe him much, has made him a very unsafe guide.

Numerous mishaps attended the racing between the colleges at Worcester last Friday, and the only thoroughly pleasing thing to an outsider was the victory of the Brown University Freshman crew, who beat the Harvard and Yale handsomely, and were begrudged their unwonted honors by nobody. An Amherst Freshman crew, too, put in an appearance, and it seems clear that the Oxford and Harvard race of last year has produced an impression favorable to boating on the undergraduate mind. The Yale and Harvard University Crews were the victims of a "foul," of which the reporters of the various papers give conflicting accounts. The fact is, there ought to be nothing said about such a matter after the judges have once heard evidence and decided. "Pay up, and shut up," is the only good line for a sportsman to take when his freely elected umpires have declared results. And as for the newspaper men, they have no business to be partisan, and should talk either of what they have seen with their own eyes or in accordance with what the referee and judges have decided. No good comes to anybody, however, by an agitation of the pros and cons, and calling names.

As to the true state of affairs in North Carolina, it is not easy to come to a certain conclusion. We can say, however, for our own part, that, while we cannot feel confidence in what is said in the Democratic papers—no one of which has established a good claim to be believed without corroborative evidence, and every one of which has the satisfaction of knowing that it may cry "Wolf" with its expiring breath, and disturb not a living soul; yet, on the other hand, we want corroborative evidence, too, when Governor Holden's organs come to us with a tale of Ku-Klux outrages on men whose only offence is Republicanism. That we do not believe. The counties which have been put under martial law are near the Virginia line and in the neighborhood of Danville, Virginia, and during the war were, of course, secessionist, but were never without a large number of Unionists. This state of things, of course, gave rise to the bitterness of feeling that marks neighborhood wars, and the bitterness was intensified tenfold when, in the latter months of the war, the rebel part of the population assisted in bringing in from the woods the "outliers"—that is to say, Confederate deserters from the army, or passive resisters of the conscription. But then, all that was six or seven years ago; and that there is murdering going on in Caswell County on that old score now, when even Tennessee is quiet, and when Caswell County was quiet as long ago as 1865 or '66, is more than we are going to believe till we have better authority for believing it than the Governor's proclamation. Yet that society in Caswell and Alamance and the adjoining region is in a state of comparative disorganization seems clear, for United States officials have, on request that they would forward true accounts, reported murders and beatings and rapes as frequent and audacious, and the punishment or detection of the criminals rare. But they charge Governor Holden's militia with being also the cause of great disorders; while third parties, as much entitled to credence as the Governor, assert that the lists of rapes and murders might be just about doubled if the Governor had added the list of conservative victims to the list of the people killed or ravished for their radicalism. However, there is something utterly wrong in somebody's management of the judiciary and constabulary of the disturbed region, or there would be no such open disregard of law and order as is now seen in a part of North Carolina inhabited by just as law-abiding and intelligent a people as any other community in the State, and more so than some others. Political significance, we believe, the lawlessness has none. As United States troops have been ordered into the counties under martial law, we shall probably hear what are the true causes of the trouble.

"SYMPATHY."

ONE would imagine, from the severity of the rebukes and admonitions with which a portion of the American press is visiting the enthusiasm which the Germans in this country are displaying in the cause of Prussia in the pending war, that it was a time-honored custom of the American public to regard foreign wars with a cold, judicial serenity, and that there was nothing our newspapers and politicians more sedulously avoided than any expression of feeling about conflicts in which the United States had no immediate material interest. Indeed, to read some of the articles which have appeared during the last week, one might fairly conclude that the notion that "sympathy" had any place in international relations had just been concocted by the German-Americans for the purpose of dragging the United States into some sort of demonstration against France, and that the term was unknown in our politics.

The fact is, however, that there is no country in the world in which the sympathetic habit of mind is so zealously cultivated, and in which one or other of the parties to nearly every quarrel is so sure of having the founts of feeling made to play for his benefit. It is just as much as the Government can do, whenever a convulsion of any sort breaks out between any of the principal powers of the world, to prevent the eruption of a sort of supplemental conflict on American soil, or the introduction of the controversy into American politics as "an issue." The chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, indeed, stands constantly on the watch, pocket-handkerchief in hand, for the purpose of pointing out to the nation some cause to take up or some victim to weep over. One does not need to be very old to have swum through half a dozen floods of sympathetic tears. The country went nearly crazy over the Hungarians, and, indeed, over one party of the Hungarians which Hungary has since rejected. The Young Ireland martyrs also about the same time threw a good many people into a melting mood. Since then, the patriots whom Maximilian kept from establishing "truth and justice, religion and piety" in Mexico have been fêted and caressed. The bands of Greek robbers and politicians who got up the Cretan insurrection found no difficulty in having a regular organization established here to aid them, with the accompaniment of a newspaper, public meetings, and subscriptions, and music, and the press resounded for months with frantic praises of them. The Fenians —the heroes of Trout River, and Franklin, and Elm Park—were able to command so much "sympathy" that the Foreign Committee of the House reported and the Republican majority of the House voted for a bill, the avowed object of which was so to modify the neutrality laws as to permit large bands of cut-throats and thieves to pass our frontier to murder and rob the Canadians, and that the leading organs of the Republican press fiercely abused the President for doing his duty by stopping them. We need not say anything about Cuba— the latest object of our "sympathy." We have all been sympathizing with that island for the last year, some of us for love and some for money, and it seems as if our compassion for her had no limits.

But do we exact from others what we are so ready to bestow? Yes, we do. Her failure to sympathize with us, during the late rebellion, has so affected our relations with England as to make our differences with her almost incapable of adjustment, and to have sown the seeds of bitterness that will probably bear fruit for generations. On the other hand, the ready accordance of sympathy on the part of Russia has so fixed that power in the affections of a large portion of the American public, that we shut our eyes to the extraordinary inhumanity, to use a mild term, of her policy towards the Poles. With such a record as this open before us, it is needless to say that there is not much use in calling on the Germans to be silent and impartial witnesses of a struggle which is to drench their old homes in the blood of their fathers and brothers, and on the result of which the place and influence of their race in European civilization is to depend. Moreover, although we condemn, as strongly as anybody can, all attempts to commit the United States Government to any participation in the controversy, or to make difficult the rigid performance of its neutral duties, and though we confess we think neither Mr. Carl Schurz nor any other United States Senator is in his place in going about the country delivering speeches on either one side or the other, we are not inclined to exact from the Germans that complete casting-out of the old German Adam, and that complete transformation into pure and judicial-minded American citizens, for which some of our contemporaries are calling on them. Germans are men, like the rest of the world, and there is no magic in naturalization to convert them into anything else. When their kinsmen bleed, they must feel sad; when they triumph, they must rejoice; and when they watch the struggles of the nation to which they once belonged, and which nothing short of a miracle can prevent retaining a large portion of their tenderest affections, they would be more or less than human if they could suppress all sign of interest in the progress and result of the strife. We confess we think they are not worse but better American citizens for uttering all they feel.

As to the attitude of native Americans towards the struggle, we believe a good many excellent people refuse to see any claim to our sympathy on either one side or other, simply because they have got into what we cannot help calling the depraved habit of mind of thinking that no struggle can have any interest for Republicans if carried on by monarchs, and that, to make a cause holy or respectable, its supporters must be "rebels." This was not always so. During our rebellion, we saw the rapid growth of the idea that all rebels must be bad men, a striking illustration of the confusing influence which words so often exercise on ideas. So also in England, thousands justified their sympathy with the South by simply alleging that the South was "the weaker side," or the minority, and seemed to think that rational beings, making a profession of Christianity, were not called upon, before they patted a combatant on the back, to ask whether he had the right on his side. Intelligent men, however, before passing judgment on a war, ask, not simply what are the names and titles of the belligerents, or what is their relative strength, but what are they fighting about, and what is their fighting likely to result in? "Emperor" and "king," "loyalist" and "rebel," are but signs by which the great problems of politics are worked out; it is with the result that the rest of the world is concerned.

Applying these tests to the conflict on the Rhine, it is difficult to see where an enlightened American can find an excuse either for indifference or neutrality. The result of a French victory it is not hard to foresee. The Emperor, after eighteen years of a degrading tyranny, was driven, last winter, by a series of military and diplomatic reverses, and the scandalous financial abuses of his adherents, into making certain concessions to liberalism. He had no sooner made them than he deprived them of all value by the same cunning manipulation of universal suffrage by which he secured the popular approval of the *coup d'état*, and he thereupon rushed into war, with the hope, which events show to be well-grounded, of turning the popular mind away from questions of internal reform, and reconciling the nation to a renewal of the military régime. His triumph over Prussia would certainly put an end to all talk of further changes in the direction of freedom. It would lead to the open restoration of personal government; the open revival of that contempt for the writers and talkers—that is, for the mind of France—which the court and its followers were never tired of proclaiming between 1851 and 1866; the renewed coercion of the press, and the elevation of the army once more to the first place in the government. It would wipe out the memory of the crimes, frauds, extravagances, defalcations, and slaughters by which the eyes of the French people were being gradually opened to the real character of imperialism, and probably fix the yoke on their necks so thoroughly that the "young Augustus," who is now going to play at war, like Louis XIV., on the Rhine, under his father's eye, would be able to take the reins and the whip, and mount without further trouble or molestation.

Prussia, it is true, has a strong leaven of feudalism in it; but it is gradually and rapidly getting rid of it; in any case, not only has feudalism rendered good service to mankind, but every trace of it is disappearing, and nowhere more quickly than in North Germany. There is no state more "modern" in the best sense of the word than Prussia; none in which an intelligent human being counts for more, or in which brains exercise so much influence on politics. It was very true, as Ernest Renan said, that "it was the universities which conquered at Sadowa." We have little doubt they will conquer again on the Rhine; at all events, we feel bound in the interest of civilization to hope so. If any power is to have more weight in the family of European nations than another, we are all interested in its being the power whose armies contain most readers and writers, and which when it goes to war has to call most intelligent citizens from their homes. It has been a favorite saying of the Bonapartes that "bayonets don't think." Bayonets are, however, beginning to think; and the more they think the less chance will there be in the world for the class of adventurers of which the Bonapartes are the most illustrious members. The Prussian army is fighting for a free press, a free parliament, popular education; for the supremacy of reason over brute force, of the citizen over the soldier, of law over imperial "decrees," of an armed people over hired armies, of industry over gambling. In other words, they defend modern civilization against the worst and latest of its enemies.

THE FUTURE OF THE MONEY MARKET.

We have had so long-continued a period of financial calm and easy money that it seems almost time to enquire whether past prosperity has not lulled us into false security. The threatening aspect of affairs in Europe, and the not altogether remote possibility of our becoming seriously interested in a struggle necessarily involving the safety of Spanish colonies on this continent, make the enquiry even more pertinent. The prevailing low rates of interest, and the standing figures of the daily papers, showing week after week that the banks hold a large amount of legal-tender reserves in excess of the requirements of law, have induced a somewhat careless confidence, which we do not propose to shake very rudely, but which warrants us, we think, in calling the attention of our readers to some points in the situation which it is not altogether safe to disregard. So great is the prevailing confidence that people seem unwilling to believe in the possibility of a change, and that, when last week brought a slightly increased activity in money, which was somewhat aggravated by unwarranted bank speculation, our best financial authorities persistently shut their eyes to the natural movement, and attributed the change wholly to the manipulations of a corrupt bank management. Yet the natural movement was by far the most important.

It is an unfavorable feature in our money market that, all through the dull summer season, at a time when speculation is notoriously dormant, the loans of our banks have steadily increased, are higher than in the busiest winter and spring months, and are to-day within one per cent. of the highest figures of the year. The inference to be drawn is twofold—either that the regular business of the country is unusually active for the season, or that mercantile credits are less liberal than usual, and that the banks are called upon to furnish a proportionately larger share of the general credit facilities. Both these causes have probably had a share in producing the result. The losses of last year in many branches of trade have undoubtedly led to more than usual caution in mercantile credits; and, as far as one at least of our leading interests is concerned—the grain trade—it is well known that it has been extraordinarily active throughout the summer, owing to the gradual forced sale of the accumulated crops of last year and the year before. These causes satisfactorily explain the present high figure of bank loans—what indications do they furnish us for the fall?

While accounts generally agree in reporting in the main a healthy business throughout the country, there are too many minor indications of local unsoundness to warrant the anticipation of any liberal increase in the lines of commercial credits. The Pacific Coast is suffering from a terrible reaction, after years of almost unexampled prosperity. The far West has to settle down from the feverish excitement of excessive railroad-building. Nearly all sections of the country have some pet real-estate delusions to shake off before they can be quite healthy. Everywhere the gradual dying-out of the fires of speculation is leaving the ashes only of imaginary fortunes, and begetting frugality and caution. On the whole, the indications point to extreme conservatism in the granting of mercantile credits, and a corresponding demand upon the banks for continued facilities.

How are the banks prepared to meet the demand? Although money in the New York market continues extremely easy, and the rates of interest have advanced but slightly from the lowest figures of early summer, it cannot be denied that the position of the banks is one of unusual expansion. If the present grain movement continues through the rest of the summer, as it seems likely to do, and we should have large crops this fall, our banks may experience a strain upon them to meet the usual increase of business in the autumn, which may seriously trench upon their reserves. According to the National Bank Act, they are obliged to hold on hand 25 per cent. of the amount of their deposits and circulation, in legal-tender money. With ordinarily prudent management, such a reserve would be safe, except in times of exceptional calamity. According to the Bank Statement of July 9, the New York City banks ought to have on hand a reserve of about 63 millions. They actually had a reserve of over 88 millions, which seems a liberal margin to carry even into an active fall season. But it is precisely here where the habit of security is apt to betray us. What do these 88 millions of reserve consist of?

Thirty-six millions consist of coin. For the last years our coin export has been so moderate that we have entirely forgotten how untrustworthy it is as a bank reserve, in our present condition of specie suspension. In 1866, the outbreak of the German war caused us to export in less than five weeks over 35 millions of dollars of coin, nearly equal to the total amount of gold now in our banks. We have already, during the past week, shipped over six millions of dollars in consequence of the European troubles, and the indications, as we write, are that the shipment this week will likewise be considerable. It is true, our position at the present moment is very different from what it was in 1866. It is highly improbable that we shall have an equally heavy specie export. Yet it behooves prudent bankers to bear in mind that more than their entire surplus of reserves is liable, under certain contingencies, to be suddenly whisked off to Europe, leaving them in a position where nothing but violent and disastrous contraction could save them from heavy loss and possibly renewed suspension.

While thus 36 millions of reserve consist of coin, which is subject to most serious inroads from abroad, only 26 millions consist of actual greenbacks, a startlingly small reserve upon which to carry 280 millions of loans! Last week but one, the New York banks, in the ordinary course of trade, lost, in one week, three millions and a half of legal tenders. How long would 26 millions last in case of alarm? It is true that, in addition to these actual greenbacks, the banks hold about 28 millions of the three per cent. certificates (referred to at length in the last number of the *Nation*), which the Treasury is obliged to redeem in greenbacks. But it is precisely these which give to the entire situation its most serious aspect. In quiet times, these certificates were of no importance. In times of trouble they become a source of danger. We have repeatedly pointed out how easily they might work mischief. If, from any one of the many possible complications arising out of the pending war in Europe, any unusual demand should spring up for any part of our bank reserves, our bankers would very soon be obliged—might certainly be easily tempted—to present their certificates for redemption. As long as the surplus greenbacks now in the Treasury vaults held out, relief would be certain; but as soon as the present limited supply was exhausted, the Treasury would have no means of getting a fresh supply except by sales of gold or bonds. Whichever they sold, the greenbacks to pay for them would have to come from the banks themselves, so that presenting their certificates for redemption, far from affording relief, would actually aggravate their troubles. It is on this account that the certificates are so thoroughly objectionable. Their redemption, if it can only be accomplished by the Currency Bill without further trouble, would make the faults of the rest of that wretched measure seem almost light and venial. But, at the moment, their redemption is not likely to be accomplished without serious strain upon our financial machinery.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that to these pre-existing causes of financial disturbance, aggravated as they seem likely to be by the war abroad, there should have been added the violent contraction which, as we recently explained, is sure to result from the ill-advised banking features of the Currency Bill, which the public seems almost to have forgotten. It cannot fail seriously to complicate financial affairs, adding one more to the uncertainties of the situation, at the very time when confidence is apt to be otherwise disturbed, and when it is especially desirable for prudent men to be able to see correctly the various influences likely to affect the stability of the market.

On a survey of the whole ground, there seem to us to exist sufficient elements of uncertainty in the immediate future of our own money market to warrant the utmost caution among the banking interest, while we see absolutely nothing to justify the belief so generally and so confidently expressed, that a war in Europe would be beneficial to us, financially or otherwise.

ENGLAND.

JULY 8, 1870.

I WRITE upon one of these sultry July days which occasionally come in this foggy island, and generally forbode a change of weather. Three hot days and a thunderstorm is supposed to be the definition of an English summer. In this year, however, as in 1868, we have had far more than our allowance of heat and less than our fair share of fog. The parks are an arid and dusty wilderness, and the English turf on which we are apt to pride ourselves is scarcely more refreshing to contemplate than a worn-out door-mat; pasturages are a melancholy sight for the agriculturist, and we groan over the prospects of winter food for our cattle. A few showers that have lately fallen have indeed helped a little to bring up the average; but we pray for rain, and try to console ourselves with the old adage that drought never brought famine to England. To talk of the weather is supposed to be a national privilege, though, to say the truth, I have heard a good deal of conversation upon that topic beyond the limits of my native land.

I might, however, justify myself for referring to such a topic by the vast commercial importance of rain at the present moment, and I will really allege a more satisfactory reason in its bearing upon political interests. Parliament has seldom had before it so many questions of really vast importance. Matters which have been considered weighty enough to justify the devotion of a session have sunk into an actually secondary position. It has been proposed, for example, by Government to introduce vote by ballot—one of the points which has a kind of official position in the Liberal platform, and which is supposed to excite the most bitter antipathies. Yet I do not believe that anybody, with the exception of a few steady-going old political hacks, really cares two straws whether the measure is passed or abandoned. Meanwhile, however, the House of Commons is working with an energy which does it, or the Government, some credit. In this burning weather, respectable elderly gentlemen, who would give their ears to be far away on Swiss mountains or Scotch moors, are plodding on, night after night, trying to lick the Education Bill into shape. The matter has now gone so far, and the credit of Parliament is so deeply involved, that it is probable that, in one way or another, it will be forced through in the present session. We are all languid and weary and anxious to be at rest, but the work has to be done, and two or three dogged reformers continue to show inexhaustible vigor. Without admitting that I share in the languor—for the correspondent of a newspaper should be superior to such merely human frailties—I shall make your want of interest in the details an excuse for not plunging too deeply into the discussion. The religious difficulty, of which so much has been said, has been finally got out of the way, and the present controversy turns upon rather minute points of rating and providing local machinery, which are, it is true, of great importance in their bearing upon the successful working of the machinery, but which it would be difficult and not very profitable to expound at any length in your columns. The main questions are as to the degree in which the proposed schools are to be helped by the national funds, and as to the constitution of the boards which are to manage the local rates and contributions. There is, however, a very general desire to see a successful conclusion to the measure; there are few direct party divisions, and, in short, it seems to be tolerably clear that in another week or so the bill will be sent up to run the gauntlet of the House of Lords.

This result is, I think, creditable to the substantial patriotism of the present House of Commons. In spite of a good many vagaries and a deal of talk, more for the benefit of their constituents than for any reasonable ends of debate, they mean business, and they prove it by laboring so doggedly through a season in which London is becoming well-nigh intolerable. The only question remaining is as to the probable action of the House of Lords, and I think it may be said with some confidence that they will not prove themselves refractory. The action which they have taken in regard to the Irish Land Bill is a sufficient proof that they know their proper position. Opposition is, of course, in a majority amongst the peers, and goes as far as it dares, but the daring is not of a very outrageous quality. A good many changes, indeed, have been introduced, and, of course, in the conservative sense, one of the principal amendments was carried by Lord Salisbury. Government proposes that the benefits of the bill should be conferred only upon farmers who paid a rent of less than £100 a year. Lord Salisbury moved that the figure should be reduced to £50, thus exempting from its operation a number of men who, as he argued, were sufficiently able to take care of themselves without special legislation, but who, as it was replied, had a strong claim to be conciliated in the fact that they were the natural leaders of their class. In fact, the change was thought to be of great importance, and the Duke of Richmond, as titular leader of the opposition, would not take the responsibility of carrying it. Lord Salisbury, however, is a man of energy, accustomed to the hard fighting of the House of Commons, and by no means resigned to the more placid atmosphere of the serene regions above. Accordingly, he took the bit between his teeth, and carried with him a sufficient number of his party to change the Government scheme. Lord Salisbury has declared with great emphasis that the House of Lords should not become a cipher, and that it had a right to enforce some degree of respect for its opinions. Doubtless he was irregular at the victory which he had thus won, as Nelson obtained some of his most glorious successes by a signal disregard for discipline. But with the next day came cooler reflection. The opposition trembled at what they had done. They felt like schoolboys who had been very brave so long as their master was absent, and who withdraw from an incipient mutiny with more haste than dignity on the first appearance of the authority they had defied. In short, the peers resolved that it would be more dignified to surrender before they were summoned, and so to preserve some appearance of independent action. They abandoned the objectionable amendment on the bringing up of the report, in spite of a rather faint protest from Lord Salisbury, and have, in that, shown themselves amenable to reason. They will, doubtless, listen to its voice in regard to the other amendments and in the questions connected with the Education Bill; and, in short, it is highly improbable that Lord Salisbury, with all his undeniable vigor, will ever impart enough of it to his colleagues to spur them on to a general conflict with the lower House. The retreat on the Irish Church was their Sadowa, and it is pretty well understood that their opposition in future will be confined to putting on the drag with very great moderation. When the country has given so emphatic a support to a Liberal Parliament as is at present the case, the peers are pretty much in the position of Giants Pope and Pagan in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: they bite their nails, but they don't act to any purpose.

There is, indeed, one measure in regard to which it is reported that they will make a more effective protest. The bill for abolishing religious tests in the universities has passed the House of Commons, by very large majorities, in a more strenuous form than it had ever before received. If the peers should accept it as it stands, every dissenter will be able not only to receive a university education (for that, under the queer system of compromises which have been adopted, is already the case) but to have a share in the government and in the chief emoluments of Oxford and Cambridge. There is, indeed, one exception to this statement. Many of the fellowships are at present tenable only by clergymen of the Established Church or by laymen for a shorter tenure of years than by clergymen. With these it is not proposed at present to interfere, and they supply a convenient threat to hold *in terrorem* over the House of Lords. Accept the bill as it stands, it is said, and we will give the clerical fellowships a respite. Decline to accept it, and we will next year bring in a measure abolishing clerical fellowships as well as tests, and force you to pass it whether you like it or not. Of course, the alternative is not proposed after this blunt and uncompromising fashion, but it is tolerably well understood. Now it is said that the House of Lords mean to meet this difficulty by temporizing; they will refer the bill to a select committee, which means practically postponing it for another year, under pretense of obtaining further information. Considering that the question has been discussed from all sides for the last ten years, and that everybody knows everything that can possibly be said about it, the pretext would seem to be rather a shallow one. But with two measures of primary importance before them the Lords naturally imagine that they may strain at this gnat without swallowing a brace of camels. That queer body, Convocation, has been meeting and recommending the bishops to oppose the measures. If so, the question will be asked once more, What is the use of having bishops in the House of Lords? A motion against the system was lately introduced in the House of Commons, and though put aside by the Government, received a sufficient number of votes to show that the feeling might at any moment become too strong to be resisted.

The mention of the House of Lords reminds me to add that one more of the old school of statesmen has passed from among us. Lord Clarendon died at the age of 70. He has received the due amount of newspaper panegyric, and will soon pass from the memory of the public and of most men, except his personal friends and the student of diplomatic history. He was personally very popular amongst his order; was a thorough gentleman and an able diplomatist. In our opinion, at least, he gave a good specimen of his powers in the controversy with Mr. Fish on the *Alabama* question; and the worst fault to be found with him was that on one or two occasions, and especially in denouncing the free press of Belgium, he was a little too closely in sympathy with absolute rulers on the Continent. Lord Granville, who succeeds him, is naturally adapted for the place by many qualifications. If he makes himself as agreeable to foreign powers as he generally does to his countrymen by a happy mixture of common sense, humor, and suavity, we shall be well satisfied with his appointment. Mr. Forster has earned by his efforts in promoting the Education Bill a fair right to the seat in the cabinet which has just been granted to him, though that honor has not, I believe, been previously conceded to men in his position. I may repeat, however, what I have noticed once or twice before, that he has a kind of straightforward directness of purpose which has won for him the confidence of the House of Commons, and has already made him the most rising politician of the time. He looks like a rough North countryman, but has plenty of ability and of rather uncultivated eloquence. If he continues as he has begun, he will doubtless rise to a yet higher post.

Correspondence.

MR. DALL'S "ALASKA" ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You will oblige me by inserting *verbatim* a paragraph which has been twice misrepresented in your columns. After describing the general exploration of the main river, stating (p. 277) that ours was the only party, up to 1868, which had descended from the Upper Yukon to the sea by the river, and mentioning the explorations of Byrnes, Smith, and Dyer, it reads (p. 278) as follows:

"In the spring of 1868, the writer descended the Yukon from Nulato to the sea, and then proceeded to the Redoubt.

"This completes the history of the explorations of the Yukon. Zagoskin, Surgeon Adams, and Lieutenant Barnard, of H. M. Enterprise in 1851, the servants of the Hudson Bay and Russian American Companies, one or two missionaries, Robert Kennicott, and the explorers of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition, are the only white men who had visited the Yukon, previous to July, 1868, as far as is known to me."

It would seem as if the intent (if not the logic) of the above was sufficiently evident, and that there could be but one interpretation consistent with common sense. But from the critical acumen which holds one man responsible for what he had no hand in doing, and another for saying what he never said, much cannot be expected. I remain your obedient servant,

Wm. H. Dall.

Washington, D. C., July 24, 1870.

[We print this cheerfully in order to satisfy Mr. Dall, but are still unable to see where his paragraph has been "misrepresented" in our columns. The last sentence of his letter, we confess, we find very mysterious.—Ed. Nation.]

THE WHITTEMORE CASE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of the 14th inst., page 18, it is stated that "the House has done itself credit by its treatment of Whittemore, whom it refused to readmit, though it is doubtful whether, owing to its failure to expel him formally the first time, its position now is technically sound."

What is especially remarkable in Mr. Whittemore's case is, as it appears to me, not that the House is inconsistent in its treatment of it, but that its action shows a want of sound policy and correct general principle in the conduct of the war and in the framing of the "reconstruction measures," so called, which have grown out of that want of a sound policy.

The fault in the policy of the war-administration was that it did not treat the question of the political franchise as a part of the war issues, as it legitimately was, and establish it on the basis of an education in our common schools, at an early age, at a time when it is possible to shape the human mind, in the aggregate, to the form of American institutions.

To give every man the right to vote, whether he is fitted for it or not, and then reject the delegate whom he elects to represent him in Congress, is something worse than a mere failure of being "technically sound." It is an attempt to correct an error of policy by an abuse of power. The action of rejecting Whittemore was right when measured by moral principle and right reason; but the trouble is that the measures of Congress are not always in accord with such principles, and its course of procedure, therefore, is often inconsistent and unreasonable.

When the conditions of the franchise have once been established by law, Congress should have no power to reject a member chosen in accord with that law, for causes known before election, whatever his moral character may be. If Congress assumes to reject on the ground of moral expediency and right reason, its own policy and measures should first be established on that ground likewise.

The evident fault in Mr. Whittemore's case is that his constituency are not fit for the political franchise, and that the action of the Government has been impolitic, unstatesmanlike, and wrong in bestowing it upon them so indiscriminately. For every such measure there will be necessitated a corresponding abuse of power, and a consequent loss of liberty.

J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro, Vermont, July 15, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

On Saturday next will begin a new series of the *National Standard.* The *National Standard* used to be the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, but in April last, when the name was changed, it became a monthly magazine instead of a weekly newspaper. It is to keep its new name, but on and after the 30th inst. it will be a weekly again. Mr. Aaron Powell is still to be the editor, and the contributors are the well-known list.

—With a certain small number of the readers of the last two or three generations—readers who may be called learned readers, rather than men of learning—"Plutarch's Morals" has been a favorite work. It has not been the less a favorite with many of its admirers that the English dress in which they have known it has had the quaintness of two centuries ago; nor, to tell the truth, has it been less a favorite because it was in many parts translated so extremely ill that its lovers might have used twice all love's power of divination and still have had not the least notion of what author and translator between them had tried to say. Perhaps, then, such admirers will not be as grateful as they ought for the new translation, as it may be called, which Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College, has now almost ready for them. The best-known English version was published in 1684–94, and has appeared in five editions, the latest being published in 1718, at which date we may perhaps well enough place the end of what may be termed the era in English literature of translations from the classics. This version was made by "several hands," and is of a kind very suggestive of the days when a Curll or a Lintot got together a complete translation of a poet, or orator, or what-not, by getting perhaps one oration, or one book of a poem, from a scholarly student, living recluse at the university, who did the translation as a labor of love, and getting another from a wretch in a Grub Street garret, working for sixpence a day, or perhaps from a poor devil like Christopher Smart, who literally hired himself out on contract to a bookseller, and did coolie work by the year, or rather term of years. Some of the essays are well translated into elegant English; some are not done into English, unless meaningless collocations of English words constitute English; one is paraphrastic to the degree of being an essay suggested by the topic of which Plutarch treats; and some are literal to the degree of putting into brackets such words of rendering as are not absolutely given in the text of the original; some are learned, and some make such blunders as to declare, where Plutarch says that a certain water, being stirred, produces bubbles (*πομφόλυγες*), that a certain water, being stirred, produces a new metal called Pompholyx. Of course, to amend thoroughly such editing as this without beginning at the beginning and reforming the version out of existence, would be hopeless; but to amend the translation must be easy except for the enormous amount of amendment necessary. Professor Goodwin has gone over all the essays with care, and made innumerable corrections, preserving, as far as was possible, the language of the period; and the existence of an earlier version (1603–1657) rendered this an easier task than it otherwise would have been. But even were there more manifest patchwork than there is, this edition, it is pretty safe to say, would still be the one best worth having, for, whatever may be the pleasures of literary epicurism, nothing atones for a lack of correctness. Mr. Emerson, with whom Plutarch counts for much both as moralist and historian, or rather as essayist in morals and formative biography, is to prepare an introductory essay, and when that is ready, Messrs. Little & Brown will publish the work, which will be in five octavo volumes, and will emphatically be a book which "no gentleman's library should be without," and which will, we hope, find a place on the shelves of many fine libraries, public and private. It is only the owners of such that can encourage as it deserves the liberal enterprise of publishers who make such ventures. And then, a man might worse prepare for the pleasant passage of the decline of life than by laying in the stock of reading here offered him, and this whether he read for pastime merely, or for spiritual profit.

—One of the lectures in the course delivered in Boston, last winter, under the auspices of the American Social Science Association, was an essay, by Mr. F. L. Olmsted, on Public Parks. This now appears in book form, and surely could not have come more timely—all the world panting as it is for coolness, and nothing to be thought of so delightful as absolute rest in deep shade, unless, indeed,

"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave."

Doubtless it would be very hard to exaggerate the physically sanitary effects, to say nothing of the morally sanitary effects, of the Central Park in this city during the last few weeks. It has been almost the sole means of escape from the blistering streets to tens and hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, who only there can get good air and green grass, and a free view of the heavens. Old physicians tell Mr. Olmsted, he says, that since the Park was opened they have been in the habit of ordering patients to go there for a daily drive or walk, instead of away into the country, and that thus they have frequently saved overworked men from breaking down entirely; and the patients without physicians, those who have ordered themselves thither, taking prevention before they required cure, would make a little army. However, it has almost ceased to be necessary, one would hope, to insist on the almost inestimable advantages to health, morals, manners, intellectual ability, and happiness which parks confer as surely as they add to the beauty and wealth of the towns which possess them. Following the example of New York—whose Central Park Commissioners, fighting so hard as they had to fight, won a battle of national importance—Brooklyn now has nearly ready a noble park; Philadelphia has one under way; Boston meditates a beautiful one; Chicago beautifies herself with boulevards, and scores of the smaller towns have followed, or are about to follow, these examples. "There will be room enough in the Brooklyn Park, when it is finished," says Mr. Olmsted, "for several thousand little family and neighborly parties to bivouac at frequent intervals, without discommoding one another or interfering with any other purpose." Incomplete as the park was last year, there were many thousands of these parties during the summer, and frequently there would be companies of school children, a hundred or more together, on a picnicking excursion. "Tables, seats, shade, turf, swings, cool spring-water, and a pleasing rural prospect, stretching off half a mile or more each way, unbroken by a carriage-road or the slightest evidence of the vicinity of the town, were supplied them without charge; and bread and milk and ice-cream at moderate fixed charges. In all my life, I have never seen such joyous collections of people. I have, in fact, more than once observed tears of gratitude in the eyes of poor women as they watched their children thus enjoying themselves." And, as to the children themselves, there is no doubt that to many a New Yorker of the next generation some of the happiest memories of his youth will be of summer days and cool days in autumn spent among the trees and beside the ponds in the Park. "The enlargement of towns," a subject kindred to the other, and one closely allied, is also discussed in the essay, and discussed philosophically enough to make this pleasant pamphlet instructive reading, as well as pleasant. The American Social Science Association print it, and it may safely be commended to everybody for perusal, but particularly to town authorities; and to all people who feel philanthropically inclined; and to such, also, as are looking about for some way of keeping their memories green among their fellow-men. It is better to make a public park than to make another new American college; and it is almost better, one would think, than even to add to the income of any American college already existing.

—We have now and again had something to say about the curious dialect known as Pennsylvania Dutch, but have never, we believe, said anything about other dialects to be found in the composite Keystone State, whose various ingredients have not yet been long enough exposed to the welding power of the common-school system to have become altogether homogeneous. The eastern end of the southern border of the State—Delaware and Chester Counties—was chiefly settled by the English; but going west, in Lancaster County, which lies next to Chester, and in York County, which lies across the Susquehanna from Lancaster, we find the so-called Dutch element predominating. Yet the first settlers of this part of the Susquehanna Valley, says a writer in the *Educational Monthly*, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and there still exist in that region, in common use, many words and idioms taken from Scotland to Ireland, and brought from Ireland here. There are many to-day, says the writer, but fifty years ago there were more; and he sets down some which he noted at that period, selecting such as were new to his ear, he being a Yankee born. Many of them are recognizable as good Scotch or Irish, and some are evidently borrowed from their English neighbors on the east, but some we do not make out. "My feet are starved," the best fed of them would say if his feet were very cold. A hanger-on in kitchens, in the way of the women, was called "a regular old cot" (cotquean), and very likely was told in the frank fashion of half a century since, "You'd better mosey"—a phrase which needs no interpreter certainly, whatever may be its need of a pedigree. "Vamose" would seem the probable parent of it. "It's time to get piece" was the way of saying it was time to prepare luncheon, "piece" being still the term for a child's luncheon in the north of Ireland; and if at lunch-time too much was offered the eater, he declined by saying that "he wouldn't choose such a parcel," and the word "parcel" he would use though it might be cream that was offered him. A bad carver was said to "mammock" the joint—a good English word once, but to be called obsolete now, we suppose, or provincial, though Milton has it. "Infare," accented on the first syllable, was the term for the home-bringing of a bride and the wedding-reception; while, on the other hand, it was the Scotch probably who furnished the word for the departure of a household—the "flitting;" though in the north of England also the family's removal from one place to another is its "flitting." Genuine English of Shakespeare's time, from the French of Chaucer's, is the participle applied to the boy who played truant, and good Scotch, we suppose, is the "scutching" that he received for his "miching," which also is still a north of Ireland word. A "scutching" as flax is "scutched" is also what he was likely to get if he waded ankle-deep or "over shoe-mouth" in a puddle. Recess, as we say now, the young "micher" of fifty years ago called "little noon," while "big noon" was the interval between the forenoon and afternoon sessions of the school. In "strict" families the younger folks must not use the brusque "what?" in addressing their elders and betters, but the word "nan?" ("anan"). Natty Bumpo, our writer points out, was aware of this usage, and in addressing his superiors followed it. "Hippen" (hip-band?) was the polite term for portions of the drapery of young children, and "mosey-sugar" was their great delicacy when they grew a little older and could take their pennies to the shops. It was a black molasses candy—not cake, as Bartlett says—scalloped at the edges like our cakes of maple-sugar. The molasses candy which had been "worked" till it became white went by another name which we shall request permission to set down. "Belly-guts" was the name it bore—so unpolished was the Pennsylvanian of a former generation. Possibly he may have twisted the French *belles gouttes* into this not very dainty term of his, but possibly, too, this derivation is an effort of the refined. The "native English undefiled" is, if we recollect right, still in use in Pennsylvania. Here is a queer use of a phrase: "It don't signify, but I'm tired;" "It's very warm, it don't signify;" "It don't signify; this won't do." And what is the origin of the word "saddy," which Bartlett guesses to be a child's corruption of "thank ye," uttered in acknowledgment of a gift or favor, and accompanied by a courtesy? He would seem to do better in his definition of the word, which he makes a verb that means "to bob up and down, to courtesy like a child." But it used to be almost always a noun in Pennsylvania, our writer says; the child was directed to "make a saddy." Yet he admits that among Quaker children in Philadelphia "to this day the only known word for 'thank you' is 'saddy.'" Perhaps its origin is to be sought in some one of the early forms of our "sit" or "set," and the name refers to the sitting-down motion of the courtesy-maker. That is, at all events, as good a guess as that "saddy" is a corruption of "thank ye," which seems the guess of a philologer in the last stage of botheration. We should say, to help conjecture, that in pronouncing the word the first syllable (whose flatness is marked by the double d) is lengthened out to four times the length of the last syllable. We give briefly a few more of the rare words: to be "nesh" (pr. "nash") was to be in delicate health; to have a "brash" was to have a sick turn; "chellers" were the comb and wattles of a cock; to "ruck up" was to rumple; variable weather was "brittle weather;" a stirring, active housewife was "work-brittle;" "rootching around" was meddling with what did not concern the meddler; to be "bunty" was to be squat in stature; to be "morphewed" or "morphed" was to have freckled or blotched complexion; a "fouty" thing was a trifling thing; to be "bushed" was to be tired; to "sock" is to hit, as with a ball; and, finally, to be "overing the bilious" is to be getting well of the bilious fever.

—Some figures are going the rounds of the press which purport to give the circulation of the leading English papers, but which can hardly be better than conjectural, except as they relate to what is called the "stamped circulation." When sent through the mails, English papers are prepaid, the publishers sending to the post-office authorities as many blank wrappers as they have mail subscribers, and the authorities, after putting on the red stamp, returning them to the office of the newspaper. The *Times*, however, by special arrangement, has a Government clerk in its own office, and the stamp is affixed there. Of the *Times*, the number of stamped copies during the last year was 6,700 daily. Next came the *Standard*, a penny paper that we never hear of on this side of the water, with 5,033. The *Pall Mall Gazette*—which, however, must have a good many mail subscribers for its weekly edition, the *Pall Mall Budget*—had for its daily number of stamped copies 1,253; the *Morning Post* had 623; and the *Daily News* 220. Doubtless the mail subscription list of the *Times*, with its large foreign circulation, and the weight it carries in the various provincial centres and in the country houses, is larger in proportion to its unstamped circulation than that of any of the other papers; and, possibly, though it has no mail subscribers at all, the *Telegraph's* boast of its having more purchasers than any other English daily paper may be true. The whole London circulation of a paper goes without stamp, and so does all of its circulation which it gets by way of the newsdealers and expressmen. The guesses as to the total circulation of the London journals give the *Times* 65,000, the *Standard* 65,000, the *Standard* 45,000, the *Pall Mall Gazette* 10,000, the *Morning Post* 7,000. The *News* is set down at 3,000; but that figure seems preposterous, as does 220 for its mail subscription list. The *Telegraph* is thought to be somewhere between the *Times* and the *Standard*. Of the weekly papers, the story goes that the *Spectator* has in all about 4,500 or 5,000 subscribers, while for the *Saturday Review* 20,000 are claimed. 15,000 would probably be nearer the mark. Neither of these papers would be an extraordinarily good property in virtue of its subscription list alone; both are kept in what the publishers call deep-water by the fact that the advertiser in them reaches a wealthy purchasing class. The number of the *Saturday Review* before us, for example, has twenty pages of advertising matter, and it charges for each page just about twice as much as any similar American periodical charges. One of the advertisements, we observe at a casual glance, is addressed to people who have "castles and mansions" which may need repairing. And the *Spectator*, in its circular to intending or possible advertisers, calls their attention to its great popularity and extensive circulation, "chiefly among the nobility and gentry, members of both Houses of Parliament, the clergy, and professional men generally."

—This is that well-known time of the year when, commencements being in season, the "live men" of the newspaper offices each takes up his parable against the college graduate. Just as, about this time last July, we were called on to observe how the college graduate in five minutes settles the weightiest political and moral problems of the age; and how severe he is on the ambition of Julius Cæsar, even so about this time next July will some satirical genius be scathing upon the college graduate, and ask us to observe how he denounces Philip of Macedon, and how he is strong on all political and moral questions, but especially on the moral. In short, we listen yearly to much exquisite wit and humor, whose freshness, year by year, is as good as anything else about it, but which, for all reasons, is creditable to the minds that produce it. Occasionally it is varied by an "earnest word," such as the *Tribune* uttered the other day in its remarks about "Bloodlessness"—remarks which in various ways suggested the saying of a certain gentlemanly and sagacious editor, that "of all horned cattle, he least liked to see in the office of his newspaper a college graduate." "We do not seem yet," says the writer in question, "to have got beyond the impression that a professor is to be a dry, sharp, thin, waspish man." . . . "More than endowments, more than scholarships, our colleges need a race of manly, hopeful professors." . . . "Whose fault is it that Harvard has but two of its graduates in the Senate and two in the House?" Professors should be hearty, and the young men whom they send out will then leave college hopeful and cheerful—instead, is it, of being the dejected, hopeless creatures that they are now? The man who annually gets himself to his task of spinning out small and vapid jokes on the valedictorians, does no particular harm, and means none, but only to be facetious in a permitted and, indeed, prescribed way; but the writer of such an article as we have been quoting from does positive harm wherever his influence reaches. In the first place, he writes of something about which he knows nothing or but little, and that is something that an honest man will not do. In the second place, what with defective knowledge, and what with his not having thought his subject out with any carefulness, he gives his readers false impressions, as, for example, that distinction in our ordinary politics is not often got by men whom there is no necessity of our respecting overmuch; that the influence of our college-bred men on our higher politics has not been very great indeed; that the making of laws, the administration of justice, and diplomacy have not been largely in their hands; that our best soldiering has not been done by men whose training was strictly academic; that, finally, the portion of the country where common schools—of which colleges are the mothers—have most thoroughly moulded the opinion of the country, has not been very influential (whether it got into Congress from the East or from the West) in shaping the policy and destiny of the country. As to all these matters, we say this writer gives such of his readers as take what he says for truth impressions utterly false. Then, in the next place, he has led himself astray to doubt that it is primarily a professor's business to teach—not to be "genial," or "manly," or anything else in the advanced thinker's and advanced feeler's catalogue—but to teach, and so to teach that those who study with him shall learn, and learn well—learn gladly, indeed, but learn well and thoroughly. He is there mainly to teach what he knows, as they are there with him to be taught his special branch of knowledge. All over the country there are platforms full of "genial" men; and everywhere there are editors' offices full of "manly" men—who discuss the woman question by unmanly and ungenial and indecent references, by name, to two or three women; of "genial" men whose idea of wit is thin flippancy, whose good nature is to give a puff to some cheap rascal, while their idea of invective is to call liar after an opponent, or coin some sneaking anonymous report against him; of "earnest" men, not of the "bloodless, academic mind," who discover "Prince Charles, of Roomelee;" who make Napoleon ardently support the claims of Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, to the Spanish throne; who invent triple alliances that, perhaps, might deceive a Santa Fé editor; who support funding bills that might convulse a curbstone broker with laughter; who talk in bewilderment Mr. Henry Carey's political economy. Full of such men the country is; and not to the detriment of its vulgarity and folly. Whether he does it out of simple ignorance or malice or recklessness, or out of femininity of intellect, incapable of real labor, and hating the exactions of masculine standards, the man is nothing less than a public enemy who does anything to increase the inevitable tendency of us Americans to be "genial" and "manly" and "earnest," after the platform fashion; to disregard sound learning and hard study; to pay too much deference to pretension, whether loudly vulgar or consisting in a veneer of so-called culture; to give too little honor to experts. The case, however, grows better from day to day.

—The recent announcement that a manuscript containing some of the missing books of Livy had just been discovered in a Silesian monastery was made with an air of authority, and assurances were given that this time at any rate there was no *canard*. The manuscript has been examined by competent authorities, however, and is pronounced worthless, as containing nothing not long known, and as being a copy of origin comparatively recent.

EARL STANHOPE'S "REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE."*

THE reign of Queen Anne, though not fraught with so deep an interest as some other periods of English history, forms a very good subject for a historian. The nation, after the series of revolutions and counter-revolutions which terminated in 1688, is in comparative repose; but the intellectual activity awakened by the great struggle remains, and displays itself in other spheres. A brilliant though somewhat shallow literature, of which Addison, Swift, and Pope are the leaders and the types, gives the period the name of the Augustan age of England. Science produces its Newton, learning its Bentley. The era of parliamentary government now commences, and a lively political drama is formed by the struggle of factions and the play of personal rivalries. Political and literary tastes, even political and literary eminence, are combined by the leading men in a singular degree. Marlborough's wars supply a military pageant of the most splendid kind. The costume, the manners, the art, all the accessories of the scene, are well marked, and, though artificial and formal, picturesque in their way. This attractive theme has long waited for a writer to do full justice to it; and we are obliged to say that, in our judgment, it waits still. Lord Stanhope is a good historical writer, of the school which confines its narrative mainly to political and historical events, and attempts little in the way of philosophy. He is a man of the world, knows society, and has taken part in government; he is well informed and accurate; he writes clearly and with ease; his manner is pleasant and undogmatic; his moral judgments and sympathies are always those of a man of honor; and, though his writings are pervaded by aristocratic prepossessions, against which we find it necessary to be always on our guard, he is never tempted by party feeling to withhold or distort a fact. These qualities are all apparent in his larger work, in which we have sometimes found relief after the glare, the dogmatism, and the exaggeration of Macaulay. But it is evident that he has taken up the reign of Anne rather because he felt it his duty to fill the gap between Macaulay's history and his own, and perhaps, also, to complete the unfinished work of his friend, than because he was impelled by a lively interest in his task. When we saw that his history was to be in a single volume, we feared that it could not fail to be dry and meagre, knowing that his style was not that of Tacitus, and we find our fears fulfilled. We do not mean merely that the history is unsensational, for that we should esteem a great merit. Hardly anything is given us beyond political and military details, and even these sometimes in very niggard measure; the negotiation for the Union between England and Scotland, for example—a display of ability on the part of Somers and his colleagues in peace which forms the full counterpart of Marlborough's achievements in war, and has been of far more lasting importance—suffers from inadequate treatment. Even the composition shows want of care, being, contrary to Lord Stanhope's habit, often awkward and sometimes ungrammatical; while the text, in important passages, is sometimes defaced by the insertion of trivial remarks which, upon a second thought, could have been thrown into a note. Lord Stanhope could not treat of a period of history with which he is so conversant without adding to our knowledge; but, we repeat, the reign of Anne still waits for its historian.

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* "History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht. By Earl Stanhope, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. 1701-1713." London: John Murray.

During the first portion of the reign, the scene is filled by Marlborough, Macaulay's character of whom we looked with special interest to see revised by Lord Stanhope. Lord Stanhope, however, though evidently more favorable to Marlborough than Macaulay, leaves the material facts pretty much as they were; indeed, he rather adds to the evidence of the duke's double-dealing, and shows that it was prolonged to the very end of his public career. The betrayal of the Brest expedition is recognized as an undeniable fact; and, if the betrayal of the Brest expedition cannot be denied, Marlborough must have been a villain. Honor and shame must have been extinct in the breast of the man who could be guilty of that crime. Had the perpetrator actually foreseen the fate of the gallant Talmash and his comrades, it would have added but a shade to the darkness of his guilt. As to the ignoble avarice which was a chief root of evil in Marlborough, there can be no question. Of a servant who had saved him out of the hands of French freebooters, he complains that the man "had cost him fifty pounds a year ever since." Nor does it seem to us that his receipt of enormous sums from army contracts, and as perquisites on subsidies, is justified by the plea, which was very fully supported, of usage, or by the somewhat contradictory plea that the sums were applied to the public service in obtaining secret intelligence of the enemy's designs. There is no doubt that Marlborough did pay high for secret intelligence; but, if the whole or the quarter part of the money in question had been so expended, an account of the expenditure would surely have been forthcoming when the duke was accused of malversation.

As in the case of Bacon, so in that of Marlborough, we must accept the anomaly, if it be an anomaly, of a low moral nature combined with the highest intellectual gifts. He sprang from the worst element of the Restoration, and was a type of the public morality of the court of Charles II. But for a villain he was a superb creature. His noble beauty, the mingled majesty and gentleness of his manner, the social graces, in which Chesterfield thought him peerless, and which must have been trebly graceful in the god of war, made so profound an impression on the men of his time that through their feelings we seem ourselves almost to feel his inspiring and bewitching presence. His serenity, never disturbed by any trial or by any peril, inspired Addison, in the only good passage of the "Campaign," with the image of the Angel of the Storm "calmly driving the furious blast." People wonder how any one who had once experienced Marlborough's perfidy could have trusted him. But they should rather wonder how any one could have brought himself to show mistrust in a being at once so fascinating, so august. Marlborough's victories were won as much in the cabinet as in the field; and the diplomatic address with which he subdued the heterogeneous and refractory elements of the most motley of coalitions, and induced them to furnish him with the means of great achievements, is perhaps without a parallel in history. He had brought himself to the point of regarding the pride and waywardness of other men simply as material obstacles, to be surmounted by address and flattery, as he would have passed a ditch with fascines. By handing a napkin to the upstart King of Prussia, he removed all difficulty for the future with regard to the Prussian contingent, and by flattery unspeakably gross, but, as he rightly judged, not too gross for egotism verging on insanity, he averted the intervention, which would certainly have been fatal, of Charles of Sweden. Had General McClellan studied the history of Marlborough, he might have learned that it was one of the most essential duties of a great commander to keep on good terms with those on whose hearty support the vigor of his operations must depend. Voltaire said with literal truth of Marlborough as a general, that he never fought a battle which he did not win, nor besieged a town which he did not take. Yet some of his operations were hazardous in the highest degree; so hazardous that, in order to be at liberty to undertake them, he had to hoodwink his own allies. But his calm and profound intellect always exactly measured both his own forces, inadequate as they sometimes appeared, and the forces of the enemy; and the results on which he had calculated never failed to come to pass. In the field, too, he displayed some good native qualities of heart, untainted by his intrigue; chivalrous courtesy towards captives, magnanimity in sharing his laurels with his allies, and, above all, a regard for the wounded which was remarkable in an age when, in some of the European armies, the difference between being killed and wounded was only that between a speedy and a lingering death. He seems to have been really made ill by the sight of the carnage and of the sufferings of the wounded at Malplaquet. His ravaging of the country round Munich to force the Elector of Bavaria to terms was not an act of extraordinary atrocity for that age, and therefore his expression of sorrow at being under the necessity of burning the homes of innocent peasants to overcome the obstinacy of their prince, ludicrous as it now seems, may be set down to his credit. He seems in war to have been even religious; before the battle of Blenheim he received the Sacrament, and passed a great part of the night in prayer.

Marlborough's life was ruled by the single principle of self-interest; but the game he played was a complicated one, and his course was tortuous, and sometimes in appearance wavering accordingly. He absolutely ruled Anne through his wife, who was thus the pillar of his fortunes—a fact which perhaps partly accounts for his more than uxorious submission to the temper of a termagant. To see Anne upon the throne was therefore his first desire; and the birth of the Prince of Wales, on which James II. so much congratulated himself, was probably fatal to him in two ways—by driving the nation to despair, and by closing the door against the ambitious hopes of John Churchill. Macaulay seems to have detected Marlborough at the bottom of a conspiracy which would have hastened Anne's accession by overthrowing the government of William and Mary. But after the revolution a second object arose. From that time it was Marlborough's aim, by intrigues with St. Germain, to secure himself in the event of that second Restoration which the politicians of the day, misled by a false analogy, seem to have deemed inevitable, and their expectation of which is the clue to most of their sinister proceedings. Probably, when he had risen to supreme military power, the example of Monk was before his mind. He sent professions of good-will to the Prince of Wales through De Biron, one of the prisoners of Oudenarde; and Lord Stanhope holds it to be proved that he supplied money to the Pretender in 1715. Paramount over all, however, was the necessity of attaining high military distinction, which sometimes crossed Marlborough's other lines of action, inasmuch as the power against which war was to be made was France, the patroness of the Stuarts. Altogether he wove a tangled web. He was accused of obstructing the negotiations for peace in order that he might retain his command, and the immense emoluments attached to it. But, on the other hand, he had strong motives for ingratiating himself with Louis XIV.; and it does not appear, so far as we can discern, that he gave any decided impulse in either direction to the policy of the country. Lord Stanhope seems to consider the question settled by Marlborough's protestations to his wife of his desire to be relieved from command and return to domestic happiness. Such protestations are worth little in any case, and least of all in the case of Marlborough. But they are accompanied by complaints of failing strength and loss of memory which were probably sincere. It was the penalty of the double-dealing, which justly repelled the confidence of William, that, though the great soldier had more than once revealed himself, his appearance in high command was put off to his fifty-second year, when, though his intellect was in the fulness of its power, his body could not bear seventeen hours in the saddle at a time so well as that of a younger man. Probably the decay which soon followed his retirement from command was the consequence of his overstrain. Great bribes were dangled before his eyes by the French king in the course of the negotiations for peace. "It is painful," says Lord Stanhope, "to think that such offers were actually made; but we may rejoice that the great duke met them exactly as his warmest admirers would have wished; Torcey informed the king that whenever, in their private interviews, he reverted to the points of personal emolument, he saw Marlborough redden, and without reply change the conversation." Perhaps the great duke's warmest admirers might have wished a little more; they might have wished that, instead of allowing the offer to be several times repeated, as it appears it was, he had on the first occasion so replied that the offer could never have been made again. After all, it is not the height of moral glory for a man in Marlborough's position to have refused a direct bribe; and the acceptance of it, with such a game as he had then before him, would have been folly as well as dishonor.

As to the difference between opposite sets of political principles and opposite political associations, it was to the great duke simply the difference between one military position and another. A Tory at first, if he was anything, he became a Whig because the Whigs supported the war better, and he was ready, as soon as it served his turn, to become a Tory again. Never did tacticians commit a greater blunder than was committed by Harley and Bolingbroke when they estranged by inexpiable injuries and insults the military chief in whose aid lay their only hope of success in their treasonable designs, and who, if wisely approached, would have been ready to lend that aid. But the moral infirmities of Bacon do not detract from the value of the "Novum Organum," nor does the political double-dealing of Marlborough detract from the great services which as a soldier he rendered not only to his country, but to Europe, by preserving the independence and the free development of nations from the domination of the French despotism, then instinct with the senile bigotry of Louis XIV., and as reactionary as the despotism of Philip II. Among the services rendered by Marlborough to his own country may fairly be reckoned the Union with Scotland. That event, following close upon the battle of Ramilies, was evidently a consequence of the victories which cut off from the Scotch Jacobites and Disunionists the hope of aid from France. Lord Stanhope has failed to notice this connection; but he gives the final blow to the belief so firmly fixed in the mind of Sir Walter Scott, that the Union was carried by bribery. In the charge itself there was nothing incredible; but the only evidence, that tendered by the Jacobite Lockhart of Carnwath, when examined, comes to nothing. It had already been nearly demolished by the Scotch historian, Mr. J. H. Burton, and Lord Stanhope completes the work.

In all that follows the Peace of Utrecht we are referred to the author's other history, which itself deals somewhat perfunctorily with that period. Lord Stanhope hastens on to a general chapter on the age of Anne, and hastens through that chapter in a way which leaves a good deal to be desired. The account of Defoe is not only most inadequate but unfair, and makes us a little angry. Defoe seems to be introduced merely as a foil to the author's ancestor, General Stanhope, an honest politician for that day as well as a meritorious officer, but not so great a man that we can afford to immolate Defoe to his shade. It appears from a letter in Lord Stanhope's family archives that during the impeachment of Sacheverel, and while the High Church mob was pulling down Dissenting chapels in honor of that idol, Defoe tendered to Stanhope, who was one of the managers of the impeachment, evidence to the effect that Sacheverel was not personally the saint his worshippers took him to be, nor so loyal a friend to the constitution as he solemnly declared before the House of Lords that he was. Lord Stanhope has the pleasure of telling us that his relative "took no heed of these ignominious counsels, and invited no further communication from Defoe." No doubt Defoe had better have held his tongue; as, we may add, Stanhope had better have kept out of the Sacheverel impeachment. But this single incident, coupled with the remark, which to the mass of readers will be more than vague, that the genius of Defoe was superior to that of Oldmixon, is surely not a satisfactory account of the first political writer of an eminently political age.

On a general review of the period, Lord Stanhope comes to the conclusion that, in spite of all modern improvements, the English people in the reign of Anne enjoyed a larger measure of happiness than the English people at the present day. He forgets the vast increase of population and the purpose or the means of subsistence which it entails. But his ideas of social happiness are extremely conservative and squirarcheal. His social paradise is a community of land-owners, undisturbed by radicals, and living on terms of gracious familiarity with an attached, respectful, and, above all, contented tenantry. Contentment is his great virtue, and he does not consider how much easier it is to a man of rank and fortune than to a peasant with a large family, and earning two dollars and a half a week. The growth of manufactures he regards with an evil eye, though the state of the "loveliest village of the plain" would, by this time, have been far from Elysian, if the surplus population of the English rural districts had not been absorbed by the great manufacturing cities. At the time of the Corn Law struggle in England, the manufacturers met the aspersions cast by the squires on the factory system by exhibiting, in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, a pair of breeches taken from a peasant, which literally stood on end with patches and grease, and the weight of which was astounding. "The laws," says Lord Stanhope, "in the reign of Anne were not so good as at present, but the people were better satisfied with them." If the people in those days were not satisfied with the laws, and with the Squire Westerns who administered them, they were summarily whipped or set in the stocks. For persons of quality, the state of things in Anne's reign was satisfactory; but a glance at the penal code of those days, or even at the low-life pictures of Hogarth, is enough to show that the world in general had good reasons for moving on.

HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.*

THE editor of these note-books informs us that from the extreme delicacy and difficulty of writing a biography of Hawthorne she has felt compelled to refuse compliance with the many requests for a biography that have been made her. Moreover, she says that "Mr. Hawthorne had frequently and emphatically expressed the hope that no one would attempt to write his biography." These are certainly sufficient reasons why no member of his family should make a life of him; and they ought, perhaps, though it is a little difficult to say, to be sufficient to prevent any of his acquaintances; though they could probably give the world nothing it does not know. Except his family, and one or two very intimate friends, no one could do more than make a life that should be, as to one side of it, a purely surface affair, concerned only with the outward facts of his life, and, on the other side, a criticism of his character as that is revealed in his books and in these notes. But perhaps Hawthorne had something of Burns's rather morbid dislike of any possible biography of himself, and would have opposed, if he could, the appearance of any sort of one. He can hardly have expected to escape such a one as that we speak of, however; cyclopædia articles and ordinary reviews of his works will give such, as already they have given them. And, indeed, such lives of him are probably about as good for practical purposes as anything we should get even from a relative. We have a notion that in that case we should seem to get a little closer to him than he permits us in his romances and in the revelations, such as they are, of the diaries, but also we imagine that the greater nearness of approach and closer intimacy would be seeming rather than real. In fact, one would say that the revelation is pretty complete already, and that we lose little but the knowledge of his affectional life, and of the traits of his behavior, as distinguished from the traits of his character. Should the editor of these notes give us a volume of formal memoirs, we should have materials in some ways fuller for forming an estimate of him; but we imagine that a true and very definite estimate of him may well enough be formed by any one who should read all the books, and then all these details of his thoughts and feelings, and then the best criticisms by his contemporaries of him and his works. To literary men who study his methods, and would get at the heart of his mystery, of course every scrap of testimony would be welcome; but, as we say, probably they would not get, from those who knew him best, anything that would essentially change the estimate that may be formed on what is already extant in print; while, for the ordinary reader, the romances are the main thing to be cared for. In the decision which has been reached by the author's family, the public may, then, willingly acquiesce, even were diaries less interesting, and biographies more interesting than they are.

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* "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 2 vols. 12mo.

Perhaps as striking, to be at the same time new, as anything in the volumes before us, is the mingled sense of relief and oppression which the two Englands that he saw gave our observer—the England of the cathedrals and castles, and the England of the beadle and parson; the England of Battle Abbey, and the England of the coroner and policeman and gin shop; the England of immemorial hedge-rows and gardens and parks, and the England with sluggish ponds for lakes, and with "forests" in charge of keepers; the England where American "majorities" distress no one, but where there is a "populace"; the England of ordered ranks and fixed degrees and civility in servants, and the England of privileged classes, and of citizens in whom civility degenerates into servility, and of classes stolidly and squalidly brutish, and brutally dangerous; the England that respects genius, whether or not it has achieved a consulship, and the England that respects a genius rather more if he has achieved the Liverpool consulship, and that looks down a little even on a consul, if, after all, he is only a Yankee consul; the England that knows so well how to eat and drink and be comfortable, but whose men are apt to be beefy and paunchy, and whose women, if one is disposed to be uncivil, one may style, collectively, "Mrs. Bull." These two Englands seem to have inspired Mr. Hawthorne with the mingled satisfaction, pleasure, respect, and gratitude, on the one hand, and dislike, soreness, and contempt, qualified by pity, on the other, which is probably the natural state of feeling that the mother country must produce in the Anglo-American and poet, who, at the same time, cannot forget that he is Yankee, and Democrat, and Puritan. No one passage, perhaps, shows our author in this precise attitude, but the books constantly imply it, and doubtless with all the more certainty that they contain not his deliberate judgments, but his first impressions, and statements of these to himself.

After all, Hawthorne's nature must have been, in a manner, morbid. To have seen but one England was not in him. Doubtless we are not to call him "gloomy and morbid," as those words—which the editor expressly repels as a characterization of him—are commonly understood. How should such a man be sour, or unkind, or inconsiderate, even if underneath his gentleness and pensiveness there might be discernible a sterner texture than exists in those to whom the name of gentle is ordinarily given, and not unseldom because they have the yieldingness and softness that go with weakness? But the sort of morbidness that, so to speak, is not individual in its causes, nor strictly personal in its expression; the sort of morbidness which is the accumulation of generations, and which makes a nature unhealthy by reason of the peculiar form which its ancestors', perhaps healthy, activity has impressed upon it; this, it seems plain, is a morbidness that Hawthorne had. Perhaps it constituted his very genius. Or perhaps the case is that genius, the analytic "telescope of truth," was the cause of the morbidness. The former way of putting it seems to us least calculated to convey a false impression. Hawthorne is always—though, characteristically, he condemns it—turning over the stone, surrounded with violets, it may be, and showing beneath it, and near the flowers, the creeping things that there evade and shun the light. Genius, which is, perhaps, best defined as only insight into the inner essential nature of things, is, in its truest development, "joyous, not grievous." At the last, we are not sad over the "Antigone," nor when Othello makes his end, nor over Lear and Cordelia, nor over Job—even before the cattle and sheep and camels have come back in greater numbers than ever. But the "Scarlet Letter," and the "Blithedale Romance," and the "Marble Faun," these have to be pronounced, on the whole, fine and rare as they are, depressing and not cheering. It is as if to the cradle of the most gifted descendant of their judges, among the spirits bringing him so many good gifts, there had come, also, more potent than their brighter companions, the ghosts of the witches executed by his Puritan ancestors. His gifts and graces of imagination and fancy appear as if dominated by some spell compelling them to face always the sinfulness of sin, to busy themselves with the spiritual depths, not of man, but of man under the curse of total depravity and foreordained to wrath—with the depths of human nature in corruption. It becomes impossible, then, to dissociate his morbidness from his genius, and to avoid saying that his morbidness constitutes his genius, and that in his case, in no other, "genius is a disease."

Another thing that will catch the attention of the reader, perhaps, before he has noted the sad double vision, as obviously exemplified in our author's views of England and the English, is his apparent rawness as regards many matters of which his delicacy and fineness in his own chosen field would lead one to infer him skilled. Who would have expected to hear him pronouncing the Nelson monument "very noble"? Or, at least, if ignorance in these things may be excused—goodness of taste being something largely to be learned, as some say virtue itself is a habit to be acquired—who would not have expected him to be a quiet learner and to avoid laying down dicta? It was, no doubt, in a moment of wilfulness, or peevishness, or playful perverseness, that he set down his wish that all the remains of ancient art could be pounded into mortar; no one deliberately speaks in that way of things which, whether he knows about them or not, have been venerated by many generations of the best men. But it is calmly enough, and with the air of a man who conceives his opinion to be of some value, to himself, at least, if not to others, that he records his disapproval of Turner and other English painters, and his belief in Murillo as the greatest of artists, while yet, at the same time, the Nelson monument and the London Monument and the works of Haydon come in for praise. It is true that he appears to grow more discerning the more he studies, and perhaps a shade less dogmatic. The same rawness one suspects in reading the very numerous descriptions of cathedrals and churches and ruins—descriptions so many and so minute that one thinks the writer could not have read of such things before, nor known how infinitely much has been written about them. To be sure, it was all twenty years ago; and was done by a man who, whatever his genius, got the cultivation of it, as a young man, in the New England of fifty years ago—a land and time that are now, as regards such things, further away than we of to-day can easily imagine.

Of course, there is here and there jotted down, as if for future use, some weird or sombre or beautiful germ of a romance, and these at once throw over the reader the full charm of our author, when he is essentially the Hawthorne whom the world admires; and one wakes to the feeling that, if he has been walking in prosaic ways with a companion who has not been too enlivening or helpful, he has, nevertheless, been journeying with one who has the spell for showing a vision of fairy-land beyond the next hedge.

There remains to be noted the occasional shrewdness of observation; some anecdotes of men like Buchanan, Thackeray, Jerrold, and Lord Houghton; a few good descriptions of show-places in England and Scotland, and, finally, the general readableness, in virtue of the writer's celebrity, as well as of the skill with which he does the work in hand, and the intrinsic interest of the things he writes about, which make these note-books perhaps the most interesting work of the season. We append a few passages of various sorts, selected almost at random—some, we may fancy, that our author would have been ready to print, and some that he might not, but all of use to the student of his character, and pleasing to the ordinary reader:

> "I am not quite sure whether I saw all these pictures in the drawing-room or some of them in the dining-room; but the one that struck me most—and very much indeed—was the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, literally the head cut off, and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist, two days after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of a death-like hue, but has an expression of quiet, after much pain and trouble—very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me. I thought of the lovely picture of Mary that I had seen at Edinburgh Castle, and reflected what a symbol it would be—how expressive of a human being having her destiny in her own hands—if that beautiful young Queen were painted as carrying this dish, containing her own woful head, and perhaps casting a curious and pitiful glance down upon it, as if it were not her own."

> "I grew weary of so many people, especially of the ladies, who were rather superfluous in their oblations, quite stifling me, indeed, with the incense that they burnt under my nose. So far as I could judge, they had all been invited there to see me. It is ungracious, even hoggish, not to be gratified with the interest they expressed in me; but then it is really a bore, and one does not know what to do or say. I felt like the hippopotamus, or—to use a more modest illustration—like some strange insect imprisoned under a tumbler, with a dozen eyes watching whatever I did. By-and-by, Mr. Jones, the sculptor, relieved me by standing up against the mantel-piece, and telling an Irish story, not to two or three auditors, but to the whole drawing-room, all attentive as to a set exhibition. It was very funny."

> "The 'Diary of a Coroner' would be a work likely to meet with large popular acceptance. A dark passage-way, only a few yards in extent, leads from the liveliest street in Liverpool to this coroner's court-room, where all the discussion is about murder and suicide. It seems that, after a verdict of suicide, the corpse can only be buried at midnight, without religious rites."

> "'His lines are cast in pleasant places'—applied to a successful angler."

> "A woman's chastity consists, like an onion, of a series of coats. You may strip off the outer ones without doing much mischief, perhaps none at all; but you keep taking off one after another, in expectation of coming to the inner nucleus, including the whole value of the matter. It proves, however, that there is no such nucleus, and that chastity is diffused through the whole series of coats, is lessened with the removal of each, and vanishes with the final one, which you supposed would introduce you to the hidden pearl."

> "I called again the next morning, and introduced Mrs. ———, who, I believe, accompanied the ladies about town. This simplicity in Mr. ———'s manner puzzles and teases me; for, in spite of it, there was a sort of self-consciousness, as if he were being looked at—as if he were having his portrait taken."

> "I wonder how the English ever attain to any conception of a future existence, since they so overburden themselves with earth and mortality in their ideas of funerals. A drive with an undertaker, in a sable-plumed coach!—talking about graves!—and yet he was a jolly old fellow, wonderfully corpulent, with a smile breaking out easily all over his face—although, once in a while, looking professionally lugubrious."

> "I think I have been happier this Christmas than ever before, by my own fireside, and with my wife and children about me—more content to enjoy what I have—less anxious for anything beyond it, in this life. My early life was perhaps a good preparation for the declining half of life; it having been such a blank that any thereafter would compare favorably with it. For a long, long while, I have occasionally been visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamed it ever since I have been in England. It is that I am still at college—or, sometimes, even at school—and there is a sense that I have been there unconscionably long, and have quite failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up for twelve years after leaving college, when everybody moved onward, and left me behind. How strange that it should come now, when I may call myself famous and prosperous!—when I am happy, too!"

RED CLOUD SEEN THROUGH FRIENDLY EYES.*

IN the country which lies between the Missouri River and the headwaters of the Mississippi, the early explorers of the Northwest found a nation of Indians, numerous and warlike, whom the Ojibways called Nadouessioux (whence, according to Charlevoix, the nickname "Sioux"), but who designated themselves as Dakotas. For a number of years they have occupied the attention of the American people, more perhaps than any other tribes, and sometimes in a very disagreeable way. Quite lately, they have come before us in a new light, as represented in the person of Red Cloud and his fellow-braves, in the drawing-room of the White House and on the platform of the Hall of Cooper Institute.

In 1835, a mission was established among these heathen of the Northwest by the "American Board." A history of this mission has appeared, written for the most part by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, one of the earlier missionaries—a gentleman well known to students of the Indian languages by his very creditable "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language," published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1852. Mr. Riggs in the Preface, and Secretary Treat in the Introduction, enter a sort of apology for the deficiency of the "popular" and "thrilling" element in the new volume; but no one whose critical faculty has not been "thrilled" into a state of demoralization will consider any apology necessary for a style which is remarkably straightforward and free from affectation—sometimes, indeed, singularly colorless and simple, but, on the other hand, frequently powerful by its suggestion of a power held in reserve. Mr. Riggs furnishes a truthful and sufficiently vivid picture of missionary work in a field as fruitful of intermingled trials and joys as any in which brave men have labored across the seas; and not only of missionary work, but incidentally of frontier warfare and all the vicissitudes of pioneer life. The account of the massacre in 1862—the full history of which has been written by Captain Heard—is well given from the missionary point of view; and the chapters on the civilization and education of the red men, and the remarks on the duty of the Government toward them, exhibit just such a combination of Christian charity and Anglo-Saxon indignation as we should expect from a sensible man who had spent his life in endeavors to elevate and "save" them.

But the book is more than a narrative of missionary work; it contains a considerable store of information for the student of American ethnology, especially for him who would collect accurate data for that branch of this fascinating science which is just now coming forth into such prominence, "comparative mythology." In some of its details it has been anticipated by Mrs. Eastman's "Dahcotah"—a book published more than twenty years ago; but for a systematized and authentic account of those facts in Dakotan life which concern the student of aboriginal American religions and customs we must look to this unpretending volume rather than anywhere else. We have, in successive chapters, a condensed but accurate statement of the ethnography of the Dakota tribes; a general characterization of the Dakota language, intended for the popular rather than the philological eye; a description of the everyday life of the Dakotas, especially of their amusements, plays, games of chance, and dances; and, lastly, a detailed and careful account of the Dakota theology and rites of worship. These subjects occupy a hundred pages of the book; and there is, besides, an appendix of fifty pages, devoted to an account of Dakota medicine, by Rev. T. S. Williamson, M.D., and of Dakota songs and music, by Rev. Alfred L. Riggs. The younger Mr. Riggs is also the author of the chapters on the Dakota mythology and worship.

Apart from the testimony it affords on the disputed question of the utility of missions to the heathen, the chief value of the book, to thoughtful readers, will consist in the authentic record it thus furnishes of the inner life of the Dakota people, as manifested in their customs, their religion, their songs, music, and dances. We have here—what the student of religions would welcome so eagerly from other Indian nations—a full, connected, and trustworthy account of a national mythology; and we see how entirely it stands by itself as a quite peculiar embodiment of that religious sentiment which exists in all nations alike. The term "Tahkoo Wakau," which serves as the title of the book, as well as of the chapter on the Dakota religion, means "that which is supernatural or mysterious." Of this, the Dakotas seem to possess a very vivid and abiding conception; and it is this, under a large variety of forms, that they consciously and confessedly worship: "No one term can express the full meaning of the Dakota's *wakaú*. It comprehends all mystery, secret power, and divinity. Awe and reverence are its due. And it is as unlimited in manifestation as it is in idea. All life is *wakaú*. So also is everything which exhibits power—whether in action, as the winds and drifting clouds; or in passive endurance, as the boulder by the wayside" (p. 56). The religion of the Dakotas—the outgrowth of this broad conception of the supernatural in nature—is a curious mixture of fetish-worship on the one hand, and pantheism on the other.

Mr. Riggs speaks of their gods as "innumerable," but selects nine or ten as calling for more extended notice because of the prominent place they hold in the Dakota pantheon. Each of these unique creations of the aboriginal imagination is worthy of close study; but we must confine ourselves to an item here and there. A fact well worth noticing is that the worship of the *Tonkan*, or stone-god, seems to belong to a "less corrupted religion than that which prevails in the present age among the Dakotas," and that the god is considered the oldest "because it is the hardest"—an Indian's reason. Very curious is the account of the *Hayoka*, or anti-natural god—a deity which Dr. Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World" (p. 151), seems to confound with the *Wakeyan*, the thunder-god. But Dr. Brinton's mistake—whoever is responsible for it—ought to be readily forgiven; for it seems that one of the varieties of *Hayoka* "carries a drum, and for a drum stick holds a small *Wakeyan* god by the tail, striking the drum with its beak." The *Hayoka*, all things considered, is the embodiment of a most singular conception. He seems to represent the perverse and paradoxical in nature, and certainly illustrates the perverseness of man's imagination.

> "He expresses joy by sighs and groans and a most doleful countenance, and sorrow and pain by the opposite sounds and looks. Heat causes his flesh to shiver and his teeth to chatter, while cold makes him perspire. In the coldest winter weather, when the mercury congeals, these gods seek some prominence on the prairie, where they put up bushes to shield them from the rays of the sun, and under which they sit naked, and fan themselves as they swelter with heat. But in the oppressive heat of summer, they wrap around them robe on robe, and lean over a rousing fire, snivelling and shaking with the cold, like one in a fit of the ague. They feel perfect confidence when beset with dangers, and quake with fear when safe. With them, falsehood and truth are reversed. Good is their evil and evil their good" (pp. 67, 68).

Yet, strange to say, it is one of the *Hayoka* gods that takes the place of

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* "Tah'-koo Wah-kaú; or, The Gospel among the Dakotas. By Stephen R. Riggs, A.M., Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., and Author of the Dakota Grammar and Dictionary. With an Introduction by S. B. Treat, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M." Boston: Cong. Sabbath-School and Publishing Society. (No date.)

Zephyrus of the ancients, manifesting himself “at times in the gentle whirlwind, and sometimes, visibly, in the delicate waving of the tall grass on the prairie.” The capricious in nature is represented also in the *Tahkoo shkan-shkan*, or moving-god; yet, by what seems a strange caprice of his worshippers, his residence is supposed to be in the firm-set boulder; “so that boulders are universally worshipped by the Dakotas.” These few references will serve to show how peculiar and complicated is the mythology of this rude people, how remarkable as the product of savage minds, and, at the same time, how incongruous and absurd, it is, and how accurately it reflects the mind and life of a race standing face to face with the vast unknown, and contending for ever with the inclement forces of nature.

Scarcely less interesting than the chapter on the Dakotan mythology is that on the Dakotan worship. There is a good account of the “sacrifices,” or, rather, the bloodless offerings and gifts, in which the superstitious fears and desires of the Indian find so frequent expression; of the cruel ceremony of self-immolation, which Mr. Catlin, in his “O-kee-pa,” has described as he found it practised among the Mandans—a tribe of the Dakotan stock; of their feasts and dances and rites of purification; and of their medicine-men or sorcerers, and the “order of the sacred dance.” Mr. Riggs favors the opinion that the religion of these aborigines is neither more nor less than demon-worship, thus taking issue with Dr. Brinton (“Myths,” p. 59); but the logic by which this conclusion is reached is certainly somewhat lame: “For the worship of the Dakota does not fall on vacancy, but is consciously paid to spiritual beings, which can be none other than the spirits of darkness” (p. 93). The resemblance, however, which he traces between the Dakotan beliefs and practices and the system of modern “spiritualism” is well worthy of notice. No one can read of the performance with knotted ropes in a closed lodge (pp. 96, 97) without thinking of the Davenport Brothers, and of spiritualistic *séances* as reported from time to time in the newspapers. But, on the other hand, it is not “spiritualism” to give every human being four souls, and then to have “no particular concern as to what may become of them after death”!

We have taken the more pleasure in calling attention to the substantial contributions to our knowledge of aboriginal life which this volume contains, because it is so thoroughly unpretentious, and is issued under such auspices that scholars might be apt to overlook it. There are parts of it, as we have seen, which are well worth the scholar's attention; and other parts, we may add, which we should be glad to commend to those in authority, in Washington and on the frontier, as containing the testimony of one who knows, against the methods which our Government and its agents have thus far pursued, together with wise suggestions—valuable not because of their novelty, but because of the large experience upon which they are based—respecting our future course. In the meantime, while the immediate extermination of the red race is urged by representatives of the great American people, it is fair to listen and hear from a missionary's widow (p. 182) “how delicately her need of a shawl was supplied by a Dakota woman, who came up behind her and placed one on her shoulders.”

A GERMAN-AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.[*]

PROFESSOR SCHEM's “Conversations-Lexicon” is an enterprise of considerable dimensions, utility, and merit. It is to embrace eight volumes, of eight hundred densely-printed octavo pages each, and thus, as to extent, will occupy a middle place between the two last similar publications of Brockhaus, the larger of which embraces fifteen and the smaller four volumes of nearly the same size. It promises to furnish “the German inhabitants of the United States, as well as all Germans specially interested in American affairs, all the information presented to them in the ‘New American Cyclopædia’—including its supplement, the ‘Annual American Cyclopædia’—in the American edition of ‘Chambers's Encyclopædia,’ and in ‘Zell's Popular Encyclopædia’”—exclusive, of course, of the lexicographical contents of the latter—in addition to all they can find in the best-known collections of the same kind issued in Germany. It devotes special attention to the German populations of the various American countries, and chiefly to the biography, literature, and interests of the German citizens of the United States—subjects the importance of which the “Vorwort” somewhat grandiloquently expatiates upon. To do all this in whatever way—and were it only by compilation and condensation from the most accessible sources—requires an amount of careful labor which must tax the powers of an editorial staff of the best calibre, and we must do our editor and his co-laborers the justice of acknowledging that the general correctness, fulness, and freshness of the new “Conversations-Lexicon” reflect no little credit upon their ability and energy, and that its first volume in more than one respect very favorably compares with the corresponding parts of the English cyclopædias published in this country. We need hardly add that, in thus fully appreciating its merits, we do not judge it by a standard such as the asserted “use of all German, American, English, and French sources” would suggest to our mind, but—what under so many unfavorable circumstances it can hardly fail to be—as a compilation from compilations, generally done without an attempt to enquire into the correctness of the statements found in one or more of the compilations copied from or abridged, and but here and there enriched by original articles on special subjects. The works chiefly made use of by the German-American “Conversations-Lexicon” are the cyclopædic publications of Brockhaus and Appleton, and Lippincott's “Gazetteer.” Even a superficial comparison will show how closely these guides have been followed—we are sorry to say, without acknowledgment. The following extracts, from the article “Alleghany Mountains” in the volume before us and the corresponding “Appalachian Mountains” in Appleton's “Cyclopædia,” may serve as an illustration:

> “Gesammtname eines Gebirgsystems Nordamerika's, das sich von dem zwischen den Neu-England-Staaten und dem Flusse St. Lawrence gelegenen Theile Canada's durch ganz Vermont, den westl. Theil von Massachusetts und die mittleren Atlantischen Staaten nach dem nördl. Theile Alabama's hinzieht. Den Namen Appalachian Mountains erhielt das Gebirge von den Spaniern unter De Soto, die denselben von dem Namen benachbarter Indianer ableiteten; Alleghany Mountains nannten es die ersten engl. Ansiedler nach einem indianischen Worte, das ‘*endlos*’ bedeuten sollte. . . . . Weder im Norden noch im Süden lässt sich ein Endpunkt genau bestimmen, da es an beiden Enden in den hügeligen Regionen, die ihm folgen, nach und nach aufgeht und ausserdem im Süden seine Gneissformationen in den Kreidelagern jener Gegenden allmälig verschwinden. In seiner ganzen Ausdehnung bietet das Gebirge sowohl in Bezug auf die Höhen, als auch hinsichtlich der Richtungslinie eine eigenthümliche Gleichförmigkeit, indem die Höhe der Gipfel nur wenig variirt und die einzelnen Bergrücken durchaus keine besonderen Formationen, die sie vor den übrigen auszeichnen könnten, erscheinen lassen. . . .”

> “These are the great range of mountains . . . . which extend from that part of Canada lying between the New England States and the St. Lawrence River, through the whole length of Vermont, across the western part of Massachusetts and the middle Atlantic States, to the northern part of Alabama. The name Appalachian was given to the mountains by the Spaniards under De Soto, who derived it from the neighboring Indians. The name Alleghany was given by the English settlers of the north, which they received from the Indians, and which was supposed to mean Endless . . . . At either end its termination is not well defined, the mountains sinking away and being lost in the hilly country that succeeds to them; and at the South its gneissoid and other ancient rocks gradually disappearing beneath the cretaceous formations of this region. In all their extent the Appalachian Mountains are remarkable, not for their great elevation, nor for their striking peaks, nor for any feature that distinguishes one portion of them from the rest, but for a singular uniformity of outline, particularly of that which defines the summit of the ridges, as well as that which marks their direction. . . .”

The temptation to abridge the articles of the larger Brockhaus, or to amplify those of the smaller, with as little alteration in style and composition as the desire of avoiding strict copying would permit, was but too natural under the circumstances, and, appreciating, as we do, the comparative value of those articles, we cannot object to their half-literal reproduction. What we condemn is, first, the omission of the acknowledgment due to the meritorious guide; secondly, the eviscerating of some of the articles in a manner destructive of the correctness of the reproduced parts—as done, for instance, in the article “Albertinische Linie” by the omission of all that refers to Duke Maurice and the changes operated by his career in the relative position and territorial possessions of the two Saxon lines; and, lastly, the injudicious alterations introduced merely for the sake of somewhat modifying the original phraseology. Thus, in the article “Albertus Magnus,” the insertion of the word “geistlichen” before “Orden” is entirely unnecessary, and the omission of the word “Ordens” before “Schulen” detrimental, to the right understanding of the phrases otherwise literally copied from Brockhaus: “trat in den *geistlichen* Orden der Dominikaner” and “lehrte in den [Ordens-] Schulen zu Hildesheim, Regensburg, Köln und Paris.” The easy process of abridging and transcribing has probably suggested the unsatisfactorily explained rule according to which in geographical articles concerning America, England, and the British possessions all over the world “M.”

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[*] “Deutsch-amerikanisches Conversations-Lexicon. Mit specieller Rücksicht auf das Bedürfniss der in Amerika lebenden Deutschen, mit Benutzung aller deutschen, amerikanischen, englischen und französischen Quellen, und unter Mitwirkung vieler hervorragender deutschen Schriftsteller Amerika's, bearbeitet von Prof. Alexander J. Schem.” Vol. 1. New York: F. Gerhard. 1869.

signifies an English mile, and in those concerning "Germany and the other countries of Europe, the German." What it signifies in articles on non-British Asia or on Africa is not stated. The article "Africa" shows an amusing alternation of the German and English miles; the length and breadth of Asia are stated in English miles, not designated as such; the area of Egypt is given both in English and geographical miles, which are, however, strangely converted; while the distance of Athens from the Piræus, as given, shows that the general rule has not always been observed. Worse than all this is the carelessness with which the first meridian of longitude has been left entirely undetermined. The longitude of Arabia is reckoned from Greenwich, that of Egypt from Ferro; the longitude of Algeria from Ferro, that of the city of Algiers from Greenwich—without anything to denote it. In general both longitude and latitude remain unmentioned, even where most needed, as in the articles on Alexandria, Abyssinia, and Archangel. This is another result of the easy way, followed in most cases, of abridging without further research. Haste in doing it has been productive of many a slip of the pen. The value of the original articles varies considerably. The life of Alexander II. of Russia is of all we have noticed by far the best.

SOME PREHISTORIC DATA.[*]

We bring together here two little books which, with no direct affinity of themes, are yet cognate in this—that they attempt to work up the beginnings of human history, especially on its religious side, from the traditions of far-off times, concerning which there is no very positive nor connected record—"The Monks before Christ" and "Traces of Picture-writing in the Bible." If one could have the easy faith of the author of the first of these books, there could hardly be a function for the critical spirit in history; and it is curious to observe how sometimes the spirit which is so critical in testing the earlier narratives of the Old Testament will not scruple to accept as authentic history traditions and conjectures purporting to come from a far more remote antiquity, and which exhibit, to say the least, no surer traces of verisimilitude. Upon data almost wholly conjectural, Mr. Johnson sets before us a chronological chart, upon which the course of ancient civilization is mapped out with the certainty of an ordnance survey, and the date of each advance is given with the precision of a Greenwich time-table. That Southern Arabia was in a state of civilization at least 10000 B.C., that "this Cushite civilization extended to the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates not later than 7000 B.C.," and to India soon afterwards, or at least as early as 5000 B.C.; that the same civilization passed over from North Africa into Spain about 5000 B.C., and "was carried to Greece from Egypt 3000 B.C., and to Italy at nearly the same time;" all this is written out upon the chart that forms the frontispiece of the volume, and expanded in the book itself, as if, amid all the confusion of uncertainty in prehistoric dates, thus much at least may be assumed with reasonable certainty. Now, though it is evident that the chronological scale usually attached to the Hebrew Scriptures must be revised and extended in order to adapt it to newly discovered facts in archæology, yet there is hardly a date in the remote antiquity of Egypt, Arabia, or India, so well established that one can construct, as Bunsen attempted to do, a world-scheme of chronology; and it is unwise to concede to conjecture the vast reaches of time that Bunsen's scheme assumes.

Apart from this easy-going assumption and concession in matters of fact, there is little to criticise and much to commend in Mr. Johnson's book. It gives a brief account of different orders of monks, pagan and Jewish, before Christ, with a view rather to exhibit the essential spirit of monkery than to compare details of administration. The author comes to the conclusion that Christ had no connection with the Essenes, and borrowed nothing from them, and that the spirit of his teachings and the very genius of his system are contrary to the spirit of monasticism, which is "the selfish avoidance of all moral responsibility," resulting at last in spiritual apathy. "The first impulse of a man, spiritually moved, may be to connect himself with a monastic order; but, as his religious experience deepens, he sees the refined selfishness of such a course, and realizes that his heaviest cross is to be sought in the world, and in bearing with the infirmities of his fellow-men."

Mr. Johnson was moved to write his book by a somewhat intimate knowledge of the monks of Bavaria and Italy, and he proposes to treat hereafter of Christian monasticism. In order to do this successfully he should guard against hasty generalizations. What well-read student of the Reformation, understanding the use of theological terms, would accept literally his statement that "Protestantism maintained that godliness was entirely independent of works, and could be attained by faith alone"?

The object of Dr. Miles in his "Picture-writing" is to show that, inasmuch as in the early stages of most nations picture-writing preceded the formation of an alphabet, therefore the Hebrews must have had a system of hieroglyphics which left their impress upon the subsequent language. With no claim to original investigation, nor to a new philosophy of language, Dr. Miles has nevertheless stated very well the most plausible theory of the origin and growth of language as developed by Whitney and others of the modern school of comparative philologists; but when he attempts to frame a theory of the Hebrew, finding no facts to support it, he substitutes conjecture and assumption for facts. His reasoning is to this effect: almost all primitive nations used hieroglyphics before they had alphabetic writing; it would be a solecism in the history of man if the Hebrews did not; therefore they did.

Happily the author has not been beguiled by the vagaries of Mr. C. Forster, who discovered in the Sinaitic inscriptions a system of hieroglyphics which he translated into a mongrel of Hebrew and Arabic, out of which he attempted to construct "the one primeval language." The absurdity of his scheme has been thoroughly exposed by Beer, Tuch, and other philologists, who have shown that these inscriptions belong to the Christian era, and have no trace of a Jewish origin. The method of supplying conjectural data as the basis of a theory is unscientific.

Apart from his theory, however, Dr. Miles suggests some ingenious and plausible interpretations of pictorial phrases in the Old Testament; and no doubt Hebrew exegesis has much yet to learn from the genius of oriental metaphor and from the picture element in primitive languages. His essay has opened enquiry that may lead to fruitful results.

A HISTORY OF CRETE.[*]

The island of Crete has a history of three thousand years, and almost at no epoch, from the time that Homer sang of its ninety cities down to our own, in which its desolation by internecine struggles, both of races and religions, has reached a point perhaps never witnessed before, has its fate ceased to be interesting to the civilized world. At the remote periods when civilization drifted from the coasts of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor, towards the northern shores of the Mediterranean, it formed, according to circumstances, a natural bridge—with Rhodes, Carpathus, Casus, and Cythera—connecting the extreme west of Asia with continental Greece; a neutral station where the various cultures of the Nile, of Syria, and of Phrygia could take root, meet, and fuse, before assuming a Hellenic shape; or a dividing rampart between the Libyan Sea and the Ægæan. It became the seat of "diverse people" and "intermixed tongues," as Homer tells us; it was the cradle of heroes and divinities—of Zeus himself among others. Destined by its position, as already Aristotle observed, to rule over both seas and lands, it required only the hand of a powerful centralizer and conqueror, such as we see depicted in Minos, to develop that *thalassocratia* of which the legends of the heroic age of Hellas are full. When the labyrinth of Cnossus ceased to be an object of real or imaginary terror to the coasts all around, art, developed by Dædalus, or figuratively represented under that name, spread from the much-admired seats of Cretan power and wisdom, and Cretan colonies flourished in various countries. But soon a reflux took place, and the Dorians of the Peloponnesus carried their victorious arms and feudal institutions into the island. The organizations, laws, and customs of the Dorianized cities of Crete, in many respects resembling those of Sparta, attracted the curiosity of the philosophical minds of Greece. While the great struggle between Asia and Greece was raging, Crete stood aloof. Internal feuds distracted it for centuries. When Rome first began to extend her sway eastward, the island became entangled in alliances; but it was only after the fall of Macedon, Achaia, and Pontus, that the Romans destroyed its independence. Early Christianized, it also became an early prey to Saracenic conquest, and then first began the deadly grapple between the crescent and the cross for the possession of the island, which, renewed after a long interruption, has not ceased to this day. Reconquered by the Byzantine emperors, it was wrested from them, on occasion of the fourth crusade, by the Venetians, who kept it for upwards of four centuries, and whose rapacity and cruelty in stifling insurrections could hardly be surpassed by their successors in power—the Turks. The struggle for its possession between the Republic of the Adriatic and the Sultan, which was decided two hundred years ago by the surrender of the city of Candia to the Osmanlis, was witnessed with utmost interest and anxiety by the whole of Christendom. And so was the bloody insurrection to which a fanatical hatred, accumulated in long ages of oppression, remembrances of a glorious past, and the spectacle of fighting Greece, drove the Christian Cretans in 1821—an insurrection which almost converted the island into a desert, though it was once more to gather strength to renew the strife, with the same disastrous result.

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[*] "The Monks before Christ;" their Spirit and their History. By John Edgar Johnson. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1870.

"Traces of Picture-writing in the Bible." By Rev. Henry A. Miles, D.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870.

[*] "Précis de l'Histoire de Crète depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à la fin de la domination romaine. Par G.-C. Bolanachi et Henri Fazy, Associé correspondant de la Société des Antiquités de France." Paris, etc. 1869.

"Précis de l'Histoire de Crète pendant le moyen âge et les temps modernes. Par G.-C. Bolanachi et Henri Fazy, Associé, etc." Paris, etc. 1869.

Of these three thousand years of checkered history, the two volumes of MM. Bolanachi and Fazy present a detailed and instructive sketch. They are, however, unequal both in size and in merit. The ancient part, which we presume to be almost entirely the production of the last-named writer, is in every respect more comprehensive and elaborate than the second, to which M. Bolanachi, a Cretan emigrant, contributed the principal materials. The archæological résumés present, in a pleasant and lucid form, the results of the learned researches of Belon, Meursius, Tournefort, Pococke, Olivier, Savary, Sieber, Höck, Pashley, Spratt, Thénon, and others. This part of the work is, however, far from being, what the author intended to make the whole of it, a popular history, though well-chosen extracts from the classics and a style free from all pedantry render it agreeable reading to students of antiquities. The modern history is too briefly told; the narrative of the first Cretan struggle for independence in this century is both incomplete and poetically colored; the story of the struggle just closed is not given. We doubt whether this learned double "Précis" is apt to achieve, what the author aimed at, a considerable quickening of our sympathies for bleeding Crete. The main lesson to be learned from it is that the modern Cretans are as unlike the people of Minos as any Christian people can be; that the Christian Republic of Venice could be as terrible in its oppression and revenge as Moslem Stamboul ever was; and that the independent Cretans of antiquity committed, in warring with each other, all the atrocities, and in peace practised all the vices, which ever disgraced modern history or society, free or oppressed, Christian or Moslem. This is a sad lesson, but, of course, it does not impair the justice of the claims of the Cretan Christians to freedom and self-rule, nor the merit of their fruitless heroism.

Lectures on Art. Delivered before the University of Oxford in Hilary Term, 1870, by John Ruskin, M.A., honorary student of Christ Church and Slade Professor of Fine Art. (Macmillan, London and New York.)—This volume contains seven lectures, of which the first is an inaugural address; for the Slade professorship of Fine Art, at Oxford, is a new foundation, and Mr. Ruskin, the first professor, has only this year begun his duties. The other lectures are initiatory to an elaborate system of practical instruction. Three of the lectures are generally critical, and discuss the relation of art to religion, to morals, and to use. The others are immediately connected with the production and judgment of works of art, and are severally concerned with line, light, and color.

In the inaugural before us the founding of the Slade professorship is declared to be the accomplishment of the first group "of a series of changes now taking gradual effect in our [English] system of public education, and which are the sign of a vital change in the national mind respecting that education." Mr. Ruskin declares himself a warm friend and a friend of long standing of "the new education," and he defines it tolerably well, making of his definition itself, however, a piece of advocacy of the new state of things. "It was formerly thought," he says, "that the discipline necessary to form the character of youth was best given in the study of abstract branches of literature and philosophy, but it is now thought that the same or a better discipline may be given by informing men in early years of things it cannot but be of chief practical advantage to them afterwards to know. That is to say (for the "elective system" must of necessity, as our lecturer himself hints, go with the attempt to utilize all studies), decide first which way your boy should push his preparation for active life, and then begin the preparation at once, seeking discipline and culture for him in the studies which are necessary parts of it. But we have the assurance, too, that our lecturer at least knows where and how the pursuit of "useful knowledge" is to be modified for the sake of intelligent culture. "The object of instruction here," he says, "is not attainment, but discipline; a youth is sent to our university not to be taught a trade or advanced in a profession, but to be made a gentleman and a scholar."

In accordance with these clearly avowed opinions, we may look to these lectures for the foreshadowing of a matured system of teaching to amateurs the criticism and the practice of art, a system intended to give to students just that knowledge of the principles of judgment of works of art which will be most useful to them as members of an intelligent and thoroughly cultivated society of the future; and just that power of drawing and (perhaps) modelling as will help best to that result, and to such insight into the beauty of nature as can be given only in that way. The practical part of it is hinted at only; we find that the students are to draw from works of art as well as from nature, that Leonardo's treatise on painting is to be used as an almost infallible guide to the right way of working, that the observation of the practice of the greatest painters is quoted constantly as of use even to beginners, that an enormous amount and variety of noble art is brought before the students, and the best of it all, so far as available, put permanently into a collection or series, for the permanent guidance and instruction of successive generations of students. Of this collection, whether complete or only in progress, a catalogue will be published, to which catalogue notes in the book before us occasionally refer.

It is evident, then, that there is a serious attempt now being made, at Oxford, to teach art to persons not artists nor meaning to become artists, and to teach it in an ideally perfect way. Mr. Ruskin, the teacher, occupies the peculiar position of having studied art more thoroughly and continuously than any living man not professionally an artist, and in a more varied and general way than any artist can. He is in the position, moreover, of a collector with abundant means and the best opportunities, and of many years' standing; and not only that, but he is a trained practical workman, and one of the first living draughtsmen of landscape and still life. One may expect in this book to find statements with which he will not agree, transcendental subtilties of thought which may seem to him strained and violent, and dreams of social economy whose realization may seem wildly impossible; but a patient and intelligent reader will know what to do with these. If the reader, besides being intelligent and patient, wishes to learn something of art, how to judge of it, and perhaps how to go to work to learn to draw, then he will wish he had Mr. Ruskin for a teacher, and in default of that he will study this book carefully and keep all he can of its more direct and simple instructions.

Smith's Wealth of Nations, edited by James E. Thorold Rogers. Vol. I., II.—*A Manual of Political Economy for Schools and Colleges*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Macmillan & Co. 1870.)—We believe it is the general opinion of the economical world that, in spite of the appearance of the Honorable Horace Greeley's great work, Adam Smith will long continue to hold his own, as the principal founder and greatest master of the science. It would now be almost as difficult to rob him of his pre-eminence and authority as to obscure Captain Cook's fame as a discoverer. It has, after seventy years' vigorous discussion, been found that, in the few cases in which other writers have ventured to differ from Smith, he has mostly been found to be right, and he has furnished the principles by which even those fields of social science which he did not touch, or knew nothing of, have to be explored. There has been until now no really good edition of the "Wealth of Nations," McCulloch's being printed in small type, and laden with notes which were more copious than valuable. Professor Rogers has therefore conferred a great benefit on all students by editing, and Messrs. Macmillan by bringing out, the handsome volumes before us. The Professor's notes are confined either to the elucidation of Smith's meaning, by the aid of fresh illustrations, or to pointing out the cases in which the labors of later observers have clearly shown his deductions to be erroneous.

Professor Rogers' own little work, the Manual, has, we are glad to see, gone into a second edition; but we confess, valuable as it is both for colleges and for the general reader—on the whole, perhaps, more valuable than anything of the kind we know—its fitness for schools we doubt very much, and do not recommend it for beginners. It assumes a knowledge of the operations of trade and commerce, and of the structure of society, which hardly any boy or girl possesses.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices*
Edgar, B.D., (John H.), The Threefold Graces of the Holy Trinity..............	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) $1 50
Stephens (Mrs. Ann S.), Married in Haste..............	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Stiles (Henry R.), History of the City of Brooklyn. Vol. III.....	(By subscription)
Two Englishmen, Reminiscences of America in 1869....	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1870.

The Week.

THE war news is plentiful, but, as to quality, exceedingly poor. The attack on Saarbrück by the French in superior force, followed by a vigorous repulse, turns out a Prussian hoax. (The report of a French victory at the same place reaches us at the moment of going to press.) Several slight skirmishes have taken place here and there, but these not only have no military significance at all, but do not even serve as indications of the relative positions of the armies preparing for the great contest. That the Prussian troops are chiefly massed on the Rhine, between Coblentz and Mentz, on the Moselle, and back of the Saar, seems to be beyond doubt, but reports were also current that an invasion of French territory, in the direction of Mulhouse and Belfort, was intended from the Prussian position on the Upper Rhine, near Basle. Very little can be gathered concerning the incipient movements of the French, owing to the rigorous exclusion of all curious lookers-on, of whatever rank or nationality; but various indications seem to point towards the Rhine, and Carlsruhe, and Landau, rather than towards the Moselle and Treves; and the reported falling back of the Bavarian advanced posts upon the Lauter, coming as it does from Berlin, looks like a sign of operations actually opening in the former direction. Both the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia are now at the seat of war. Regarding the numbers of the opposing armies, the darkness in which we grope is almost complete, the statements telegraphed us about them being full of the most absurd exaggerations, and wildly contradictory.

One day we are told that the Prussians "concentrated behind the River Saar have 400,000 men and rather too much cavalry," while "the opposing force of the French numbers about 300,000." Next day we read: "The French can hardly have been acquainted with the weakness of the Prussian force in Saarbrück during the last few days. It is not now so much at their mercy." This latter announcement comes from the "special correspondent at Saarbrück" of "the only newspaper in the United States fully represented by special correspondents with both Prussian and French armies, and at the leading capitals—the only paper receiving full special despatches," etc., etc. It reminds us of the following perfectly analogous statement by the "special correspondent at Cherbourg" of the same "only newspaper in the United States": "The defences of Cherbourg have been strengthened within a few days; but had a Prussian fleet attacked the place last week, it might have entered through the Western pass, burnt the arsenal and the town, and retired through the Eastern pass without receiving a shot." The "special correspondent at Metz" of the same "only newspaper" puts "800,000 down as the lowest number the Emperor means to have under his hand, and in complete communication at the entrance of the campaign," and believes "the concentration now to be within forty-eight hours of completion." The "special correspondent at Saarbrück," aforesaid, on the other hand, seems to be ignorant of what his fellow-special knows, for he expects a triple aggressive advance of the Prussians on Strasbourg, Nancy, and Metz. Or, if he knows the French to be about a million strong in those vicinities, he relies upon their bodily weakness, for deserters whose "appearance confirms their report," for "they are half-starved and woe-begone," "say they have nothing to eat." A million of soldiers that have nothing to eat ought to be beaten by half a million well victualled. It is true "some French infantry entered Prussian territory at 3 o'clock to dig up potatoes," but "they were driven off without any potatoes"—we are not told at what o'clock. "Potato-digging has been attempted at intervals all along the frontier," but attempted only. The French soldier without his potato must be devoid of all enthusiasm for "la France" and "la gloire," while even "the Polish soldiers" of Prussia are "conspicuous by their patriotic manifestations"—not for Poland but for Prussia—"and vehement hatred of the French." This novel piece of information, too, we owe to a special correspondent of our "only newspaper," which, in spite of all its boasting, deserves credit for its exertions to satisfy the public craving for news.

One other piece of war news, by the Cable, deserves special and separate mention—and that is, that the Prussians have "mined the banks of the Rhine." This, we think, shows that military science has not made the progress among the Prussians we supposed it had. If they were really equal to the occasion, they would set the Rhine on fire, and in this way it would be impossible for the French to get across. Another despatch declares, in substance—supposing it to have any meaning, which is doubtful—that the French people wanted to have General Sheridan take service in the French army, but that the French Government told Dr. Evans, an American dentist in Paris, that they would not receive the General at the seat of war except as a "military spectator." We doubt if any one will ever get at the bottom of this story. We believe General Sheridan goes over on his own account, and intends to be the only thing an American officer can be, a simple looker-on.

The movements of the French fleet are shrouded in mystery, and have as yet resulted in no hostile action of any importance. We hear of it at Brest, near the coast of Scotland, at the mouth of the Elbe, and off Copenhagen; but the reports are vague. Whether its presence in the waters of Denmark will drive that kingdom into an alliance with France, an alliance clamored for by the more reckless portion of the Danish press, but opposed by strong influences and reasons, is still to be seen. Belgium appears to have been roused by the lately divulged schemes against her to more energetic measures for the defence of her independence and neutrality, in which she will have the lively sympathy of England, but possibly no more, in spite of the intense excitement which agitates the British people and Parliament. That England should have invited Russia to join her in defending Belgium by force of arms is highly improbable. The report of the Florence *Nazione* of negotiations going on between England, Italy, and Austria, for an alliance of common neutrality, is more likely to be correct, though counter exertions on the part of France may easily baffle the consummation of all such schemes.

Both Bismarck and the French Government have now published their account of the secret treaty. Bismarck says it was entirely of French origin, but was proposed long before 1866, as well as just previous to the war of that year, but at once rejected, and its existence was in the meantime concealed in the interests of peace. The original draft is preserved at Berlin, in M. Benedetti's handwriting. To this the French reply that it was the wicked Bismarck who proposed the scheme, and it happens to be in Benedetti's handwriting simply because that gentleman took it down at Bismarck's dictation—which is a very unlikely story indeed. On whichever side the truth lies, it must be admitted that Bismarck has got the better of his old friend on this occasion at least. Indeed, it is hard to see how the American admirers of "smart men" can stand by the Emperor any longer after this revelation. The wrath of the German press with England seems to grow stronger as the weeks wear on, and the English Ministry takes no decided step to call France to account, and the English coal-dealers continue to supply the French steamers. Mr. Gladstone, however, did intimate, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that the service of a fleet by colliers might be equivalent to furnishing it with store-ships.

Perhaps the most interesting piece of foreign news received during the week—and there is every reason for supposing it to be authentic—

is, that the French are evacuating Rome, as part of the price of Italy's good-will, or at least neutrality, the balance to be paid in money—$12,000,000 being talked of as the amount. That this result has been hastened in some degree by the general disgust excited by the performances of the Œcumenical Council, there is little doubt. This, and the adoption of the dogma of infallibility, will prove a far heavier blow to the Papacy than anything that has happened since the Reformation. The Pope's behavior, if half the stories told of him have been true, can only be accounted for or excused on the ground, and the very likely ground, that his faculties are weakened by age. His violence of language and outrageous abuse of his temporal power towards the members of the opposition converted the latter sessions of the Council into a disgraceful farce. Secession is talked of in Hungary; and it is doubtful whether many of the opposition bishops will promulgate the dogma in their dioceses.

Thanks to independent communication by telegraph with the two belligerents, the facts of any great event of the war cannot long be concealed by either party. The daily bulletins from Paris and Berlin serve to correct each other, and the reader's common sense to correct both. The French censorship, therefore, as regards Prussia, is limited to French soil, and that this is a matter of congratulation may be judged from the sudden cessation of news from Spain unless of a sort which it suits the French Government to transmit. As the innocent occasion of a ferocious assault on a friendly power, Spain, were it at one with itself, and not financially prostrated, would in honor have hastened to ally itself with Prussia; and, notwithstanding the good behavior of France in restraining the Carlists, it is improbable that there should not be at Madrid a strong feeling of resentment at an insult first offered to Spain and afterwards to Prussia—that of interference, namely, with the deliberate choice of one nation, and the passive assent of another. Of all this, however, if it exists, we hear not a word, but instead reports of friendly neutrality or alliance with France. That these represent the actual attitude which Spain is in prudence forced to preserve, there can be little doubt; but a genuine expression of the Spanish view of the war is still to be heard.

There is preliminary activity in politics throughout the country; but, as a rule, it moves in secret channels, and is not obvious to the general eye, and in the North consists almost wholly in sedulous letter-writing, and in presenting in the newspapers the names and claims of gentlemen who would take nominations. In the South, in the two Carolinas, things are a little further advanced, and North Carolina holds her election to-day and elects a State Legislature, a full Congressional delegation, and an Attorney-General. In South Carolina, nominations are not fully made. Governor Scott is likely to be re-elected, for there is little or no hope that the Reform party—which, of course, is largely Democratic—will carry the State, though they will here and there gain a representative in the Legislature, and possibly one or two Congressmen. Mr. Cardozo, a light mulatto, of good abilities, is talked of for the United States Senate, and one or two negroes will probably be returned to the House. So will Mr. Whittemore, who appears to grow and increase in impudence, and who works so hard for a prosecution in the courts and a place in the penitentiary, that it ought to be no longer denied him. The Reform candidates are making speeches, and profess belief in their success; but their day is not yet, it is to be feared. Meantime, our old friend Niles G. Parker, State Treasurer, has become involved in a little controversy as to whether or not it is true that "no one can tell what has become of the State Treasury." One thing appears to be clear amid the dust of the conflict—namely, that the State Treasurer, being charged with allowing bonds of the State to go to protest, and with having thus dishonored the State, replies, in so many words, that "there are no bonds of the State past due and dishonored," and further says that the Comptroller-General does not affix his signature to the State bonds, and that it is easy to see how much his accuser knows of what he is talking about. Thereupon the accuser produces a letter from the agents of the Barings, which avers that in 1868 there fell due £109,000 in South Carolina bonds which went to protest, and that both the principal and the one year's additional interest on the dishonored bonds remained unpaid on the 26th of last month, though due on the 1st. And all this, though the impoverished farmers of South Carolina are staggering under enormous taxation.

In North Carolina the war still continues, or rather Colonel Kirk still holds some scores of the principal inhabitants of two or three counties under arrest, and stands ready to make war if only somebody would resist, which nobody does. His forces are not the regular militia of the State, but a specially levied body of men, mostly black; and he himself seems to be a wandering adventurer, trained to command by bushwhacking in Tennessee. From the shouting and bawling of the Holden "organs"—the trumpet-calls to the faithful, as they are termed up in this region, when the men and brethren are on the eve of voting—we should imagine that there may have been some need of what one of the North Carolina judges called this "small electioneering dodge" of the Governor's; but we suppose the State is safe to go Republican, and that at least one colored member of Congress will appear in the House. Still, that the Legislature should be of a certain stripe may very likely be of great importance to the success of various schemes that will come up next winter. The probable colored member of Congress is Mr. James Harris, of Raleigh, a sensible man, and by no means despicable in point of ability. He is the man who two years ago refused to let himself be put in nomination, thinking it injudicious. But it will be observed very soon, or may be observed now, that there is to be very little more of that kind of reserve.

Neither is it to be desired that men like Mr. Harris should postpone their claims to the claims of men like many of the leaders of the colored men. The Northern people are beginning to understand the carpet-bagger tolerably well, and he is on his last legs, no doubt, but every month by which his final end can be hastened is precious; and it is to be hoped that light from all sources may be thrown on his figure till there may not be a man in the Republican party who does not justify the South in its hatred of him, and see why the South is to be partly excused for hating us. A typical carpet-bagger may actually have been a few years ago a bankrupt saloon-keeper, of the ability usual with his class, whose saloon decayed because of a vehement suspicion that it was a house of assignation, and an absolute certainty that it was a very unsatisfactory place in which to eat and drink; he may have been more than half-believed to have set his saloon on fire for the sake of getting the insurance money; he may then have been a soldier, known for currying favor, and a petty officer hated for small tyrannies; he may have always been innocent of more education than goes to the reading of the *Ledger;* and yet to-day he may be lieutenant-governor of a State with a prosperous "ring"; or he may be a Congressman and a seller of cadetships; or—and here is a chief concern of ours with him—he may be a representative of Northern civilization, an instructor of the negro voter, making him rotten in legislative rascality before he is ripe for the suffrage, an agent in reconstruction, and a fruitful source of the hearty hatred for the North which has so long delayed the peace that is essential. And worse cases than this could be cited. Every Southern State has had its share of them, and the Republican party has suffered in consequence about as much as it is wise to attempt bearing.

Georgia just now sees him characteristically employed. The intention is avowed to get the law so construed as that Governor Bullock shall keep his office for two years longer. The argument is that he became only a provisional officer when Congress last interfered in the affairs of the State, and that, as he did nevertheless make a successful canvass of the popular vote, he must be held to be an elected Governor also, and the constitutional two years' term must be held to have begun when Congress finally took the State out of its provisional condition. This subterfuge deceives no one, but there is a reasonable prospect of its giving Bullock the State for two years longer. If so, it will be heard of next winter in Congress, and not from Democrats alone, for although, in some way that cannot be explained, the last of the Georgia bills was ambiguous, and shirked this question of Bullock's claim to prolong his power, nevertheless, Senators very warmly declared that the construction now sought to be put upon it the committee did not intend it to bear. No wonder that Mr. Thurman and Mr. Trumbull, with Bullock's transactions with Forney fresh in mind, might indignantly deny a willingness to lengthen such a person's lease of power. They let it be done, however, or did not prevent it.

There is another little "Butler imbroglio" brought to light in the courts in Washington. One Whitney asks for an injunction to prevent one Ames getting from the Treasury a balance due to him on a gun contract till he first pays him, Whitney, a fee of $5,000 for "professional services;" but Ames answers that the fee was promised for the professional services of B. F. Butler, whose clerk, or "head man," Whitney is, and that the services to be rendered by Mr. Butler were his bringing about, through his position as a member of an investigating committee, a withdrawal of the opposition offered by General Dyer, the Chief of Ordnance, to the payment of Ames's claim. We hope the case will not be "settled" till we have heard more about it, and particularly till General Dyer is examined.

We have, though not naturally cruel, taken some pleasure of late in watching the way in which some of our *à priori* politicians, who have for some time been trying to substitute the Declaration of Independence for the Constitution, have been dealing with the Chinese question. What with their desire to reconcile "the natural rights" of the Chinese with the "natural rights" of "the workingman" already here, their situation is enough to draw tears from a gorgon. One after another has tried to take the bull by the horns, and got badly gored. The latest attempt has been made by Wendell Phillips, who advocates, in the *Standard*, letting the Chinese come in gradually, so as not to lower the wages of the American laborers here. So that, according to this plan, the United States is, we suppose, to station officers on its coasts, whose duty it will be to let in as many Irishmen, Germans, and men of all Aryan races as choose to come, without regard to the effect their arrival will have on wages; but whenever five Chinamen present themselves, three are to be driven back. But, suppose the three rejected Chinamen produce the Declaration of Independence, and read the passage about people being all "born free," and then produce a batch of Anti-slavery, Woman's-rights, and Negro-suffrage speeches, by leading Republican philanthropists and politicians, and read them, and then say that all they ask is liberty to work hard and peaceably in a half-reclaimed continent, of boundless resources—what answer shall we make them? Who of all the declaimers against "distinctions based on race or color," and against the right of society to restrict the suffrage, is going to have the hardihood to drive them away from untilled fields and unworked mines?

The Nathan murder, like the Rogers murder and various other murders of the same character, calls forth more or less denunciation of the police, and complaints, not only of its want of vigilance, but of the smallness of the force. But this sort of talk only draws away attention from the real source of any insecurity for life and property from which New York may be suffering. It is not possible to police any city so that a man shall run no risk of being murdered or robbed in his own bedroom, or at his own street door. Such cases will occur under any police system, and no amount of vigilance will always lead to the arrest of the criminals. What leads to the perpetration of crime is uncertainty whether crime will be punished; and into this the condition of the courts and of the penal code enters far more largely than the remissness of the police or the smallness of the force, as any one may satisfy himself who compares the number of arrests with the number of convictions. It is increased, too, and greatly increased, by the heinous—that is the word—sympathy of the public with criminals; the readiness of respectable persons either to sign their names to petitions for pardons or to let pardons be obtained without opposition, when they know good reasons why they ought not to be granted. We should like to know, for instance, how many of those who, when Officer Smedick was murdered, testified to his good conduct, good temper, and general efficiency, have stirred hand or foot to traverse the charges which Real, his murderer, has been bringing against him during the past fortnight, in aid of the attempt to procure commutation of his own sentence. Governor Hoffman's final reply to Real's counsel is an admirable public lesson and rebuke.

The superannuated "fraud" known as the American Colonization Society has had a falling out with the New York State Society, hitherto a branch of it, but now to all appearance irrevocably parted from it. The grievances of the latter, as set forth in an extremely lively document made public this week, arose from the refusal of the parent society to withdraw its soliciting agent from the New York field, which he had been by courtesy allowed to farm for three years, though in virtue of a common understanding the State Society had final authority in the premises. Having inflicted this wrong, the American Society turns round and in its annual report this year abuses the New York Society, boldly charges it with having been revolutionized by the election of "new men" hostile to the American, complains of discrepancies in its alleged contributions and actual receipts, and indulges in other pretty statements, which are of course pronounced "groundless and calumnious." These are epithets that used to be often heard from the Abolitionists when the Colonization Society was seeking to remove the free negroes of the South from the immediate neighborhood of the slaves, and at the same time making philanthropic professions of a lofty character. Age and the loss of a legitimate occupation do not seem to have improved the Society's scrupulousness, and we grieve to say that the New York Society has added one more to the numerous exposures of the "parent." After all, however, a charity once established is hard to kill, and we presume this little "onpleasantness" will work no particular harm to the guilty party, and that hereafter, as heretofore, enough of people will be found to contribute to the expenses of a society which spends $68,000 per annum with the magnificent result of shipping every other year from one to two hundred negroes to Liberia; and that the New York Society will have no difficulty in raising funds to educate over there the ignorant emigrants thus transported.

A contemporary quotes our remark that the newspaper men at Worcester, who took sides in the dispute as to the "foul," do what they had no business to do, and, having quoted it, enquires what would become of the *Nation* if it did not take sides in disputes about things which it had not seen with its own eyes. The newspaper men of whom we spoke were reporters, and it being a reporter's true business to get the facts in any given case, as it is an editor's business to express opinions, the "pertinent question" put to us is seen to be not pertinent. The fact is that reporters are accorded a license which makes many of them untrustworthy in their report or causes it to be mingled with other matter out of its scope, and which makes the most of them insufferable blackguards. Take, for instance, the wretch who the other day, out of revenge for having been refused admission to the house of Mr. Nathan, then occupied by the women of the bereaved family, goes away and makes a circumstantial charge of parricide against the young man who had declined to show him over the house and exhibit to him the corpse of his unfortunate father. Yet this ruffian's whole work, had he been attached to a properly conducted newspaper, would have been merely to report facts, and he would have had no more opportunity to air his opinions and impose his scoundrelly and shocking inventions on the public than a private soldier to dictate the plan of a campaign. This is an extreme case; but the unbiassed reporter, on the other hand, who tells what he sees and hears—no more and no less, is about as rare. Reporters and correspondents are too seldom *edited*, unless, indeed, they are edited to the bad extent of being "inspired" by the editor, and made to his order. How bad the result is, and how very bad indeed it used to be, as, for instance, when every anti-slavery speaker was a saintly hero or a weak-headed, wicked ignoramus with "free-love" tendencies, everybody knows who knows the press.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

There is probably nothing which the European public has been watching with so much interest during the last fortnight as the effect on England of the revelations made by Bismarck of Louis Napoleon's views of her weight in European politics, and of the value of her guarantee to such small powers as Belgium. The unexpected coolness with which her Government has received the publication of the projected treaty is apparently exciting more or less exasperation in Germany, which has already found vent in the Berlin press, and, curiously enough, is fastening on her continued commercial dealings with the French, and especially the sale to them of coal, as proofs of something worse than indifference to French treachery; the exact nature of neutral obligations being apparently totally misunderstood by nine-tenths of the writers who shape public opinion about them. There is evidently not much disposition on England's part to be stirred up into anything more than an attitude of suspicion towards France, indicated by some "activity in dockyards" and the concentration of the fleet in home waters. There is plainly no inclination on the part of the ministry to put an unfavorable construction on the French conduct, or to force the Emperor into a corner. After making all due allowance for official reserve, it is difficult to avoid the inference that both Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville were rather unwilling to admit that the proposed treaty was authentic; and—now that there is no longer any doubt on this point—that it is of very great importance after all; and they are fortified in their indifference by the amusing conflict of veracity which is now going on between Bismarck and the Emperor as to which of them drew up what both are now agreed is an abominable arrangement.

Nevertheless, there is nothing in the political system of the European Continent to the maintenance of which England is so strongly and solemnly committed as the independence of Belgium. If she would not resist the destruction of this, she would resist nothing. If its destruction should be attempted, and successfully—and that her passiveness when Denmark was attacked in 1866, in the teeth of the Treaty of London, suggested to Louis Napoleon that he might safely presume on her patience as much as Prussia had done, there is little reason to doubt—it would remove her definitively from the class of "great powers," to whose hands usage as well as force has so long committed the task of arranging the affairs of the Continent. The treaties of 1815 having been all overthrown, and her guarantee having been set aside in the case of Denmark, the only portion of the political status in Europe for which she remains formally bound is the independence of Greece and of Turkey. The former of these is not likely to be menaced; and, if we may judge from the tone of English opinion with regard to the Crimean war and its results, there is no chance of any further attempt being made to save Turkey from any fate which may be in store for her.

The control of the Continent would then pass completely into the hands of France and Prussia. Belgium having disappeared from the map, Holland would soon follow, and it is difficult to suppose that Scandinavia would long escape the maw of either Prussia or Russia. Austria would hold together just as Turkey has held together—just so long as the three great powers could not agree as to the manner in which it should be divided; and of all the nationalities, or rather races, which it contains, probably not one is possessed of sufficient strength and vitality to furnish a substitute for the curious mediæval contrivance called the Austrian Empire. Russia is assuming too heavy a load of responsibility in the East, is undertaking the civilization of too many barbarous races, and the reclamation of too much wilderness, and has too great a task before her in the reorganization of her own institutions, to make it probable that for generations to come she will say "Ye [illegible] to say "No" when two such powers as France and Germany bod- [illegible] y of s [illegible]s." The world has probably not yet seen, indeed, a political [illegible]anized" [illegible]uch *weight* as Germany will be when consolidated and "Prus- [illegible]

The independence of England, when completely shut out from Continental politics, and stripped of all the prestige left her by the wars of the empire, and with Ireland still discontented, and a heavy burden on her shoulders in the shape of colonies and provinces, and with the part of pure seamanship in naval warfare greatly reduced, would rest largely on the forbearance and morality of the Continental powers; and although all civilized powers, doubtless, have within fifty years made great advances in morality, it is impossible for any calm observer to say, after what has been witnessed in Germany and France within the last ten years, that the corrupting influence of the possession of great material strength on the mind either of nations or individuals has so far diminished as to render it safe to trust much to the mercy or honor or justice of any government. Anybody who reads Louis Napoleon's last address to his army will find in it, except the comical reference to "liberty and civilization," nothing which Julius Cæsar might not have put into a similar document.

Most of these considerations are evident enough, as one may see by the press, to the minds of most thoughtful Englishmen. The number of those who like to contemplate the future of the kingdom, supposing things to go as they are going, diminishes every year. Hope, in short, which is by far the most important element in national vitality, makes less figure in English politics every year, though nobody doubts that the nation, if put to it, is capable of making as tremendous efforts as ever. But then, there stands in the way of a vigorous or independent foreign policy the fact that as Europe now is no nation can play a first-class part in European politics, or even be sure of preserving its dignity, without a large and highly organized standing army, or, at all events, a militia or reserve, so drilled and disciplined as to be capable of acting against a standing army at short notice. The English army, as at present organized, counts for nothing in European politics. Whenever it has made a figure in Continental wars, it has either been employed against a foe most of whose attention was directed elsewhere, or has been surrounded by a powerful body of auxiliaries, and in days when the armies of all the great powers were comparatively small. Now, when three powers at least can mobilize nearly a million of men, it is almost ridiculous for England, whose disposable home force does not reach over forty thousand, to expect to exercise any serious influence in European politics; and Englishmen themselves see it, and, curiously enough, the aristocracy, once the most warlike and aggressive portion of the nation, are now the meekest and most resigned to a peaceful and obscure rôle. The reason is that the reorganization of the army, so as to make it rest on the nation, and put into it the whole of the national force, would involve the introduction of the conscription, to which the people would not submit, unless it were democratized—that is, unless the officering of it, like the civil service, was thrown open to all classes, and ceased to be, as at present, a monopoly, confined to men of wealth and good family. The army and the church are the only two institutions now left in the hands of the upper classes, in which their younger sons can find a genteel livelihood; and they vastly prefer, if they have to choose, to have England retire from Continental politics to consenting to a change such as the reorganization of the army, which would in reality do more to invite "the transfer of power" than anything which has yet occurred. Probably nothing would do so much to convince the middle and lower classes that they are really the nation as to see men of humble birth riding at the head of regiments, and wearing decorations, and seeing all classes serving in the ranks—a sight which England has not beheld since "The New Model Army" made its chief the foremost man in Europe.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

In his "Idée Napoléonienne," Louis Napoleon quotes from his favorite history of the First Empire, Bignon's, the following: "One day people will ask, Why did Napoleon, in the last six years of his reign, show himself so pitiless towards Prussia? The reason is: Prussia was the power that harmed him most, for she compelled him to fight and destroy her, while his desire was to extend, to strengthen, and to aggrandize her." We do not know whether the author of the "Idée Napoléonienne," who has now with so much vehemence drawn the sword against Prussia—old, infirm, and generally passionless as he is—has either the desire or the ability to treat her pitilessly and to destroy her; but—granting Bignon's view to be correct—we cannot fail to notice the analogy between the Prussian wars of the two imperial reigns arising from the fact that Napoleon III., too, sees himself compelled to fight Prussia after some endeavors "to extend, to strengthen, and to aggrandize her."

The object of Napoleon I. in giving Hanover to Prussia, after Austerlitz, was, as Bignon expresses it, "to ensure, by her aid, the immobility of Russia and Austria, to give to the Continental system an irresistible development, and thus to force England to make peace." Besides, Napoleon received some territorial compensations for what he took from the King of England and gave to Prussia. The object of Napoleon III. in conspiring with Bismarck for the aggrandizement of Prussia—by the absorption, among other territories, of the same Hanover, as chiefly required for her consolidation—was to bring about a final disruption of Germany, which would render her powerless to resist the natural expansion of France—as the French call Cisrhenan conquests—whether at the expense of Belgium or of Prussia herself, should a protracted war have crippled her resources equally with those of Austria. And, low though our opinion be of the unselfishness of the living Napoleon, we cannot refrain from acknowledging that his intentions concerning Prussia were more sincere than those of the great conqueror. For the latter aimed at universal empire over Europe, and could therefore tolerate no respectable power besides his own, while the former would be fully satisfied to be acknowledged mightiest among the mighty.

Prussia compelled Napoleon I. to fight her by refusing to be his abject slave. She has compelled Napoleon III. to fight her by her victory at Sadowa. This victory by its suddenness has frustrated the schemes of French expansion, and made Prussia almost the equal of France in power. It has eclipsed Sevastopol, Magenta, and Solferino—which were the dearly bought compensations in *gloire* for endless sacrifices of *liberté*—and partly effaced even the remembrances of Jena and Wagram. It has aroused the vanity of the French to a degree which makes them both restless and restive. The trophies of Miltiades will not allow Themistocles to sleep; from the day of Sadowa France has enjoyed no rest. She has actually begun to doubt whether she is after all *la grande nation*. A great revolution and great victories long ago procured her that glorious title; she sees it now rapidly becoming vain-glorious merely. She must have new victories or else a new revolution. Napoleon has not been slow in comprehending the changed situation, the changed temper of France. And where revolution or war is the alternative, he cannot hesitate in his choice. While playing or struggling with an incipient revolution, he has prepared for war—and Europe will be drenched in blood. It is idle to speculate how far, in throwing down the gauntlet to the rival of France, he is actuated by motives of personal interest, looking to the preservation of his dynasty, and how far by feelings inspired by the interests of the nation whose ruler he is. Whether equally imperative or not, regard for the safety of his throne and regard for "the honor of France" command him to fight.

Among the personal considerations looking to the preservation of both throne and fame, we may mention the advantage, so obvious under the actual circumstances of the Second Empire, of breaking by a powerful series of warlike deeds the chain of historical remembrances now uppermost in the mind of the French people. The seventeen or eighteen years of the personal rule of Napoleon, beginning with the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2. 1851, form a connected period of usurpation and hypocrisy, preceded by three years of wire-pulling and presidental betrayal of trust. This period is that which the generation that knew the reign of Louis Philippe and the Revolution of 1848 is constantly contemplating and meditating about as the worst part of their country's history in this century; as a long-stretched inglorious present to which the late imperial concessions, crowned by a plebiscitum of a strangely dubious character, seem to form a continuation rather than a concluding and reconciling epilogue. Nothing would be more apt to impress upon the recent constitutional change in France the character of such an epilogue than the suddenly following opening of a new series of events, sufficiently dramatic and heroically tragic to strike the imagination of the people with the idea of entirely novel, grand performances, with the impression of a new era opening in the history of their country. Should speedy victory perch upon the imperial eagles, the new era would be hailed, as such, with all the rapture of national vanity; should a long war with varying success ensue, the multiplicity and intensity of the new impressions would the more easily cast the late past into comparative oblivion. In either case, Napoleon would appear in the new light of a champion of France in a grand contest with an envied rival.

Nor have the provocations to hostility, on the part of Prussia, been slight in the eyes of Napoleon. Not only has she dared to conquer beyond all measure compatible with "the honor of France"; not only has she used and abused her victory exclusively for her own benefit and without any regard to the claims and remonstrances of the monarch who at first aided her by his council and connivance; but she has also crossed and baffled some of his most favorite schemes in an almost atrocious way. It was he who proclaimed himself the protector and regenerator of the decayed Latin race, from the Pontus to the Pacific. It was he who brought about the union of Moldavia and Wallachia in the shape of an all but independent Roumania. It was he who worked with Cavour and fought with Garibaldi for the freedom of Italy, "from the Alps to the Adriatic." It was he who encouraged O'Donnell to revive the ancient glory of Spain on the soil of the Moors and to restore her sway in the Antilles. It was he who erected and defended, as a shield of the Latin race against the Anglo-Saxon, the imperial throne of Maximilian in Mexico. Surely it was a great dream, this universal Latin protectorate of France. And how has it vanished? Excepting Mexico, where it ended in a tragedy, Prussia has turned it into a mockery everywhere. She has placed a prince of her royal house, Charles of Hohenzollern, on the throne of Roumania. She has conquered—at Sadowa—the Italian quadrilateral of fortresses, which her arming in 1859 prevented Napoleon from assaulting, and has surrendered it and Venice to Italy—through his own hands. And now she has arranged to set another Hohenzollern prince on the throne even of Spain. Are not all these provocations, put together, too destructive of the prestige, too insulting to the pride of a Napoleon to be submitted to calmly, to be borne without an attempt at revenge? We presume they have weighed heavily in the scales in which the Emperor of the French lately weighed peace and war.

COLLEGE TROUBLES.

WE publish elsewhere an answer from a competent hand to an onslaught made by Mr. W. W. Phelps, of this city, at the late commencement at Yale College, on "Old Yale" on behalf of "Young Yale;" or, in other words, to an outpouring of the griefs which the younger graduates—that is, those of the last ten years—declare themselves to experience whenever they contemplate their Alma Mater. The trouble in Young Yale's case is that, although profoundly discontented, it is not able, when pushed to the wall, to state in set terms what is the matter with it. It does not like the state of things at the college, but yet finds an apparently insurmountable difficulty in defining the defects of the system of which it complains, and usually ends by demanding the removal of the six Congregational ministers from the governing body as the very least that will satisfy it, although loudly praising the Faculty. To this, however, the ministers and their friends have the ready reply, that the Corporation does whatever the Faculty pleases, and that if anything be wrong, it is the Faculty which is to blame; but the malcontents have praised the Faculty; therefore, etc. Mr. Phelps came near touching what is, we suspect, the seat of the trouble, by complaining that General Grant's son had gone to Harvard, and that distinguished foreigners, including British peers, not unfrequently figured at the Harvard commencement dinners, and that it had distinguished poets among its professors. This gives "M. A." a fair chance for a laugh; but it expresses in a vague and distant way the Young Yale feeling that their university is wanting in "style," and does not maintain satisfactory relations with the culture of the world without. The difficulty it finds itself in is somewhat analogous to that from which doctors escape by telling their patients that they want "tone." It would like to have the atmosphere of the place improved, and cannot think of any way of doing it so good as expelling the ministers, though if you ask it what it means by "atmosphere," it is puzzled a little. "M. A." probably renders Young Yale some service by mentioning the defects of the college on the literary side, which, of course, are due to want of money; and probably, if the whole matter were thoroughly investigated, it would be found that most of the complaining graduates could be satisfied if the general fund of the college were larger, and it could indulge in more professors.

It is not the graduates of Yale, however, who alone are complaining about the colleges. These institutions are a source of profound trouble and disappointment to many of the newspapers, and especially to our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*. That paper excited a good deal of merriment among some of its readers a few weeks ago, by complaining, *apropos* of "commencement exercises," that the youthful orators would persist in writing and talking about things they did not understand, or only half-understood. This was an unkind cut, because, unless we are mistaken, as we have never been before, we have discovered nearly every week distinct and well-defined marks of the undergraduate hoof in the columns of some of our daily contemporaries. Some of those profound views on international law, social economy, foreign politics, canon law, and ecclesiastical history with which our journals fill the stomachs of their readers we have certainly met with before now in "themes" and other compositions, which bear to the commencement oration the same relation that the calf bears to the full-grown ox, or the blossom to the fruit. The *Tribune* has many good points; but we are sure that, on reflection, it will not claim credit for exact knowledge, or a thorough comprehension of every subject which the necessities of journalism compel it to discuss, and will, therefore, acknowledge that the young fellows who undertake to reveal the secrets of the universe at commencements are entitled, at least, to forbearance at its hands.

It is not the shallowness of the commencement orator only, however, which is complained of, but the "bloodlessness" of the professors, who are suspected of keeping down the glow and fervor of the undergraduate nature, or, at least, of preventing it from finding vent in the exercises through which these gentlemen are supposed to be acquiring the art of expressing their thoughts in good English. We gather from one article on this subject in our contemporary's columns, that a fiery and ornate rhetoric is in some mysterious manner the result of richness of blood, and that anybody who does not admire it must be an unhealthy person, unfit to take charge of the instruction of youth. If we remember rightly, a doctrine somewhat similar was preached in the *Atlantic* a month or two ago, by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who there and then went into a kind of mild ecstasy over the rhetoric of the Hon. P. L. Slider, M.C., which he declared it did him good to hear, as, although of the spread-eagle variety, and strongly charged with gunpowder and whiskey, and produced with much bodily effort, it was, nevertheless, a sign that Slider and his kind were fresh, vigorous, and healthy, and was going to make the world somehow or other a great deal better. In other words, Colonel Higginson laid it down in pretty plain terms that blatherskite was a healthy symptom; and, so far from being repressed, was to be encouraged or borne with for the sake of the inward and spiritual grace which it indicated; and he hinted plainly that anybody who expressed dislike of blatherskite, and desired Slider to come down off the stump, shut his sonorous mouth, and betake himself to some productive industry, was a cold, malignant, bad person, who would probably not hesitate to rob a church or defraud a widow.

Now, we differ on this point from the New York *Tribune;* we differ, too, from Colonel Higginson, though we admit that differing from Colonel Higginson exposes one to the suspicion of being of a still more cruel, not to say diabolical, nature, than if he were differing from the *Tribune*. Nevertheless, in the face of these two worthies we have no hesitation in assuring graduates and undergraduates of all colleges, male and female, that blatherskite, whether written or spoken, is a bad thing; that far from being a health-giving eruption, it is a symptom of disease; that so far from being a sign of rich or vigorous nature, or of very red blood, it is simply a sign of ignorance and barbarism. The reason why the Hon. P. L. Slider talks blatherskite, and works himself into a perspiration while he is doing it, is that he does not know any better. Spread-eagle oratory is not peculiar to "new countries," and is not a mark of a vigorous national life. It is simply a mark of want of culture. If you give a French country *maire* a little practice in public speaking, put him on the stump, and tell him to discourse of the destiny of France, he will treat you to just such harangues as you hear from Mr. Slider on the Fourth of July. If you ask an English mechanic to declaim at a debating club on the rights of labor, or the evils of primogeniture, his rhetoric will exhibit all the flowers from which Colonel Higginson draws such pleasant inferences as to the fertility of the soil. The Attica of Pericles and Demosthenes was in every sense of the word a "new country"—far newer than any State in this Union is now, or has ever been: but this did not prevent the Parthenon from being a perfect building, the Philippics the despair of the modern orator, and the style of Thucydides as good a style as the world has yet seen. Nothing can be more preposterous than the notion which associates rant with vigor or earnestness, or excellence of form with weakness or apathy. The best work of the world is done by culture, and has always been done by culture, and will always be done by culture; it is amongst the uncultivated that most apathy, and indifference, and obstructiveness are now found, and have always been found; and one of the marks of culture is the careful adaptation of means to ends, or, in other words, skill in the use of one's weapons. It is the duty of professors who teach the use of language to teach young men first of all to be accurate and truthful—that is, not to say five when they mean three, and to avoid discoursing on stumps, in lyceums, and in monthly magazines, on themes they do not understand, inasmuch as this is a species of imposture which hurts the soul; to cultivate clear thinking as the essential condition of clear writing, and therefore to avoid situations in which they will be called on to rant, or talk against time, or maintain paradoxes, for the amusement of a crowd; to remember that the world has always been happy and prosperous in proportion as it has been governed by reason and not by noise; that, next to tyrants, the worst foes of mankind have been talkative and maudlin demagogues; that men and women are as much responsible for the use they make of their tongues as of their other members; and that the great difference—the greatest—between man and the lower animals is, that he uses his voice to express thought, they theirs to show how they feel.

Correspondence.

YALE COLLEGE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question whether the graduates of Yale College shall be admitted to a part in the management of that institution, and, if this shall be thought expedient, in what form the change should be made, has become a topic of lively controversy, as the proceedings at the late Commencement at New Haven sufficiently prove. Allow me to set down a few observations bearing on this subject, and, for the sake of brevity and clearness, let me place them in distinct paragraphs.

1. This proposition has met with no resistance from the existing authorities of the college. It emanated from President Woolsey, the head of the Corporation as well as of the Faculties. Before he made the suggestion in the *New Englander*, no demand of the sort was ever made, and, it may be added, no complaint on the subject was ever heard. An able writer (in the *New Englander* for April, 1869) brought forward objections to the plan of electing trustees by votes of graduates, but he did not resist the admission of graduates to the Corporation by a method that he considered less likely to breed faction and to be attended by other mischievous results. Of the committee whose report was discussed at the recent alumni meeting, Professor Porter did not express himself in opposition to the proposed change, but preferred to leave the question entirely at the disposal of the alumni themselves. Mr. Evarts and President Stillé declined to recommend the adoption of the plan first suggested by President Woolsey. There is no ground, therefore, for the supposition, if there be any who entertain it, that the Corporation or the professors have exerted themselves in opposition to the effort to bring the alumni into a more active connection with the administration of the college. They probably have their opinions, and, perhaps, a variety of opinions, as to the just and feasible method of accomplishing the end; but the end itself they have no wish to defeat.

2. It is a matter for regret that the resolutions calling for the appointment of a general alumni committee, and looking to a permanent organization of the graduates for the purpose of aiding the college and influencing its policy, were postponed until next year. Had not the previous discussion been so prolonged as to weary the meeting, and had the interpretation that would naturally be put upon a vote of postponement been anticipated, the decision would probably have been different. It is to be regretted, also, that the friends of the measure did not appear at the proper time and place to oppose the postponement, instead of denouncing, when it was too late, the doings of a meeting at which they might have been present to maintain their cause. But the point to which I wish to call attention is, that the resolutions came from the resident alumni com-

mittee, which is largely composed of professors, and they were introduced by Professor Porter.

3. Reflections upon the clerical portion of the Corporation on account of alleged faults in the administration of the college—I say nothing of the propriety of such attacks as a question of taste—are unjust. These attacks are coupled with earnest laudation of President Woolsey. But President Woolsey is the leading and most influential member of the Corporation. He has never been thwarted or hindered by that body in any of his plans and measures for the improvement of the college. He has, moreover, himself, on every occasion when he has suggested a change in the constitution of this body, taken pains to declare his full confidence in the qualifications of the clerical members for their office, and given emphatical testimony to the falsehood of aspersions cast upon them. He founded his suggestion of a change on one consideration, and one only—namely, that six of the alumni would be likely to be more efficient and useful than the six *ex-officio* members from the State Senate. It is well known that in Yale College the president and faculties have a larger measure of practical control over its management than is the case in most other colleges; and I believe that the growth and prosperity of the institution have been very much due to this fact. Censure of the clerical members of the Corporation is, therefore, misplaced.

4. The clerical members of the Corporation are the representatives of founders; they have guarded the funds of the college with unexampled success; they have administered its affairs, on the whole, with unsurpassed wisdom and efficiency. If anybody supposes that by hard and contemptuous words they can be moved to abdicate their rights, and hand over the institution which they and their predecessors have carried to the present condition of strength and usefulness, to persons who think themselves wiser, he will learn his mistake. Such a course on the part of the advocates of "reform" will be much more likely to awaken among the sober-minded graduates of the college, who are scattered over the land, a spirit of indignation and of resistance which will baffle, for the time at least, even the reasonable hopes of change. The alumni should come into some relation to the college, by which their counsels can be heard and their influence felt in all the weight that is due to it; but this desirable consummation will not be furthered by flippant reflections upon the present legal guardians of the college, or by futile attempts to dislodge them from their places. Good sense, disinterestedness, and education are not confined to cities, nor are they the exclusive possession of young lawyers.

5. The analogies of Harvard College should be cited with caution in considering the case of an institution which, though like it in many respects, is still different in its constitution and traditions. The Board of Overseers at Harvard is not the primary governing body, but a body possessed of inferior authority. The President, with the close corporation of five persons, initiate measures and appointments, and hold the government mainly in their hands. The choice of the Overseers by the alumni was a means of separating the college from what were there the positive evils of a partial subjection to the State. Besides, Harvard has the advantage of having a great part of its alumni in its immediate neighborhood, with the means, consequently, of keeping up an acquaintance with the condition and wants of the college; and many of these are engaged in literary pursuits. In each of these particulars Yale is differently placed. Her graduates are dispersed throughout the Union. Many of them are closely identified with other colleges, and, for this reason, obviously disqualified from sharing in the government of Yale. Facts might easily be given to illustrate impressively the nature of this disqualification. I make these remarks simply by way of caution to the individuals who seem to think that it is only requisite to ascertain what has been done at Harvard, and who thus find their satisfaction in inapposite precedents.

6. It is to be hoped that these *quasi*-political discussions—discussions about the structure of the government—will not withdraw attention from the immediate necessities of the college. There is room for improvement, and suggestions in this direction may be made and urged, even before the projected change in the government is effected. Professor Dwight, in the *New Englander* for July of this year, has pointed out the need of a work of unification, by which the various schools and departments of the university shall be brought into better connection and relations with one another. To this end it is necessary that the time and attention of the president should not be to so great a degree absorbed on the undergraduate department, but that he should preside over the university as a whole, making the interests of each and every department an object of equal care. I venture to point out the need of another improvement, and the way in which it may be made. Yale College is strong in philology; it is strong in science; the school of theology has made rapid progress of late; the art-school has been set in operation. Notwithstanding the criticisms which are freely thrown out in various quarters, the last fifteen years have witnessed a noble progress at Yale—a progress of which any university might be proud. Where Yale is not so strong as it should be is in modern literature, English and Continental. There is need of a reinforcement in these studies by an addition to the number of professors. In fact, an increase in the number of professors, in other branches also, in the undergraduate department, is a prime necessity. It must be refreshing to the little band of hard-working professors to be publicly lectured by youthful graduates upon the duty of seeing more of the students individually and cultivating the society of their pupils! But I promised to say how the improvement in question may be made. It is by an increase of the rate of tuition. If fifty dollars were added to the present rate (which is only ninety dollars), twenty-five thousand dollars would be added at a stroke to the income of the college. If it were deemed requisite, ten thousand dollars of this amount might be set apart for the relief of students who are not able to pay the additional sum. This would pay the fifty dollars for two hundred students, and leave a fund sufficient to support, at the present rate of salaries, five new professors. The departments of history and modern literature might thus be strengthened; and I do not believe that a student would leave Yale, and I doubt whether a student would be deterred from coming to Yale, in consequence of the change. It is strange that a college which urgently needs more professors and cannot adequately support such as it has, refuses to charge a great body of students, who have abundant pecuniary means, more than a fraction of the cost of their education, when it could (comparatively speaking) enrich itself, without adding a feather to the burdens of the class of students who are poor. I presume to make one more recommendation. By reference to the annual catalogue, it will be seen that the Sheffield Scientific School is one section of what is called the "Department of Philosophy and the Arts." There is a second section, described on page 62 of the catalogue, the section of "Philosophy, Philology, Mathematics." This is a post-graduate or university department, but, unhappily, it has little life, except on paper. It should be developed and put in efficient operation. It is true that the work of the professors in this field would be, for the present, mostly a labor of love, and a work for which they have little time to spare. But the importance of organizing this branch of the university is great enough to counterbalance all difficulties and objections. If courses of lectures by Professors Whitney, Hadley, Porter, and others were established, and the fact widely advertised, so as to be brought to the knowledge of graduates of other colleges, of teachers, and the public generally, no one has a right to say that success would not follow. The example of the Sheffield Scientific School shows what may be done where there is faith, and faith attended by works—by energetic efforts.

These are some of the channels through which improvement should be sought; and they are preferable, as I humbly think, to sensational devices which have been recommended—including that of running after President Grant's son, and that of securing the presence of titled foreigners at the family festivals of Alma Mater. Yale has had a worthy history. It has had, and still has, as large a proportion of qualified and successful teachers as any other similar institution. And of these, many of the most eminent, let me add—as is also the case at Harvard—have been selected in their youth and have grown up in the college. The names of Day, Silliman, Kingsley, Fitch, of the former faculty; such names as Woolsey, Hadley, Whitney, among the active instructors to-day, prove the assertion. If the management of the college hereafter shall be as good as it has been, on the whole, in the past, the graduates will not have cause to feel ashamed of the institution where they were trained. M. A.

MR. FESSENDEN'S SUCCESSOR.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The contest for the United States senatorship, shortly to be vacant in Maine—the successful candidate for which will be Mr. Fessenden's successor, since the present occupant of the chair was only appointed until the expiration of the term—has about it such peculiar elements, both political and personal; there is so great probability that it may be an early step in the organization of a reform party, destined, sooner or later, to control the legislation and reform the politics of the country, that it may be profitable, with your permission, to review the previous career of the several candidates for the nomination, and to give a summary view of the present aspect of the struggle.

Mr. Morrill, who was appointed to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Fessenden's death, is the most prominent candidate for the succession, if by that expression we may understand that he has the greatest chance for success. He is a man of fair but not remarkable ability; an early, firm, and consistent Republican, when to be Republican was apparently to belong to a hopeless minority; a Republican right or wrong—that is to say, one whose highest political idea appears to be a desire for the success of the Republican party rather than for the success of the political theories to the consistent advocacy of which the Republican party alone owes all the success which it has ever had, and all the good reputation which history may accord to it. Though we may be mistaken in our estimate of Mr. Morrill, we certainly do him no injustice when we say this *appears* to be his idea, and the record of his votes in late Congresses affords fair ground for the opinion. Mr. Morrill has represented his State in the Senate for several terms, being defeated at the last canvass by Mr. Hamlin—a result which was rather due to the superior "management" of his competitor than to any want of confidence on the part of his constituents. For the rest, he is a protectionist, and has certainly given no public indication that he approves of civil service reform.

A second candidate is Mr. Israel Washburn, formerly member of Congress, afterwards, for most of the war, a most energetic and successful governor of the State, now for several years collector of Portland, one of the best offices in New England. He is of the "Washburn family," which has won such various distinction all over the Union. Mr. Washburn is considered, by those who know him best, decidedly the ablest member of this remarkable family. He is, at any rate, a man of marked ability and legislative experience, and, so far as these qualities go, would be no unworthy successor even to Mr. Fessenden. Unfortunately, however, he, like Mr. Morrill, is not in active sympathy with the new ideas which are now to give meaning and vitality to politics. It is believed that Mr. Washburn is stoutly opposed to that change in our system which we call revenue reform, and he has never declared himself in favor of a reform in the civil service. The gravest objection to his candidacy is, that he is said to be not the candidate of the people, but of a ring; for even in the Puritan State of Maine the Republican party has become so demoralized by long success as to share even this last ignominy of politics. Whether this is true or not, it is admitted on all hands that Mr. Washburn is not the spontaneous choice of the majority of the Republicans of the State.

The third candidate in the Republican party is General Chamberlain, now governor of the State. General Chamberlain's brief career is now so well known to the country, that a brief recapitulation of it only is all that is necessary for our purposes. A professor in Bowdoin College at the outbreak of the war, he early received the position of lieutenant-colonel in a volunteer regiment, rising with rapidity to the distinguished honor of a promotion to general on the field of battle. At the conclusion of the war, General Chamberlain was nominated governor at a convention of the Republican party, against the bitter and hardly concealed opposition of all the wire-pullers of his party. He has now held the office for four terms, and has administered it with such thorough ability and independence that, without wavering in the slightest degree from the firmest Republican principles, he has won the approval of candid men of all parties. During all these years, however, the politicians have waged unceasing war upon him. Not being able to mould him to their own narrow views, they have attacked him in every possible way, and have only been defeated in conventions by their fear of opposing the openly expressed opinion of the majority of the party. At the last convention of the Republican party, Gov. Chamberlain was not a candidate for governor, having retired from the canvass for reasons of his own, and under the advice of his friends. He is, however, a candidate for the Senate, and has friends enough to give him no inconsiderable place in the contest. To render our view of the situation complete, it is necessary to say that the younger members of the Democratic party of Maine, composing the majority of its last State convention, have publicly declared their willingness and their wish to accept Gov. Chamberlain as an independent candidate for governor, if he would only accept such a nomination. Hitherto this flattering offer has been declined, although it carries with it apparently the certainty of an election to the United States Senate on an equally independent platform.

Such are the three candidates for Mr. Fessenden's succession in the Republican party. We mention no Democrat, it being admitted on all sides that the choice must be made from the names which we have mentioned. On the one hand are two old politicians, who may be said to divide between themselves all the party organization of the State—Mr. Morrill, from his long and intimate connection with State politics, having a very powerful body of adherents, among whom are some of the most astute politicians in the State; while Mr. Washburn, aside from the very considerable force which, in virtue of his office, he has at his command, is also understood to have the potent alliance of Vice-President Hamlin—a man who has hitherto been the great political power of the State.

The situation, it will be seen, is somewhat peculiar. Here are three candidates, against whom little can be urged on the score of character or qualifications, and in view of such a state of affairs it would certainly seem that the chances for Chamberlain's success were decidedly few. All the "organization" of the party is against him; all the "war-horses" and wire-pullers are opposed to him; and there is not a single member of Congress who will dare to declare himself in his favor. In spite of all these disadvantages, his prospects are by no means unfavorable. This will not seem strange to any philosophical observer of politics since the happy conclusion of the war. The times have changed, and we change with them. The questions which now divide intelligent and thoughtful voters are very different from the vexed questions of 1861 and 1869. The division line between honest Republicans and honest Democrats is at last a vanishing line. The issues upon which the Republican party was originated, for which it fought its fight, and for which it will always be gratefully remembered by the country, are now settled, and the other issues, which are the questions of to-day and to-morrow, have nothing whatever to do with the principles of either the Republican or the Democratic party, as they have hitherto been stated. What holds together the Republican party of to-day? Does anything else than the memory of past successes deservedly won, the force and power of a complete and thorough organization, and a frantic and desperate desire to retain possession of the offices which it now holds? What is the Democratic party fighting for? Is it actuated by any sincere desire for a reform in the administration of affairs, or is it only struggling for the control of the innumerable offices of whose revenues it has been so long deprived? These appear, at any rate, to be the only aims and ends of these two great organizations, and it is therefore not unnatural that honest and thoughtful men of both parties should be looking about for some common ground upon which they can unite in this emergency without doing violence to each other's opinions. Many young Republicans of Maine—and we know that their ideas are not unlike those of many old and young Republicans elsewhere—have determined, so we are informed by some of them, who, we have good reason to believe, fairly represent the friends of Gov. Chamberlain, upon a simple platform, which may be briefly summarized in these propositions:

1st. That civil service reform is vital to the existence and prosperity of the country.

2d. That tariffs should be arranged with a view to the collection of revenue only.

3d. That special legislation of all kinds should be absolutely prohibited.

Upon such a plain declaration of principles, the friends of Gov. Chamberlain may reasonably hope to unite all honest men who believe in these ideas, and for such a platform there can be no doubt that a large majority of the Republicans of Maine would vote if they could only be emancipated from partisan dictation. It has been said that the State of Maine fairly earned the motto of its coat-of-arms, "Dirigo," in being the first State in which the Republican party was successfully organized. Let us hope that it may renew its claim to the device, in taking the first active and successful steps to the formation of the great reform party of the future.

M. M.

PORTLAND, July 20.

PENNSYLVANIA IDIOMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your literary note on p. 56 of No. 265, and some other notices of local words which have occasionally appeared in the *Nation*, have raised the hope that you will some day, in a more serious article, warn your readers of the importance of losing no time (too much has been lost already) in gathering up the fragments that remain of the ancient speech of our fathers. It is a work in which every one can assist if he will but be accurate, confine himself to what he hears, and give us, beside the meaning, the exact habitat and pronunciation of the word. In this last will probably be found the greatest difficulty. No system of phonetic spelling has yet been devised which is quite satisfactory, and in this country, where there is such variety in the vowel sounds of different "sections," the difficulty may be greater even than in England, where some of the very best authorities are now at work on the problem. All that I would venture to do is to call the attention of the excellent philologists who sometimes write for the *Nation* to the value of the material which, for want of collectors, we are in danger of losing.

Many of the words which the writer in the *Educational Monthly* whom you quote ascribes to the Scotch-Irish settlers of a certain portion of the Susquehanna Valley are by no means peculiar to that region, but I have been familiar with them, from my youth up, in Philadelphia and in Burlington, N. J., both settled in great part by English Quakers.

"Cot-betty," not "cot," was what our old cook called us when we bothered her in the kitchen—perhaps "quean" had too opprobrious a meaning, and "betty" was simply feminine, without being necessarily bad. "Mosey" I have often heard; "piece" never, in the sense you give. "Parcel," is not unusual here. "Mammock" is new to me, though the dictionaries have it. "Infare" I never heard; "flitting" only amongst the North-Irish and the Scotch, it does not belong to our dialect. "Scutching," "miching," "little noon," "big noon," are unknown to me, except the first, and that only in one family. "Nan" was not infrequent when I was a boy, but it has lately become obsolete, or very nearly so. "Hippen" does not belong to us. "Belly-guts" still survives. (Your *belles-gouttes* is very ingenious.) "It don't signify" is pure Philadelphian. So is "saddy," though I never saw it spelt before. I remember once asking my mother what it meant, and her reply, "save ye," but I have since learned that the more plausible an etymology is, the more likely it is to be false. Possibly the "*salve præceptor*" of the schoolboy had something to do with it—we stuck to our Cordery pretty late in this slow place. If "*salve*," however, was generally a word of salutation or of parting, yet it sometimes did have the effect of a "God bless you," as to one sneezing, for example. "Nesh" is old English—"for love his herte is tender and neshe" (Chaucer, Court of Love)—but I never heard it used here. "Brash" I have met with amongst farmers in some parts of the interior of the State, not in the city. "Chellers" I know not. To "ruck up" is common here; so is "fouty." See the latter in Todd's Johnson, syn. "despicable." The definition of "ruck" n. s. *Ib.* is also to the point, and that convenient little book, "Jenkins's Handy Lexicon," I see also gives the adjective, "rumpled or wrinkled." To "sock" is certainly "to hit with a ball," and is the only single word in use in these parts, as far as I know, to express this action.

If some competent person, or say some society, will undertake to receive the contributions of word-collectors, a good deal may be done. It will be necessary, especially in large towns, to distinguish carefully between the new-comers and the descendants of the first settlers. The unadulterated Philadelphian, for instance, is not so common as he used to be, but I believe that I can detect him and his inherited idioms, without any doubt. T. S.

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

DR. D. G. BRINTON's article, in the *Bibliopolist*, on the ancient phonetic alphabet of Yucatan, has been reprinted by Mr. Sabin in pamphlet form. It is valuable as containing the alphabet of Bishop Landa, which, imperfect as it is, seems destined to prove the key to the inscriptions and manuscripts in the Maya language, the former of which abound almost inexhaustibly in the peninsula. We have also received from Dr. Brinton a copy of M. H. de Charencey's "Attempt to Decipher a Fragment of an Inscription at Palenque," extracted from the first volume of the "Actes de la Société Philologique," to the importance of which Dr. Brinton calls attention in his own brochure. It is, in fact, a fine specimen of scientific and critical interpretation, and if the result reached is sound, it fixes the antiquity of the monuments bearing the inscription—an antiquity much less than might be supposed, considering the convulsions of nature to which the cities of Yucatan were subjected. "Palenque's period of splendor," says the French author, "we may be sure goes back no farther than five or six centuries before the Spanish conquest." M. de Charencey's views of the origin of the American races, which he seems to intimate will shortly form the subject of an elaborate treatise, will be looked for with interest, based, as they will no doubt be, on philological deductions.

—Virginia has been a not wholly agreeable spectacle since the close of the war, but the conduct of her young men in filling anew her colleges must have given real satisfaction to all who have observed it. We count it not a bad symptom, either, that fewer of them came North to be educated; and though they or their parents may have hoped they would thus be guarded against Northern ideas, there could not be, we all know, a more harmless illusion. Gen. Lee's College, and the University of Virginia, and the College of William and Mary, are co-workers with Yale and Harvard, distinguishable only on the scale of efficiency. The oldest of the three, the College of William and Mary, being an Episcopal establishment, and a sort of "seminary of ministers of the Gospel," according to its foundation, is least frequented. Its vitality, however, under repeated reverses, has made it remarkable, and might easily excuse a bequest from one who had no particular sympathy with its sectarianism. An interesting sketch of the history of the College from its commencement in 1693–1700, has been published by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, from which it appears that its main building has been three times destroyed by fire—in 1705, 1859, 1862—and as many times restored on the same site and with the same walls, the original plan of which was Sir Christopher Wren's. Their British Majesties bestowed upon the College, with other gifts, twenty thousand acres of land, in consideration of an annual payment, to the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor of the Dominion, of two copies of Latin verses; and so many liberal benefactors followed the royal examples, that in 1776 the College was the richest in America. The library that was consumed in 1859 contained "many rare and curious books, with some manuscripts, chiefly presented by Kings, Archbishops, Bishops, and Governors;" and with the cabinet of apparatus were lost instruments more than a century old, the gift of the Colonial House of Burgesses. During the Revolution the College was forced to suspend, in 1781, and before the siege of Yorktown its buildings were occupied alternately by the British, French, and American troops. Eighty years later it again suspended, on account of the rebellion—ninety per cent. of its students imitating Bishop Polk in taking the field. The Confederates used it while they might as a barrack and a hospital till Williamsburg was evacuated in the peninsular campaign (May, 1862), and it appears certain that some Pennsylvania troops who then held it, and suffered themselves to be surprised by the enemy, on recovering their ground set fire to the College, as if in revenge. Not even did this put an end to it; and we are led to infer that it has now as many pupils as ever it had, and, thanks largely to Northern justice and generosity, a better equipment. It still adheres to its charter in employing only six professors, whose chairs, it may well be imagined, have undergone some strange alterations in name in order to keep pace with the growth of science. While eminently successful in turning out Presidents and statesmen, the College was less fortunate with its Indian protégés, to whose instruction it was, like Harvard, partly dedicated. "Abundance of them used to die," often, as was surmised, "for want of proper necessaries, and due care taken with them," and the rest relapsed "into idolatry and barbarism." Mr. Sibley's Harvard biographies, by the way, will contain the life of one (we believe the only) Indian graduate of that University.

—The literature of the religious press certainly furnishes now and again some things that are amazing. The *English Churchman* last month described the sufferings of the country under the stress of drought, and recommends prayers for rain, and then puts the following question: "Is it going a step too far to regard the national distress in respect of these things as a divine judgment on the nation for having plundered the church of God in Ireland last year?" The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that there ought to be a more visible connection than this would argue between the sin and the punishment, to the end that the lesson might be the more conspicuous and the good effect proportionately greater. The sin was done in 1869, the *Gazette* points out, and the penalty is not inflicted till 1870. To this the *Churchman* might, however, readily reply, that not only is the *Gazette's* way of treating the subject odious and repulsive by reason of its irreverence, but also is silly in point of sense and judgment. For droughts you must take the summer, and the wickedness of the late summer or early autumn of 1869 must clearly be settled for in the summer next ensuing and not the preceding summer. The suggestion which would probably have then come from the *Gazette*, that a hard winter would have done just as well as a dry summer, the *Churchman* might fairly have disregarded as an attempt to pry into the secrets of the counsels of Providence. What appears at first blush a better point the *Gazette* makes when it calls on the *Churchman* to observe that France, which had nothing to do with disestablishment, has been suffering even more than

Great Britain for want of rain. But how can the *Gazette* know, the *Churchman* may well enquire, that in the latter part of 1869, or winter of 1869–70, France did not do something quite as heinous as disestablishment? Certainly, nearly all her higher clergy opposed the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, and there is high authority for believing that opponents of that necessary article deserve all manner of roasting.

—Messrs. Tinsley & Co., of London, have reprinted a series of letters written for the *Times* by a gentleman who made for that paper a study of the state of religious thought in Germany. His letters were extremely interesting, and very well worth reproduction, though it is, of course, impossible to say that he is absolutely correct in his conclusions, and easy to see that his subject is one in the treatment of which there is a peculiar liability to mistake. When we hold a religious belief, we are apt to hold it hard, and to overestimate, if not its eternal, at least its temporal importance. Doubtless, a man who looks at Universalism, say, or Ritualism, from the outside, may think that movement a mere eddy in which the Ritualist or the Universalist sees a main current of influence. There are, we suppose, more men to-day than ever before since the Christian era, who are absolutely indifferent, unbiassed, impartial, as regards the claims of the various churches, and who are all but utterly indifferent to all religion. They are not many, however; it is still one of the rarest things in the world to find an observer of religious phenomena who can make of them an unbiassed observation and a colorless report. But the correspondent we mention appears to be quite honest, and there is, at least, some confirmation from other sources of the story which he tells. In brief, he announces that all educated Germans are atheists. Everybody will recollect that, a while ago, a young fellow, named Biland, walked into a church, and, when the clergyman was about to read the creed, shot him. Biland had himself been intended for the ministry, but was extremely averse, as we may imagine, to the pursuit of that calling, and not finding it easy to get a living in any other, and seeing before him no other prospect but preaching, he determined on rectifying and settling his affairs in the manner above-mentioned. On his first trial, he avowed himself an atheist, expressed his contempt of the clergy, and his opinion that their extermination would be well for mankind, but said that, if set free, he would not repeat his attempt at murder, because he had come to the conclusion that to kill one minister only would do no good. Now, the educated Germans, says the *Times* correspondent, differ from young Biland only in not being fanatical. They do not propose to kill clergymen; but that they are unbelievers they avow. "A Christian teacher is to them pretty much as a teacher of Buddhism or Mohammedanism. He is the official advocate of an effete superstition kept up by the authorities for political purposes, and is either an ignorant fanatic or a transparent hypocrite." So the Berliner smokes his pipe and drinks his beer and laughs, and, though he has not a pistol for him, will point you to Pastor Knak, who tells the world that the men of science may say what they like about the world's going round the sun, but he reads his Bible, for his part, and knows better, and "is as happy as a child." The state, in Prussia, is closely connected with the church, and the Prussian school system is made, to a great extent, subservient to the church, so that, our authority says, it is not unusual in some places for four times as many hours to be spent upon religious instruction as upon secular. But when the young man goes to the university, he is taught that all this religious instruction is based upon exploded theories, and he casts off his belief. We are not told what is the result in the case of young men who do not take a university course, but seemingly it is not much different; in Berlin there is a population of 800,000, and there is church accommodation for 25,000, and the churches are not filled. The writer gives it as his opinion that, were the state and the church divorced, the latter would fall into complete contempt. It is apparent that it would not have to fall far. Such being the state of things in the birth-place of Protestantism, the Roman Catholics, of course, exert themselves to catch souls in the rebound, and have good success in tendering to a certain sort of people a thoroughgoing faith in place of continual free enquiry. Fifteen years ago, the number of monks and nuns in Prussia was 960; six years ago, it was 5,259. It is expected, but not, we should think, with probability, that the promulgation of the infallibility dogma will be of injury to the Catholic cause among the Germans, and the more liberal German Catholics opposed it, as we know; but the rationalists tell both parties, and the Protestants also, that they may twist texts as they like, but there is really nothing they can do to make themselves more or less acceptable, for they are alike radically irrational, and with nothing to choose between them.

—Among noteworthy scientific works of recent publication in Europe, we may mention, first, "Travels in the Philippine Islands," by Prof. Semper. The author spent seven years of study and research among these islands, whose fauna had already been described by Cuming. Starting with the project of merely filling out some portions left incomplete by that author, Dr. Semper gradually extended the field of his labors so as to include a full account of the fauna and zoölogy of that region. The work, which is to be completed in six volumes, with one thousand illustrations, is published by Kreidel at Wiesbaden. Another professor at Würzburg has written a new work on land and fresh-water shells, in which he acknowledges notable aid and contributions received from Deshayes, of Paris; Matheson, of Marseilles; Roulet, of Toulouse; F. Edwards, London; and Tschermak, of Vienna—all distinguished conchologists. A kindred work is a catalogue *raisonné* of the inland mollusks of Germany, by Carl Kreglinger. A more remarkable book than any of the preceding is on the cephalopods of the Silurian regions, an octavo volume of 480 pages, written in the French language, and published in Prague. The author, M. Joachim Barrande, a distinguished graduate of the École Polytechnique, was for many years tutor of the Duke of Bordeaux, and followed his royal pupil into exile. Establishing himself at Prague, he resided for some time in the imperial palace of the Hradschin, and gave the long and patient devotion of years to his favorite science, geology, for the study of which Bohemia presents peculiar facilities by reason of the remarkable continuity and development of its primitive formations. Drawings of an immense number of fossils discovered by M. Barrande, and the greater part of which were until then unknown, are given in the work, together with descriptions following the chronological order of the strata in which they were found. The cost of the original work—the result of thirty years' labor on the part of its author, and of valuable contributions from other distinguished men of science—is stated to be from 150,000 to 180,000 francs per volume. At such a price it is within the reach of large libraries only, and M. Barrande therefore presents this *resumé* (an octavo of 480 pages), in which the fossils are enumerated and described according to the horizontal or vertical divisions of their origin, thus enabling the student to follow them in synchronistic deposits.

—One of the latest of many histories of German literature is by Hettner. Its first volume was published five years ago, and the third is lately out. The author gives notable extension to the limits and elements we have been accustomed to assign to the famous *Sturm und Drang*—storm and pressure—period. He includes, as within its influence, Herder, Gerstenberg, Goethe (as far as his "Italian Journey") and his imitators; also, "Maler" Müller and Heinse, Schiller (down to 1787), the dramatic school represented by Schröder, Fleck, and Iffland; the novelists, such as Hippel, Miller, Lichtenberg, and Merck, besides the sentimental philosophers and the pietistic enthusiasts. This view of Herr Hettner certainly opens room for discussion; for, although it is very certain that Schröder, Hippel, Miller, Merck, and many others *ejusdem farinæ*, may be properly catalogued under a *Sturm und Drang* title, it is also very doubtful if Iffland, Lichtenberg, and Musæus should be. Wolfgang Menzel somewhere says that Goethe's "Werther" is nothing more than Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" in a German dress. M. Hettner appears to entertain the same idea amplified, when he says that Rousseau's religion of nature (*Naturevangelium*) is to be regarded as the radical idea (*die eigentliche Wurzel*) of the *Sturm und Drang* period.

—Two late works equally interesting to the artist, the archæologist, and the historian, have just appeared in Paris. One is: "La Colonne Trajane, interprétée par Wilhelm Fröhner, Conservateur-adjoint au département des Antiques au Musée du Louvre." The other is: "Les Frises du Parthenon, par Phidias. Vingt-deux planches." In 1861 and 1862, by order of the French Emperor, the bas-reliefs of the column of Trajan were all taken in sectional casts, and reproduced by a galvanoplastic process, and then photographed in the Louvre with great care and marked success. These photograph plates again reproduced on copper have been beautifully printed and given with M. Fröhner's work. The pictorial history of Roman conquest in Dacia and of the victorious march of Trajan's legions may now be read with greater ease and far better result than it generally has been by the American traveller in Rome just emerging from fruitless application at the Pontifical post-office for letters from home. In such cases, we have frequently remarked, he generally sought consolation in contemplating the column. The work will be completed in fifty-four monthly numbers at ten francs each. The figures in the plates are one-fifth the size of those in the column, so that every, even the smallest, detail is reproduced. The illustrations of the Parthenon friezes are prepared by the same artists (Arosa & Co.) who print the Trajan bas-reliefs, and are beautifully rendered in chromo-lithography.

PRIMITIVE MAN.*

AN energetic protest has lately been made in France against "popularizing science," and it would seem that the protest was needed in some quarters, and in particular by the author of "Primitive Man." We say this with sincere regret, and against our own expectation. The previous works of M. Figuier ("The Insect World," "Ocean World," "Vegetable World," etc.) were, in spite of many defects and inaccuracies, very readable and instructive. The present work is confused, verbose, illogical, and in many cases misleading, and, aside from the detail of bare facts, presents us with only two points of value: first, the historical account of the various discoveries and investigations upon the subject (though even this lacks a complete reference to their date and manner of publication); and, second, excellent and apparently trustworthy figures of implements of war, the chase, agriculture, etc., which were found with the remains of prehistoric men and animals. Perhaps the beautiful representations of the people themselves and their surroundings are equally worthy; but their style is confessedly "Raphaelesque" to an absurd degree, and there is an almost laughable incongruity between the perfect beauty and grace of the faces and forms of these primitive men and women and their rude, not to say filthy, manner of life. However, the graphic character and real artistic excellence tend to redeem the general dulness of the text. We are aware that many otherwise excellent books are annually printed lacking that most essential feature, a copious index. But we were wholly unprepared for its absence in a work purporting to be written, translated, and revised by competent hands, and issued by a leading publishing-house. We trust the time is not far distant when a good index shall be a prerequisite to the printing, reviewing, and reading of all other than works of pure fiction. Carefully to review a book without an index is, indeed, an impossibility, and in order to test fairly the merits of "Primitive Man" we have spent much time in making a rough index for reference to the principal matters; but lest it be thought that this extra labor has biassed our judgment of the work itself, we will now allude to some of the leading subjects of criticism.

The statements of *facts* are, in all cases, made upon the authority of original investigators, but they are unsystematically presented and few references are given to enable us to verify the accuracy of the translation or transcription. The *opinions* of our author, however, and his conclusions from the facts stated we are compelled to call in question as often unfounded, and still more often as wholly inconsistent with opinions or statements elsewhere given.

Most of these examples occur in connection with the question of the mode of origin of men and animals, to which the author devotes the whole of Chapter I., and to which he refers on pages 39, 82, 183, and 290, although he was not obliged to discuss it, and offers no fact on either side. He "strongly repudiates" the doctrine that man, by insensible transformation and gradual developments and improvements, is derived from some other animal species, and "particularly the ape" (p. 26). He cites Lamarck as the originator of the theory in 1801, whereas it was first propounded in 1775 by De Maillet. The opinions of those who believe in derivative theories he calls the "allegations of certain anatomists imbued with contrary ideas." These "certain anatomists" are demolished by him in the persons of Huxley and Vogt, who are certainly very able and aggressive derivationists, but who also are the least likely to find themselves so easily "beaten" as is stated on page 27. Most of Chapter I. is devoted to quotations from Quatrefages and others against the derivation theory, which is variously styled a "degrading explanation of our origin" (p. 39), "absolutely worthless" (p. 37), and only true in the "false and trivial judgment of those short-sighted savants" "who seek to veil their absurd ideas" of the "genealogical filiation between man and the ape" under "grand scientific phrases" (p. 183). Now all this is simply amusing, since, whether the derivative theory is "false and absurd" or not, nine-tenths of the present leaders in science are inclined to adopt it in one form or another. Moreover, M. Figuier, like nearly all violent opposers of "derivation theories," has not discriminated between them, and hurls his anathemas at all alike. Now the fact is that the hypothesis of Darwin is very different from that of Lamarck, and both differ from that of Owen and Parsons, while these and all others are unlike that of Ferris in that this last supposes the change to be a sudden one and *independent of the ordinary generation*, the creative influx flowing *directly* into germs produced by females of lower species so as to give rise to higher, just as at the beginning it caused the simplest organisms to spring from the womb of mother earth. The necessity for some such hypothesis as this is dimly hinted at by our author (p. 32). We may leave this subject with the remark which will surely be agreed to by all searchers for truth who, like ourselves, are not yet committed to any theory of the origin of species, that if the various derivative hypotheses are as yet unsupported by a single "solid fact" (p. 37), the same is to be said of any other theory as to the manner in which the bodies of men and animals first came to exist. And we may all bear in mind the words of Professor Gray: "In respect to very many questions, a truly wise man remains long in a state of neither belief nor unbelief; but your intellectually short-sighted people are apt to be prematurely clear-sighted, and to find their way very quickly to one or the other side of every mooted question."

Man's primitive condition bears close relation to all theories of his origin, and here, curiously enough, we find the dogmatic assertion that the latter question must now be "decided as far as regards any unprejudiced minds" (p. 38), confronted (p. 39) by the statements that, "at the earliest period of his existence, man could have been but little distinguished from the brute;" "his only food must have been fruits and roots." All of which is an alarmingly favorable opinion for his simial origin. In view of this, it is strange that the author does not call attention to the curious fact that no bones of monkeys have ever been found with those of prehistoric men, excepting in a Brazilian cave, as given by him on page 9, where, however, he fails to notice that the original memoir states that the single specimen, like all existing American Cheiropoda, had *thirty six* teeth, whereas the men of both hemispheres have but *thirty-two*, like the apes and monkeys of the Old World. But, on the other hand, this is only negative evidence, and it may be said that the first men not only lived upon roots and fruits like their apish progenitors, but also, like them, left their dead to decay so that no traces would remain. For it may be remarked that the most conclusive evidences of prehistoric man are the presence of human bones in caves or artificial tombs in conjunction with the bones of fossil animals which had presumably served as materials for funeral feasts.

Nothing can better illustrate the unscientific character of "Primitive Man" than the contrast between the vehemence of our author's opposition to all derivative ideas, and the utter lack of individual opinion upon a question far more easy of solution—the ethnological characters of the Engis and Neanderthal skulls; having no prejudice in this matter, he offers a confused statement of the contradictory opinions of Lyell, Huxley, and Vogt. Some other inconsistencies remain to be noted; the existence of transverse cuts upon bones near the points of insertion of tendons, is thought conclusive evidence of the use of those tendons as thread (p. 93), while presence of cuts or notches upon bones found in tertiary strata is an "accident hardly to be depended upon in proof of the existence of men in those times" (p. 20). Statements equally at variance are made upon page 99 respecting the use of grooves upon arrow-heads. On page 85 is made the astounding assertion that "created beings diminish in size as they improve in type;" but the satisfaction of small people must be damped by the statement at the top of page 238, that "the common sheep, the goat, the horse, and the ass have assumed much more important dimensions" in the "bronze" epoch as compared with those of previous times.

Passing now to what seem to be unfounded statements, we find on page 25 that "man, no doubt, first came into being on the great plateaus of Central Asia and thence was distributed over the globe. The action of climate and the influence of the locality which he inhabited have, therefore, determined the formation of the different races—white, black, yellow, and red—which now exist." The itinerant metallurgists of Lower Languedoc are said to be the descendants of the travelling metal-workers of the "bronze" epoch, whose own existence in early times is not shown by evidence. The paragraph on page 90 respecting the probability of men having used native vegetable food in the "second" epoch is at least unnecessary, in view of their exclusive fruit and root diet in the beginning, and it is equally uncalled for by any evidence that it had not been used in all times. The minute accounts of the burial ceremonies (pages 116 and 200) are not founded upon evidence given or alluded to. Equally unjustified and improbable is the theory (p. 208) as to the production of bronze from a mixture of the *ores* of tin and copper; it is also difficult to see how it can be affirmed that the same material was used over and over, as stated on page 212. It is not shown why the use of *sails* must have depended on a knowledge of *metals* (p. 172); and the origin and development of war is not made clear by argument, although assertions are given upon pages 178, 219, and elsewhere. We are glad to say that the absolute errors and inconsistencies are fewer than what may be looked upon as mere inaccuracies, some of which are doubtless due to the translator, revisor, or printer. But there is nothing in the historical introduction to justify assigning "forty" years as the period during which the ancient chronology has been in doubt. Twenty years is a more correct estimate, dating from the general acceptance of man's antiquity by the English scientific community; while seventy, one hundred, and even one hundred and fifty-five years may be variously given, as more or less stress is laid upon the several steps in the investigation. The use of the word "ape" on page 9 is unfortunate, since every naturalist considers it to signify a tailless anthropoid rather than a Platyrrhine monkey.

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* "Primitive Man. By Louis Figuier." Revised translation. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870. Pp. 350.

Unless we qualify the statement made upon page 15, we must conclude that our first ancestors devoured not only the stag, horse, and rhinoceros, but also the wild-cat, wolf, and hyena. On page 41, we are led to regard the production of fire by friction of two sticks as an accident, and both text and engraving on page 87 indicate the existence of very fair log-sheds in the "second" epoch, whereas log-houses are not mentioned distinctly until the lake-dwellings of the "fourth" epoch are described. There is an uncomfortable lack of definiteness in the allusion made to the "disgusting practices" so common in certain "great cities of *America*" (p. 239); but we leave this and other inaccuracies to be regarded as each reader may please, and pass at once to note one of the serious defects of the work, namely, the lack of any adequate reference to American archæology. Although this work makes allusions to European investigation made during 1869, and although it bears the imprint of a prominent American house, there is no intimation that either author, translator, or revisor was aware of the founding of a museum of archæology in the United States; nor does this volume contain the slightest reference to the labors of the most eminent of American comparative anatomists under whose direction it has been placed, and whose extensive researches into the shell-heaps of the Atlantic coast are familiar to all original investigators of prehistoric remains. This is in itself a matter greatly to be regretted, since it lessens the value which the work would otherwise possess as a compilation of the existing information concerning primitive man. But it also emphasizes the other evidence of the haste with which the book has been prepared. Yet perhaps we are asking too much. The author of an "Ocean World," a "Vegetable World," an "Insect World," and a "Primitive Man," all which have appeared in this country within four years, has never, so far as we know, found the leisure for any original investigation in natural history; so it is really not strange that his productions bear the marks of extreme haste in the diffusiveness of their style, their lack of systematic arrangement, and the illogical character of their arguments, to which attention has been called.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S NEW BOOK.*

In previous volumes, Mr. Buchanan has published verses which were not precisely good poetry, and which were not very agreeable reading, but which, nevertheless, showed that he had in him something of poetic power. The imagination in them was of the purely sympathetic order, and was unaccompanied by any but a weak and futile way of thinking, and was unaccompanied, too, so far as appeared, by any perception of the beautiful or sense of the humorous. The impression given was of a thoroughly Scotch mind and nature, flushed with a good deal of that hectic which has consigned a great many young Scotchmen to poetry and an early grave. But for all that—though he was conceited and bumptious, pragmatic, unideal, of unrefined taste, not well educated in the higher sense of the word, nor perhaps in the lower—he nevertheless had the genuine insight which sympathy gives into the sufferings and joys, but especially into the sufferings, of certain of the humbler of his fellow-creatures, and he was able to express it in a form that made it effective upon others. A consumptive artisan in an alley pining for green fields; a prostitute in her chamber, with a heart hardened but sore and sick; a fisher-wife, deserted by her seducer; an old couple who lament in their cottage the loss of the son that was to be a scholar—people like these Mr. Buchanan gives us, or used to give us, with real power. It was not, one thought, a very good choice of subjects; but it was, one saw by many signs, a wise enough choice if the man who made it was to do his best, or was to do anything worth while in literature. Nor was it absolutely bad either; if not the best, it was still not bad, and many of the poems produced when our author was working this vein are of value and capable of giving pleasure.

But in the volume before us Mr. Buchanan goes out of the field in which he has had success, and makes exhibition of all his faults and of no one of his merits. A more laborious and ambitious attempt at doing something beyond one's strength—or rather entirely foreign to one's nature—and a more decided failure, is not often made.

The author's intention in "The Book of Orm"—which is styled "A Prelude to the Epic"—would seem to be to state in a poetical manner his notion of the old, old problem of man's relations to God. What does it all mean; how is this important soul of mine, this gifted soul of mine, to discern the inner reason of things and also be saved; why am I thus tormented; is not this deep sadness of mine a proof that I am a being of immortal brightness; why then am I thus sad; wherefore is there death; what is this mystery of sorrow; how comes it to pass that knowledge is vain, that human wisdom is to know human ignorance and confess human weakness; is evil really evil, or is the devil one day to be dead, or else converted; why cannot we look into the unseen; why does not a personal God reveal himself to man, who hungers and thirsts for him, and is not sure that he exists and would so much like to be sure; what is the ocean saying; what mean these eternal stars that shame our puny and transitory race?—these questions, which have been stormed about and wailed about and groaned about by the weaker poets of the last twenty or thirty years as if they were new questions, and have caused public wringing of the hands and beating of the breast and slapping of the brow and dashing back of the hair and avowed anticipations of the tomb, to an extent that most people have regretted to see or hear, are the questions which Mr. Buchanan, in the "Book of Orm," dashes back his hair about, and stamps about, and fixes sad eyes on the stars about, and over which he becomes moody and sulky and resigned and impious and trustingly pious, and all the rest of it.

Such is the weightiness of the book considered as thought. If its manner and method of presentation be considered, the result will be equally unfavorable to Mr. Buchanan's reputation. Everything is hollow and forced and artificial; and there is as much fluent life of the imagination in it as in wooden waves or in toy forests carved in Nuremberg. Yet there is a most offensive strenuousness of effort to be grand and fine. There is an expensive machinery of hoary pilgrims, and star-voices, and Voices within the Temple, and Spirits, and Spirits of Sorrow, and Veils, and Shadows; but all comes to nothing, and serves only to suggest how hide-bound is the imagination of the poet when to be sublime he must fall back on capital letters and on stage properties long worn-out in the service of "Festus" and other persons much afflicted by the universe.

"The Book of Orm" appears to be poems written by a certain bard called Orm the Celt, who, however, in spite of the mythic and ancient look of his designation, must be conceived of as a Celtic bard of our own time:

> "There is a mortal, and his name is Orm,
> Born in the evening of the world, and looking
> Back from the sunset to the gates of morning.
>
> "And he is aged early, in a time
> When all are aged early,—he was born
> In twilight times, and in his soul is twilight.
>
> "O brother, hold me by the hand, and hearken,
> For these things I shall phrase are thine and mine,
> And all men's,—all are seeking for a sign.
>
> "Thou wert born yesterday, but thou art old,
> Weary to-day, to-morrow thou wilt sleep—
> Take these for kisses on thy closing eyelids."

This dismal prelude is the appropriate antechamber to the poems that follow; but perhaps better as showing more clearly the unhealthy frame of mind in which the book was planned, and as foreshadowing the pretentious feebleness of it, is the affected and melancholic "Inscription:"

> "Flowers pluckt upon a grave by moonlight, pale
> And suffering, from the spiritual light
> They grew in: these, with all the love and blessing
> That prayers can gain of God, I send to thee!
>
> "If one of these poor flowers be worthy thee,
> The sweetest Soul that I have known on earth,
> The tenderest Soul that I can hope to know,
> Hold that one flower, and kneel, and pray for me.
>
> "Pray for me, Comrade! Close to thee I creep,
> Touching thy raiment: thy good eyes are calm;
> But see! the fitful fever in mine eyes—
> Pray for me!—bid all good men pray for me!
>
> "If Love will serve, lo! how I love my Friend—
> If Reverence, lo! how I reverence him—
> If Faith be asked in something beautiful,
> Lo! what a splendor is my faith in him!
>
> "Now, as thou risest gently from thy knees,
> Must we go different ways?—thou followest
> Thy path, I mine;—but all go westering,
> And all will meet among the Hills of God!"

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* "The Book of Orm. A Prelude to the Epic. By Robert Buchanan." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

We had supposed the fashion had gone out of being publicly sad-eyed and ruined in hopes. It is going out certainly, if it has not quite gone, and this performance of Mr. Buchanan's will help it to its burial. Nothing could well be in worse taste.

Orm sings first of The Veil:

"In the beginning,
  Ere Man grew,
The Veil was woven
  Bright and blue"—

and it hid The Face. When The Face is pressed closest to The Veil the heavens are bright, and when it is withdrawn they darken:

"But when, grown weary
With long downlooking,
The Face withdrawing
  For a time is gone,
The great Veil darkens,
And ye see full clearly
Glittering numberless
  The gems thereon"—

that is to say, the stars. Equally imaginative and coherent with this account of day and night, and the way in which Nature interposes between man and the maker of the universe, is Mr. Buchanan's conception—to call it so—of the way in which Nature first fell into her present condition of giving dumb intimations, as it were, but no full revelation of God:

"For oft, in the beginning, long ago,
Without a Veil looked down the Face ye know,
And Earth, an infant happy-eyed and bright,
Look'd smiling up, and gladden'd in its sight.
But later, when the Man-Flower from her womb
Burst into brightening bloom,
In her glad eyes a golden dust was blown
Out of the void, and she was blind as stone."

We have given our guess at the interpretation to be given the author in this first poem. But it is like guessing at the interpretation of a jumbled, bald dream; the thing needs an interpreter; but when you have got it, the interpretation is nothing.

Next after "The Veil" comes "The Man and the Shadow"—a poem, some of its critics have said, calculated to make the flesh creep, by reason of its weirdness and ghostliness, but better calculated, surely, to give "goose-flesh" by reason of its weakness to most readers of good taste and good sense:

"On the high path, where few men fare,
Orm meeteth one with hoary hair,
And speaketh solemn and afraid
Of that which haunteth him—a shade"—

namely, of his own shadow, with which Orm endeavors to impress on us awe and fear. Precisely the emotions which, as a matter of fact, agitate the breast of the reader while he goes through this piece, we would rather not state. He will, however, find some pretty descriptions of scenery amid much rubbish about the rainbow, which does duty as a bridge, by way of which Orm, with his usual happiness of invention, makes the spirit of the Hoary One pass into heaven. The "Songs of Corruption" which follow "The Man and the Shadow" are much the same in character as their predecessors, but not quite so devoid of merit. They get their name from having been written, or because supposed to have been written, by Orm in a lonely graveyard, and because, too, of their being in subject appropriate to such a place of meditation. Then we have a lonely interview that Orm has with Satan, whom and whose works Orm defies. The old style of conversation is still in use at these ceremonies, it seems:

"SPIRIT.
Thou knowest me now.
ORM.
I know thee.
SPIRIT.
And thy cheek
Blanches not?
ORM.
Nay, by pride, and by despair,
I fear thee not—we are too much akin."

After much discussion the dawn breaks, Satan departs with a request that Orm pray for him and for all

"Strong spirits that are outcast;"

and Orm declares that evil is not disguised good, but is evil.

There is more in the volume, but none is better than these poems we have mentioned, and the whole work is as weak and pretentious, and every way unprofitable, as any book of poems that has come within the last ten years from the hand of a person of any repute. It is irredeemably feeble and secondary.

BAIN'S LOGIC.*

MANY works on logic have lately appeared in our language, and a few of them are of considerable importance. The one before us is a school-book of the dryest description, but it is impossible that the best living English psychologist should produce any book which has not the stamp of originality, and which is not deserving of attention. In point of fact, Mr. Bain distinctly proclaims himself a rival, although also a follower, of Mr. Mill. The first thing that we notice in all the English logicians, and Mr. Bain is no exception, is their ignorance or ignoring of all logical writings not English. This is the more reprehensible, as logic has by no means received its greatest development in England. Nothing in the present work will lead the student to suspect that there are any such writers as Trendelenburg or Beneke, although the latter entertains opinions which are more or less in harmony with Bain's own. Trendelenburg has made an elaborate study of Aristotle's categories, the results of which are undeniably of high importance, even if they are not to be regarded as fully established. But Professor Bain does not find it worth while so much as to mention them in his account of the same subject. The exclusively English character of Mr. Bain's work is well illustrated by his making the old distinction of extension and comprehension belong to Hamilton, and by his giving the same writer credit for the symbols S, M, and P, for the three terms of a syllogism.

The chief peculiarity of this treatise is its elaborate treatment of applied logic. One-fourth of the whole book is taken up with "Logic of Mathematics," "Logic of Physics," "Logic of Chemistry," "Logic of Biology," "Logic of Psychology," "Sciences of Classification," "Logic of Practice," "Logic of Politics," and "Logic of Medicine." The word logic in these phrases is taken in a very much wider sense than that in which Dr. Whewell spoke of the logic of induction. Logic in general is defined by Mr. Bain as "a body of doctrines and rules having reference to truth." He regards logic, therefore, not merely as the *via veritatis*, but as including everything which bears upon truth, whether it relates to the investigation of it or to the testing of it, or simply to what may be called its statical characters. Accordingly, the logic of a particular science is the general description of the nature of that science, including not merely its methods, but also its fundamental conceptions and doctrines. As an example, let us take the logic of chemistry. The author begins by stating the essential characters of chemical attraction. They are three: first, that the proportions (misprinted *properties*; the book is full of misprints) are definite; second, that in combination heat is evolved; third, that the chief properties of the elements disappear. He next divides the propositions of chemistry into two classes: first, those which relate to the general conditions of chemical change; second, those which relate to the chemical changes of special substances. He next divides chemistry into organic and inorganic. (Few chemists would now maintain that this division has more than a temporary validity.) He then proceeds to the classification of the elements. The first great division is into metals and non-metals (this is antiquated). The general properties of each group are enumerated, as, for example, that no opaque non-metal has lustre except selenium (forgetting iodine and carbon). He then gives a classification (very unscientific) of the non-metals. He then says how he thinks a chemical substance should be described in a text-book. He seems to be thinking all along of how a text-book should be written, and not of how the subject should be investigated or conceived in the mind of the chemist, for he urges it as a recommendation to the uniting of oxygen and nitrogen in one class that it gives an opportunity for dwelling on the mechanical peculiarities of gaseous elements. He then states the characters of chemical laws. They are two. The first is that such laws are empirical. As an example, he cites the so-called law of Berthollet, in evident ignorance that this law has been entirely disproved. The other property of chemical laws is that they must express the most general conditions of the redistribution of chemical force. He next remarks that most of the hypotheses of chemistry are representative fictions, and concludes with a few elementary observations upon chemical notation. Such an account of a science as Mr. Bain here attempts would certainly be of the greatest value. It is very unlikely that any one man could successfully accomplish the task for all the sciences. At any rate, he must be profoundly versed in them, and must have quite another than a schoolmaster's conception of science in order to make his work of any use at all. But to attempt to write the logic of mathematics, for example, when one is so ignorant of the work of mathematicians as to be capable of saying that the celebrated axiom concerning parallels is "deducible from the definition of parallel lines, and ought to appear among the theorems of the first book," we must say, smacks of conceit.

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* "Logic, by Alexander Bain, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen." Part First, Deduction. Part Second, Induction. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another principal feature in the book is the treatment of definition. Like many of the old logicians, the author separates the process of forming a definition from reasoning, a separation which ought not to be made, because analysis of the former proceeding shows it to contain the same elements as the latter. His attaching a very high importance to definition is more in accordance with the tendencies of natural science than it is with the doctrines of that nominalistic school of metaphysics with which Mr. Bain is affiliated. He rightly insists that the characters of the object which are enumerated in the definition should be such as are *important*, but his analysis (usually weak) fails to detect in what the *importance* of a character consists. A sentence which he has quoted from Sir George Cornewall Lewis might have furnished him with a hint. "By including in monarchies," says that writer, "and excluding from republics, every government of which a king is the head, *we make every true general proposition respecting monarchies and republics impossible*." An *important* character is obviously one upon which others depend, that is, one the inclusion of which in a definition renders true general propositions concerning the object defined possible; and the more such propositions a character renders possible, the more important it is. In the same way, a natural class is one which can be so defined that something can be predicated of it which cannot be predicated of the genera included in its definition. Mr. Bain endeavors to make the logical definition identical with the scientific definition—a most worthy aim; but we fancy that zoölogists and botanists are already so much advanced in the knowledge of classification beyond the mere logician, that Mr. Bain's maxims will have little weight with them.

In treating of causation, Mr. Bain includes in the pure logical principle the law of the conservation of force, which according to him, in opposition to the physicists, refers not to *vis viva* but to *momentum*.

He gives a long account of the systems of De Morgan and Boole, but not such a one as they would approve, and he makes some serious mistakes.

As a school-book the work has some advantages, but even where the author's thought is perhaps not itself vague, his manner of expressing it is not calculated to inculcate precision in the mind of the pupil.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August begins with an interesting article not without value, on a comparatively new subject, and one of importance, which the essay before us cannot be said to exhaust; still, it is worth attention, and will be found instructive. "Southern Society" is the title of it, and the writer undertakes to show in what society at the South differs from its condition before the war. The difference is not an improvement, he thinks. The Southern heart is still bitter, he says, with the memories of the war; the farmer sees his land covered with mortgages, and taxed almost beyond endurance; the desire to drown the remembrance of the past, and to emulate the great fortunes that have been made in the North, leads to an insane haste to be rich which is sadly in contrast with the old repose of spirit and freedom from material standards; the women hate the Northerners, good and bad alike, who have gone among them; the fathers and sons, with the facility bred of alternate triumph and defeat in the war of politics and the war of battles, have more or less well adapted themselves to Northern rulers and companions, but the wives and daughters remain implacable, and carry discord abroad, and too often make the home life also a life of dissension or discomfort, all being drawn into the women's wars; the relations between the debtor class and the creditor class are, in a vast number of cases, productive of estrangement and hatred, and the legislation which has made it possible to avoid settlement of debt has given opportunity to the dishonest, and thus aided to make and keep men enemies: the contrast between the rich and poor is far greater than ever before; large fortunes, once very rare in the South, are now not uncommon—the products of speculation; the great plantations are going, and with the incoming of small farms, there is a decrease of hospitality and of good breeding; the negro no longer has a friend; the poor whites, especially the young growth of the past ten years, are coming up in utter ignorance; the kindly relations between white and black that were due to the mingling of persons of the two races in the large households will no longer exist now that the families of employer and employed live isolated, and the negro wet-nurse is much more rarely employed.

There is food for reflection in this view, which, doubtless, is in many points not far from correct. But doubtless, too, our author writes with some of that despondency as to the future which naturally accompanies deep regret for the departure of the old order. Besides, such transition as the South is now going through can hardly fail to be worse in many respects than that which is displaced, or than that which is to come. The colleges of the South are full of young men; the negro is learning to work and learning to read; immigrants stand ready to fill up the waste places; the memories of the war must, sooner or later, fade in the fiercest hearts and the most untaught heads—and if not, there is another generation soon to occupy the seats of this; manufactures are to diversify the industry of the South, and all the weightier indications of her future would seem to point to a new South better than the old if different from it. "Laws and learning, arts and commerce" are not dead, in spite of Lord John Manners, even though "our old nobility" has undergone reverses.

The *Catholic World* begins with a second paper on Mr. Froude's "History," and makes a clever and successful attack on that pictorial and partisan and incorrect writer—whom, perhaps, his assailant overrates. Still the work is likely to be popular, and its errors to be widely accepted for truths. And the partisan history is a thing that has got to be offensive beyond measure to gods and men.

"In the Greenwood" is a very pleasant and lively little story; or rather, it is a very lively and pleasant sketch, partly or wholly true, we suppose, of the adventures of a pair of ladies in a backwoods cabin in Maine. There is a queer freshness in it, as if it had been done by an American woman whose training had been in many ways different from that of the ordinary American girls, but yet had much, too, in common with it. At all events, while a little raw in some places, as too strong in others, it is very bright and agreeable, and will be read with pleasure, as many more like it might be. Another good article in the *Catholic World*, about an admirable author, too little known, is the review of Gerald Griffin's works; and interesting is the article on Andreini's "Adam," a work little known, but alleged to be, as regards many particulars, greater and lesser, so nearly like Milton's "Paradise Lost" that the English poet must be held to be certainly indebted, and not a little indebted, to his Italian forerunner. So this examination of the rare work in question would seem to show. These three articles make the *Catholic World* for August a very good magazine; and there are besides, whether they make it better or worse, articles about "The Superstition of Unbelief;" "The First Œcumenical Council of the Vatican;" Janus's "Pope and the Council"—which bothers the Catholics much; and "Matter and Spirit in the Light of Modern Science."

Hours at Home tells something new about the educational work carried on in Syria. Few people know of this, but it is important and interesting. Three years ago, the American Board of Foreign Missions opened a College at Beirût. It has five professors, who teach the several departments of Arabic language and literature, modern languages, Turkish law and jurisprudence, the natural sciences, and mathematics. It is not a proselytizing institution; it might, in fact, rather be called a medical school than a religious seminary, for the study of medicine is made very prominent. A large dispensatory and a hospital are attached to the college, and patients are treated gratuitously. Such an institution in a land cursed with quacks, and full of dense ignorance, educating in modern learning its sixty or seventy youth annually, some of them Druses, some Papal Greeks, some Orthodox Greeks, some Maronites, some Jews, some Armenians, and sending them out among the hundred millions or more of the Arabic-speaking peoples, must do a vast amount of good, and appeals strongly to the wealthy for aid. The corporation which has founded the Syrian Protestant College is, we understand, chartered by the State of New York.

We had occasion, a month or two ago, to ask Professor Schele de Vere, apropos of his novel of "The Great Empress," three questions, which he has never answered. One was, "Did Mr. De Vere write the article in *Blackwood?*" Another was, "If not, have both authors copied or translated from a common author?" The third was, "Has Mr. De Vere simply plagiarized from *Blackwood*, and altered the original in a few trifling particulars?" The object sought to be gained by these questions was an explanation of the fact that pages 40 and 42 of "The Great Empress" are, nearly identical with pages 411 and 412 of an old number of *Blackwood*. In short, Mr. De Vere was, on that occasion, a plagiarist, and it is a little surprising to see him permitted to turn up in two of the magazines of the month. *Putnam's* lets him in as well as *Hours at Home*. It is rather amusing to the baser mind to find that, in *Hours at Home*, the Professor is much concerned about the lack of originality in American literature.

Harper's has a very good paper by Mr. M. D. Conway—another of his

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"South-Coast Saunterings"—in which he writes, exceedingly well, a mixture of antiquarian lore, guide-book details, personal sketches of distinguished men, and criticism. Some of Mr. Mill's conversation is the personal element in this month's paper, and another pleasant thing is a hymn, made by "the late W. J. Fox" out of Chaucer's famous death-bed lines. It might very well indeed go into Unitarian hymn-books, and ought to be adopted for general and, we should hope, frequent use in the churches of that denomination.

The new story in the *Galaxy* is called "Overland," and begins very well in the city of Santa Fé. It will please novel-readers, certainly; for the rest, it is too early to say anything about it, except that, in this first instalment, it is spirited. Good, too, is Mr. Grant White's critical essay on the styles of Disraeli and Dickens, which are compared much to advantage of the latter, who, indeed, with all his faults, is far superior in point of correctness, as well as of skill and power, to the indolent, gaudy carelessness of the Ex-Premier's writing. Mr. Justin McCarthy makes a just estimate of Bulwer's claims to respect as a man of letters, and has some talk about his character, which may or may not be correct, but which sounds plausible—and perhaps a little out of place.

The August *Atlantic* is a good number, though not a great one by any means. The poetry is about as bad as usual, and "Mr. Hardhack on the Sensational in Literature and Life" is an inconceivable sort of a thing for the perfection of its cheapness. But Mr. Howells's "Day's Pleasure" is thoroughly good; and there is something very pleasant about Mr. Lowell's "Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago," though it was a disappointment to find that Mr. Lowell is only to edit a journal instead of writing something of his own. As has been suggested, the old-fashioned Virginian, of the good kind, may very well get more of our attention and regard than we of the North have been giving him since 1865.

Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—This volume has been hastily put together, and contains much that is very well worn, and does not contain much of the new matter that might have been, and sooner or later will be, gathered together; but it nevertheless is a pleasant book to read and a good one to keep, and will give pleasure to every admirer of Dickens. Newest in it is the collection of after-dinner speeches, comprised in some eighty or ninety pages, and giving a hundred or more of those admirable performances, in which their author was, in his lifetime, without an equal. There are also some letters, and parts of letters, to Lady Blessington, to Washington Irving, and to Douglas Jerrold, which, we take it, have been printed before, but which will be fresh to most readers. And, besides the speeches and the letters, there is an appendix containing some rambling remarks—not too true and not too new, but not entirely lacking, either, in truthfulness of criticism and freshness of information—which are Mr. G. A. Sala's characteristic tribute to the genius and character of his friend and patron. The rest of the hodge-podge is made up of Dean Stanley's recent funeral sermon; of an anonymous "Introduction," which is good in its way; and of some specimens of Dickens's poetical work, or verse-making rather.

One of the best things in the volume is a story that Dickens narrates to Douglas Jerrold, writing to him from Paris in 1847:

> "I am somehow reminded of a good story I heard the other night from a man who was a witness of it, and an actor in it. At a certain German town last autumn there was a tremendous *furore* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it, on her travels, early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman, of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some people who were near him at the table, 'You are English, gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people, these Germans! Students, as a body, raving mad, gentlemen!' 'Oh no!' said somebody else; 'excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible.' 'By God, sir!' returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, 'then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone'—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—'they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes!' I needn't wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber."

As all the world knows, telling stories, and telling them dramatically when he could, was a favorite amusement and a great accomplishment of Dickens's, and we may imagine him always on the look-out for them, and their appearing constantly in his letters as well as in his conversation. Here is one about Rogers, which Dickens writes to Irving:

> "Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve for my lord and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair all dinner time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes. No wheeled chair runs smoothly in, with that beaming face in it; and ——'s little cotton pocket-handkerchief helped to make (I believe) this very sheet of paper. A half-sad, half-ludicrous story of Rogers is all I will sully it with. You know, I dare say, that, for a year or so before his death, he wandered and lost himself, like one of the Children in the Wood, grown up there and grown down again. He had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him one morning—only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), 'Who is *she?*' Upon this, Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered—(it is her own story)—a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence, and then said (indignantly as before), 'And who are *you?*'"

The following letter to Jerrold it is good to read, and to remember that the sentiments expressed in it found as hearty expression in the writer's life as in his correspondence:

> "MY DEAR JERROLD—This day week I finished my little Christmas book (writing towards the close the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter received this morning; to wit, 'After all, life has something serious in it'), and ran over here for a week's rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter. F. told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of 'Dombey' in your paper; and I have been saying since to K. and G. that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one's mind with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. W. will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true; but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory; whereas a generous sympathy, like yours, is ever present to me, ever fresh and new to me—always stimulating, cheerful, and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of!"

Mr. Sala—whose opinions as to excesses of various kinds would probably not pass muster with Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn, or the Rev. Mr Fulton of Boston—has this to say about Mr. Dickens's personal habits:

> "It is idle at this time to enquire whether he took too much exercise, and whether, in some cases, Nature will not resent unvarying regularity in the observance of her laws, or refuse to respond by the gift of health and long life to the most rigidly-pursued system of hygiene. If Charles Dickens erred in this respect, he erred with Cornaro, with Franklin, and with Prescott, all of whom lived by line and rule; measuring the sands of their time by the grain, weighing out their sustenance by the ounce and the gill, adjusting even the weight of the garments they wore in summer or in winter to the minutest flections of the balance. Charles Dickens was a man who never exceeded in aught save pedestrianism; whose nature, strongly impulsive as it was, seemed to have been brought under an inexorable discipline."

And just as we conceive of Rogers as breakfasting; and of Tommy Moore as sitting at a piano in some one else's parlor; and of Johnson rolling his burly form through London slops and fogs, or sitting oracular and disputatious in a club-room arm-chair; and of Scott, in his library filled with old curiosities, or walking out with his dogs, so we may think of Dickens as carrying his keen eye and reporter's memory and energetic figure into all the haunts of London life:

> "The towering stature, the snowy locks, the glistening spectacles, the listless, slouching port, as that of a tired giant, of William Makepeace Thackeray, were familiar enough in London, a few years since, but, comparatively speaking, only to a select few. He belonged to Club-land, and was only to be seen sauntering there or in West-end squares, or on the road to his beloved Kensington, or in the antique hall at Charterhouse on Founders' Day, or on Eton Bridge on the Fourth of June, or sometimes, haply, on the top of a Richmond omnibus, journeying to a brief furlough at Rose Cottage.
>
> "Thackeray in Houndsditch, Thackeray in Bethnal Green or at Camden Town, would have appeared anomalous; as well could we picture Carlyle at Cremorne, or Tennyson at Garraway's; but Charles Dickens, when in town, was ubiquitous. He was to be met, by those who knew him, everywhere—and who did not know him? Who had not heard him read, and who had not seen his photographs in the shop-windows? The omnibus-conductors knew him, the street-boys knew him; and perhaps the locality where his recognition would have been least frequent—for all that he was a member of the Athenæum Club—was Pall Mall. Elsewhere he would make his appearance in the oddest places, and in the most inclement weather: in Ratcliff Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town.

"A hansom cab whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there was Charles Dickens striding, as with seven-leagued boots, seemingly in the direction of North-end, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway disgorged you at Lisson Grove, and you met Charles Dickens plodding sturdily towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters' Road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady press of sail, through Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall Bridge Road. He seemed to prefer for mere purposes of exercise the lengthy thoroughfares of our exterior boulevards to narrow and intricate streets. They offered, perhaps, a better opportunity for fair and honest walking, and for the performance of that self-appointed task of pedestrianism which for so many years he had undertaken daily, and which well-nigh undeviatingly, and wherever he was—in London, at home at Gadshill, in France, in Italy, or in America—he performed to the last rood and furlong of a mentally-measured route. It was one of Mr. Dickens's maxims that a given amount of mental exertion should be counteracted by a commensurate amount of bodily fatigue; and for a length of years his physical labors were measured exactly by the duration of his intellectual work."

An English Greek Lexicon. By C. D. Yonge. With many new articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. [To which is prefixed an *Essay on the Order of Words in Attic Greek Prose*, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York.] Edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon," etc., etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870. Pp. cxv. 663, cxv.)—Twenty years ago we went into a bookstore, and asked if "the new English-Greek Lexicon" was published. We were told that it would be out very soon, and that a copy should be sent us at once. That copy has come at last, all the better for its long delay. Most of our classical teachers, we think, have asked the same question, and we trust they have all received the same answer—and the copy, too, at last.

Hitherto, our students have had access to no English-Greek lexicon which satisfied the demands of modern scholarship. The costly English works which could be obtained, made even more costly by our high tariff on all means of knowledge, were practically beyond the reach of the majority; and Greek composition has therefore been studied without a lexicon or left to subside altogether. Ignorant and unsystematic teaching has done much harm in this as in every other department of American school instruction; but few teachers will deny that composition, when properly employed, is one of the most efficient means of impressing a class with the general principles as well as the nicest distinctions of a language, and of changing an ancient language from a dead abstraction to a living reality. The appearance of this lexicon supplies the want so long felt in this department, and leaves teachers no further excuse for neglecting Greek composition.

Professor Drisler's preface hints at the delays and discouragements which have kept the public so long waiting for the lexicon, sufficient indeed to have prevented a less persevering man from publishing the work at all. But we cannot doubt that these delays, and the necessity of doing much of the work twice, have greatly increased the value of the book. It is now based on a new edition of the original, and we may assume that we have the second edition of the editor's improvement. What distinguishes this work from all others of the kind is the constant reference to the authorities for each word, or at least to the class of writers who use it. This will prevent students writing Greek exercises from translating into a mixture of Homer, Thucydides, and Plato; and also from indulging in a curious habit that they have of invariably choosing the *last* word in a list of unfamiliar Greek terms—a habit which often gives a Greek exercise the style of scholiasts and grammarians.

Professor Short's elaborate treatise on the Order of Words in Attic Prose adds greatly to the value of the work. This has, we believe, never before been made the subject of a special treatise, and the present essay is the result of much careful study and a thorough investigation of the structure of the Greek sentence. It is hard to bring the rhetoric of Demosthenes under definite rules for arrangement of words; but this work proves that it is not impossible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices*	
Aguilar (Grace), The Women of Israel, 2 vols	(D. Appleton & Co.)	$3 00
Brooke (Rev. S. A.), Robertson's Life and Letters	(Harper & Bros.)	
Disraeli (B.), Coningsby: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 60
Dresser (H. E.), U. S. Internal Revenue and Tariff Law (July 13, 1870), swd	(Harper & Bros.)	
Hoyt (J. W.), Education in Europe and America	(Washington)	
Oliphant (Mrs.), John: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Sala (G. A.), Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens, swd.	" "	0 50
Smith (Julie P.), Widow Goldsmith's Daughter	(S. W. Barrows)	
The Workshop, No. 7, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1870.

The Week.

IN exactly eighteen days from the formal declaration of war, after one slight skirmish, and two days of heavy fighting, the Emperor, who has for four years been scheming and preparing for this contest, who entered upon it with the haughtiness and peremptoriness of a foregone conqueror, who was so eager for it that he seized upon the weakest of occasions for bringing it on at once, and appeared as if he could not get it soon enough; who has done nothing well if, in the army which has held down France and threatened Europe, he has not an army invincible in battle—in just eighteen days of war, and three days of actual fighting, he finds his soldiers outmarched and outfought, his marshals and generals outmanœuvred; the chassepot and a Frenchman no match for the Prussian with his needle-gun and bayonet; his armies driven back with the inevitable force which drove the Austrians in upon Vienna in 1866; his capital in a state of siege, and himself compelled to confess disastrous defeat, and call upon the people not to illuminate their houses for the occupation of Berlin, but to prepare to fight under the walls of Paris first, and man them afterwards. It was astonishing to the world to see a historic monarchy, illustrious like Austria, tumbled down in a seven weeks' war; but, till this campaign of less than a week, nothing like the performances of the elder Napoleon at his best has been seen in Europe.

To be sure, all is not over, even as between France and Prussia alone, to say nothing of European complications, involving other powers, which, however, are far more likely to come after a peace has been conquered than to come in either a hostile or peaceful form till the work is essentially done. There would seem, as we write, to be little doubt that the Prussians have but to show the skill and efficiency which they have shown already in such an extraordinary degree, in order to make so speedy an end of the war as hardly to afford opportunity for decisive interference. The result so far is probably mainly due to the presence at the front of the Emperor himself, notoriously vacillating, and, to say the very least, not proved a fair soldier; but it can hardly be that all the mismanagement can be attributable to him; nor, if that were so, that the sudden apparent collapse of the French army is due wholly to mismanagement on the part of him or the other French leaders. It looks very much as if the Prussian soldier were a heavier and quicker hitter than the French, and as if the mitrailleuse and the chassepot—which have been vaunted in a manner not very suggestive of the old French self-confidence—were inferior to the improved Prussian arms. As to the leaders on the two sides, the superiority is certainly with the Prussians.

On Tuesday, Aug. 2, the French army, to use the words of the official dispatch, "took the offensive, crossed the frontier, and invaded the territory of Prussia." It carried the heights which overlook Saarbrück, and the artillery drove the enemy from the town. It was a division of Gen. Frossard's command which achieved the feat. Napoleon himself was present, with "Louis" in front, "where the bullets fell." And "Louis keeps a ball he picked up." The soldiers weep at the sight of the boy's admirable coolness. The Emperor, having witnessed his boy's "baptism of fire," returns to his headquarters at Metz, and Metz is illuminated; so is Châlons-sur-Marne, the headquarters of Marshal Canrobert. The Empress goes with her ladies to Notre Dame des Victoires, to render public thanks to Heaven for the success achieved. Reports spoke of the splendid *élan* of the victorious troops, and of the wonders worked by the mitrailleuses. In short, the campaign was opened by a feeble *coup de théâtre*. The fact was, the heights overlooking the Saar and the small town of Saarbrück were taken almost without a struggle, the insignificant Prussian detachments stationed there being neither inclined nor ordered to make a useless resistance to an overwhelming force.

The real opening of the campaign was to take place at another spot, and it was the Prussians who were to make it. On Thursday, the 4th, a strong force belonging to the left wing of the Prussian army, the Prince Royal's, and consisting of Prussians and Bavarians, crossed the frontier river Lauter, between Lauterburg and Weissenburg, surprised General Douay's division of the First French Army Corps—MacMahon's—and under the eyes of the Prince assaulted and carried the fortifications of Weissenburg and the heights beyond them. The victory was dearly bought, but the rout of the French was complete. Gen. Douay—who, however, must not be confounded with the general of the same name commanding the Seventh French Army Corps at Belfort—was killed. A considerable number of prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. The affair was hailed by the Prussians as the auspicious beginning of a powerful move designed to pierce the excessively long French front line, and to cut off MacMahon's corps from its connections with the French centre and left. At Paris and Metz, the news, following so rapidly upon the farcical Saarbrück performance, fell like a thunderbolt. The prestige of the French arms was gone if Weissenburg was not immediately retaken. The task of retaking it was MacMahon's.

MacMahon, the bulk of whose army corps was concentrated in the vicinity of Hagenau, between Strasbourg and Weissenburg, was not slow in recognizing the danger which threatened him, and, without loss of time, advanced to meet the Prince Royal. Neither did the latter hesitate in moving forward to reap the full fruits of his victory before the French could recover from the stunning effects of their first defeat. The march of the two armies was plainly indicated by the circumstances. The Prussians, to achieve the isolation of MacMahon, advanced south-west, from Weissenburg; MacMahon, to obviate it, north-west, from Hagenau. They met on Saturday, the 6th, near Wörth, a place almost equally distant from Weissenburg and Hagenau, and, like these towns, belonging to the Alsatian department of the Lower Rhine. We have few details of the great battle that was fought there, nor do we know, even approximatively, the number of troops engaged on either side. Probably, the army of the Prince had received reinforcements, after its Weissenburg victory, from its reserves near Landau and Carlsruhe. MacMahon, we know, had been reinforced by several divisions of the Fifth French Army Corps, Failly's, concentrated around Bitsch. The result of the battle was the total defeat of the French. The Prussians captured thirty cannon, six mitrailleuses, two eagles, and four thousand prisoners. The remnants of the beaten army, not to be entirely cut off, abandoned their Alsatian base, and retreated westward, thus entirely uncovering Strasbourg. The Prince Royal reported them moving towards Bitsch, where they probably expected to join the remainder of Failly's corps. This junction, however, did not immediately take place.

On the same day, Saturday, the 6th, another battle was fought on the Saar, between the forces commanded by Gen. Von Steinmetz, of the Prussian army commanded by Prince Frederic Charles, and the Second French Corps, commanded by Gen. Frossard. The latter had begun a retreat, made imperative by the threatening advance of the Prussians, when the enemy, naturally anxious to prevent his command from joining Failly, and thus menacing the right flank of the Crown Prince, came up with him, west of Saarbrück, near the Spiehren hills. Gen. Kamers, with the Fourteenth Division, immediately began the attack on the strong position of the French. Hearing the sound of the cannon, portions of other divisions hastened to his assistance. Gen. Von Goeben took command, and a fierce and bloody struggle raged until nightfall. The heights of Spiehren were carried at the point of the bayonet, and the French thrown back on Forbach. Here, too, they were overtaken—the Fifteenth Division of Von Steinmetz's command, which had advanced on a different route, coming up with them. Night covered the further retreat of the French, who left their camp equipage and many prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The whole advanced French line was now thrown back. The remnants of Frossard's command retreated towards Metz; those of MacMahon's and Failly's fell back, in an almost opposite direction, upon Saverne, thence to continue their retreat to Nancy. The armies of the two Princes immediately began a vigorous pursuit, the advance of Frederic Charles for a while interrupting all communication between the beaten left wing of the French and the corps collecting under the eyes of the Emperor around Metz.

The sick Emperor seems to have been entirely unnerved by these unexpected and terrible blows. The situation was, indeed, perplexing in the extreme. Around him, fragments of beaten or half-formed corps; before him, two rapidly advancing victorious armies, followed by fresh floods of invaders; behind him, discontented reserves and Paris almost in a frenzy. The truth could not be concealed. He spoke it out without reserve. He possibly magnified the danger. Through lugubrious appeals issued by the Empress Regent, he implored the people to save the threatened capital—to "save the country." He was going to place himself at the centre of the military position; the Empress promised to be first where the danger was greatest. The people of Paris were implored and warned not to indulge in agitations, and promised a vigorous defence. To give effect to both warning and promise, the state of siege was proclaimed in the capital. The Senate and Corps Législatif were convoked. The expeditionary force which was to sail with the Baltic fleet was summoned back to join in the defence of the interior. Marshal Bazaine was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and Gen. Trochu, instead of Lebœuf, Major-General of the army. Works were hurriedly begun to strengthen the fortifications of both Paris and Metz—a great battle in front of this fortress being regarded as imminent. And according to latest reports, the Emperor's headquarters have been removed from that fortress to Châlons-sur-Marne, the Prussian advance having passed St. Avold.

The conduct of the Parisians during the excited battle week was entirely worthy of the spirit of childish recklessness with which they had rushed into the war vortex after such stupid leaders as Paul de Cassagnac and his fellow German-eaters, and such well-known lying prophets as Émile de Girardin. The boulevards resounded night and day with war clamors and the bellowing of the Marseillaise, which, by the bye, is as appropriate a war-song for the followers of Napoleon on a campaign of invasion as the Song of Poland would be for a horde of Cossacks fighting the countrymen of Kosciuszko. People suspected as sympathizers with Prussia were hunted in the streets, and even threatened in their houses. There was no end to the elation of the mobs when false reports announced successes. This elation turned into rage as extravagant when the official organs first withheld the news, and into mad fury when the true course of events was made known. The Marseillaise was now sung with a different intent. Poor Ollivier was compelled to announce to a mob collected around his mansion that the unfortunate man who had spread the news of a French *victory* would be severely punished. The excitement has since taken a more decidedly revolutionary and, as it seems, a more patriotic turn, encouraging the more respectable leaders of the opposition to come forward. A number of deputies, assembled at the Palace of the Corps Législatif, have signed a declaration demanding the immediate arming of all citizens of Paris. Among the signers are mentioned Jules Favre, Crémieux, Esquiros, Garnier-Pagès, Arago, Pelletan, Picard, and Jules Simon. And the ministry are compelled to warn Paris against "rising." The terrible word "abdication" begins to be whispered in higher circles. [As we go to press a report comes of the fall of the Ollivier ministry amid much confusion in the Chambers and ominous proposals from the opposition of all shades.]

We are glad to be able to call the attention of our readers to the letter from the Rhine, written by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, which we print elsewhere, and which will be followed by others. Despite the Cable's contradictions, and despite surveillance, the telegraph has rendered entirely obsolete the sending by mail of mere news. But Mr. Kapp, who has access to the very best sources of information, will send facts of a kind that will be useful when the immediate news of the day will be of no interest.

As we suspected last week, the noise of the Holden party papers in North Carolina and their loud exhortations to the faithful, and the Governor's course in levying troops in what seemed an entirely causeless way, were all foreshadowings of a Republican defeat, to call it so, and a Democratic victory in the State. Yet North Carolina gave Grant more than twelve thousand majority a year and a half ago; the people of the western part of the State, strongly against secession in 1860 and good Republicans up to this last year, went anti-Republican; in the counties that the Governor put under martial law, and which would presumably have gone Democratic, there was a pretty general abstinence from voting on the part of the Democrats. So whether really to call this a Democratic victory it is not easy to say. The truth, so far as we can make out, is about this: In North Carolina, as elsewhere in the South, the majority of the whites have lost all confidence in the honesty of the dominant party; the North Carolina Legislature no more than that of South Carolina has escaped the charge of extreme rascality and waste, though the reputation of the South Carolinian is of course much worse than that of the other; the Governor is thought not free from complicity with certain railway jobbers; Judge Tourgee, a Republican judge of the Supreme Court of the State—whose district is in the region part of which is under martial law—testifies that there has been commission of outrages, yet says that the Governor's course in levying troops "did not meet with his entire approval;" and what the Judge says of the Governor in print we may be sure thousands of obscurer men said to each other, and, voting accordingly, the State, whether or not it has gone Democratic, has been very deliberately taken out of the hands of the people in whose hands it has been for the last few years. That these people were Republicans is so much the worse for the Republican party. Over the immediate result no decent Republican need bemoan himself, and it is gratifying to see how few the party papers are that keep up the regulation talk of four years ago about loyalty. Mr. Aaron Alpeoria Bradley would not to-day, we fancy, be received with boisterous cheers in Cooper Institute, though we fear that still for a year or two Mr. Harrison Reed, of Florida, and Mr. Richard Busteed will be invited to seats on the platform. Of the seven North Carolina representatives, five are "Conservative" and two Republican—a Republican loss of four; the Legislature is Conservative, and that ensures the loss of Senator Abbott, who indeed is no great loss.

If a thing to be learned from the North Carolina election is that Southern Republicanism must be more honest and intelligent than it has been of late, and that the Northern Republican, as well as the benighted Democrat, has certain "dead issues" to get out of the way, the thing to be learned from the South Carolina nominations is, that negro senators and representatives may be looked for regularly, and that the colored man has definitely decided that he will no longer "take a back seat." Mr. C. C. Bowen's district he is to contest with a mulatto named De Large, who will probably be returned; Mr. Hoge, and one or two more, give way to negroes; the State Convention was presided over by a negro who is an intimate friend of Mr. Whittemore; and there are other indications besides the proposed election of Mr. Cardozo to the Senate that the colored voter has decided on striking high. In Kentucky, where the negro has just become a voter, but where the opposition to his voting would be as great as anywhere else in the country, he has added about twenty thousand to the Republican strength in the recent election. In Tennessee there are Democratic gains.

In the Fourth Congressional District of Missouri, there is some trouble in the Republican party in regard to the new nomination to Congress. Some members of the party wish to nominate an avowed protectionist, he giving none but general pledges of "soundness on the main question"—of some years since. Special pledges are scouted. He is a good Republican, always "served the party," and pushed the Amendment, and to ask him whether he voted to reduce taxation on sugar, or steel rails, or salt, or to ask him to pledge himself that he will vote for revenue reform, would be, it is held, an "insult to his record." That he should go up to Washington unpledged and vote for Mr. Dennis McCarthy's salt monopoly in return for Mr. McCarthy's vote for his iron monopoly or "land-grab," seems to be thought a proper way to recognize his love for the negro and his services to the country when many were succumbing to the slave power and despairing of the Republic. But there are many people who never succumbed to the slave power, nor despaired of the Republic, who think Mr. McCarthy's salt-works a mere robbery of the people, and who think, in general, of the protectionist system, that the wit of Solomon could not frame a plan of protection whereby all "interests" may be protected; and that no man with a thousandth part of the wit of any average man can fail to see that, where there is to be any actual "protection," nearly all businesses must be taxed to pay a bounty to those really protected. Which is injustice to all, and favoritism to a few at the expense of the many. One such man, sound on the main question of 1865, and on what is to many people the main question of 1870, lives in the district above-mentioned, and there is talk among some of the Republicans of putting him in nomination for the vacant seat, and asking the Democrats to vote for him. Hereupon there is outcry, and charges are made that these people aim at smashing up the Republican party. How, is not stated. If a sufficient number of Democrats can be got to vote for a Republican without shame and without reproach—and all the more likely to be if he is independent enough to be a revenue reformer or free-trader in a high protectionist district—it is not at once perceptible how Republican principles are sacrificed. The question is not of sending a Democrat to Congress in place of a Republican, but sending there a person who is not of the opinion held by some Republicans, that a protective tariff is a necessary or even useful plank in a Republican platform. That other question is coming up, however, and Republicans not tender in the answers they make to questioners are ready, we see, to give it a harsh answer.

Nowhere else in the world, surely, could such a case have occurred as that of young Real, who was hanged last week in this city. It shows in clear light the workings of our present system of municipal government. Real was an illiterate young Irishman, known as a petty thief and as a desperado, and he was an influential politician of one of our up-town wards. When he died he really had some excuse for thinking himself ill-used because, instead of being hanged for murder, he was not holding a place in the Court of General Sessions like the murderer Jackson, or "resigning" a clerkship in the Common Council on account of having committed a rape in the council-room. Two years ago he killed in cold blood a policeman whose life he had previously attempted—an attempt for which he was, at the time of the murder, under bail. Nearly two years ago he was convicted of this crime on the plainest of "evidence," and the judge who sentenced him was publicly praised for his courage in daring to do so. Perhaps he deserved praise—pleasing as it is to think so—for his court-room is said to have been filled with roughs, threatening death to judge and jury if Real was sentenced; and perhaps, it is said, he did not. Real was "known to be out of favor with Tammany," and to have favored Mr. H. C. Murphy for Governor of the State instead of Mr. Hoffman. He was hanged at last, showing, by the bye, a degree of nerve and a force of will that gave the lie, as emphatically as his three shootings did, to his tale of long-endured abuse at the hands of the man he killed; and his death was the occasion of the publishing of a "last appeal," which is a mere "electioneering document," issued when all hope had gone, prepared by the politicians who surrounded him, perhaps not so much as signed by him, and, plainly, on the face of it, given to the world to hurt the "chances" of Hoffman and Hall—whose chances it indeed will, no doubt, to some extent hurt. His funeral took place on Sunday, and the body was attended to the grave by more than a hundred carriages, and by several thousands of people in procession, of whom some will remember him when they come to vote. "Tammany let him hang," the cry was among his friends; or was the cry that was put into their mouths. The whole case, in all its circumstances, is a perfect specimen of "politics," as politics flourish in this city. An essential distinction between the "politics" of the other attendant circumstances of the affair and the triumphant procession of Sunday, the apotheosis of lawlessness as opposed to law, may not be easy to find. But, at best, the latter was more within the immediate grasp of the police, and Superintendant Jourdan, or whoever could take order in the matter, might very well have had the murderer's body buried in the jail-yard or elsewhere in secrecy. As it is, Real's funeral counteracted ten times over any good effect his execution may have had.

Gen. Banks's views of the war in Europe might have been expected to be original and profound. He had a chance to air them last Friday at the annual reunion of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Gulf, in Boston. There was no particular reason, he said, why we should sympathize with either of the belligerents, our sympathy being regulated by the facts that "our Constitution, as interpreted by the supreme judicial tribunal, makes it impossible for us to acquire territory by war," and that "Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Hungary, and probably Russia, sympathize less with" Prussia than with France. This is still further enforced by the doctrine that "our interest is not with imperial dynasties, but with the people, and the small progressive states of Europe," namely, those just enumerated, plus Italy, Holland, and Belgium. "Wherever they lead," says this extraordinary Chairman of Committee on Foreign Affairs, "our sympathies may safely follow; but until they make their sign, neutrality is our line of duty." In two of these states the "sign" has certainly not been ambiguous, and we should like to see Gen. Banks's "sympathies" following at one and the same time the lead of Denmark and of Belgium. It would be tolerably difficult to follow the sympathies of Italy alone, she being under the greatest obligations to both France and Prussia, and, therefore, entertaining feelings which are properly somewhat mixed. In short, the rule laid down by Gen. Banks, if attempted to be carried out, would land a man in the lunatic asylum in forty minutes.

The Chinese question also received passing attention in the same "oration," in one of those sounding but utterly empty phrases which Massachusetts politicians are accustomed to laugh at in their sleeves when sitting on the platform behind Gen. Banks. He apparently considers the problem less a consequence of fortnightly steam service between China and San Francisco, or of the Pacific Railroad, than of reconstruction, with which he clumsily connects it. After saying that the Congressional policy towards the South has rested too little on "popular intelligence and the voluntary consent of the people," and too much on abstract theories of political justice, he continues in this lucid manner:

> "Its tendency is in some measure to paralyze emancipation, as it stimulates and is held by some persons to justify importation of laborers to such extent as to reduce the industrial classes from the elevation they have attained by slow degrees and patient effort in this country, to a degraded standard, recognized only in overpopulated Asiatic empires. The extension of the rights of citizenship, which consistency is said to require, to such imported servants, degrades freemen who have earned the rights they enjoy, and endangers the liberties of the country."

The non-committal character of this utterance may not be detected at once by those unfamiliar with Gen. Banks's ease in fence-riding, and certainly he could not complain of injustice if one who was studying the tendency of the Republican party in regard to the Chinese question should allege that in Massachusetts Gen. Butler, "General" Wilson, as he is familiarly called, and Gen. Banks have now all declared themselves against the Chinaman. Three more strenuous defenders of "abstract theories of political justice" this country has not lately seen, nor three politicians who will run less risk of offending their constituents—in each case largely a mechanic population. As we have before said, the humor of the spectacle lies in the dismay of those who have longest and loudest preached human equality, and we have not refrained from laughing to see Mr. Phillips, at sight of the North Adams Chinamen, pack away in his trunk the beautiful figure of Trajan's Column which has so often served him as the type of his idea of modern American civilization.

EUROPEAN WAR AND AMERICAN FINANCE.

At the opening of the month of June, the entire civilized world was in profound peace. The condition of the financial and commercial markets was everywhere deemed healthy and satisfactory. The European continent had, it is true, been afflicted with a serious, extended, and protracted drought, which threatened deficient crops; but the abundant stores of the United States being just at that time freely offered at declining prices, owing to a universal indisposition here to aid in the long-continued and injurious grain speculation, no great uneasiness was anywhere experienced on account of the unfavorable crop prospects. The rate of discount at the Bank of England had stood for some time at 3 per cent.; that of the Bank of France as low as 2½. The Bank of Berlin, for some reason not at that time understood, but since sufficiently explained, had been conspicuously anxious to discourage foreign investments and speculation of every kind, and maintained its rate of discount at 4 per cent. The coin reserves at the leading bank centres were steady, or even gradually increasing. There was no export demand for coin anywhere, and that wonderfully complicated machine—the business of the world—seemed progressing so quietly and steadily that its movement was scarcely noticed. The financial relations of the United States with all other nations were regular and easy. We were actively engaged in sending to Europe the rest of our last year's cotton crop, and in forwarding an unusually large amount of grain and flour to supply European deficiencies. There was no evidence anywhere of a large commercial or financial indebtedness to Europe. Our Government securities were in high credit there, and stood at nearly the highest prices ever reached. Gold in our own markets was nearly as low as it had ever been since its first serious rise in 1862. Our stock of specie in the Treasury and in the banks was larger than it ever had been since suspension, and our regular weekly export of gold and silver bullion was just beginning to undergo its usual summer increase.

In the early part of June, the French purchases of flour and grain in this market became noticeably large, and it was even remarked that prices were occasionally paid here that did not show any profit on the published quotations of the French markets, indicating that the purchases were not made for merchants, but probably for the Government; or, at least, in consequence of official intimations as to the probable future. At the same time the Paris Bourse showed a noticeable weakness, which the known state of affairs seemed scarcely to warrant. Rumors were afloat that persons high in the Emperor's confidence were large sellers, and a feeling of uneasiness began gradually to spread abroad. But no great heed was given to it. The English money market remained perfectly unaffected. Gold continued to flow steadily into the Bank at London. Consols remained firm between 92½ and 93. Our 1862 bonds were steady at 90 and over in London, and at 95½ to 96 in Frankfort currency. Flour and wheat, which should have advanced in case of trouble, continued to decline with the decline here. Only the Paris Bourse and the Liverpool cotton market, which latter had been the scene of some unhealthy speculation, showed any real signs of weakness.

Such was the condition of financial affairs at the close of June. The first statement of the Bank of France in the month of July showed a loss of over four million dollars in coin—a remarkable loss for the season—followed by fresh uneasiness and a further decline on the Paris Bourse. On the 6th of July, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc de Gramont, made a very excited speech in the Corps Législatif, which was a virtual threat of war against Prussia on account of the pretended attempts of the latter to secure the throne of Spain for a Hohenzollern prince. A tremendous excitement on the Bourse was the immediate result. The rentes fell from 73 to 71½, and all other securities fell far more largely. Frankfort, until now the principal financial centre of Germany, but most unfavorably situated near a hostile and debatable frontier, became at once most seriously alarmed. Apart from the indirect effects of war on its financial affairs, it was actually liable to become the scene of almost the first conflict should peace not be preserved. Every one was seized with the desire to turn his property into money, and, as usual, every one rushed at first to sell that which was most readily salable. The best and safest securities were thus the first to be forced upon an excited market; and hence United States 1862 bonds, which before Gramont's speech had been in demand at 96¼, immediately afterwards were unsalable at 94, and in four days had fallen to 91.

The alarm which the keen Frankfort bankers, always studious of the political horizon and now thoroughly alive to the temper of the French Government and the Prussian people, had so readily taken, was at first confined to a very limited circle. England declined to believe in war. From July 6, the date of Gramont's apparently intemperate but really well-studied speech, to July 12, English consols declined less than one per cent. The American bonds which Frankfort was so anxious to sell, were readily bought in London at a very slight decline from previous prices, and even the New York Gold Room, according to popular belief ever eager for a pretence to advance the premium, was at first inclined to disregard the Hohenzollern complication, and closed on Saturday, July 9, at 112⅝, not one-half per cent. above the opening price of the Monday previous. Americans generally disbelieved in the war, and even those who were inclined to expect it were unable to see how war could materially affect us. On excited and perhaps exaggerated accounts of the Frankfort panic, on the 11th of July the premium suddenly advanced to 115, but on the 13th fell back to 112, as the relative position of the different European markets and our own did not admit of any bonds being brought back here for sale. The slight decline in London was followed by a corresponding decline in the prices of bonds here, so that no bonds could be returned from England, and as long as frightened Frankfort bankers could sell their bonds in England, there was no need of sending them here.

Up to this time, although France and Germany were rapidly tending to financial panic, neither England nor the United States appeared to be materially affected by it; and especially as far as we were concerned, so entirely had the speculative spirit disappeared among us, that even the hourly growing evidence of imminent conflict could not induce operations of any kind in advance of legitimate wants. But on the 14th war was declared, and the situation rapidly changed. The Bank of Prussia raised its discount from 4 to 6 per cent. Frankfort immediately became disorganized with panic. Business was at a standstill. Sales were impossible. Our bonds fell from 91 to 88, and there is no telling how low they may have sold in the midst of the confusion. The panic in Paris was even worse. Rentes fell from 71½ to 64½. Whoever had good and desirable securities sent them post-haste to England for sale. So great was the rush of securities there that the drafts drawn against them, usually in active demand on the Continent, became totally unsalable, and specie had to be sent from England to pay for them. The withdrawal of this coin from the Bank of England caused the latter to advance its discount rate from 3 to 3½ and 4 per cent. Consols declined from 92½ to 89½ in three days, and during the same time American bonds fell in London from 85 to 80½. Although bonds in our markets fell during the same time 2 per cent. and more, yet the price yielded so slowly that for several days New York was a better market to sell in than either London or Frankfort, and, as a natural consequence, quite a large amount of bonds were sent here from both these cities and sold on telegraphic orders, deliverable as soon as received. The foreign bankers to whom these were sent for sale immediately purchased a corresponding amount of gold to ship to Europe in payment of the bonds as soon as they should arrive. It was their purchases of gold that advanced the premium rapidly from 113 on July 14 to 123 on July 18.

In the meantime the declaration of war caused the Bank of France to lose in one week 31 millions of francs, or over 6 millions dollars, in coin, in spite of large shipments from England. Business everywhere was brought to a standstill. Holland and Belgium, though neutral, were as much paralyzed as Frankfort or Hamburg and Bremen. All commerce at sea on the part of Germany necessarily stopped, her armed navy being entirely inadequate to the protection of her commercial marine. England was suddenly deprived of her principal trade. Cotton dealers and manufacturers had no outlet for their goods. Raw cotton declined from 20 cents to 15 cents per pound, involving an enormous loss on the average stock of 400 millions of pounds in store and afloat for English account, in addition to the loss on manufactured goods. Failures were numerous in all branches of trade, and commercial credit of every kind sank very low. At this season of the year, more than at any other season, the New York bankers are indebted to their English correspondents. In ordinary times they pay this indebtedness by purchasing here and sending to London the bills of mercantile houses here who ship grain, cotton, petroleum, meats, etc., to any and all European ports, and draw for the amount upon their correspondents. But in the state of the markets just described, it is evident that no one could tell what bills might be paid. English bankers, therefore, who had money due them from here, immediately on the declaration of war did telegraph (or would have telegraphed if it had not been unnecessary): Send no more bills; send only coin. Up to the 9th of July, our coin shipments scarcely exceeded the weekly average of 700,000 dollars. But within two days after the declaration of war we shipped one million and a half, and in the three weeks immediately following we shipped 17 millions more, or precisely as much as we had shipped in the entire six months preceding. These coin shipments form so far the most important evidence and indeed the principal effect of the influence of the European war upon our finances. Their importance increases with the doubt as to the precise nature of the circumstances which have rendered them necessary. We think the doubt unnecessary. We believe the nature of the circumstances fully established.

We have already stated that between the 14th and 18th of July large amounts of gold were purchased here by foreign bankers for remittance to Europe in payment of bonds sold here (deliverable on arrival) on telegraphic orders from European holders. If the 20 millions of gold shipped during the last four weeks have been shipped in payment of bonds returned here, then, with the 1,200 millions of our bonds believed to be held abroad, it is evident that we are liable to a sudden influx of bonds in such amounts as would completely sweep away our entire financial system. But it is almost positively certain that, although a large amount of gold was bought in anticipation of bonds to be returned, yet the bulk of the bonds never did arrive. Although in Frankfort the worst panic did not take place until the 23d, when our bonds are reported to have sold at 77, or about 10 per cent. below the London price of the day; although since then the Bank of England has steadily advanced its discount rate from 4 to 5 and even to 6 per cent.; although since then both the belligerents have come into the markets as large borrowers at rates of interest almost equal to those of our bonds; although even English consols have since continued to decline, and touched their very lowest figure, 88½, only on the 4th of August, over 4 per cent. below the peace quotations; yet our bonds, since the first panic of July 20, when they sold down to 80½, have almost steadily recovered in spite of all these adverse circumstances, and on the 5th of August sold again at 83½, only 7 per cent. below the highest figures previous to the disturbance. It is not too much to say that the safety and desirability of American bonds as a permanent investment are more firmly established to-day than they have ever been, and that for the settlement of balances between commercial nations they are, owing to their wide acceptability, preferable to every security excepting gold itself. It is the remarkable elasticity with which they reacted from their first depression, and the unanimity with which they are everywhere received as security, that induced European holders who had sent orders to have their bonds sold here, to refrain from actually sending the bonds, preferring to buy back here those already sold, and to sell the gold bought in their place. All accounts agree in stating that only small amounts of bonds have been actually returned, and it must now be evident, even to the most timorous, that unless the war now raging is carried to the extreme of exhausting one or both the combatants, or unless the people of the United States themselves wilfully destroy the European confidence in their securities, there is no more likelihood that United States bonds will be returned here for sale than there is of our cotton or our grain coming back to plague us. It is impossible to ascertain with any degree of certainty the amount of bonds returned to us during the last four weeks; but competent authority estimates it at less than six millions of dollars, less than one-half the amount that has frequently been sent abroad in one week!

Assuming the estimate given of bonds returned as approximatively correct, there would be 14 millions of coin shipments to be accounted for. Without entering into questionable detail, it may be stated that the average weekly specie export for the rest of the year has not been less than 700,000 dollars per week, which would account for nearly three millions during the four weeks. It is also well to remember that this is at all times the principal season for our coin exports, and that, owing to the interest payment on the national debt, a large part of which is due abroad, the shipments in July are always large.

Taking these various facts into consideration, it will not be unfair to state the effect of the war in Europe on our finances so far as follows: The war in Europe has caused the return of about five millions of our securities from abroad, which we had to pay for in coin. It has also temporarily stopped a portion of our exports, or at least rendered their proceeds temporarily unavailable for the liquidation of that overdue debt which always exists between commercial nations, and has compelled us to ship a corresponding amount, say 10 millions, of coin in their stead. The sale of the bonds here and the (unfounded) expectation of further similar sales depressed the prices of bonds here about 4 per cent., from which they have almost entirely recovered. The purchase of 15 millions of gold here, and the (probably unfounded) expectation of further purchases, has advanced the price of gold 10 per cent., against which advance there has only been a slight reaction, and only a slow and gradual reaction can be expected, until our merchandise exports again assume their wonted proportions.

There are other important financial considerations connected with the war, but these, as well as its commercial aspects, must be for the present reserved.

SOUTH-WESTERN GERMANY.

The states of South-western Germany—the Kingdoms of Bavaria and Würtemberg and the Grand-Duchies of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt—fought in 1866 on the side of Austria against Prussia. They fought for the existence of the Germanic Confederation, the disruption of which the first cannon-shot of the Prussians avowedly proclaimed. They fought for the preservation of the leadership of the House of Austria among the German tribes, which they had learned to distrust less than that of the constantly growing and grasping House of Hohenzollern; they fought for their own independence and sovereignty against an ambitious state, whose aggressiveness Count Bismarck had then made more patent than ever, and whose evident aim it was to make itself, first, the only great power in Germany, and, subsequently, its master. Excepting Baden, they went into the fight with alacrity and passion; they came out of it ingloriously beaten. Their leader, Austria, was crushed and cast out of Germany; their northern allies—Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, Frankfort, and Saxony—were absorbed in Prussia, or—which was the case with the last named—in her creation, the North German Union; they saw the current of public opinion, at least north of the Main, rapidly turning in favor of the *victrix causa;* they paid the penalty of their mistake in heavy contributions—Bavaria and Hesse also in ceded territories; they lay helplessly prostrate.

Had France at that moment been in a condition to offer speedy aid to the vanquished, the animosity against Prussia then agitating South Germany might have prevailed over all regards of German patriotism, and led, at least, to an attempt at forming a new Rhenish Confederation, under the protection of the Napoleonic eagle. But France, like all Europe, was stunned by the rapid blows dealt by the Prussian generals on the battle-fields of Bohemia and Western Germany. The treaty of Prague granted the South-western States the right of forming a confederation among themselves; but so little homogeneous were even those four states, so widely unequal were they in numbers and power—Bavaria alone being superior to the three others combined—so slight was, therefore, the prospect of harmony among them, and so slender were the chances of success of such a union, embracing nine millions of people placed face to face with the twenty-nine millions of the North German Confederation—that no serious thought of realizing any such scheme seems to have been entertained, in governing circles, for any length of time. In this their helpless condition, Bismarck easily succeeded in persuading Würtemberg, Baden—which required little persuasion, as its Grand-Duke, the son-in-law of the King of Prussia, had partaken in the war against his will and inclination—and Bavaria to conclude with him, even before the lapse of a month after the peace of Prague, those secret alliances, defensive and offensive, by which they placed their armies for all war emergencies under the command of the King of Prussia, and the sudden divulgation of which, after seven months of silence, in March, 1867, thrilled and electrified the unionists of Germany, and filled all that was Bonapartist or warlike in France with shame and rage. A still closer treaty with Hesse followed that divulgation.

Herr Von der Pfordten himself, formerly no less conspicuous a rival of Bismarck, and no less ardent an opponent of the Prussian policy, than Von Beust, was the minister who, for Bavaria, concluded the secret treaty of August 22, 1866. His successor at the head of the Bavarian cabinet, Prince Hohenlohe, could, with a lighter heart, continue the work of reconciliation with victorious Prussia. The leading statesmen of Würtemberg and Hesse, Von Varnbüler and Von Dalwigk—not to speak of Baden—followed in his wake, though with much reserve and some tergiversation. Of the ruling princes, the Grand-Duke of Baden openly came forward as a champion for the cause of German unity; the Grand-Duke of Hesse often betrayed his opposite inclinations; the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, more inclined to be guided than to guide, seemed to leave the decision of the international questions with their ministers and Chambers, but, on the whole, showed themselves rather friendly than hostile to the alliance with Prussia. The princes and ministers of all these states were ready to join the new Customs Union headed by Prussia, though their joining it, after a powerful opposition, was a new triumph for Bismarck and a new offence to France; but none of them, the rulers of Baden excepted, showed the least desire or readiness to join the North German Confederation itself. Faithfully to guard the integrity of Germany against foreign aggression on one side, and zealously to guard their own countries' sovereignty on the other, seemed to be their guiding rule of policy.

But this middle way between unionism and particularism was far from satisfying the wishes of the various populations, which, scarcely the war was over, split mainly into decided unionists and decided particularists. The immediate joining of the North German Confederation was the watchword of the one party, the repudiation of all bonds with Prussia that of the other. Both pretended to act in the interest of German unity. But while the one saw in a union of South-western Germany with their brethren north of the Main a satisfactory realization of that grand national aim, at least for a time, the other saw in it only a base surrender to a fortunate usurper, and in the exclusion of Austria the final disruption of the Fatherland. The anti-Prussian party was, considering the whole group of states, the most numerous; but it was composed of two widely different elements—of radical progressists and of ultramontane and feudal reactionists. Unnatural as this coalition may appear, it has shown itself powerful enough to hamper the action of the governments, to carry state elections, as well as the elections to the Customs Union Parliament, to perplex and embarrass the friends of the union cause generally, and "to give aid and comfort" to the foe of Germany lurking on the other side of the Rhine. The recklessness displayed on many an occasion by the ultramontane and democratic organs and orators, in their denunciations of Prussia, was of the kind with which the ravings of the Southern press in its impotence have made us familiar in this country. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few samples.

"It is a well-known thing," exclaimed a speaker in 1868, "that big fishes devour the smaller fry; therefore, let us beware of the Prussian pond, in which we cannot fail being devoured. A compact with Prussia is a compact of the mouse with the cat. The brevity of the Prussian constitution is quite laudable; one can easily keep it in memory, for it contains only three paragraphs. The first reads: Pay; the second, be a soldier; the third, hold your tongue." Speaking of armaments in the same year, the *Donauzeitung* wrote: "We arm against France, that is, against the only power that can yet save us. We arm in order to conquer for Prussia the right to swallow us. Every man whom we equip strengthens our enemy. The less we arm, the feebler will be our only enemy, that is, Prussia." The Bavarian *Volksbote* said: "We are determined to be the serfs and vassals of neither the French nor the Prussians; but nobody can prohibit some of us from seeing in the French our only defenders from Prussian usurpation; our only helpers in need; our saviors from annexation; and our future deliverers from the unbearable yoke of brutal Prussianism." And it was this tone of rampant hostility to the schemes of German unity under the lead of the House of Hohenzollern, this constant invocation of French aid against the greatest German power, coupled with the intrigues of some of the dispossessed princes, that encouraged Napoleon and his advisers to see in Germany, which they meditated attacking, a country torn by violent hatreds and factions, and kept together only by factitious alliances, which a rapid invasion of the South, or one brilliant French victory, would easily burst for ever.

In thus calculating upon the anti-Prussian sentiment of the South-western Germans, Napoleon undoubtedly overrated its importance. He mistook outbursts of impotent rage for evidences of determined purpose. He overlooked the fact that—whatever the feelings of the ignorant peasantry of Suabia may be; whatever the influence of the Catholic clergy upon the bigoted portions of their folds in town and country; and whatever the length to which the extreme fanaticism of radical party-leaders might go—there was, among the educated classes throughout Germany, an irresistible current of public opinion concerning the integrity of the nation and country, and the sacred duty of defending it at any price against the overbearing French neighbor—a current which, at the moment of sudden peril, followed by an enthusiastic uprising, would sweep everything before it, and at once silence all opposition. In one word, he fell into the error into which the leaders of the Southern Rebellion had fallen when they began their assault upon the Union, counting upon the aid of Northern sympathizers. And his miscalculation was obviously greater than theirs. His declaration of war was followed in Germany by a more universal and more generally sincere patriotic upheaval than that which the first gun fired at Fort Sumter called forth in the North of the United States. The princes of South-western Germany readily fulfilled their obligations as allies of Prussia, whatever the inner feelings of some of them may have been; all party strife was at once hushed; one grand resolve, to fight against the invader to the bitter end, was everywhere proclaimed; and the people of the North and South-west stood forth almost like one man, from the seas to the Alps.

And if Napoleon ever had any chance of dividing Germany while fighting her, it certainly required a rapid and successful invasion of South-western Germany or a decisive victory over the Prussian army at the very outset to bring about such a result. An invasion of Suabia might possibly have been followed by popular commotions in the anti-Prussian interest; a great defeat of the Prussians might have induced one or another of King William's allies to break a half-extorted compact, to recall his army, and to proclaim his neutrality. But Fate had decreed a different course of events. The boastful invader who had planned a surprise remained almost entirely inactive on the confines of his own country, as if struck with a kind of paralysis at the moment when boasts were to give way to actions. All initiative was with the assailed, and victory perched upon the banners of the bolder. And the consequence is that the bond of union between the North and South-west of Germany has been cemented more strongly than it has been for centuries, by streams of Bavarian, Würtembergian, Badenese, and Prussian blood, poured against a common foe and for a common fatherland, on a glorious battle-field. Whatever the changing fortunes of war may yet have in store for the victors and vanquished, so much is certain that the struggle is to go on between thirty-eight millions of French and thirty-eight millions of united Germans. The Napoleonic dream of fighting a divided Germany has vanished like a dream of the night. Germany is now nearer a union, in the fullest sense of the word, than it ever has been. Only the outer form is still wanting. Prussia will not be slow in determining it.

SARATOGA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SARATOGA, August 3, 1870.

ONE has vague irresponsible local previsions of which it is generally hard to discern the origin. You find yourself thinking of an unknown, unseen place as thus rather than so. It assumes in your mind a certain shape, a certain color which frequently turns out to be singularly at variance with reality. For some reason or other, I had idly dreamed of Saratoga as buried in a sort of elegant wilderness of verdurous gloom. I fancied a region of shady forest drives, with a bright, broad-piazzaed hotel gleaming here and there against a background of mysterious groves and glades. I had made a cruelly small allowance for the stern vulgarities of life—for the shops and sidewalks and loafers, the complex machinery of a city of pleasure. The fault was so wholly my own that it is quite without bitterness that I proceed to affirm that the Saratoga of experience is sadly different from this. I confess, however, that it has always seemed to me that one's visions, on the whole, gain more than they lose by realization. There is an essential indignity in indefiniteness: you cannot imagine the especial poignant interest of details and accidents. They give more to the imagination than they receive from it. I frankly admit, therefore, that I find here a decidedly more satisfactory sort of place than the all-too-primitive Elysium of my wanton fancy. It is indeed, as I say, immensely different. There is a vast number of brick—nay, of asphalte—sidewalks, a great many shops, and a magnificent array of loafers. But what indeed are you to do at Saratoga—the morning draught having been achieved—unless you loaf? "Que faire en un gîte â moins que l'on ne songe?" Loafers being assumed, of course shops and sidewalks follow. The main avenue of Saratoga is in fact bravely entitled Broadway. The untravelled reader may form a very accurate idea of it by recalling as distinctly as possible, not indeed the splendors of that famous thoroughfare, but the secondary charms of the Sixth Avenue. The place has what the French would call the "accent" of the Sixth Avenue. Its two main features are the two monster hotels which stand facing each other along a goodly portion of its course. One, I believe, is considered much better than the other—less prodigious and promiscuous and tumultuous, but in appearance there is little choice between them. Both are immense brick structures, directly on the crowded, noisy street, with vast covered piazzas running along the façade, supported by great iron posts. The piazza of the Union Hotel, I have been repeatedly informed, is the largest "in the world." There are a number of objects in Saratoga, by the way, which in their respective kinds are the finest in the world. One of these is Mr. John Morrissey's casino. I bowed my head submissively to this statement, but privately I thought of the blue Mediterranean, and the little white promontory of Monaco, and the silver-gray verdure of olives, and the view across the outer sea toward the bosky cliffs of Italy. Congress Spring, too, it is well known, is the most delicious mineral spring in the known universe; this I am perfectly willing to maintain.

The piazzas of these great hotels may very well be the greatest of all piazzas. They are not picturesque, but they doubtless serve their purpose—that of affording sitting-space in the open air to an immense number of persons. They are, of course, quite the best places to observe the Saratoga world. In the evening, when the "boarders" have all come forth and seated themselves in groups, or have begun to stroll in (not always, I regret to say, to the sad detriment of the dramatic interest, bisexual) couples, the vast heterogeneous scene affords a great deal of entertainment. Seeing it for the first time, the observer is likely to assure himself that he has neglected an important feature in the sum of American manners. The rough brick wall of the house, illumined by a line of flaring gas-lights, forms a harmonious background to the crude, impermanent, discordant tone of the assembly. In the larger of the two hotels, a series of long windows open into an immense parlor—the largest, I suppose, in the world—and the most scantily furnished, I imagine, in proportion to its size. A few dozen rocking-chairs, an equal number of small tables, tripods to the eternal ice-pitchers, serve chiefly to emphasize the vacuous grandeur of the spot. On the piazza, in the outer multitude, ladies largely prevail, both by numbers and (you are not slow to perceive) by distinction of appearance. The good old times of Saratoga, I believe, as of the world in general, are rapidly passing away. The time was when it was the chosen resort of none but "nice people." At the present day, I hear it constantly affirmed, "the company is dreadfully mixed." What society may have been at Saratoga when its elements were thus simple and severe, I can only vaguely, regretfully conjecture. I confine myself to the dense, democratic, vulgar Saratoga of the current year. You are struck, to begin with, at the hotels by the numerical superiority of the women; then, I think, by their personal superiority. It is incontestably the case that in appearance, in manner, in grace and completeness of aspect, American women vastly surpass their husbands and brothers. The case is reversed with most of the nations of Europe—with the English notably, and in some degree with the French and Germans. Attached to the main entrance of the Union Hotel, and adjoining the ascent from the street to the piazza, is a "stoop" of mighty area, which, at most hours of the day and morning, is a favored lounging-place of men. I am one of those who think that on the whole we are a decidedly good-looking people. "On the whole," perhaps, every people is good-looking. There is, however, a type of physiognomy among ourselves which seems so potently to imperil the modest validity of this dictum, that one finally utters it with a certain sense of triumph. The lean, sallow, angular Yankee of tradition is dignified mainly by a look of decision, a hint of unimpassioned volition, the air of "smartness." This in some degree redeems him, but it fails to make him handsome. But in the average American of the present time, the typical leanness and sallowness are less, and the individual keenness and smartness at once equally intense and more evenly balanced with this greater comeliness of form. Casting your eye over a group of your fellow-citizens in the portico of the Union Hotel, you will be inclined to admit that, taking the good with the bad, they are worthy sons of the great Republic. I find in them, I confess, an ample fund of grave entertainment. They suggest to my fancy the swarming vastness—the multifarious possibilities and activities—of our young civilization. They come from the uttermost ends of the continent—from San Francisco, from New Orleans, from Duluth. As they sit with their white hats tilted forward, and their chairs tilted back, and their feet tilted up, and their cigars and toothpicks forming various angles with these various lines, I imagine them surrounded with a sort of clear achromatic halo of mystery. They are obviously persons of experience—of a somewhat narrow and monotonous experience certainly; an experience of which the diamonds and laces which their wives are exhibiting hard by are, perhaps, the most substantial and beautiful result; but, at any rate, they are men who have positively actually lived. For the time, they are lounging with the negro waiters, and the boot-blacks, and the news-venders; but it was not in lounging that they gained their hard wrinkles and the level impartial regard which they direct from beneath their hat-rims. They are not the mellow fruit of a society impelled by tradition and attended by culture; they are hard nuts, which have grown and ripened as they could. When they talk among themselves, I seem to hear the mutual cracking of opposed shells.

If these men are remarkable, the ladies are wonderful. Saratoga is famous, I believe, as the place of all places in America where women most adorn themselves, or as the place, at least, where the greatest amount of dressing may be seen by the greatest number of people. Your first impression is therefore of the—what shall I call it?—of the *muchness* of the feminine drapery. Every woman you meet, young or old, is attired with a certain amount of splendor and a large amount of good taste. You behold an interesting, indeed a quite momentous spectacle: the democratization of elegance. If I am to believe what I hear—in fact, I may say what I overhear—a large portion of these sumptuous persons are victims of imperfect education and members of a somewhat narrow social circle. She walks more or less of a queen, however, each unsanctified nobody. She has, in dress, an admirable instinct of elegance and even of what the French call "chic." This instinct occasionally amounts to a sort of passion; the result then is superb. You look at the coarse brick walls, the rusty iron posts of the piazza, at the shuffling negro waiters, the great tawdry steamboat cabin of a drawing-room—you see the tilted ill-dressed loungers on the steps—and you finally regret that a figure so exquisite should have so vulgar a setting. Your resentment, however, is speedily tempered by reflection. You feel the impertinence of your old reminiscences of Old-World novels, and of the dreary social order in which privacy was the presiding genius and women arrayed themselves for the appreciation of the few—the few still, even when numerous. The crowd, the tavern loungers, the surrounding ugliness and tumult and license, constitute the social medium of the young lady whom you so cunningly admire: she is dressed for publicity. The thought fills you with a kind of awe. The Old-World social order is far away indeed, and as for Old-World novels, you begin to doubt whether she is so amiably curious as to read even the silliest of them. To be so excessively dressed is obviously to give pledges to idleness. I have been forcibly struck with the apparent absence of any warmth and richness of detail in the lives of these wonderful ladies of the piazzas. We are freely accused of being an eminently wasteful people:

I know of few things which so largely warrant the accusation as the fact that these consummate *élégantes* adorn themselves, socially speaking, to so little purpose. To dress for every one is, practically, to dress for no one. There are few prettier sights than a charmingly dressed woman, gracefully established in some shady spot, with a piece of needlework or embroidery, or a book. Nothing very serious is accomplished, probably, but an æsthetic principle is considered. The embroidery and the book are a tribute to culture, and I suppose they really figure somewhere out of the opening scenes of French comedies. But here at Saratoga, at any hour of morning or evening, you may see a hundred brave creatures steeped in a quite unutterable emptyhandedness. I have had constant observation of a lady who seems to me really to possess a genius for being nothing more than dressed. Her dresses are admirably rich and beautiful—my letter would greatly gain in value if I possessed the learning needful for describing them. I can only say that every evening for a fortnight, I believe, she has revealed herself as a fresh creation. But she especially, as I say, has struck me as a person dressed beyond her life. I resent on her behalf—or on behalf at least of her finery—the extreme severity of her circumstances. What is she, after all, but a regular boarder? She ought to sit on the terrace of a stately castle, with a great baronial park shutting out the undressed world, mildly coquetting with an ambassador or a duke. My imagination is shocked when I behold her seated in gorgeous relief against the dusty clapboards of the hotel, with her beautiful hands folded in her silken lap, her head drooping slightly beneath the weight of her *chignon*, her lips parted in a vague contemplative gaze at Mr. Helmbold's well-known advertisement on the opposite fence, her husband beside her reading the New York *Sun*.

I have indeed observed cases of a sort of splendid social isolation here, which are not without a certain amount of pathos—people who know no one—who have money and finery and possessions, only no friends. Such at least is my inference, from the lonely grandeur with which I see them invested. Women, of course, are the most helpless victims of this cruel situation, although it must be said that they befriend each other with a generosity for which we hardly give them credit. I have seen women, for instance, at various "hops," approach their lonely sisters and invite them to waltz, and I have seen the fair invited most graciously heedless of the potential irony of this particular form of charity. Gentlemen at Saratoga are at a premium far more, evidently, than at European watering-places. It is an old story that in this country we have no leisured class—the class from which the Saratogas of Europe recruit a large number of their male frequenters. A few months ago, I paid a visit to a famous English watering-place, where, among many substantial points of difference from our own, I chiefly remember the goodly number of well-dressed, well-looking, well-talking young men. While their sweethearts and sisters are waltzing together, our own young men are rolling up greenbacks in counting-houses and stores. I was recently reminded in another way, one evening, of the unlikeness of Saratoga to Cheltenham. Behind the biggest of the big hotels is a large planted yard, which has come to be talked of as a "park." This I regret, inasmuch as, as a yard, it is possibly the biggest in the world; while as a park I am afraid it is decidedly less than the smallest. At one end, however, stands a great ball-room, approached by a range of wooden steps. It was late in the evening: the room, in spite of the intense heat, was blazing with light, and the orchestra thundering a mighty waltz. A group of loungers, including myself, were hanging about to watch the ingress of the festally minded. In the basement of the edifice, sunk beneath the ground, a noisy auctioneer, in his shirt and trousers, black in the face with heat and vociferation, was selling "pools" of the races to a dense group of frowsy betting-men. At the foot of the steps was stationed a man in a linen coat and straw hat, without waistcoat or cravat, to take the tickets of the ball-goers. As the latter failed to arrive in sufficient numbers, a musician came forth to the top of the steps and blew a loud summons on a horn. After this they began to straggle along. On this occasion, certainly, the company promised to be decidedly "mixed." The women, as usual, were a great deal dressed, though without any constant adhesion to the technicalities of full-dress. The men adhered to it neither in the letter nor the spirit. The possessor of a pair of satin-shod feet, twinkling beneath an uplifted volume of gauze and lace and flowers, tripped up the steps with her gloved hand on the sleeve of a railway "duster." Now and then two ladies arrived alone: generally a group of them approached under convoy of a single man. Children were freely scattered among their elders, and frequently a small boy would deliver his ticket and enter the glittering portal, beautifully unembarrassed. Of the children of Saratoga there would be wondrous things to relate. I believe that, in spite of their valuable aid, the festival of which I speak was rated rather a "fizzle." I see it advertised that they are soon to have, for their own peculiar benefit, a "Masquerade and Promenade Concert, beginning at 9 P.M." I observe that they usually open the "hops," and that it is only after their elders have borrowed confidence from the sight of their unfaltering paces that they venture to perform. You meet them far into the evening roaming over the piazzas and corridors of the hotels—the little girls especially—lean, pale, and formidable. Occasionally childhood confesses itself, even when motherhood stands out, and you see at eleven o'clock at night some poor little bedizened precocity collapsed in slumbers in a lonely wayside chair. The part played by children in society here is only an additional instance of the wholesale equalization of the various social atoms which is the distinctive feature of collective Saratoga. A man in a "duster" at a ball is as good as a man in irreproachable sable; a young woman dancing with another young woman is as good as a young woman dancing with a young man; a child of ten is as good as a woman of thirty; a double negative in conversation is rather better than a single.

An important feature in many watering-places is the facility for leaving it a little behind you and tasting of the unmitigated country. You may wander to some shady hillside and sentimentalize upon the vanity of high civilization. But at Saratoga civilization holds you fast. The most important feature of the place, perhaps, is the impossibility of realizing any such pastoral dream. The surrounding country is a charming wilderness, but the roads are so abominably bad that walking and driving are alike unprofitable. Of course, however, if you are bent upon a walk, you will take it. There is a striking contrast between the concentrated prodigality of life in the immediate precinct of the hotels and the generous wooded wildness and roughness into which half an hour's stroll may lead you. Only a mile behind you are thousands of loungers and idlers, fashioned from head to foot by the experience of cities and keenly knowing in their secrets; while here, about you and before you, blooms untamed the hardy innocence of field and forest. The heavy roads are little more than sandy wheel-tracks; by the tangled wayside the blackberries wither unpicked. The country undulates with a beautiful unsoftened freedom. There are no white villages gleaming in the distance, no spires of churches, no salient details. It is all green, lonely, and vacant. If you wish to seize an "effect," you must stop beneath a cluster of pines and listen to the murmur of the softly-troubled air, or follow upward the gradual bending of their trunks to where the afternoon light touches and enchants them. Here and there on a slope by the roadside stands a rough unpainted farm-house, looking as if its dreary blackness were the result of its standing dark and lonely amid so many months, and such a wide expanse, of winter snow. The principal feature of the grassy unfurnished yard is the great wood-pile, telling grimly of the long reversion of the summer. For the time, however, it looks down contentedly enough over a goodly appanage of grain-fields and orchards, and I can fancy that it may be good to be a boy there. But to be a man, it must be quite what the lean, brown, serious farmers physiognomically hint it to be. You have, however, at the present season, for your additional beguilement, on the eastern horizon, the vision of the long bold chain of the Green Mountains, clad in that single coat of simple candid blue which is the favorite garment of our American hills. As a visitor, too, you have for an afternoon's excursion your choice between a couple of lakes. Saratoga Lake, the larger and more distant of the two, is the goal of the regular afternoon drive. Above the shore is a well-appointed tavern—"Moon's" it is called by the voice of fame—where you may sit upon a broad piazza and partake of fried potatoes and "drinks;" the latter, if you happen to have come from poor dislicensed Boston, a peculiarly gratifying privilege. You enjoy the felicity sighed for by that wanton Italian princess of the anecdote, when, one summer evening, to the sound of music, she wished that to eat an ice were a sin. The other lake is small, and its shores are unadorned by any edifice but a boat-house, where you may hire a skiff and pull yourself out into the minnow-tickled, wood-circled oval. Here, floating in its darkened half, while you watch on the opposite shore the tree-stems, white and sharp in the declining sunlight, and their foliage whitening and whispering in the breeze, and you feel that this little solitude is part of a greater and more portentous solitude, you may resolve certain passages of Ruskin, in which he dwells upon the needfulness of some human association, however remote, to make natural scenery fully impressive. You may recall that magnificent passage in which he relates having tried with such fatal effect, in a battle-haunted valley of the Jura, to fancy himself in a nameless solitude of our own continent. You feel around you, with irresistible force, the serene inexperience of undedicated nature—the absence of serious associations, the nearness, indeed, of the vulgar and trivial associations of the least picturesque of great watering-places—you feel this, and you wonder what it is you so deeply and calmly enjoy. You conclude, possibly, that it is a great advantage to be able at once to enjoy Ruskin and to enjoy what Ruskin dispraises. And hereupon you return to your hotel and read the New York papers on the plan of the French campaign and the Twenty-third Street murder.

ENGLISH FEELING ABOUT THE WAR.—THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON.

LONDON, July 22, 1870.

I NEED hardly say that one only subject is just now in the mind of every one. We are waiting in painful suspense for the news of the first shot that is in all probability to open the most terrible conflict of the century. Speculations as to the causes and possible consequences of this lamentable outbreak fill all the newspapers and occupy most private conversation. Parliament, indeed, is occupied in winding up the business at which it has been painfully hammering for the last six months; but the topics under discussion have for the moment lost their interest, and we are full of melancholy forebodings. The general question does not come within my province. I can only speak to you of the sentiment excited in England, so far as that can be said to have any importance. In a general way, of course, we have a strong dislike to a war which can only do us mischief, and blame with great unanimity the course adopted by Napoleon. At the same time, two or three undercurrents of feeling make themselves more or less manifest. There is the highly respectable sentiment that we ought to be neutral, not only in act but in spirit. Let us be exceedingly careful, it is said, not to give the least impression that we will even venture, without taking an active part—for that, of course, is out of the question—to hurt the tender susceptibility of the French nation. If we had been in their places, it is urged, we should have been just as foolish as they, and therefore, it is inferred, we have no right to blame them. The argument seems to me rather weak, for it would imply that a bystander, who is the only person who can be cool, is never to express his opinion, precisely because he is not angry. If lookers-on are not to give their view of the game, and the actual combatants can only express views which are necessarily worthless, it is clear that no very valuable opinion will come to light. There is, however, a little more in this sentiment than appears on the surface. Few people venture to defend Napoleon's conduct. The *Times*, which has indulged in its usual policy of vacillation, abused him for a time very heartily, though it is now trying to adopt a dignified impartiality; but though the French have few open defenders, they have a certain number of sympathizers. It is curious to remark how certain political instincts rally people, without knowing why, to the side with which they are most in harmony. Thus, all the Conservative party have a certain prejudice, which they cannot exactly explain, against Prussia and in favor of France. Though the obvious fact that France was the first aggressor turned public feeling against the Emperor in the first instance, the dislike to Prussia is gradually making itself felt, and we shall, as in most recent cases, be before long very much divided in our sympathies on all points except one, and that one is ardent desire to keep ourselves out of the mess. And here there is another sentiment which deserves a few words. We feel, undoubtedly, a certain degree of humiliation in our present position. We have placed ourselves too completely outside the sphere of European politics. We don't quite like it. It is unpleasant to see hard blows going and to know that we couldn't make much difference if we would. In two or three weeks Prussia or France can bring armies into the field more than equal to that much-enduring force which encircles the globe with the military airs of Great Britain, and is consequently rather difficult of concentration. There will, we are told, be 1,000,000 of men in arms on each side. It would be a great effort for us to collect a twentieth part of that number on any part of the Continent. We could, it is true, make ourselves extremely disagreeable at sea, and indeed flatter ourselves that we should be considerably more than a match for the strongest of our opponents. But what sort of an army could we produce on shore? A single French division would outnumber it, and even allowing the good old maxim—rather threadbare in these days—that one Englishman is equal to three foreigners, we should still be in a lamentable minority. Yet it is obviously possible that we may be unable to look on quietly. It is said that Government have proposed to send some 20,000 to 30,000 men to Belgium to help in maintaining their neutrality. Whether that is true, I know not, but if the Belgian neutrality were seriously threatened, I think we should show our teeth very decidedly and perhaps get so far as to use them. We should be glad if they were rather more formidable, but we can only hope at present that the necessity may not occur, and we think with some degree of discomfort on the very unintelligible guarantee for the neutrality of Luxembourg which we owe to Lord Derby's well-meant diplomacy.

Meanwhile, it might be amusing to a stranger to see certain military demonstrations which are going on at the present moment. Six miles from Hyde Park Corner lies one of the most picturesque bits of ground in the neighborhood of London. Wimbledon Common resembles a fragment of wild Scotch moor transported to the neighborhood of the metropolis, or, rather, it is amongst the last representatives of those old heaths where Dick Turpin and his like waited for the travellers of the pre-railroad epoch. It forms a level table-land, a mile or so in length, and thence slopes downward on one side towards a diminutive tributary of the Thames. These slopes are intersected by various miniature glens—favorite resorts for duellists down to modern times—covered by bracken and gorse. They afford picturesque views over Richmond Park and Combe Wood, and, in short, are as pretty an oasis of unbroken country scenery as one would wish to find so near our wilderness of dingy brick. If an intelligent foreigner asked me how it came to pass that land so near London was not yet cultivated or seized for building-lots, I should have to treat him to a lecture upon the rights of lords of the manor, and freeholders and copyholders, and the meaning of estovers, and turbary, and various other topics, which might be interesting, but which would take us back to the Middle Ages. It is enough to say that the common is subject to various rights which have hitherto prevented its enclosure, and which are at the present moment supplying materials for a long and doubtful litigation. However, the volunteers enjoy the benefit of an open piece of ground for the present, and have erected booths in various conspicuous positions, and are firing all day long across the little glens and over the broad plains from which the glens descend. There is an encampment upon the common, which provides for some six or seven thousand men, who thus have the pleasure of playing at soldiering with a very fair degree of verisimilitude. On the present occasion, they suffered the terrible hardship of a severe thunder-storm, and many of them spent a night up to their knees in water. All day long, a continuous stream of volunteers flows in and out of London. The variety of uniforms is as remarkable as the total incapacity of the citizen soldier to look like the genuine professional article. Every face, and still more every figure, reveals the unmistakable tradesman or lawyer, barely disguised by his gray or green or black coat, and exhibiting a humorous affectation of the military swagger. To say the truth, they have a very pleasant holiday, something, I should guess, like the "Cornwallis" of America, as celebrated by Mr. Hosea Biglow. All kinds of high-jinks go on with infinite zest. There are meetings round bonfires and volunteer concerts and a perpetual series of picnics, and abundance of good-humored chaff, which finds utterance in a newspaper published for the occasion. Then there are great contests between the universities and the public schools, and the Lords and Commons, and the Three Kingdoms; whilst enough is offered in the way of money-prizes to excite a very keen competition from all the corps in the country. Wonderful feats of shooting are performed, and it must be admitted that a considerable number of Englishmen have attained a degree of skill with the rifle which a few years ago would have been reckoned fabulous. Upon these points I am not a good judge, but the whole celebration suggests the enquiry how much this display promises in the event of actual service, and whether the volunteer system has succeeded, as we are apt to boast in after-dinner speeches, in putting us entirely at our ease in regard to the possibility of invasion. If so, we might wrap ourselves up in a proud consciousness of our safety, and sleep in spite of thunder. That there is some good raw material is undeniable, but undoubtedly, also, much remains to be done before this crowd of jovial sharpshooters can be organized into anything like an effective army. Just now, if what I hear is correct, Government is not a little exercised in its mind under the possible necessity of having to send a few thousand men to Belgium; and the extraordinary rapidity with which the great military powers can throw their whole strength into the field, brings out more distinctly than ever the necessity of some thoroughgoing military reforms. The question, however, is so complicated, and opens out so many discussions, that I cannot do more than hint at it at present. The plainest moral is that, for the present, we shall be glad to content ourselves with performing the part of spectators.

I mentioned to you in my last letter, if I remember rightly, that Lord

Salisbury proposed to get rid of the University Tests Bill, by the side-wind of handing it over to a committee. He has succeeded in doing so, and the practical result is simply that the bill is postponed for another year, when it will probably take some more decided shape than heretofore. I will simply notice one fact which is rather curious. Lord Salisbury entirely disavowed the intention of keeping out Protestant dissenters or Roman Catholics. It is significant that a Conservative leader should have gone so far as even by implication to consent to this, which would a few years ago have been considered a most vital change in the universities. But his reason for objecting to the bill is still more significant. He says that he is afraid that the abolition of tests will allow the universities to become centres of infidelity, and he therefore proposes to invent some new kind of legislative sieve which shall strain out all the unbelievers and admit only genuine Christians. One may say without much hesitation that the task of devising such machinery is altogether beyond human ingenuity. The difficulty is all the greater because the plan in fact amounts to locking the stable-door after the steed is stolen. Oxford and Cambridge are simply the chief centres from which all shades of rationalism are propagated throughout the country. So long as any power of speculation is allowed to them, it cannot be doubted that the universities will continue to feel sooner than other places the various currents of modern thought, and, in short, they can only be made uniformly orthodox by being made thoroughly stupid. That, however, will not happen, and the chief moral is that we have made sufficient progress to prevent even the staunchest Conservative from directly advocating the restriction of the universities to members of the Established Church.

FROM THE RHINE.

July 22, 1870.

IN the evening we went to bed in peace, and in the morning we rose in war: so sudden was the change, so premeditated the attack, so infamous, so silly the pretext. The German people would not deserve to exist as a nation, if it did not rise like one man to resent the outrage, if it did not concentrate all its powers against the impudent breaker of the peace, against the infuriated hordes of duped Frenchmen.

If you ask me for the *signatura temporis*, I answer: It is just as it was in 1813; nay, it is still better, for in our war against the old Corsican it was only Northern Germany which took up arms, while in our present war against the Corsican's nephew the whole nation is rising. There is nothing overbearing, nothing like brag, in the deportment of any class of the people; but everywhere you meet with a manly resignation, an elevated calmness, and the earnest determination not to lay down arms before the national enemy is humiliated and the honor of our fatherland avenged. Cunning as he is, Napoleon has made a great mistake this time. He expected to isolate Prussia by a purely dynastic question; badly informed, he relied on the alleged dissatisfaction of South Germany, of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort. But all over Germany the people discovered at once the cloven foot, and it is difficult to say where the popular enthusiasm and willingness for sacrifice is greatest. Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, the former residences of the dispossessed princes, strive to outdo all the other cities in their devotion, and Frankfort, the reputed headquarters of everything that is inimical to Prussia, nobly rivals in patriotism her sister cities. I was present yesterday when the Frankfort reserves arrived in town. Think of the march of the Seventh Regiment through New York, on April 20, 1861, and you have an approximate idea of the enthusiasm of the people. The young merchants had hastened home from Italy, Southern France, and England, to take up arms for their country, and there were a great many among them who were no longer *compelled* to serve. Even the Duke of Nassau openly declared that in such a war he never would accept his land and crown from the hands of Louis Napoleon, or, as General Butler would say, of "the greatest criminal of the age," and to make good his word the dethroned German prince placed himself at the disposal of King William of Prussia. The Catholic nobility, who formerly sought distinction in the service of Austria, send their sons to the Prussian army. There are so many offers of volunteers that they must partly be refused. Catholic priests pray for the victory of Germany. Former party differences are forgotten and buried. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden acknowledged at once that the *causa fœderis* was given, and, without being asked, mobilized their armies, to be put under the command of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and the same General Vogel von Falkenstein who defeated the Southern troops in 1866. "We were badly led in that campaign," I was told, the other day, by a Bavarian officer at the Mayence depot. "Now we are happy to fight under experienced generals; and to prove that we are of the same stock and of the same efficiency as our Northern brethren."

How fortunate you Americans are! You have no powerful and greedy neighbors who break into your country, ravage, violate, burn, and destroy everything before them, to satisfy an ambitious whim of their ruler, to acquire more territory, or to gain preponderance over other powers. For the last two hundred years we have suffered from these barbarous inroads, which were begun by Louis XIV., and which will be terminated, I trust, under Louis Napoleon. I celebrated the last Fourth of July at Worms, on the Rhine, to show to my children the colossal statues of Luther and of his compeers, and, as the most dignified celebration of that glorious day, to explain to them the intimate connection between the German Reformation and the American Revolution. One-half of the city of Worms, famous of old through the Niebelungen, was about 180 years ago destroyed by the French, who even tried to blow up the strong tower of the cathedral, and the former proud, imperial city, with its 70,000 inhabitants, is now a small country town of 12,000. Go to Heidelberg, which owes its ruins to the French; to Speyer, where they even robbed the coffins of the emperors, and to a thousand other towns and villages; wander through the Palatinate and along the Rhine for a hundred English miles—everywhere you will find the same marks of French brutality and devastation, left by "le grand monarque." The houses of hundreds of villages along the Rhine show strong old stone walls as foundations, and frame buildings erected on them by the poor inhabitants, who had to rebuild their dwellings from among the ruins made by the French. Peruse any book of French history, and, with the sole exception of noble Michelet, you will find that these misdeeds are extolled as glorious exploits, as political necessities. And the same thing was repeated four times during the last century, and now, marching as they pretend at the head of civilization, the French want to repeat their inroads once more. The Montenegrins, the gentlemen of the Tzernagora, are mere beginners in that art of warfare which has been brought to perfection by "*la grande nation*."

Well, we will stand and repel the new attack. We know beforehand the work will be bloody and heavy, but it must be done. It will cost us untold millions of treasure, hundreds of thousands of noble lives, seas of blood, endless misery, suffering, and slaughtering, but we are bound and determined to triumph in the end. It will be a war between the Teutonic and Latin races, which Napoleon tried to bring about in 1864, when he broke into Mexico, and which was only put off by the defeat of the slave-barons in Richmond. We Germans by fighting out this war will prove to the world that the civilization of the present century is stronger than the mediæval traditions and robbing propensities of reckless gamblers; that the genius of civil liberty is more firmly established in Europe than the despotism of the French autocrat; that the labor of generations performed in the interest of peace and humanity is a better keystone of social order than the bloody work of even the most efficient agents of the Latin race, the African Bedouins, Spahis, and Turcos. You, in your glorious struggle against slavery, relied on the sympathies of the whole civilized world. You were not disappointed as far as Germany was concerned. Even our moneyed men believed in your ultimate success; our press, with a few insignificant exceptions, was in your favor, and the Prussian minister at Washington was the first of all foreign diplomatists to wish you, in the name of his sovereign, good-speed and victory. And the French? They tried to stab you from behind by invading Mexico. . . . Our cause, too, is the cause of humanity, and it does not matter whether a foreign or a domestic enemy seeks the ruin of a civilized nation. Every farmer who tills his little patch of land, every mechanic who with the sweat of his brow earns a decent livelihood, every teacher of the people—be he a schoolmaster in the remotest Western settlement or editor of the widest circulating paper—who with his brains works to educate his fellow-citizens, every politician and statesman who believes in self-government and national independence, every man who respects the ten commandments, in short, every thinking being, must and will be on our side in this tremendous struggle.

Yet, however strongly the moral weight of the whole civilized world may be in our favor, it is not strong enough to defeat the enemy. In order to do that we must have the strongest battalions. In this respect we can favorably compare with the French. The North German army has 447,838 men ready for the field (394,310 infantry and 53,528 cavalry), with 1,212 cannon; besides 164.935 reserves, with 234 cannon, and 154,232 men, with 234 cannon, to be left behind for garrison duty; to which number 169,802 Southern Germans, with 370 cannon, are to be added. Thus an actual force of 936,807 men and 2,050 cannon is reached, which is divided into three armies, namely, 1. The Southern army, under the Crown-Prince of Prussia; 2. The Northern army, under Prince Charles Frederick of Prussia; and 3. The Rhine army, at present under the command of King William of Prussia. Nothing is known here beyond these mere outlines, the movements of the troops being strictly kept secret. The French, on the other side, have 658,000 men in active service and as reserves, of whom 380,000 are ready for the field; besides, they have, since 1868, a "national mobile guard," which is to garrison the fortresses, but thus far has not shown its efficiency; while the Prussian landwehr will favorably compare with any soldiers in the army. The French have only 988 cannon of different sizes, but 144 mitrailleuses; the practical value of this newly invented wholesale murdering machine, however, is still to be tested. The French navy is, of course, much larger than the German, and our commerce will consequently suffer enormously. The French, having had time fully to prepare before declaring war, are about ten days ahead of us, and may be able to reach the left bank of the Rhine by the end of the present month. We do not mean to fight before we are in the proper condition, and rather prefer temporarily to give up some territory than to risk a battle with insufficient forces. You may look for the first pitched battle in the latter part of August.

Whatever its result may be, one great thing we owe to Louis Napoleon, and for one great benefit every intelligent German thanks him: He has perfected what thus far we could not consummate ourselves; he has made Germany one great, united empire; he has inspired thirty-eight millions of Germans with *one* will, *one* energy, and *one* determination to triumph and to conquer. The North German Confederation makes her last appearance on the political stage—one united Germany, a new first-class power, will appear in its place. Hail to the new arbiter of the peace of Europe!

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

THE MONEY MARKET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent article on the prospect of the money market (to which every thoughtful business man must give heed) speaks of the Secretary's liability from a call for payment of the three per cent. certificates, as if he could only pay them out of his general balance, proceeds of gold sold, etc. He now holds (July Statement) $38,000,000 currency, and would still have a considerable surplus for relief of market after payment of his September pension list, without sales of gold.

But do you understand that the Secretary is no longer empowered to issue in payment of the three per cents the surplus, or reserve greenbacks provided for, in view of such a tight place, in the act creating the "Threes?" These unissued legals, as I understand, do not appear, and have never appeared in the debt statement. In the new Currency, Bank, Tax acts, or in some unexpected corner of the statutes, this power may have been rescinded; and if so, your answer in print will greatly oblige the writer, and enlighten many business men who entertain the view I have given.

Possibly, your view is that the Secretary would only avail himself of this authority of new and further issue (expansion) in the last extremity, as he is hopefully regarded as facing (not advancing) toward contraction. But my question is what he *may* do; for after his responses to the currency pinch of June, 1869, and the gold panic of September last, I care to hear no more of a Secretary so inflexible that he yields to no pressure. There is no satisfaction in contemplating the loss of time and of interest paid, when the whole theory of contracting by Compounds was abandoned in the creation of the "Threes," with this power of reissue of plain legals. But in taxation and finance we must learn to possess our souls in patience.

Respectfully, F. O. TRENCH.

BOSTON, August 6, 1870.

[Neither in the "new Currency, Bank, Tax acts," nor in any "unexpected corner of the statutes," have we discovered any rescinding of the power formerly granted to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 50 or 75 millions of new greenbacks to redeem the three per cent. certificates in case of need. As far as Congress has the power to give the authority, he certainly has the authority to issue them. But there are two reasons why he is not likely to avail himself of this authority, to which we shall refer below. The first question raised by our correspondent is as to the Secretary's ability to redeem the three per cents from his ordinary resources. We never asserted that it would be *impossible* for him to do so. But we did assert that he might find it extremely difficult. The $30,000,000 of currency which he now holds are not entirely at his disposal. He has an overdue debt, liable to immediate presentation, of over $4,000,000. He cannot, without extreme danger, allow his working balance to run below $10,000,000. This would apparently leave him $24,000,000 for purposes of redemption. But it is not known how large or how small a portion of this balance consists of legal tenders, which can alone be used for the payment of the certificates. Supposing that only $4,000,000 of his balance (considered a low estimate) consists of national bank-notes, and that otherwise his daily receipts are fully equal to his daily outgoes, that would leave him $20,000,000 of greenbacks to redeem $46,000,000 of three per cents. We are far from anticipating serious trouble from this source, but, as our correspondent well observes, "it behooves every thoughtful business man to give heed" to a danger to which, from long habit and continued immunity, we have grown indifferent, but which, under the action of the reckless new Currency Bill, has assumed an entirely new and far more threatening aspect.

We are glad our correspondent has referred to what is called the unissued greenback reserve, and we will now give our reasons for saying that the Secretary will not avail himself of it even in case of the most urgent need. In the first place, it would be inflation of the worst kind, and in direct contradiction to the spirit of the law. The three per cents are cancelled as new national bank-notes are issued against them, the one being supposed to offset the other. But if the national bank-notes are issued, and then the three per cents redeemed in new greenbacks, the currency would be increased by the total amount of new greenbacks issued—the very thing which the law sought to avoid. In the next place, unless we are very much mistaken, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the issue of greenback legal tenders in 1862 was unconstitutional, and, until that decision is revoked, it is fair to presume that the issue of greenback legal tenders in 1870 would be considered unconstitutional likewise. There is, it is true, a theory that these 50 millions of legal tenders are really issued, although unused, and that to *use* them now would not be to *issue* them. But, apart from the transparent dishonesty of such an argument, it is not likely that "a Secretary who yields to no pressure" would venture on such dangerous ground. Let no one, therefore, underestimate the danger, such as it is, from the three per cents in the belief that there are any unissued greenbacks to fall back upon.

Since our article on the future of the money market was written, the New York banks have (as far as the recent repeated muddles in their statement enable us to judge) lost $14,500,000 of their coin and about $1,500,000 of their greenback reserve, and have curtailed their loans only a little over $4,000,000. Money—that is, bank credit—of course continues abundant, and there is nowhere the slightest fear of stringency. Nevertheless, we repeat our warning, to the effect that the banks are entering upon a fall season subject to more than ordinary vicissitudes, in a spirit of unwarranted confidence, and in a condition of expansion which, under existing laws, is full of risk to themselves and to the whole business community.

We have received numerous letters on this subject. That of our correspondent above gives the views of most of them, and our answer to him must serve for all.—ED. NATION.]

"YALE COLLEGE AND ITS GOVERNMENT"—"COLLEGE TROUBLES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So eminently fair and truth-loving a paper as the *Nation* cannot espouse so warmly in its editorial and correspondence the conservative side of an important question without allowing the other side to be heard. I therefore ask permission to reply to "M. A." and your editorial on "College Troubles" in the issue of August 4.

Without trying to emulate the attempted severity of "M. A.," or seeking "a fair chance for a laugh," I will address myself directly to the question at issue between the younger graduates and yourself and "M. A."

This I can well afford to do, feeling assured that Mr. W. W. Phelps, whose love for "Alma Mater," manifested not only by securing large gifts from relatives, but doubtless to be still further testified by munificent donations in the future, is such that he can rest easy under the severities of "M. A.," especially as he knows that he represents the opinions of an overwhelming majority of graduates of the last fifteen years. And these are the men who can help Yale.

Let us notice "M. A.'s" points in order, and incidentally your own remarks.

1. "M. A." says the present authorities of Yale College have not opposed the admission of the alumni to a share in the government. If not, what is the debate about? If the authorities are in favor of it, why is it not adopted? Who opposes it? Certainly not the alumni. Is it not clear that the authorities of Yale are opposed to it? "M. A." makes it clear that he is.

2. "M. A." regrets that the alumni are not organized to aid the College. Let me assure him that if the worthiest of them are to be snubbed for daring to speak what most think, he will not get as much aid as he would like, or as we, who love Yale and wish it success, ardently desire.

3. "M. A." places full confidence in the qualifications of the clerical members for their office, "who have guarded the funds of the college with unexampled success," and declares they will "not abdicate their rights, and hand over the institution to those who think themselves wiser." You, Mr. Editor, editorially say these clergymen "do whatever the Faculty pleases," that is, that they are mere figure-heads, the real government being the Faculty. "M. A." also says "the Faculty have a larger measure of control over Yale's management than is the case in most other colleges." Well, to say nothing of the inconsistency of these positions, it is a doubtful compliment to the "six Congregational clergymen" to say they are fit for such an office. If that is all the corporation amounts to (for no one seems to defend the retention of the ex-officio Connecticut State senators), would it not be best to dispense with it altogether, and let the Faculty, the real government, be represented as the authorities? Here is another case where the conservatives play fast and loose. Indeed, it is well understood that the six Congregational ministers are kept because they "do whatever the Faculty wish," at least what certain members of it wish.

4. But "M. A." says: "The clerical members of the corporation are the representatives of the founders." In what way? In doing whatever the Faculty pleases? In what sense? In a legal, historic, or poetic sense? In what possibly useful way can a minister, as such, better represent in a legal corporate body the founders, to say nothing of more recent and munificent donors, such as Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Chittenden, and Mr. John Jay Phelps, than a judge, a first-class lawyer, or business man? If clergymen are to control colleges in these altered days because they helped to found them, then a parity of reasoning would prove that many great universities ought to be now ruled by monks and Catholic priests.

The sneer about "*young* lawyers" comes not only with good grace from "M. A.," as directed against one of Yale's best friends, and a man whose sound judgment controls the largest interests, but is again consistent with his own advocacy of young professors at Yale!

Can any living man tell why a college like Yale, which wishes the support and sympathy of the whole country, should receive whatever advice its Faculty may wish from six ordinary Congregational ministers and the ex-officio State senators who represent a State that has remembered to forget Yale College?

5. "M. A." is afraid of the analogy of Harvard College. He says that many of the alumni of Yale are closely connected with other colleges, and therefore should not govern Yale. Pray, is not this true of Harvard's alumni also? Would not such alumni have the good sense not to attempt to govern Yale? Are they not so few in number that they could not, if they would?

6. Yale is not going to get the help she needs till these things are changed. She will not get it from "M. A.'s" plan of raising the price of tuition, and so putting a burden upon poor students or driving them to other colleges. A course at New Haven is expensive now.

You seem, Mr. Editor, yourself to think Young Yale does not know what it wants; but it does. As Mr. Phelps says, it wants the government of Yale College outside of the Faculty, the government that appoints the Faculty lodged in some other hands than Congregational ministers of the State of Connecticut. It knows much more than it wants, but it feels sure that it will secure a large share of its wishes when the government is placed on a broader foundation. It wants the government of Yale College to cease to be a close corporation, at least if the corporation is to be all of one kind of men. And Young Yale, which has the life and a good deal of the wealth of Yale's graduates, will have some of its reasonable wishes granted, notwithstanding the severities of "M. A." (whom most Yale graduates of the last fifteen years will recognize), or Yale College will suffer.

ALUMNUS.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THIS year's meeting of the American Philological Association, held in Rochester the last week in July, was not in all respects so successful as had been hoped and expected. The attendance of members was less than last year at Poughkeepsie. For this the atrociously hot weather was undoubtedly in no small measure to blame—journeyings and crowds and warm discussions in prospect, when the thermometer is among the nineties, have a wonderfully domesticating influence. Papers, too, were not numerous, yet enough, with the accompanying business and discussions, to occupy three days, from Tuesday noon till Friday noon. What was especially gratifying about the whole affair is that the papers were of much higher average merit than those offered at Poughkeepsie, several being of a character to command the attention and respect not only of American scholars, but even of those abroad, and to constitute real contributions to philological science. They will, it is expected, soon be printed in a volume of the Association's "Proceedings." Professor Hadley, of Yale, treated at length of the Greek accent, showing that its essential character was a variation of pitch, and that a tendency to a single favorite cadence—of high tone, middle tone, short low tone—at the end of a word, would explain all the intricate and seemingly irregular rules of Greek accentuation; while the same tendency, with a slight modification, accounted equally for the rules of Latin accent. Professor Whitney supported his explanation by an essay setting forth the parallel laws of Sanskrit accent, as deduced from the rules of the Hindu grammarians. Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, discussed a point or two of interest in Greek syntax (the construction of *ου μη* and *ὁπως μη* with the subjunctive), and proved to the satisfaction of the classicists present that the canons hitherto accepted concerning them were ill-founded, and that European scholars had unwarrantably tampered with the texts they edited, in conforming them to those canons. Mr. Trumbull, of Hartford, read a couple of Indian papers, of which one was especially important and entertaining, as it exposed certain errors into which even such men as Duponceau and Pickering had been led and had led others as to matters in Indian grammar and lexicography, besides showing up the numerable and inexcusable blunders of pretenders like Schoolcraft. Mr. Van Name, librarian at Yale, had been prompted by Thomas's grammar of the Creole-French of Trinidad to investigate that of Louisiana and Hayti, and sent to the meeting a valuable paper of the results he had gathered. A point in the history of English verbal forms (the ending *th* or *s* in the plural, a relic of the Anglo-Saxon *ath*) was well set forth and abundantly illustrated from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mr. T. R. Lounsbury. Professor Whitney defined the present position of the enquiries touching the origin of language, calling particular attention to the question whether the first words were pushed out by the internal impulse to expression, or drawn forth by the external inducement to communication, as the question whose answer would be most fruitful of result. Dr. B. W. Dwight blew up the whole traditional system of Latin grammar, and sketched out a new system, which should better represent the results of comparative grammar. The infinitely controverted subject of Greek and Latin pronunciation was very slightly advanced by the recommendation that the Greek diphthongs *αυ*, *ου*, and *ευ*, be uttered respectively as *ou* (in *sour*), *oo* (in *poor*), and *ew* (in *pew*), and was recommitted for further treatment next year. Professor Kendrick, of Rochester, and Haldeman and March, of Pennsylvania, were conspicuous in the various discussions which arose, and which were generally both lively and to the point. No such association, meeting in an American city, ever had to complain of a cold welcome, or of lack of hospitality; and Rochester, which had prepared itself to entertain twice as large a body as actually assembled, proved no exception to the general rule. President Anderson, of the Rochester University, did the public honors of the occasion, and acceptably, save as, in his address of welcome, he was ill-advised enough to attempt to lay down for the Association the limits of what it ought and ought not to undertake. The next meeting is appointed to be held at New Haven during the last week in July, 1871.

—It is said that 75,000 copies of Disraeli's "Lothair" have been sold, while Victor Hugo's "Man who Laughs" turned out a failure. "In America," said the *Athenæum*, a while ago, "the Messrs. Appleton have printed 50,000 copies, and it is stated on the best authority that the present demand is 1,000 copies a day." The *Athenæum* goes on to administer a rebuke to the American firm for not having followed the example of Baron Tauchnitz, who bought the right to reproduce the novel for the English Continental public, and, finding it very successful, doubled the author's honorarium. It is fair to say, however, that between England and Germany there is a copyright law, and Baron Tauchnitz ran no risk. There is no copyright law between England and America; Messrs. Appleton could not be sure that there might not be a dozen other editions, more or less, on the market within three days after they had published theirs; they could buy only the doubtful privilege of two or three days' priority; and this they did buy of the English publishers, paying for it the pretty large sum of $3,000 in gold. As it happened, they made money, for there was a good demand for the story, though heretofore the demand for Mr. Disraeli's works has been very small in America; and the reprint was not pirated. But "The Man who Laughs," for advance-sheets of which $7,000 in gold was paid, caused a loss to the firm. Under these circumstances, it might perhaps have been munificent and grateful for the Appletons to make Mr. Disraeli or the Messrs. Longmans a present; but it would hardly have been business-like—no more so than for them to go to M. Hugo and ask back part of their unlucky $7,000. Of course, it is wrong that Mr. Disraeli should have the product of his pains sold without any of the money reaching him. But, in this instance at least, it is our unjust general system, rather than the Messrs. Appleton, that should be blamed.

—The *Spectator*, speaking of the recent death of M. Prévost-Paradol, quotes the substance of a letter which a friend in England had recently received from him, and in which he wrote, among other things, that after seventeen years of labor as a penman, he had contracted a disgust for writing. This we take to be a common experience. We noted, the other day, in reading some letters of Dickens—to cite the case of another distinguished man recently dead—a remark to the effect that his correspondent, Lady Blessington, must know how the pen is hated by people who write much, and how bad correspondents they are, so far as regularity and frequency are concerned. The mere manual labor of driving the pen so many hours a day for so many days in the year is enough, one would say, to disgust a man with the sight of it, and the inventor of some substitute for our present means of putting words on paper would be a much-welcomed benefactor. The difficulty in Paradol's case would, however, seem to have been a weariness at the thought of travelling over again often a mind so often "travelled over before," as Doctor Johnson used to say; and this is a difficulty that journalists like Paradol are more likely to feel than other voluminous writers, it being rarely that they are not in danger of doing more mere task-work than other writers do who, if they write voluminously, yet write on topics of their free choice.

—We spoke last week about the violence of the Pope's behavior towards the opponents of his dogma of infallibility. A good many examples of this might be given, but one will be sufficient to illustrate the sort of stories that are told about him by the correspondents, and in the truth of which what is heard from private letter-writers who have spent the last few months in Rome make us ready to believe—though this particular tale we do not vouch for. Thirty-seven years ago, says a Paris letter in the *Publisher's Circular*, Father Theiner, a German Oratorian, distinguished for historical writings of a kind displeasing to the Jesuits, was summoned to Rome by Pope Gregory XVI. That Pontiff declined to put on the Index Expurgatorius the father's "History of Clement XIV.," which was published soon after the author's arrival in Rome, and which much incensed the Jesuits against him; and on the accession of the then Liberal Pius IX., in 1846, Father Theiner was made Prefect of the Archives of the Vatican—a very honorable post, but supposed to have been conferred upon him as much to paralyze his historical activity as for any other reason. This effect it did not, however, produce, and his writings have continued to give offence to the "insolent faction," as Dr. Newman calls the Society of Jesus, which is understood to have largely controlled the later action of the Pope. There was some astonishment, then, but not so much as there might have been, when it was discovered at the opening of the Council that the erudite father was put upon none of the commissions which were appointed to cut out the work of the Council. But when the bishops came to Rome from America, France, and Germany, the learned librarian became the centre of a large circle of prelates who needed his learning, and it may safely be assumed that the managers of the new dogma looked on him jealously, not to say watched him vigilantly. Last spring, whether sent out or going of his own accord, Father Theiner left Rome. Probably, it is said, he went of his own accord. After some months' absence he not long since returned, and discovered that his removal from office had been decided upon, and that, after more than thirty years' possession of them, he was to give up the keys of the archives to Monsignor Cardoni, an archbishop *in partibus*, who is a fanatical supporter of the Jesuit policy. Father Theiner was sent for by the Pope, who immediately on his entering the room called out to him in a high irritated voice. "On thy knees, *frate*," said the Holy Father; "I know thee now. Thou art none of us. For mercy's sake I spared thee, and have only dismissed thee from office. Thou art no longer Prefect of the Archives; to-morrow thou wilt give the keys to Cardoni. And now be off with thee." The old gentleman thus addressed shed tears. The Pope thereupon said louder and more roughly, "Off with thee, or I shall summon one of my guard." This insulting violence put some energy into Father Theiner, who said, "I will not leave the room, and you shall summon no one until you tell me the crime which you use as a pretext to dismiss me from office." "I am not obliged to render thee an account of my actions," said the Pope in reply, "but I will tell thee; firstly, thou didst furnish unknown works and documents to combat my dogma to those asses (*somari*) of the opposition; secondly, thou gavest advice and information to Rauscher, Schwarzenberg, Youssouf, and that miserable Croat (*Croatino*) Grossmayer; thirdly, thou didst communicate documents of the Archives to that rascal of an Acton (*a quel bricone Actonuccio*), who licked my boots, while at the same time he feasted the opposition bishops; and, what is more and worse, you let him enter and work at pleasure in the Archives." Father Theiner replied to this tirade that, on his honor as a priest, he had communicated unknown documents to no human being; that to Lord Acton—whom the Jesuits hate as a sort of lay leader of opposition to the dogma—he had communicated none but such documents as had been indicated by the Holy Father through Cardinal Antonelli; and, finally, he remarked that, as he was not a bishop, he was not called upon to express an opinion for or against the dogma of infallibility. The Pope was less violent after this reply, but nevertheless repeated, "Thou art not one of us, and thou canst not remain in the Archives." A shallow scoffer may hope that the Supreme Pontiff is not an infallible standard of manners also as well as of faith and morals.

—The Schema of the dogma will appear translated into English in the next number of the *Catholic World*, and a digest of it may be of some interest to our readers. "Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God," declares in the general preamble that, seeing that the powers of hell, with a hatred that increases every day, strive to overthrow the foundations of the church, he ("we") therefore has judged it necessary to set forth the doctrine which, according to the ancient and constant faith of the universal Church, all the faithful must believe "touching the institution, the perpetuity, and the nature of the Apostolic primacy in which stands the power and strength of the entire Church." And he begins by laying down the true doctrine touching the institution of the Apostolic primacy in Simon Peter. "We teach therefore and declare," says he, "that according to the testimony of the Gospel, the primacy of jurisdiction was promised and given immediately and directly to Blessed Peter the Apostle, by Christ our Lord." Here he quotes Matthew xvi. 16–19—the well-known passage declaring Peter the rock on whom the church of Christ should be built, and promising him that what he should bind or loose on earth should be bound or loosed in heaven. Further, he quotes John xxi. 15–17—the passage adjuring Peter to "feed my lambs." And if any one shall say that it was not to Peter directly, but to the Church directly, and to Peter only as the agent of the Church, that this primacy of *jurisdiction* was given; or if any one shall say that Peter alone among all the other apostles, whether taken separately one by one, or all together conjointly, was endowed with this primacy of jurisdiction; or if any one shall say that Peter had bestowed upon him not a primacy of jurisdiction but one of honor merely, and was but *primus inter pares*—why, let such person be anathema.

—In the second chapter, the Pope asserts it as well known that the power in question was given for the perpetual government of the Church, so it must be inherited by the successor of Peter, who, it is again well known, to this present time and at all times lives and resides in the persons of his successors the Bishops of Rome. Thus it is that in all ages and countries it was always necessary for every other church to have recourse to the Roman Church on account of its superior headship; and if any person shall say that the Bishop of Rome is not of divine right the successor of Blessed Peter in this primacy, let him be anathema. In the third chapter, we have a definition of the power and nature of the Apostolic primacy. It confers the power of directly teaching and governing the faithful everywhere. This power is immediate, requiring no intermediary, and the pastors and faithful, of whatever rite or dignity, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, and this not only in things pertaining to faith and morals, but in things pertaining to ecclesiastical discipline. And let no man deny that such is the true doctrine of the Catholic Church, for by so doing he loses faith and salvation. And the opinions are condemned and reprobated of those who think that this full and free communion of the supreme head, or directly with the pastors and flocks, can lawfully be hindered or that it is subject to the secular power. And let any man be anathema who shall say that the Roman Pontiff holds only the charge of inspective and not of complete and absolute jurisdiction over the entire Church, not only in all matters of faith and morals but also in all the things that pertain to the government of the Church throughout the world. So, too, let every man be anathema who shall say that the Roman Pontiff's power in this regard is not his in full plenitude, or that he cannot exercise it, without an intermediary, over each and every one of the faithful.

—The fourth chapter is the last, and asserts that Councils have always held the Bishop of Rome to be the head and infallible teacher of the faithful; and the infallible teachers, the Roman Pontiffs, have from time to time, to the end that they might fulfil their duty of teaching infallible truth, directed the faithful in the right way, not by promulgating new truths revealed by the Holy Ghost to the Pontiffs as successors of Peter, but by teaching what truths are really contained in the Scriptures or are conformable to them. The Pontiffs have on these occasions been in the habit of calling councils together; but the absolute headship and the absolute infallibility of the Pope, if this document does not falsify history, have always been held by the Church, and of course by these various councils. So this last Council merely enunciated what always was held for true. The weak point in the case of the supporters of the dogma was just this historical question, whether the Popes had not been so far from being held infallible personally, or speaking *ex cathedra*, that some of them had in fact been declared very fallible by some of these councils that they have from time to time graciously called. But no attempt, so far as appears to us, is made in the Schema itself to bolster it up. It ends as follows: "We teach and define to be a divinely-revealed dogma, that the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedra*—that is to say, exercising the functions of pastor and teacher of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority—whenever so speaking, he defines that a doctrine on faith and morals is to be held by the universal Church, he then, by the divine assistance promised him in Blessed Peter, enjoys that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer endowed his Church in defining doctrine on faith and morals, and consequently the decisions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not in virtue of the consent of the Church." It will be curious to see what will be the first use made of this new power—which, as Dr. Newman says, is a "luxury of faith and not a necessity," and which no one in the Church called for except "an insolent faction." To the world outside the Church the case would seem to be, if we understand the matter, that the Holy Ghost now has for his mouthpiece this or that Italian gentleman, instead of having a numerical majority of some hundreds of gentlemen, mostly Italians, but sprinkled with clergymen of other countries than Italy. Meantime, most modern science, most modern government, most modern sociology, most modern books, most modern educational policy, most modern "progress" and thought, are under *anathema;* and most modern men and women, we suppose, may comfortably expect to be damned to all eternity.

—Some years ago the French publishers had a custom of printing many books without a date. This system suited them better than it suited their readers, who sometimes made the disagreeable discovery that their "new edition" was a work twenty years old. The remonstrances of such authorities as Quérard and Brunet brought about a change. Nevertheless, some printers still persist in it, or something worse, and a notable example of this persistence is furnished in Bescherelle's "Dictionnaire National," a work in high favor some thirty years ago, and which maintained its popularity long afterwards; for in 1861 it had reached its ninth edition, and, we believe, is now in its fifteenth. It was with some surprise that a happy possessor learned from his "nouvelle édition de 1863" that the French Emperor was still a prisoner at Ham! Under the heading "Ham" he read, "Où est en ce moment le Prince Louis Napoleon, depuis 1840." Continuing his researches, further examination showed that the Garnier edition of Bescherelle for 1870 is identical with that of 1843–1846.

DRAPER'S CIVIL WAR.*

WE cannot say in praise of the present volume that it is a great addition to our war history; but we acknowledge the comprehensive view that overlooked the field, and think it matter for regret, rather than fault-finding, that all the details of the great panorama could not have been better made out. From the emancipation proclamation to the end of the war is the ground that the author seeks to compass at his last look; Vicksburg and the campaigns that followed in the West, and Gettysburg and the subsequent struggles of the army of the Potomac with Lee. Of the Western campaign Dr. Draper says, with a touch of his peculiar rhetoric, but not untruly, that "there is something grand in the conception and execution of it. Its combinations are exceedingly picturesque, and its incidents alternately offer enough for disaster and glory. The brilliant movement of the army of the Tennessee on Vicksburg, the siege and capture of that fortress, the march of the army of the Cumberland to Chattanooga, the seizure of that portal into the South Atlantic States, the overthrow of Rosecrans at Chickamauga, the famine, the transfer of Hooker's troops from the Rapidan to the Tennessee (more than a thousand miles) in a week, the coming up of Sherman from the Big Black, the battle of Chattanooga, the planting of the national flag on the crest of the Alleghanies at Lookout, the expulsion of the Confederates from the fastnesses of those mountains, the wintry march of Sherman to Knoxville, and the raising of the siege of that place—these furnish the materials of a romantic and noble story." But what the author realizes with such fulness of detail he does not in his narrative convey little by little to our understanding. Badeau, with full particulars, or Swinton, with rapid summary, will better satisfy the curiosity or sympathy that may be aroused by Dr. Draper's somewhat unreal sketch.

A history which is not always animated or picturesque should have the merit of correctness if it is to win a high rank; but here, too, Dr. Draper sometimes fails. Unfortunately, we cannot tell on what authorities he relies, since he gives us no references, stating only that he has depended on official and newspaper reports, and on what he has personally learned from some of the chief participants in the war. The battle of Gettysburg is perhaps the most familiar act of the Eastern drama, and we therefore choose this campaign as a test of the author's patience and skill in gathering and arranging facts. We notice first that he has not informed himself in regard to the cavalry operations on either side before and during Lee's invasion. He passes by the battle of Beverly Ford, recognizing it only as "a cavalry reconnoissance," though it was the best contested and most sanguinary engagement fought by mounted troops during the war. He constantly recurs to the fact that Lee detached his cavalry after his invasive march toward the Potomac began, and he calls it "a fatal error," and says that Lee "thereby deprived himself of his military eyes;" but there was a credit due for this on the Union side which it is completely forgotten to bestow. "Stuart's cavalry," the author says, "having watched the passage of the Potomac by Hooker's army, kept on his right, intercepting many wagons and a number of officers." Unhappily for Lee, it is true that Stuart was in this anomalous position, rendering this ignoble service; but he came to be there in spite of himself. Far from watching the passage of the Potomac by Hooker's army, he was defending himself as he could from the Union cavalry in Loudon Valley, Pleasanton holding him in check there till the army of the Potomac had crossed into Maryland, when it kept between Stuart and Lee until the fight began at Gettysburg. There is no feature of the campaign more important than this; Lee bewails it, as Meade rejoices in it; and it is a pity to overlook it in following the movements of that time. "At Chambersburg Lee paused, impatiently expecting intelligence from the Northern cities"—of riots and uprisings. "When he moved from Chambersburg, it was with irresolution. . . . Was it for him to consort with such base allies as were proffering their aid in New York? . . . The traditions of his own house clouded his intellect and paralyzed his arm." Lee says nothing of all this. When he found himself at Chambersburg, "no report," he tells us, "had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information. . . . The march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known." We incline to believe that it was not the traditions of his own house so much as the want of Stuart's cavalry that paralyzed Lee's arm.

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* "History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D." In three vols. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

In the account of the fight on the second day at Gettysburg, when Sickles's corps was driven back, the author omits to tell how opportunely and gallantly General Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, came to the rescue after a long march, as resolute and more difficult than Blücher's to Waterloo. Dr. Draper cannot draw pictures—battle-pieces, that is—but if he could, Sedgwick coming on the field would be a capital subject, jogging calmly up to the confusion on the ridge, and ordering his troops not to form brigades, to "pitch in by regiments." On the third day, "unprotected, but unflinching, Pickett's column came over the valley, slippery with the last night's rain. . . . Almost a hundred guns, from Cemetery Hill to the Round Top, quiveringly awaited the word." Guns when discharged recoil, but can hardly be said to quiver; and certainly nothing can be firmer than a waiting gun; it would serve for a simile of repose. And as (so we are assured) there was no rain until the third day at Gettysburg, the author might as well have said of the valley that it was dusty with the long summer drought. He admits that Pickett's charge was not supported by guns or troops. "'Why don't the guns support them?' was anxiously asked on the Confederate side, and with intense curiosity on the national;" and, he adds, "not only was Lee not informed of the exhaustion of his ammunition—he did not know of Ewell's dislodgment from the foot of Culp's Hill." Yet in the face of these admissions, and in the light of the general conviction among military men that Pickett's charge was a mad enterprise needing a miracle to help it out, Dr. Draper makes bold to say of it: "In a few moments the question was to be settled whether slavery or freedom should be master on this continent." Granting that the charge had succeeded, a victory for Lee at Gettysburg would not have followed as a matter of course, and if it had, it is a long jump to the conclusion that slavery would thus have been made master on this continent. The author might as well have said that the creation would not have been completed if the six days had not sufficed; but the dictum is characteristically rhetorical, and we are not surprised to find the root of it a few lines on: Pickett was defeated, Lee had determined to retreat, and the opportunity occurs to say, "Freedom was master on the continent."

It remains only to touch on Dr. Draper's critical power in military affairs. He does but little in this direction, offering almost no criticism of strategy or tactics on either side, or analysis of the genius or success of the chief generals. But he shows a certain breadth of view here as in other phases of his subject, distinguishing the cardinal merits or defects by the total result. Some of his critical comments are very bald or speculative, as, for instance, when he says after Gettysburg: "Night and day the retreat was pressed on—a march of men mailed in mud. . . . The rain was almost blinding. What would have become of the army of Northern Virginia had Grant and Sheridan been here?" There was mud on our side too, and as Lee had mountain passes behind him, it is very likely that Grant or Sheridan would have chosen Meade's flank pursuit. After Chancellorsville we meet with this: "To the mind of an unprofessional observer it may, however, occur that traces of influences which have hitherto escaped being brought plainly into view, are here and there to be detected. The campaign of Chancellorsville will, perhaps, for many years—perhaps for ever—remain one of the mysteries of the American civil war." We are quite in the dark as to what this means; it seems to us that the value of the first part of the paragraph would be the same if the words were all transposed, as Thackeray tumbled about a meaningless sentence in one of Bulwer's plays. But in a large way, and with a large theme, the author has more freedom. In a comparison of the invasive movements of the war, he points out that the Confederate invasions were mere sorties, short-lived and full of disaster, while the army of the Potomac persisted in its forward movement through Virginia until Lee surrendered, as Grant pushed on till Vicksburg was his, and Sherman never turned back from Chattanooga to Washington. It would make the world considerate of the shortcomings of the North to remember that it was our hard task to succeed in the aggressive warfare which baffled the South; and we wish that some capable strategist would go a little further than Dr. Draper has, and analyze some of the generalship on each side. It would have been instructive to his readers if he had shown, as he might well have done, that Lee, the most renowned general of the South, owed most of his success to the errors of the Northern leaders who opposed him. It can be readily made out, we think, that he won no important victory which cannot be distinctly traced to the utter folly of his antagonist. He drove McClellan across the peninsula because McClellan sought safety for his army in a new base rather than how he might defeat, and in turn drive back, his pursuer. He fought with success against Pope, because Pope's army was divided against itself, and there was no element of victory within his lines. At Harper's Ferry it is written in characters, mountain high, that the post cannot be defended by human valor except on the surrounding heights, yet the large garrison left them to the easy occupation of Lee's troops.

Lee's Maryland campaign was a grievous calamity; but the Antietam battle may be called a victory for Lee, since McClellan did not drive him from the field. On our side, we so set that battle in array that Lee had only to strip one part of his line to resist the attacks on another part. We made a brave fight on our right, and slew many there, and many of ours were slain, but our centre and left stood fast meantime, much to the comfort of Lee. At Fredericksburg we assailed, with unheard-of ardor and devotion, the rocky heights of St. Mary's, which, to have mounted and held, might have made us famous for ever; but on the left more than thirty thousand of our men remained almost still, though in their front were no rocks or heights, and a mere reconnoissance by one division broke through the enemy's line. At Chancellorsville we lost ourselves in the woods. The larger part of our army sat down beneath the trees, and wonderingly heard that Stonewall Jackson had set off for a flank movement on our right. We did not attack Lee in his absence; and soon Jackson attacked and almost annihilated us. While we slowly recovered from this misadventure, Sedgwick, with a smaller part of our army, gloriously took St. Mary's heights on the left, but, a few hours later, advancing to make a junction with the right, he was crushed by overwhelming numbers hurled against him from Chancellorsville, where our troops, benumbed by want of leadership, lay idle hearers, almost spectators, of this tragedy. On the peninsula Lee ended his fruitless pursuit of McClellan with a great defeat at Malvern Hill. He permitted the armies of Burnside and Hooker to retire at leisure across a difficult river after the bloody disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. And at Gettysburg he nearly ruined the army that was the mainstay of the Confederacy. After that, all his great battles were defensive; and in most of them he but showed how well he could stand at bay.

Having in our former notices spoken of Dr. Draper's philosophy, we say nothing of it here, though his book terminates with a treatise on the result of the war and the future of the Republic, and a résumé of the scientific theories to which he devoted the earlier part of his work. This volume being dedicated almost exclusively to campaigns and battles, we speak of it only in its military aspect. We have not refrained from saying that the author lacks some of the qualifications for a military historian; but we have not intended to disparage his ability nor to make light of the difficulties that he had to encounter. His book, as a whole, will edify a large public indifferent to military criticism and accuracy of military detail.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

The most widely attractive article in the new *North American* will probably be Mr. Henry Adams's "Session," which reviews the recent doings of Congress and the Administration, and impartially scalps everybody all round.

To begin with, the President's mind "rarely acts from any habits of wide generalization;" he executes with great energy ideas that come to him one by one; he is capable of receiving and assimilating new ideas, and is free from inveterate prejudices, and he is in the main sensible and practical, and he is thoroughly honest; but when used by clever rascals, or by incompetent honest men of fixed ideas, the executive energy of the President is often simply disastrous. His notions of civil government being crude, and his ideas of political economy being those of a feudal monarch of a thousand years ago, it was of the highest consequence that he should surround himself with skilled and wise advisers, and especially that his Secretary of the Treasury should be a man of real abilities, of comprehensive mind, and of wide acquirements in politico-economical science, especially in finance.

But is Mr. Boutwell such a man? What is Mr. Adams's opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury he has before now let us know. He adds a little here, however, to the picture drawn before. General Grant, at the time of his accession, as we have seen, was not very well instructed as regards civil government. That, of course, the people had not expected of him. But, on the other hand, he was perfectly ready to be taught, and peculiarly open to new ideas. His Secretary of the Treasury, the holder of the most important position among the President's advisers, had no capacity at all for teaching; even if he had, he knew little or nothing of the work to be done, and had very little patience with any knowledge not narrowly practical—was a man who "believed in common-schools, and not in political science; in ledgers and cash-books, but not in Adam Smith or Mill; as one might believe in the multiplication table, but not in Laplace or Newton." The President—who afterwards, by the way, lobbied earnestly for the San Domingo treaty—announced that he had, and would have, no policy; even Mr. Boutwell—who has since worked like a beaver at paring down the national debt—announced that he, too, had no policy, and, "even more persistently than the President, attempted to govern on the theory that government was no concern of his. Other persons in a similar position would commonly have leaned either to the theorists on one side, or to so-called practical men on the other, but Mr. Boutwell treated both with the same indifference. He had all the theorists in Europe and America to choose from, but he did not listen to their teachings. He had all the practical men in the country at his service, but he did not follow their advice. He had all the best members of the Legislature to depend upon, but he did not desire their assistance. He had a costly and elaborate machinery maintained by the country to furnish him with any information he might require, but Mr. Boutwell never required information. Nay, it seems from published papers almost certain that Mr. Boutwell, sitting twice a week in consultation with his colleagues in the cabinet, cannot have controlled their measures nor even discussed his own. The President himself at the time of his Message could hardly have been consulted by the Secretary." The American Nicholas Vansittart is Mr. Adams's name for our present Secretary.

Next, Mr. Adams addresses himself to the Senate, but more particularly to Mr. Sumner and to Mr. Conkling, who is factiousness personified. "Mr. Conkling's most brilliant triumph was over the Census Bill. Here he had a threefold victory, and it would be hard to say which of the three afforded him the keenest satisfaction. Single-handed, he attacked Mr. Sumner, the Executive, and the House, and routed them all in most disastrous confusion"—the pleasing and admirable thing about his victory being much the same as the pleasing and admirable thing about his more recent victory over Mr. Fenton; he did a thing hurtful to the true interest of the country, or of very doubtful utility, and gratified his own feelings.

In general, however, Mr. Adams's quarrel is not with individual Senators, but with the arrogance and self-seeking of the Senate as a body. In the Senate chamber is more plainly seen than in the Senate and House conjoined, that spirit which in the last decade or half-decade has impelled the legislative part of the government to attack and partly destroy the constitutional powers of the Executive and the judiciary. Particularly telling is the account of the attack which Attorney-General Hoar, backed by the Senate, to the astonishment of the greater part of the country and the grief of his best wishers, made upon the Supreme Court. Mr. Adams puts this unfortunate affair in a very clear light, and it is much to be wished that influential journals everywhere, of whatever party, should lay his account of the fight before the public. Things looked bad enough for the court during the impeachment trial; but the hasty outcries of minor politicians and weak-headed partisans are not to be compared with the deliberate and avowed intent of the Senate and the strenuous assault of a man like the late Attorney-General. An appeal to the people—it is one comfort—would have made short work of the assailants.

We have not space to speak particularly of the rest of this very interesting and forcible paper, against which, to be sure, the plausible, and indeed we should say just, complaint may be made that some small part of the interest it possesses is in virtue of the gratification which is always afforded by clever and fierce attacks on official personages high in place; and that it is too unmitigatedly and severely fault finding and critical. We do not know that, in point of fact, all that is urged is not true. We are sure, however, that there are things to be said on the other side which it would have been well to have at least shadowed forth, because they are shadowily present in the mind of the reader, and throw it into an attitude of incredulity. What, for instance, but the war and its legacy—what but things unexampled and not much to be apprehended—made possible (as did they not make necessary?) much of the dangerous tampering with the Constitution which the last ten years have witnessed? Is there not a reaction this moment going on in the direction of greater popular respect for the fundamental law? We incline towards that belief. And, to insist a little longer on our point against Mr. Adams's essay, should not one say, when he makes against the average legislator—civil-service reformer or opponent of civil-service reform—the charge of having voted power into the hands of a vast railroad corporation which soon will surpass in influence many States—should not one suggest the very great popular ignorance of the nature and power of these corporations? People are beginning to wake up to the possibilities of their future; and, as in Illinois recently, they begin to wake up to some purpose.

However, make all abatements that it may occur even to captiousness to make, and this essay is excellently worth the attention of reflecting readers. Most such, let us add, will, we think, be a little surprised at Mr. Adams's assertion, that there is a pretty distinct, tacit admission among Americans—statesmen, politicians, or what not—that the *Alabama* claims will remain open till a way is clear for the Canadians to come into the Union. Mr. Adams says little more on this head than that time will prove him right in his statement. That may be; but we are strong in the belief that this scheme is not now in the minds of the people at large.

Mr. Lowell's very pleasant essay on Chaucer is the lightest and most readable and pleasing in the list of contents, and is, of course, very much better than light and readable and pleasing, being admirable and instructive criticism of the poet. And of other poets, too, for the *trouvères* and troubadours and their works come in for detailed remark, and so Chaucer's English predecessors and contemporaries. We make room for a few lines which close the essay and give the tone of it:

"If character may be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly with God and men. I know not how to sum up what we feel about him better than by saying (what would have pleased most one who was indifferent to fame) that we love him more even than we admire. We are sure that here was a true brother-man, so kindly that, in his House of Fame, after naming the great poets, he throws in a pleasant word for the oaten-pipes

"Of the little herd-grooms
That keepen beasts among the brooms."

No better inscription can be written on the first page of his works than that which he places over the gate in his Assembly of Fowls, and which contrasts so sweetly with the stern lines of Dante from which they were imitated:—

"Through me men go into the blissful place
Of the heart's heal and deadly woundës' cure;
Through me men go unto the will of Grace,
Where green and lusty May doth ever endure;
This is the way to all good aventure;
Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow offcast,
All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast!"

Other articles in this number of the *North American* are these: Karl Blind talks—in an inconclusive way; and with a sort of unfairness, the unfairness of the fanatic and of the man destitute of historic imagination—about "Luther and the Early German Struggles for Freedom." Luther did not do Mr. Blind's special work, nor accomplish all Mr. Blind's desires, nor did he do nineteenth-century things; but regret or wrath as regards his performance is surely out of place in any of us of to-day. Surely it must be a good rule for us to keep, that as for all past history, we acquiesce in it without reserve, but will fight, and be angry, and sorrowful, and strenuous as we please about the history of to-day in which we live and which we help to shape. Mr. C. C. Perkins writes about "American Art Museums" in what seems to us a very practical way. Mr. Simeon Newcomb, who is an authority, has for a subject "The Labor Question." Mr. J. B. Hodgskin is as vigorous and incisive and clear as ever in the expression of some views which will, perhaps, give most people pause for a little while—upon the nature of currency, and the history, retrospective and prospective, of our currency. Finally, Mr. W. A. P. Martin really wins a high medal in journalism pure and simple, by being interesting and fresh—not on one, though that would have been sufficient, but—on two of the confessedly dry subjects of contemporary writing—namely, competitive examinations in China, as bearing on our civil-service reform.

The book reviews are, without exception, of a high order—useful and creditable to readers and writers of them, and not without value, most of them, to the authors under review. They comment on the following works: Lea's "Studies in Church History;" Yonge's "English-Greek Lexicon;" Hettner's "Literature of the Eighteenth Century;" Newman's "Grammar of Assent;" Bracket's "Historical French Grammar;" "Provincial Acts and Resolves of Massachusetts Bay" (Vol. I.); Bowen's "Political Economy;" and half-a-dozen books of comparative grammar, in which the principles of that science are applied by various scholars, English, French, and Irish, to Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, German, and English.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 38, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Macdonald (G.), Robert Falconer: a Tale	(Loring)	
Robinson (F. W.), True to Herself: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Summing up of John Graham on the Trial of Daniel McFarland, swd	(Townsend & Adams)	
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Part XXX, swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Trollope (A.), Cæsar's Commentaries	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 00

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.

The Week.

In spite of the rain which fell in torrents for some days last week on the fields of Lorraine, the Prussians have, since the battles on the Lauter and the Saar, done some good marching and some hard fighting, and their onward movement has now all the appearance of a march on Paris by the shortest roads. On two or more slightly converging lines they have pushed forward from Hagenau and Forbach, and some points in the rear, towards and beyond Metz and Nancy, driving the defeated troops of MacMahon, Failly, and Frossard before them, and reducing several small strongholds of the enemy; they have crossed the Moselle; have, by threatening its rear, compelled the Emperor's main army, under Marshal Bazaine, to give up the line of that river, and have fought the retreating army in a sanguinary battle on its banks and almost under the walls of Metz. This battle was fought on the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th (not on Monday, as falsely stated in the Berlin despatch beginning with the words: "The following additional particulars," an error of the telegrapher or decipherer which has caused a great deal of confusion), and was followed on the morning of the 15th ("the second day" of the dispatch just mentioned, for which some of our papers have "the same day," an erroneous emendation) by a Prussian reconnoissance under King William in person. Clear reports of these affairs are still wanting, and French and Prussian despatches announce widely conflicting news; but the continued retreat of the French army towards Châlons, which Count Palikao himself admitted in his statements to the Corps Législatif (on the 16th), the appearance of the Prussian advance on the banks of the Meuse, in the vicinity of Commercy, and the obstinate silence of the French authorities concerning all military actions posterior to those in front of Metz, are sufficient to prove that King William's war bulletins announcing the success of his arms are in the main correct. That the Prussians have dearly bought whatever success they have achieved in "disturbing the retreat of the French army," as Palikao expresses it, is very probable, and the Count was thus as much entitled to speak somewhat figuratively of repeated checks given them as Napoleon was to announce their repulse with great loss. The victors of Saarbrück seem to have played a conspicuous part in the new engagements, the army of the Prince-Royal holding the southern line of the Prussian advance. The boldness with which the northern wing of the Prussians dared to assail the Emperor's main army in the very sight of his great fortress, Metz, shows their force to be very heavy, though how many hundred thousands it numbers on French soil it would be hard to say.

We are far from having sufficient data for ascertaining the number of the troops, French or German, engaged in the battles of Weissenburg, Wörth, and Saarbrück, not to speak of those that now defend or threaten the much-talked-of fortress of Strasbourg. Thus much, however, is certain, that the tremendous figures with which some reporters from the front regaled us at the very opening of the campaign in regard to the Imperial army have been proved by events to have been ridiculous exaggerations. The forces that faced each other on the Saar were represented to number 300,000 and 400,000 respectively, and yet Frossard's corps, though occupying strong positions, was totally defeated by a few divisions, and no troops were at hand to support it. Douay was almost annihilated at Weissenburg, and MacMahon, in his order of the day, in reference to the battle of Wörth, states he commanded there but 35,000 men. One of the tribe of correspondents put "800,000 down as the lowest number" the Emperor meant "to have under his hand and in complete communication at the entrance of the campaign;" but after two days' fighting, in which the aggregate French losses may have amounted to fifty thousand, the French authorities tried to comfort the people by announcing that the commands of Bazaine, Canrobert, and MacMahon—embracing all the forces between Strasbourg and Thionville—still contained two hundred and thirty thousand men. Judging by all the indications that can now be gathered, we are inclined to believe that the Emperor had much less than three hundred thousand men "under his hand and in complete communication" when he "and Louis" "crossed the frontier and invaded the territory of Prussia." There was a great deal of humbug about the French parade of force. The Army of Algeria, for instance, has been quite conspicuous in announcements and reports, and it is true a few Turcos have been captured by the Prussians; but the bulk of it, that is, the whole of it, *minus* a few detachments paraded in Marseilles and elsewhere, undoubtedly continues to watch or to fight the Kabyles and Arabs of the Atlas and the desert.

The most conspicuous names of the new French Cabinet are: Palikao (Presidency of the Cabinet and War), La Tour d'Auvergne (Foreign Affairs), De Genouilly (Navy), Magne (Finances), and Jérôme David (Public Works). In political morals, it is no improvement on the out-going or rather thrown-out ministry. Its meaning is accepted to be: vigorous pursuit of the war; rigor in maintaining order; continuance of personal rule through the majority of the Chambers. The Emperor hides himself behind the Empress-Regent; the Regent screens herself behind the Cabinet; Palikao decrees through the Chambers. This game would be impossible had not the tide of indignation and revolutionary excitement which threatened to sweep away all supports of sinking Bonapartism been encountered and partly stemmed by a counter-current of patriotic exaltation which induces even the Opposition to co-operate, for the defence of the country and capital, with the very vilest tools of the Emperor they detest. And thus, while the proposition is again and again, though unsuccessfully, made by the extreme Left, to concentrate all power and authority in "a Committee of National Defence, constituted in the National Assembly, and composed of fifteen members," the most vigorous and sweeping measures of general armament are voted unanimously, and Palikao receives the thanks and applause of Gambetta. Napoleon humbly telegraphs that he "accepts the resignation of Lebœuf," and Bazaine is officially, though somewhat equivocally, announced to be the commander-in-chief of the army. The real seat of power is now apparently neither in the Imperial camp nor in the Tuileries, but in the Palace of the Corps Législatif, and should the temporary eclipse of the Empire, in consequence of new disasters, become total and final, that body will not hesitate to assume full authority or to establish a dictatorship of some kind or other.

The temper and disposition of the French people in this protracted crisis show, as we have said, the action of a double current of sentiment. There can be no doubt that, were they to vote to-day, in peace and quiet, for or against the preservation of the Imperial régime or dynasty, the nephew of the great Emperor would be as shamefully dismissed by the sovereign people as Ollivier was dismissed by his employer. But the enemy, and he the dreaded and hated Prussian, is "before the gates;" Paris, the capital and heart of France, is threatened; the honor of French arms is to be revindicated, and the Emperor is in the camp. There is time to reckon with him; the reckoning with the invader cannot be delayed. The hatred of the foreigner almost silences all other considerations, and the French uprising against him seems to be enthusiastic, universal, and earnest, while the sporadic anti-Napoleonic outbreaks are little more than riots. It signifies, perhaps, little that among the volunteers for the defence such names are given as ex-Minister Duruy, young Rothschild, and Père Hyacinthe; but it is almost ominous for the Prussians that twenty peasants of the vicinity of Wörth —and the report is proved, by a telegram to the *Tribune*, not to be a French invention—had to be shot, by order of a court-martial, for atrocities committed on wounded German soldiers. And the fact is the more significant as the Prussians are otherwise doing their utmost—not in proclamations only—to convince the French people that it is not against them they are fighting, but against the despot with whom their country is cursed. Their treatment of the French wounded and captives is admired by their enemies themselves, and strikingly contrasts with the persecutions to which the Germans in France are exposed, There are, however, indications—and some are to be found in King William's own well-worded proclamations—that Prussia's ultimate aim, should fortune continue to favor her arms, is not merely to chastise the Emperor of the French for his personal bad behavior, but also to teach the French nation, by curtailing its territory, a lesson of good neighborly conduct not easily to be forgotten. The Prussians have occupied parts of Alsace and Lorraine, provinces which formerly belonged to the German Empire, and, it seems, they mean to keep them. As things stand, they hold Weissenburg, Hagenau, and Saverne, "the key to the Vosges;" Lützelstein, a fortress in the mountains, which surrendered; Marsal, in the fortifications of which sixty cannon were captured; Nancy, the finest town of Eastern France, and probably Pfalzburg and Luneville. They besiege or surround Strasbourg, and threaten Colmar, Mulhouse, Épinal, and Bar-le-Duc. The last-named town is, as we write, probably held by Marshal MacMahon, who, retreating there with the remnants of his and Failly's corps before the forces of the Prince-Royal, seems as yet to have escaped being finally cut off from communication with the army retreating by way of Verdun. Whether he is subject to the orders of Marshal Bazaine, whom Count Palikao designates as "the only and true commander-in-chief of the army," or, in spite of that declaration, receives his orders from the Emperor himself, who as yet seems not to share the general opinion of his own proved incapacity, is still to be seen. Under Bazaine are three corps besides the wreck of the Second Army Corps, which Frossard commanded at Saarbrück, and which appears to be about two-thirds destroyed. The rout of MacMahon's army at Wörth was more complete but less sanguinary. The losses of the two armies in baggage, trains, and stores of every kind were enormous. Trochu has replaced Canrobert at Châlons, the latter taking command of the troops at Paris, in lieu of Baraguay d'Hilliers, who has been sent to Tours.

Our daily contemporaries have been in a good deal of a broil during the week touching the felonious robbery of the *Tribune*—as the *Sun* and *Times* allege that the *Tribune* alleges, but as we do not see that it does in fact allege. It appears that the *Tribune* Commissioner in Europe, resident in London, as soon as he perceived that Europe was to be wrapped in flames, despotic monarchies dashing together in blood, groaning peoples rising, possibly, to assert their rights, and all the rest of it, attained immediately to the height of the situation, and at once organized several corps of observation and poured them resistlessly on the Continent. They pervaded courts and camps; and for anything we know may themselves, some of them, have been of the noblest blood. We confess, though, that the decayed patriots of various nationalities who haunt the neighborhood of Leicester Square and know our friend Gustave Flourens, seem to us to have been in some cases enlisted. It must be a gentleman familiar with M. Mazzini who put the Commissioner up to some of his sharpness. One telegram, for instance, told us that Victor Emmanuel was to assist Napoleon with a hundred thousand men; but the special correspondent was down on it like a sledge-hammer, only quicker: Victor Emmanuel may promise what he likes, was the comment, but not an Italian soldier will move in obedience to his order in such a cause. However, let them be who they may, the corps of observers have certainly sent over a vast mass of matter. Not so much, perhaps, as to justify the high language of the Commissioner, which, indeed, was such as to make many newspaper men thank their stars that he was not on this side of the blue ocean to order them off to instant execution. "I expect," he says, "despatches from the two correspondents of the *Tribune* at the Prussian headquarters. Before their arrival anybody pretending to give details must furnish mere scraps from stragglers." Still they have sent over a vast deal of matter, such as it is, and may be said to have worked hard. Now these despatches the *Herald*, *Sun*, *Times*, and *World* are blamed by the *Tribune*, not for taking—for indeed as members of the Associated Press they have a right to them—but for professing, tacitly, a right of ownership in the enterprise which organized the corps above-mentioned. To this the accused reply in effect that the special despatches are mostly feather-headed nonsense; that all that is good in them is contained in the Associated Press despatches; and that they abound in wild guesses, "Red" opinions, and absurd rumors, so that they will by no means promise not to use them, as their property, and abuse them, as flighty nonsense, whenever they like.

As for the position of Italy above referred to, there has never been any reason to think that she would tender assistance to Napoleon. Rome is a great gift to her, no doubt; but the evacuation of Rome—the French occupation having been a standing insult and menace for all these years—was not a whit too great a price to pay for Italian neutrality. Moreover, although we need not suppose that Italy is particularly fond of her rather scornful ally in the war against Austria; and though "blood is thicker than water," and there is no doubt a natural coolness between the Latin Italian and the German; and although some of the more political Italians do, no doubt, think it the best course for their Government to stand by Italy's powerful near neighbor; nevertheless, Prussia has a long arm, and a stable government that will very likely be diplomatizing and fighting long after the Bonapartes are out of France; the chassepot which General Failly found work so like a charm at Mentana, did not endear the French to the Republican Italian, nor to any other; and finally, above all, the state of the Italian finances is such that war would be mere madness. All this seemed clear enough even before Prussian victories made Napoleonic alliances undesirable.

Republicans desirous of the success of the party will be apt to think Senator Wilson's recent circular address a mistake to be retrieved rather than a plan of campaign likely to lead to good results. More than half of it is the talk about the Republican party's past services in crushing the rebellion, which must, by dint of sheer iteration, have become almost entirely forceless, and which certainly has little or nothing to do with present issues. Moreover, there is something of a fallacy at the bottom of all talk about the people's gratitude towards the Republican party, or any other—as if parties were other than the public itself exercising certain functions; as if "the party" were an entity distinct from the public; as if the public were going to be grateful to itself. Certain it is that people, waiting with some anxiety to hear what it is that the dominant party has to offer as a policy, will be anything but pleased to read a column or two of familiar eloquence about restoring the sublime principles of the Declaration, and striking the chains from four millions of bondsmen. The address makes one effective point: it calls attention to the fact that during the last sixteen months of Mr. Johnson's administration, the receipts from customs and internal revenue were less than $372,000,000, while during the first sixteen months of Grant's administration the receipts were $469,000,000. In other words, the present administration has been a good deal honester in handling the revenue than the worst administration we have ever had. Still, the fact will no doubt be weighty with the people. The chief fault of the address is a fault of omission. Nothing whatever is said in regard to the question, Shall we maintain a heavy protective tariff or establish a tariff for revenue? or the other important question, Shall the next generation pay any part of its share of the cost of the war, and some of the burden now laid on us thus be taken off? The nearest Mr. Wilson comes to these questions is to pronounce Mr. Boutwell's schemes for funding the debt "important and beneficial measures," to which "the Democrats gave little countenance." These Democrats were perverse enough, too, the country well recollect, to laugh at the hole in the sky.

Mr. Boutwell himself sticks to his bantling, and recently at Boston, before an audience of the shoe and leather manufacturers and dealers, he has been insisting on the wisdom of his financial policy. He pointed with satisfaction to the reduction of the debt, but apparently was disposed to look rather sourly on the plan of reduced taxation—a plan, by the way, which affords Mr. Wilson a somewhat inconsistent pleasure; because, if it is well to be proud over the large reduction of the debt, it is proper to be sorry that the revenue from taxation is to be diminished. Mr. Boutwell, coming to his Funding Bill, said that he wished to see the interest account in our national expenditures diminished, and made the extremely just remark, that this might be done either by diminishing the principal on which interest is paid, or by diminishing the rate of interest paid on the principal. He, for his part, is in favor of reducing the rate of interest, and his funding measures had that end in view, he says. So they had; but as long as he was on his favorite topic of lowering the interest, he might have given us the names of his "German bankers" who stood ready a while ago to take United States bonds at four or four and a-half per cent. If he would do that, anybody will give him in return the names of German bankers who can buy as many of our bonds as they like, and get, not four and a-half per cent. interest, but a couple of cents more.

The Republican party is not compelled, however, to accept, as even a momentary mouthpiece, either Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Wilson. The time of the conventions is close at hand, and there are indications, rather faint to be sure, that the Secretary of the Treasury will find his policy condemned. The Ohio Convention was more outspoken in expressing its sympathy with Prussia than as regards anything else; but in a half-hearted sort of way—which shows clearly the politicians' opinion that the party might easily be split in two by a free-trade or rather anti-protection plank—it announces that the tariff "should be so adjusted as to be least prejudicial to the industrial and producing interests of every class or section in the whole country, securing to the home producer a fair competition against the foreign producer." This is a platform that Mr. Schenck might mount; and also it is one that Mr. Allison might stand on at the same time—ropes and stakes and bottle-holders being first provided, perhaps. It is perfectly ambiguous, and will remand the constituencies to their right of enquiry into the opinions held by each candidate individually. This, indeed, is probably how the whole matter will for the present arrange itself. There are those who expect, and some who demand, that the influential New York Convention, which is to be held in the first week of September, should speak with a certain voice on the subjects of taxation and revenue reform, but it seems to us unlikely that the party here will be less non-committal than in Ohio. Until the next Presidential contest comes into nearer view, compelling distinct utterances, the revenue reformers will, we fancy, have to make their fight in the Congressional districts.

The short and the long of it we take to be that if so be the contest for the next House of Representatives can be tided over, the Republican political managers will put off the framing of a national policy till after they have had opportunity to see what the next session will bring forth; and that the immediate contest can be carried on to a successful result, they are tolerably well convinced. They admit probable losses in the South—and it looks very much as if they would have to admit more than they do now—but they expect to hold their own tolerably well in the North, and some of them even affect to believe that this State can be made to give a Republican majority. They argue that the German Democratic vote will be given to the Republicans because of the Republican expression of sympathy with Germany and the Democratic sympathy with France; that the Germans are also displeased with the Democratic liquor law; that the new registration law will cut down the New York City majority; that the average American citizen is perfectly satisfied with the general success of Grant's administration, and will leave well enough alone. These are arguments that show a knack of hoping rather than furnish strong grounds for believing—whatever a positive and aggressive policy might do—that Mr. Hoffman is not going to be the next Governor of this State, or that the Republican vote generally in the North is not going to fall off. "Leaving well enough alone" can be done, most people are apt to think, without their taking the trouble to vote; the Germans have a steady constancy of enthusiasm that makes them tolerant enough of Democratic coquetry with the Fenians; the present liquor law may not suit the Germans, but they know very well that it is not to the rural Republican that they are to look for a better; and there is general incredulity that the registration law is going to be much in the way of Mr. Tweed and Mr. Sweeny.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Michigan, it will be remembered, declared municipal subscriptions to railroads, and the levying of taxes for this purpose, illegal. Under various enabling acts for seven years past there had been issued bonds to the amount of at least $1,656,300, and obligations incurred to nearly twice that amount, and the dismay which this decision caused among the bondholders, and the inevitable hardships which must have resulted from it, can easily be imagined. While the towns were solicitous for their reputation for good faith, those persons immediately interested in new railroad enterprises—especially the people in the northern part of the State—saw themselves doomed to bitter disappointment. Notwithstanding the strong public feeling against the ruling of the Court, the better sentiment prevailed of respecting it while seeking to set it aside by a constitutional amendment. On the 27th of July the Legislature was convened in special session by the Governor, and last week it adjourned, having faced the difficulties of the situation perhaps as creditably as any body of men would have done in the same circumstances. It submits for popular ratification in November an amendment in three sections, the first and second of which are borrowed substantially from the new Constitution of Illinois, and provide for the regulation by law of rates of transportation, against railroad combinations and discriminations, and against consolidation of rival lines except upon due and public notice. The third section authorizes the Legislature to legalize the municipal bonds already issued, but only in case the electors in the several counties, townships, and municipalities ratify anew the issue, and settle the mode of payment of the bonds. This shifts the responsibility from the State to its parts, but the nature of the act of voting the bonds, whether a first or a second time, remains unchanged; and whereas the towns before could plead involuntary defalcation, they must now choose between injustice to the minority and open repudiation. The former choice will not be judged too harshly by those who can appreciate this dilemma. On the whole, the people of Michigan may be said to be worthy of their Court, as they have refrained from making the railroad bonds in question lawful and constitutional hereafter, and as they have profited by the experience and advanced legislation of the neighboring State of Illinois. And if we may judge from a solitary case in Indiana, the Michigan bench has set an example which will be followed elsewhere as occasion arises.

The year has so far deprived us of two of the most distinguished of American citizens, a great soldier and a great sailor, to each of whom the country owes much. Farragut, who follows Thomas, leaves behind him no admiral in the world whose name is more widely known than his. His services before the late war were not distinguished, though he was known for a brave and accomplished officer of that school which, now that the Patent Office gets from the War and Navy Departments more and more of the business of making war, is held to be threatened with extinction. He was trained aboard wooden ships, and was a skilful navigator at a time when getting the weather-gauge of your opponent was an essential point of good naval seamanship, and the ability to sail a point closer to the wind than your enemy, gave you his ship. He had lived out the ordinary life of a sailor before the new dispensation of iron plates, rams, and monster guns took the place of broadsides out of wooden frigates. Born in 1801, he was only twelve years old when he was at sea as a midshipman fighting the English in "the last war," the famous "old *Essex*" being his first ship. The opening of the war found him a captain, and although of Southern birth and married to a Southern woman, he declined a command under the Confederate Government, and showed that hearty loyalty in which, indeed, our navy officers were but very seldom found wanting. Everybody remembers his passage of the forts at New Orleans, which was virtually the capture of that important city, and the battle in the Bay of Mobile, which was of just the character to catch the popular eye. Farragut, however, was in all respects a man formed to be a popular favorite. Extremely kind-hearted and cheery, modest, brave, and dashing, he got, in a large measure, the affection and admiration that people of our blood give so willingly to men who, whether or not of great ability, can sail a ship and fight it.

FRENCH OPPOSITION TO THE WAR.

Of the orators who, in the debates of the Corps Législatif preceding the declaration of war, had the courage to come forward in opposition to the warlike measures proposed by the Emperor and seconded by the clamors of the people, none can claim the honor of having evinced a more defiant, a more persistent courage in the struggle than old Thiers. A hundred voices from the ranks of the majority in vain exerted themselves to stifle by interruptions his denunciations of the Imperial policy and his words of momentous warning; in vain his speech was hooted as becoming a Prussian rather than a statesman of France; in vain Jérôme David told him: "Many Prussian battalions would be required to inflict on your country as much harm as you unwittingly do." He persisted in boldly speaking out his denunciations and his warning, and would not be hindered.

But defiant and imposing though his attitude was, it lacked the power of principle and higher consistency, it lacked the support of subjective truth. Peace had never been a principle with M. Thiers, in his old age not more than at the time when he threatened "to conquer Egypt on the Rhine." Still less had he ever shown himself friendly to the growth of Prussia or the development of German unity in whatever shape. In 1864, while unveiling before France the frightful condition of her finances, and denouncing, as its cause, the periodical return of great and small wars under the Second Empire, he nevertheless ended his remarks by declaring that no serious reduction of the war expenditure was possible, and that with 400,000 men under arms France was on a peace footing. And again, in March, 1867, in a powerful speech on the relations of France with Germany, he formally impeached the Imperial Government for having in its dealings with other nations substituted the principle of nationality for that of the European equilibrium as maintained by French statesmen in former ages—an equilibrium founded on the acknowledged preponderance of France and the necessary protection or guidance bestowed by her upon a group of disunited and equally powerless states. He accused the Government of having pursued the new policy in all the great European questions of the time, the Polish, the Danish, the Italian, and the German, and everywhere to the detriment of France. It had created, he said, the unity of Italy, without reflecting that Italian unity must be followed by the unity of Germany. Solferino, by crippling Austria and compelling her to fight at Custozza, had made Sadowa possible. The small states were gone, and the greatness of France was gone with them. And his *cæterum censeo* was: a strong policy, supported by a vigorous organization of the military forces of France.

In regard to Italy, to be sure, the record of M. Thiers is even worse than the record of his hostility to a united Germany of the future. He not only deplored Solferino as a blow struck at the greatness of France; he condemned the Franco-Italian treaty of September 15, 1864, which promised the evacuation of Rome; in the debate which followed its conclusion he pleaded for an alliance with Austria, an empire which had the merit of being a barrier to the greatness both of Italy and Prussia, and even for the temporal power of the Pope. In the autumn of 1867, when French troops fought Garibaldi, he showed himself one of the most passionate defenders of the Papal sway in Rome, and he it was who, not satisfied with the somewhat indefinite promises of M. Rouher to uphold it, extorted from him, by dint of violent provocations, that notorious announcement: "We declare it in the name of the French Government, Italy shall not take Rome. Never!"

Whenever M. Thiers condemned a military enterprise of the Second Empire, he did it on the score of expediency, for reasons of policy inspired by the dictates of justice and international equity have always been foreign to the statesman who devoted so many years of labor to the glorification of the unscrupulous Corsican conqueror. Besides, his denunciations were often but the outburst of a passionate political critic who had little reason to favor or to esteem the men in power, by whom he had so long been kept in involuntary inactivity and silence. He combated the late declaration of war, not because he regarded it as a wanton act of aggression, but because it appeared to him premature and therefore inexpedient, and chiefly because the Government was bent on making it. And similar motives must have mainly actuated Jules Favre in the same course of opposition—a man of a different stamp, both moral and political, but whose maxims of external policy, based though they are on the principles of justice and freedom, are apt to undergo strange mutations whenever the unity of Germany looms up on his French political horizon. In the great debate of March, 1867, Jules Favre, the most ardent antagonist of Thiers on the Italian question, was as vehement as that orator in assailing the pusillanimous conduct of the Government towards Prussia, and eagerly advocated the defence of the rights of the dispossessed petty German princes and of their "oppressed peoples"—as the only means of preventing German unity. And among the members of the Corps Législatif who answered the arguments of Thiers and Favre was, strange to say, Émile Ollivier, who had just made the first tentative step towards the influential position which was to involve him in so much shame and ruin, and who *then* advised accepting, without mental reserve and with confidence, not only the new organization of Germany as sanctioned by the Treaty of Prague, but also the near eventuality of a union of the Southern States of Germany with the Confederation of the North.

Of the younger portion of the parliamentary enemies of the Ollivier Cabinet, Gambetta was one of the most violent in condemning its tortuous and aggressive war-policy; but while speaking of the interests and in the name of humanity, and against conquests and territorial aggrandizement, he gravely proposed—if the brief report of the debates which reached us be correct—that the Germans should be required to dismantle all their fortresses facing the French frontier—for the sake of peace. Such is the horror of German power on the Rhine in the minds of French politicians of all shades, practical, liberal, or radical. And what renders the opposition to popular war measures by even a strong minority eventually quite illusory, is that by no means exclusively French view of "patriotic duty" which commands the surrender of all effective opposition as soon as war is declared. In the case before us, this sentiment of unqualified allegiance to "my country, right or wrong," has been made doubly and triply strong by the extraordinary turn of events which has so suddenly put the safety and military honor of France in question. As long, therefore, as the German foe remains on French soil, and the honor lost on the sanguinary battle-fields on the Lauter and Saar is not retrieved, all opposition to the war from principle or policy will be hushed in the deliberative halls of Paris, and all shades and fractions of parties will vie with each other in sacrifices—that is to say, in decreeing sacrifices—for the revindication of the country's integrity and glory. The measures of the Government may be censured and denounced, and reverses may bring about a revolutionary fever of excitement and the downfall of the Imperial Government; but the war, though begun by the recklessness of a despot now equally despised and hated, has become a national war in France no less than in Germany, and it will probably take a long series of reverses to compel the one side or the other to give up the struggle for integrity or supremacy.

EUROPEAN SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The genius for organization of a Roon or a Von Moltke can concentrate gigantic armies with the precision of science in the midst of an enemy's territory. The bitterly disappointed pride of a martial people may, perhaps, bring to the French standard men enough, may perhaps arouse enthusiasm enough, to defeat, or at least to resist, the invasion. But neither science nor passion has ever yet succeeded in resisting or controlling the march of that silent power that moves in advance and in the rear of all armies—financial confidence. It is only thirty days since war was declared, and already the financial question looms up in the rear of both armies as a difficulty of the first magnitude. Extraordinary as is the enthusiasm of Germany in favor of the war, yet, strange to tell, the Prussian loan for the paltry sum of seventy millions of dollars is being subscribed for in very small amounts only, and seems at present to promise but a very indifferent result. It is true that the Government treasury is reported to have had a very liberal balance to start with, but what are fifty or sixty millions when a million of men are under arms—two-thirds of them in an enemy's country, where it is proposed to pay for whatever the people furnish? The discount rate of the Berlin Bank is raised to eight per cent., as a nominal figure, but of course no discounts are obtainable. Outside of bank, money is of course scarcer still. Houses of the highest standing are unwilling to prepay their own acceptances even by a few days at any rate of interest, and cases are reported where letters of credit from the first firms abroad have been refused payment for sums almost incredibly paltry. The bank nominally maintains specie payments, and may succeed in doing so for some time, as its entire course has for months past been guided by a foreknowledge of the present difficulties. But it is doubtful whether the desperate attempt to maintain the specie standard will not in the end be futile and disastrous.

Of the result of the French loan, issued at the same time, we have no accounts; but in all ordinary financial relations, the disorganization in France, for the time being, seems to be complete.

The Bank of France, after losing between the 14th of July and the 4th of August the extraordinary sum of 142 millions of francs—over 24 millions of dollars, or nearly one-eighth of its entire specie reserve—refused at first to redeem its notes in anything but silver; and next, finding the run continue, suspended specie payments entirely. The export of specie was immediately prohibited, by what authority or by whom does not appear; but a sum of 14 millions of francs, intended for export, and reported to belong principally to the Rothschilds, was seized at the railway station, and detained by the police.

England maintains a position of security and confidence which we cannot help thinking delusive. In the first two weeks after the declaration of war, the Bank of England lost nearly nine millions of dollars in gold, which was withdrawn mainly for shipment to the Continent. It was no doubt this heavy loss of specie that caused the rapid advance in the rate of interest from 2½ to 6 per cent. The Cable has been too busy ever since reporting the silly opinions of silly people on matters of no interest, to give us the figures of the last Bank statement, but it is fair to presume that the drain has ceased, at least for the time, since the discount rate has been reduced from 6 to 5½ per cent., and the price of silver in the open market, which had at first materially risen, has since again declined.

Out of the midst of these various indications and suppositions there looms up the essential fact of the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of France, which is in itself a historical event of the first magnitude. Were the financial history of our own war intelligently written, it would be interesting to compare events as they arise in France with our own recent experience. But, more is the pity, our financial history as yet awaits the historian, and all that we can do is to point out such of its prominent features as will help us to form an intelligent opinion on the probable consequences of like events abroad.

Of all the prominent features of our financial history, the most striking, and at this moment the most interesting, is, in our opinion, the hoarding of coin that commenced with the election campaign of 1860. On the 1st of November of that year, the Sub-Treasury in New York, and the New York banks together, held about 27 millions of gold coin. The best estimates (but which, in our opinion, are far too low) give the amount held by other banks throughout the country, and in the money-drawers and pockets of the people, as about 128 millions, making together about 155 millions of coin in the country, exclusive of the Pacific coast. In the fourteen months next following, up to January 1, 1862, we received at New York from California 42 millions, and from Europe (in excess of coin exports there) 39 millions, or, together, an addition of 81 millions to our previous stock of 155 millions. On the 1st of January, 1862, our stock of coin should have been 236 millions or thereabouts. Where was it? The banks outside of New York were drained of almost their last dollar. In circulation coin was never seen, except by chance, or when some one carried a few gold pieces as a curiosity, not to be parted with. What had become of the 81 millions brought into the country? what of the 155 millions previously here? The New York banks and the Sub-Treasury held 29 millions. Where were the other 207 millions? They were hoarded; stowed away in private safes by thousands or tens of thousands; buried in the ground or secreted under beds by hundreds; carefully wrapped away by fives and tens in stockings and rags with other sacred treasures; in one word, hoarded—hoarded in large lots and small, by rich and by poor, in places imaginable and unimaginable. It was these hoards, coming back gradually into the channels of trade under the temptation of the advancing premium, that enabled us in the eight years following to export from New York alone 407 millions in coin, when our total receipts were only 230 millions, and to increase our coin balance in the Treasury and in the New York banks from 29 millions to 100 millions and more. Never before has the world had an opportunity to form so good an estimate of the nature and amount of the hoarding carried on in time of war. It is capable of proof almost indisputable, that in the fourteen months from November 1, 1860, to January 1, 1862, the people of the United States hoarded from 200 to 250 millions of dollars in gold coin. How far are the people of France and Germany likely to follow our example?

Hoarding is pre-eminently the act of ignorance and timidity. It is based on the foolish belief, in the first place, that nothing has value except money, and, in the next place, on the fear that such paper money as has been or as may be substituted for coin, will become much reduced in value or totally valueless. So far as ignorance or timidity influences hoarding, it is not unreasonable to say that both Germans and French are likely to far exceed our own people in the disposition to hoard. In France especially, and to some extent even in Germany, the recollection, or at least the tradition, of the "assignats" is so vivid, that a forced "legal-tender" paper money, such as the notes of the Bank of France are now constituted, and as the Prussian "Kassenscheine" may become any day, are likely to suffer a severe and rapid depreciation, and to lead to hoarding of the most stringent character. The experience of the United States, so far as it is known and understood abroad, may even tend to intensify the disposition, inasmuch as it will probably be considered by the more intelligent classes as a warning example of the rapidity with which coin increases in value, and of the enormous gains likely to be realized from judicious hoarding of the precious metals. But on the other hand, the existence, *prior to suspension*, of a paper currency in universal acceptation, may tend, both in France and Germany, to diminish the evil. With us, it should not be forgotten, the bank suspension was almost everywhere a virtual bank *failure*, and that we had a long period of, so to speak, no currency before the Legal Tender Act of February, 1862, gave us the legal-tender paper money. Persons who remember the condition of affairs in December, 1860, will scarcely deny that if at that time the notes of the New York banks, for example, could by any possibility have been declared legal-tender, the financial excitement would have been materially diminished. But be that as it may, it cannot be doubted that the familiarity with, and confidence in, the existing kinds of paper money will, in both France and Germany, most decidedly tend to reduce the disposition to hoard. Taking into account these various favorable and unfavorable influences, and adding the consideration, that in both countries arbitrary repressive measures are but too likely to be resorted to, which would only aggravate existing evils, we conclude that there is every probability that France and Germany both will witness a system of coin-hoarding fully as active and stringent as that witnessed by ourselves in 1860 and 1861.

Already in France we see the hoarding in active progress. The 25 millions of dollars withdrawn from the Bank in three weeks were not wanted for export, for during all that time coin was coming into France from England—they were wanted for hoarding exclusively. It is true that, as already stated, coin was seized in France intended for export, but this coin was really only intended for another form of hoarding, adopted by large and wealthy houses, who place their coin-hoards in the hands of English bankers, as for the time being the safest place. We saw precisely the same thing here. In the months preceding Lincoln's election, and for some time after it, timid people engaged in foreign trade sent their money to England, leading to large coin exports there, at the very time when everything was already shaping for far larger coin imports from England here. So in France, banking-houses having the necessary facilities sought to place their coin-hoards in England, leading to coin exports from France to England, and inducing England to reduce its discount rate, in the belief that the drain of coin to the Continent had ceased. This same desire to place coin-hoards in England, the safest place for the moment, also accounts for the active demand in Paris for bills on London and American 5-20 bonds, these two securities constituting the safest, if not the cheapest, method of transferring coin-hoards from Paris to London. But this method of placing hoards abroad is open to only few persons, and the relief to the Bank of England from this source has quickly ended by the prohibition of all further coin exports from France. Hereafter, rich and poor alike will have to keep their hoards at home.

Supposing that we are correct in assuming that our experience in relation to hoards in war-times will be repeated in France and Germany, what will be its effect on neighboring nations and on ourselves? Again we have only our own experience to guide us.

The first step towards hoarding coin is to get the coin to hoard. When great numbers of people are trying to get coin, it is not easily got. The only way to obtain it, is to sell property of some kind or other cheap. When everybody is anxious to sell cheap, prices rapidly decline. In the winter of 1860 and throughout 1861, prices of everything produced or consumed in the United States declined so low, that scarcely anything could be brought here from abroad, but almost everything could be bought here and taken abroad and sold at a large profit. The natural consequence was that our importations rapidly declined, and our exports rapidly increased. We exported far more than we imported, and the excess was paid us in coin. Instead of shipping to Europe from forty to fifty millions of coin, as we were then and are now in the habit of doing every year, in 1861 we actually received from Europe thirty-nine millions! That was the glorious time for people of limited incomes, when living was cheap. That was the time when all the West India Islands seemed flocking to our shores, where the cream and honey of the land were almost given away. Are we to see this experience likewise repeated in Germany and France? Some indications are already reaching us. Of the manufactured goods of these countries we are already promised a very large supply, while of our principal export staple, cotton, they are likely to take from us a largely diminished amount. How their relations with England will be affected we can only judge so far from two facts: the English cotton manufacturers complain of the almost total absence of Continental orders, while at the last London sale of raw wool from the English colonies, foreign buyers were entirely missing. These few facts, and they are all that have reached us in the two weeks that have elapsed—leaving the telegraph out of sight—since the outbreak of the war, indicate with sufficient clearness that, at the outset at least, Germany and France will, like ourselves in 1861, be unusually light importers and unusually large exporters. Their products will be forced on sale for cash first in England, and next in the United States, and for a large part of the goods thus sent us we shall, in all probability, have to remit the specie. England being nearer and in closer business relations with both combatants, is likely to suffer first; but England will in turn call upon us to help her bear a share of the burden, so that though last to suffer, we shall probably in the end suffer most severely.

Of all great commercial nations, England is to-day least able to bear financial calamity. The fearful pressure of her debt upon a people impoverished by her pernicious system of finance, the startling increase of her pauperism, the constant drain of her productive capital for foreign enterprise, for which in exchange she only receives paper evidences of debt, the discontent of a large portion of her people, render her peculiarly sensitive to financial disturbance. The almost feverish haste with which the Bank of England advanced the discount rate from 2½ to 6 per cent., shows how thoroughly alive its management is to the dangers of the situation. But should the imperfect indications so far received of the hoarding going on in France be confirmed, the drain upon England will probably be so severe that all protective measures of the Bank will prove unavailing and will only lead to hoarding in England itself, and then the suspension of the Bank of England, in the midst of peace, with a large specie reserve, might be witnessed as one of the financial anomalies of the age. Startling as the very suggestion of such a thing may appear, it seems sufficiently within the limits of probability to justify its serious consideration. But even supposing that this extreme case be entirely improbable, it will not do to disregard the fact, that a continuance of the war means almost inevitably a continuance of stringent hoarding in France, and that no serious hoarding can take place in France without involving England in a serious loss of specie.

We, here, are thus exposed to a double contingency: a probable drain of specie direct from France, and a possible indirect drain in consequence of England's needs. It is worth while considering briefly how well we are prepared to meet such a drain. Just three weeks ago we pointed out (in *Nation*, July 28) the possibility of our coin reserve being suddenly whisked off to Europe, and already twenty millions have gone within four weeks. The last week's shipment, it is true, was the smallest (less than three millions); but even at that rate our loss, if continued for any time, would be serious, while, if we do not overestimate the probability and amount of the French hoarding, the drain would be far more likely to exceed that sum for some weeks than to fall below it. To meet such a drain we should be mainly dependent upon the supply now held by the New York banks—for California is at this moment extremely poor and little able to part with any of her coin, and Mr. Boutwell, our only other resource, "the Secretary who never yields to any pressure," is not likely to come to our aid. The New York banks, then, on Saturday, August 14, closed with about twenty-four millions of dollars in coin, just about enough to stand a repetition of the last four weeks' export, if during that time nothing is drawn from them for the payment of duties. But the latter supposition is quite unlikely, although heavy coin shipments would very materially reduce the payments of duties; while the banks are in receipt of coin from so many minor and unknown sources, that it is fair to assume that, in presence of an active demand, they would have enough to pay reaonable duties, and to furnish an additional twenty millions for shipment. But should the shipment reach that amount, or exceed it, our financial position would be an extremely grave one.

This suggests a natural and pertinent enquiry which is causing some uneasiness among thoughtful business men down-town, namely: In case the shipments continue, can the banks really show the amount of specie which they assert that they hold? It will be remembered that last year, just about this time, the desperate speculation which culminated in the ever-memorable Black Friday was materially aided by a statement from the national banks of this city, showing conclusively that they were habitually representing as specie a portion of their reserve which in no sense of the word was specie. Since then, the temptation to indulge in the same kind of misrepresentation has been tenfold greater than before, and there are not wanting indications that the temptation has not always been resisted. The only possible service that at this moment an intelligent Secretary of the Treasury could render the mercantile community, would be to order an enquiry into this subject. But Mr. Boutwell, who seems to float on in happy ignorance of any possible danger, is too busy enlightening the shoe and leather dealers of Boston on the mysteries of iron ship-building, to attend to such insignificant details. Last year, at the bidding of a nest of gamblers and blacklegs, the enquiry was promptly ordered; why has it been neglected ever since?

As we indicated in a recent article, the danger to our finances which everybody anticipated, a return of our bonds from Europe, seems likely to be entirely avoided, while serious disturbance threatens us from a quarter where least expected, from the hoarding of coin by Frenchmen in consequence of the suspension of the Bank of France.

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE representatives of the United States in other countries are often singular specimens of the genus American, but more than the usual share of oddities—counterbalanced, indeed, by such men as Adams, Buchanan, Middleton, and Dallas—seems to have fallen to the lot of St. Petersburg. There was one gentleman who spent nearly the whole of his term in vain endeavors to be sober enough to be presented to the Emperor, or even to have an interview with the Prime Minister. As surely as an appointment was made, so surely was he drunk, and the Secretary had to write an apology on account of "severe illness." His Irish body-servant is reported to have dragged him to the mirror regularly every morning, with the exclamation, "Is thim the eyes for a Minister Plineepotenshary?" Another in more recent times is said to have put the uniformed *chasseur* inside the coach, as he drove to the Emperor's summer palace on his first reception, and to have ridden himself on the box in an old wide-awake hat "to see the country." But without going through the catalogue of *gaucheries*, quarrels with the police and palace servants, and all sorts of scandalous conduct which have made American ministers a byword, let us go back to John Randolph of Roanoke, who must have been one of the oddest of them all. In manners, to be sure, he was a gentleman, and rumor reproaches him with nothing more than having shot from the windows of the Hotel Demuth, with a huge blunderbuss, at the cats that disturbed his sleep.

It was a curious choice in President Jackson to send a fiery, vain man like Randolph to negotiate a treaty of commerce and a treaty of maritime rights with Russia. Absurdly punctilious, he detains the *Concord*, the ship-of-war which took him, at Yarmouth to procure despatch paper with exactly the same water-mark as the sample he brought from Washington, and is greatly disappointed at not obtaining it, and discusses gravely the significance of Prince Lieven's note being sealed with his private seal, which he describes minutely, and not with the official seal of the Foreign Office. Full of self-consciousness, he sees a disparagement of his dignity in the underscoring of his name on the envelope (the usual practice in Russia). The same man who is seen in his speeches in Congress appears in his despatches.

These are but two, for Mr. Randolph remained in Russia only from the 10th of August to the 19th of September, 1830. They are disconnected, like his speeches, long-winded and rambling, full of classical quotations and French expressions, profound remarks on general principles and the state of Europe, and petty personal details. In these days of telegraphs even diplomats have become laconic. Not even Mr. Seward gave, like Mr. Van Buren, a hundred closely-written pages of personal instructions, nor would any new-fledged minister be now likely to write a dozen large folio pages descriptive of his arrival in port, nor grow garrulous at Elsinore with long quotations from "Hamlet," nor compare the icebergs of the Atlantic with the Alps of Savoy. Yet these two despatches are exceedingly amusing, and one wishes there were more. As not every one is a student in the Government archives, we venture to copy out a few characteristic passages. Here is a notice of the Princess Lieven, the great friend of George IV.:

> "Prince Lieven is notoriously in the interest of England, to which his Princess, who is believed to have as much influence over him as wife ever exercised over husband (not excepting Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough), is yet more devotedly attached. She was considered, when I was in England some years ago, as *Ambassadour de facto*, although her husband was not absent. She is now regarded as the Representative of the Russian Ministry in London: notwithstanding, to keep up appearances, they have sent out a man of straw as nominal successor to Prince Lieven." . . .
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> "The other notes which I have received from his Highness Prince Lieven were brought by an Imperial Messenger, who (if I rightly comprehend his motive in showing it) was accredited to me by a Letter Patent, about three inches wide, on a slip of uncreased paper, in the Russian tongue and character. He only shewed his authority on his first coming."

Mr. Randolph seemed to think that suspiciousness should be the chief characteristic of a diplomat, and he indulged in it to a great extent. In a subsequent interview with Prince Lieven, after a variety of roundabout talk, mention was made of the absence of Count Nesselrode at Carlsbad for his gout, and Randolph drew a very unfounded inference, which he expresses in his flowery language:

> "It then for the first time flashed across my mind that the star of Count Nesselrode had 'sunk temperately in the West,' and that Prince Lieven had succeeded not only to his office, but to his place in the confidence of his Sovereign. They who know the difference between *viva-voce* testimony in open Court and a deposition in Chancery (a numerous class) will readily conceive the indescribable looks, tones, and gestures, although even these last were barely perceptible, which led me to this conclusion."

Then comes talk about the apprehended failure of his mission, the illness of his servants, his desire to "leave this worse than Stygian atmosphere, in time to escape the rigours of its Arctic winter," the lack of newspapers, his calls on the heads of missions, his failing to see Mr. McLane in London, his passing Mr. Middleton in the gulf, the stupidity of Congress in not passing the appropriation for outfits, and the dislike which he thinks the Emperor has to the capital, for "despotism is always timid and weak."

> "I look for a general war in Europe. The good and evil principles are in conflict—Free Government and Despotism—(General Jackson, *i. e.*, the people and the Bank of the United States)—and it remains to be seen whether the Manichæans, or the Christians in Politicks and Religion, be in the right. But for the Millstone of the debt around her neck, England would take water to-morrow."
>
> . . . "I have written thus far interrupted every quarter of a minute by innumerable flies, gigantick as the Empire they inhabit, which attack the face in all its vulnerable points, nose, mouth, and eyes, under cover of the spectacles. This is the land of Pharoah and of his Plagues. It is Ægypt in all but fertility. The extremes of Human Misery and Human Splendour here meet. Although I succeed an Anglo-Russian who considers himself very neat, an exact description of the House prepared to receive me, the publick rooms excepted, would not be very pleasing to him or to the reader."

Recollections of the recent debate in Congress on the claims of Lafayette probably suggested this somewhat ungenerous postscript:

> "I have just heard, but know not what to believe, that the Duke of Orleans is proclaimed King. Yesterday La Fayette was at the Head of affairs—a bad augury of success. He might do for the Finances in one respect—for no one is abler at raising the supplies. If he were Chairman of Ways and Means, the Appropriation Bills would never be smothered in the cradle or talked dead. He at least would never forget to take money out of the Treasury."

There is one other souvenir of Mr. Randolph's brief mission. In a copy of the first volume of Gales and Seaton's "Register of Debates in Congress," he has written on the fly-leaf:

> "St. Petersburgh, Aug. 27 (Sept. 7), 1830.
>
> "This is, to my knowledge, one of the most infamous attempts ever made to mislead Publick opinion by pretended Reports of proceedings ever made since the reign of Terrour. There was then nothing so bad. Both Gales and Seaton have put forth this publication, knowing that it purposely falsifies facts, for the purpose of affecting the ensuing election of P. They are defeated—and we pay them for their Libels!
>
> "J. R. of R."

He has made besides one or two corrections in the reports of his speeches, and once there is the remark, "This is all garbled." Possibly the cause of his anger may be found in the fact that his own speeches are sometimes laconically reported thus: "Mr. Randolph then spoke for four hours."

RIGHT AND WRONG IN FRANCE.

Paris, July 29, 1870.

What first of all strikes any one who observes the French nation at this moment from a higher or more philosophical point of view, is the deplorably inferior condition of civilization which the whole population, from the upper to the lower extremes, exhibits. There is in the club-lounger without occupation of any kind, but with sufficient fortune, the same appreciation of events as in the wretched vagabond in the worst faubourgs who lives upon what he begs, borrows, or steals. It is the one same species of ignorance, coupled with the one same kind of vanity, leading in both cases to the utter incapacity for distinguishing right from wrong—*real* right, namely, from *real* wrong. This is the most remarkable feature morally, perhaps, in the entire French race—the perverted sense of what is honest and true and of what is not so. One or two *naïve* admissions made by public men, within the last ten days, clearly prove the curious mental condition to which I allude. When M. Rouher complimented the Emperor upon his having been "preparing" for this war "for four years," and thus being ready to pounce upon his enemy on the first pretext that should come, M. Rouher had no notion that he was, as it were, delivering to his master a certificate of dishonesty somewhat akin to that earned by men who cheat at cards or indulge in other unfair practices. When the English journals (from the Anglo-Saxon point of view of "fair play") commented upon this, neither M. Rouher, nor perhaps a hundred men in France, clearly perceived the "wrong" committed, which said "wrong" is a weakness. Again, the other day, when, in answer to M. Schneider, the Emperor aphoristically laid down that "every war was just which a people sanctioned" (!), it was not till the strong impression produced by these words came back upon the French public from abroad that they perceived what an inadmissible theory had been expressed.

Education! there is THE want—the great and cruel want of the entire French community. Of *moral* education there is absolutely none—none in any class. Let us take the two broad social and political divisions of the population—the aristocratic and the democratic, the monarchical and so-called revolutionary—what shall we find? The aristocratic mother sends her boy to a religious establishment of some kind (generally conducted by Jesuits), and there what is called his moral education is simply and exclusively clerical; he is, namely, taught to think that wrong can only be measured by a formal religious standard, and that every wrong can be wiped away by confession. Genuine, strong, honest right he has no chance of becoming acquainted with there. But as it is always advisable to secure the help of some human weakness if you desire to acquire hold over human hearts and minds, so the emptiest and silliest sort of national vanity is encouraged under the name of patriotism. The wars of Louis XIV., and all the wars in which France, as a Catholic country, has achieved conquest, are held up as glorious before the eyes of "right-thinking" youth; and as all truth in history is trampled upon by clerical instructors, and all science avoided, and the giant progress of the nineteenth century is sought to be ignored, why, the upper class grows up mostly into hopeless idlers, who fall into vice from sheer ennui, and fancy they soar into heroism if they shoulder a gun and march to the frontier to invade a neighbor nation whose strength irritates and offends them. If you venture to say that France is wrong and has provoked the war, you are met by the assertion that, "as she is certain to be victorious, she cannot be wrong!"—a perfect confirmation of the Emperor's speech that, "when a country was favorable to war, war was right."

So much for the aristocratic classes. Now take the democratic ones. They are not in reality much more nearly abreast of their time than the former, although they affect more modern notions. Perhaps of the two these latter (the democrats) are the more inflated by vanity. With them all notion of "right" is merged in the idea of brute force, and that is why they are invariably applied to, in the last resort, by whatever government rules France. If you will allow the democratic class to yell out the "Marseillaise" at all hours of the day and night, to bully the better-to-do part of the public, and force not its "equality" but its "superiority" upon every one else, then the populace will enter into the war-feeling heart and soul, and rush off to the frontiers ready to invade and pillage every other country. This is one of the chief reasons why, when France suffers *military* defeat, she collapses altogether, having no notion of the moral force that is lent a people by the consciousness of being in the right.

But if you examine seriously this condition of things, you will be obliged to admit that it argues a total want of moral education; or, in other words, an inferior state of civilization—the state of civilization of two or three centuries ago, when mere might was respected and looked upon as identical with justice. Those who wished to believe that civilization had progressed in this country were laboring year after year to prove that a proper comprehension of the blessings of peace was rapidly replacing the old war-feeling, and that Frenchmen were growing to learn that moral justice was the first of all forces. It seemed to be so, and this much was clear—namely, that the *élite* of France, her thinkers and honest men, what ought to be her chiefs and leaders, had welcomed the world's new law. Hence the noble and truly patriotic conduct of the Opposition in the Legislative Chamber during the late sham discussion on the war, and the unity of the eighty-three deputies who stood together like one man to declare the utter iniquity of the Government's proceedings. But the very conduct of these eighty-three will serve to explain why the Emperor has so strenuously resisted the one only measure that would have given France a true representation in the parliament—a reformed electoral law, namely. Had Émile Ollivier not behaved with the all but unparalleled foolishness and baseness which have characterized him ever since he came to power, there is no doubt that a dissolution of the Legislative Chamber would have sent up to Paris the men who really represented the better and more modern opinions and sentiments of the country, and have rendered all the subsequent intrigues and war manœuvres impossible. In this one respect, however, all his colleagues were as much to blame as Ollivier. From the moment when M. Daru consented to remain in the Cabinet, postponing the dissolution of the Chamber to a future time, the means of securing liberal institutions, and what was termed parliamentary government, was lost. The personal rule was stronger than ever, because it could henceforth add to its own brute power the false appearance of national consent.

This is precisely what has occurred in the last fortnight. The Emperor affects to say that the Chamber is to be consulted, and Ollivier does not recoil from the comedy of appealing to the sham majority of that Chamber to "judge" the acts of the Ministry. Both the Emperor and his Ministers knew perfectly well that the Extreme Right, to defeat which the Ollivier cabinet had been called in in January, was clamoring for war as a last desperate resource against the ever-increasing desire of France for freedom, and they combined to make the Extreme Right the arbiters of the situation. As usual, when the crisis came the Emperor's vacillating character gave way, and he was rejoiced at the notion of peace; but, as he has invariably done on all other occasions since the *coup d'état* of 1851 he had created a condition of things out of which there was no escape, so that when he himself would have fain recoiled, the machinery he had combined seized him bodily and hurried him on. When, on the 11th and 12th, the weak, wretched Ollivier went literally dancing about, telegram in hand, in the lobbies of the Chamber and on the open bridge, proclaiming the renunciation of the Hohenzollern Prince and the consequent certainty of peace, he was for the moment the true exponent of his master's views, and he did, for nearly forty-eight hours, conceive that he had got out of the ugliest scrape man or minister had ever been drawn into. But on the 13th and 14th all was again changed, and the swashbucklers of the Extreme Right, aided by the Empress, and using M. de Gramont as their worst instrument, had again obtained the ascendancy, and all hope of a reasonable and peaceable solution was at an end. Then, again, since that, there has been a perpetual succession of contradictory moods in Louis Napoleon. He thought the war would be an easy promenade, during which he would find all the German races ready to support him against Prussia; he dreamt of achieving glory cheaply, and thought that, thus achieved, a little glory would do a great deal for him and his dynasty. But when it came to be seen that all Germany rose as one man to repel the invader, and that the war was to be one of race against race, then the aspect of the matter began to change, and the preparations required to be far more serious.

With the entire opinion of the world against him, not an ally in prospect, and resources unlimited in money and men to be demanded from the nation, Napoleon III. is constrained to take the field against forty millions of the most highly-cultivated people in Europe. What the result will be time alone can show; but whatever it is, the people of France will be the last to know it, since, if they were beaten to extinguishment, there would still be a Government scribe left somewhere who would declare that the glories of Austerlitz had been surpassed. The army goes forth, accompanied by its own "*bureau de publicité.*"

Correspondence.

THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I see by your comments upon my article in the *Hours at Home* for August, on "Education in Syria," that my language may have authorized the impression that the Syrian Protestant College was founded by the American Board of Missions. The truth-telling character of your paper, and a desire to have the facts correctly stated, impel me to call your attention to three facts:

1st. The Syrian Protestant College was not founded by the American Board or by any missionary body.

2d. The missionaries, merchants, consuls, and others at Beirût who constitute the Board of Managers, aid in the management as individuals without regard to denominational differences or to nationalities; so that this college, while Protestant and evangelical, is not under sectarian control. It is an interesting fact that among the managers are missionaries representing four different boards, three of which are American and one Irish; and that among the members are found in harmonious union representatives of at least eight different denominations.

3d. That, although its charter was granted by the State of New York, and its principal trustees, Messrs. W. E. Dodge, Wm. A. Booth, S. B. Chittenden, and David Hoadley, reside in this city, this institution has received liberal aid from the people of England, where it is regarded with favor by representative men of different religious bodies, such, for example, as Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.

In brief, then, the Syrian Protestant College is an institution which, while it extends its blessings to all the Oriental sects alike, is entitled to the sympathy and support of the American and British public, without distinction of sect or creed.

Yours, etc.,
J. Augustus Johnson,
Late U. S. Consul-General for Syria.

New York, August 6, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is announced by Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, that he is engaged in compiling a list of Indian names of localities in Connecticut, which already numbers more than six hundred, but to which he solicits contributions from any source. Records of lands, deeds, and definitions of boundaries are suggested as most likely to contain the desired information, and in regard to every Indian name thus discovered or otherwise sent in should be given, if possible, the earliest form in which and date at which it appears; subsequent variations, with the authority for each; brief description of the locality designated; and the meaning of the name. While Mr. Trumbull is accomplishing this praiseworthy undertaking, for which he is so eminently fitted, other philologists in other States of New England may perhaps be prompted to follow his example. Vocabularies gathered together on this plan, even by persons having little or no acquaintance with Indian dialects, would at least have considerable value if submitted to Mr. Trumbull for comparison with his own, or to edit, as the case might be.——The medical works on the list of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have been growing steadily in number, and the leaning of the house in this direction is now still further shown by its prospectus of the *Medical Times*, "a semi-monthly journal of medical and surgical science," to be issued October 1. We judge that it will have the general appearance of the *Nation*, with sixteen pages instead of twenty. Its departments will embrace reports of clinical lectures, original essays, articles on practical medicine, transactions of medical and scientific societies, foreign and domestic correspondence, reviews, etc., etc. The *Times* seems to be favorably regarded by a large number of physicians who have promised to be among its contributors, and it ought, with good editing, to recover for Philadelphia some portion of its former reputation as the best seat of medical instruction in America. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have in press the following works: "On Representative Government and Personal Representation," based on Thomas Hare's well-known treatise, by Simon Stern; Sir Henry Bulwer's "Life of Lord Palmerston;" another grandson biography, "The Life of George Read," one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, by William T. Read, who will give selections from the correspondence of his grandfather, and notices of some of his contemporaries; "A Hand-book of Medical Microscopy," by Joseph G. Richardson, M.D.; "Jesus: A Man Approved of God," by Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.; also, numerous novels, including two translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister.——Mr. L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street, is agent for obtaining subscriptions for a costly work announced by Baumgaertner in Leipzig: "Polychromatic Masterpieces of Monumental Art in Italy from the Fifth to the Sixteenth Century." It is to be published in six numbers—the first has already appeared—containing two plates each, colored and in perspective, costing in all about $75 gold. The views (all interior) will be taken from famous buildings in Ravenna, Florence, Palermo, Orvieto, Rome, Siena, Genoa, and Venice.. The draughtsman is Henry Köhler, royal commissioner for art-building and teacher of architecture in the Polytechnic School at Hanover.

—In his life of General Butler, Mr. James Parton affirms positively, and with his usual agreeable absoluteness, that the two best writers produced by the war were Mr. George Wilkes and General Butler. We forget what was said to be Mr. Wilkes's claim to this credit, though we think it was the writing of editorial articles of the most slashing kind, directed against General McClellan; but one of the reasons for giving the honor in question to General Butler was his happy invention of the term "contraband." Everybody was bothered by the negro, said Mr. Parton, in substance, if our memory is not at fault; nobody knew whether to regard the colored captive or refugee as prisoner of war, chattel, free man, animal, runaway servant, or what, and it was a very fortunate thing for us that we had among us so skilful a handler of words as General Butler to seize on the term "contraband of war," and, applying that to our elephant, suddenly and completely take him off our hands. The praise is not very well deserved, whether we look at the evasive character of the method, or at the practical effect of it in disposing of the question. But that is neither here nor there. A witness comes forward in the Chicago *Tribune*, and proves the rather curious fact that the word "contraband," as applied to the negro in his character of a troublesome person to have on one's hands, was early known to this generation, and that General Butler's invention was, as so often happens in such cases, a reinvention. He quotes from a book which, doubtless, has interested a great many of our readers, for it used to be scattered broadcast through the country, and was very popular on account of the adventurous life of its hero—Captain Canot's "Twenty Years of an African Slaver." The edition of 1854 is the one cited, and the words are a paragraph on page 108: "Scandal declares that while brokers are selling the blacks at the depot it is not unusual for their owner or his agent to be found knocking at the door of the Captain-General's Secretary. It is even said that the Captain-General himself is sometimes present in the sanctuary, and, after a familiar chat about the happy landing of 'the contraband,' the requisite rouleaux are insinuated into the official desk under the intense smoke of a fragrant cigar."

—Some of our readers may recollect the name of Dr. Rowland Williams, who was a contributor to the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews," in which he appeared as the author of the article entitled "Bunsen's Biblical Researches"—an article that brought on him a prosecution before the Court of Arches, a condemnation, and a sentence—afterwards revoked—of suspension for one year. He has recently died, and left behind him a will, which is one of the curiosities of mortuary literature, and also an odd illustration of the whimsicality, or rather the unpracticalness and simplicity, that so often accompany the scholarly mind. He was a professor in the College of St. David's, in Llanbedr, or Lampeter, in South Wales, and there he had some sort of trouble with his associates, or at least met with some discomfort, of the particulars of which we have no knowledge, and left Lampeter, resigning his professorship and retiring to Broad Chalke, near by. This residence was to him exile, and the quotation in his will of the famous words of Gregory the Great refers to the life at Broad Chalke. The will was made shortly after his resignation of his place, and may be supposed to express his first irritation. He leaves to the town of Lampeter the sum of fifty pounds sterling, of which one-third of the income is perpetually to be given to the Town Crier "for making proclamation once a year, about midsummer, on a market-day, that I, Rowland Williams, never consented to the election of George Lewellin to a scholarship in this college, but in this, as in other things, I was foully slandered by men in high places; because I loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I died in exile, but while unjust men permitted me, I both kept the needy student by his right and defended the alms of the altar of God." It is a breath out of the Middle Ages to come upon such a bequest as that, and, impossible as it will seem to the American mind, this grotesque vindication may for generations yet, on market days, be heard in the quiet little Welsh hamlet, and a couple of hundred years from now may be giving proof to the Briton of the future that, despite Mr. Mill's lament, his forefathers of 1870 were not altogether devoid of individuality of character. A good deal of planing down can be borne by timber so gnarly as the British oak still produces. While Yorkshiremen reply to a civil "good-night" by saying "good-night—and damn you"; and while a typical dialogue between two men of the people, speaking of a third, runs as follows: "Oo goes theer, Bill?" "A stranger." "Stranger? 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im"; and while wills like this of Dr. Williams's are made, we need not fall into despair over the dull uniformity of the British character.

—A writer in *Nature* raises the question why our ancestors gave the name of horse-chestnut to the tree so called, and offers us what he considers the true answer. "All over the branches," he says, "at every bud, can be seen what at a glance will be taken for an exact conformation of the foot of a horse, exhibiting the hoof, the nails of the shoeing, the fetlock joint, and so forth, in marvellous miniature. This curious freak in nature's vegetable kingdom has, no doubt, been the origin of our nomenclature of this tree." To say that there is no doubt of this derivation is putting the case rather strongly. What part of the horse is represented by the horse-purslain, for example; or the horse-radish, or the horse cucumber, or the horse-mackerel? The fact would seem to be that our ancestors called this particular chestnut the horse-chestnut because they had a way—which we ourselves have hardly lost—of prefixing the word horse to the name of anything large of its kind, or strong (in any way) as compared with other species of the same thing. The horse-chestnut is so called, we take it, not because of "the practice among the Turks of feeding their horses on the seeds of this tree," as some authorities have it, nor because of the miniature horse's foot which Mr. Connell finds at the foot of every bud; but for the same reason that a loud, coarse laugh is called a horse-laugh; the more powerful and acrid radish, a horse-radish; a large, indelicate face, a horse-face; rough play, horse-play, and the like. It is at first thought rather a curious use of the word; but we are to think of the horse as our ancestors' chief machine, so to speak, for lightening labor, and of his strength as constantly coming into comparison with that of the human laborer working by his side. That we of the present generation have not wholly lost this habit of applying the word in question is perhaps seen in the new phrase—born in the West, we believe—of "horse-sense," which is applied to the intellectual ability of men who exceed others in practical wisdom. It is as likely, however, and perhaps more likely, that the Westerner is struck by the much greater frequency among horses than among men of an exact adaptation of means to ends; of the certainty with which the horse does the things that conduce to his comfort. To be sure, other animals show the same certainty; but even in the case of such domesticated animals as the dog and cat instinct seems far more controlling than in the horse. They lack his gravity, too; and they do not share disinterestedly man's labors and responsibilities to anything like the same extent.

—The Vicar-General of this Roman Catholic diocese took occasion the other day to explain the import of the dogma of Papal infallibility. How good a report of his remarks was given to the press we do not know, but as they stand printed they tend to confirm the reader in an opinion which he very likely has, be it well or ill founded, that Roman Catholic controversialists, like other polemics, are not above being a trifle disingenuous, and whip the devil round the stump after a fashion that worldly persons would hardly like to venture on. Father Starrs, for instance, told his audience the other day that the Pope, in his character of infallible teacher of the faith, was like the Justices of the United States; a Papal decree as to faith or morals was final; no Papal decision on such matters could be appealed from; so too with the Supreme Court's decisions: they are unappealable and final. This is misleading enough. The Supreme Court sits to declare what the law is, and has back of it, as sources of law, the Constitution and the various legislative bodies of the country. It makes no law, but states what the law is. To do more than this is beyond its power. It cannot say that its decisions are final for more than the moment, and never knows that they will not be overborne at the next session of Congress or by the next action taken on an amendment by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Father Starrs would probably say that the Pope speaking *ex cathedra* is not the source of dogma, but that he declares merely the law proceeding from the secret counsels of Providence. Even so, the comparison halts; there is no provision made, so far as we learn, for the reversal of the decrees which he lays down. Whatever he says is the very truth itself, and of its nature irreversible. What Chief-Justice Chase says on the bench is reversible, because nobody pretends that his judgments embody essential truth in all cases, or in many cases, or perhaps in any case; but it is convenient that somewhere should rest the power of saying the last word in disputes. Father Starrs, to be sure, may merely have been unfortunate in his comparison; but his failure in rhetoric was practically a failure in truthfulness. His own audience would probably just as soon be told out-and-out that they must "believe" whatever the Pope informs them is necessary to avert eternal damnation, because the Pope is to all intents and purposes the Holy Ghost or God, so far as God concerns himself with the future state of man. And outsiders, too, would just as soon, and a little rather, be told that, if that is the real statement of the case, than to have offered them comparisons which are effective only with the ignorant, whom they deceive.

—It is well known that some of the most telling productions of the literature of the Reformation period were small tracts or essays, printed on one or two sheets of paper (*Flugschriften*). Three thousand of these old-time pamphlets, written by Luther and his contemporaries, have been collected and reprinted by Weigel, of Leipzig. A well-digested catalogue of the entire series is also published, in which these reprints are all described, with price annexed for each, so that, if desired, they may be ordered separately. They are reproduced in all their integrity of ancient style and orthography.

—The few Oriental scholars we have among us may be interested in hearing that the publication, in numbers, of Dr. Zenker's Turkish-Arabian-Persian Dictionary, commenced in 1865, is lately completed.——Not often do we see a legal treatise in form of a map. Such a work is Richard Schrœder's "Rechtskarte von Deutschland," with explanatory notes, published at Perthes's geographical establishment in Gotha. Various codes and "bodies of law" prevail in Germany. Austria, Prussia, Baden, and Saxony all have codes which, to a greater or less extent, are adopted by their smaller neighbors, and, besides these, the German common law and the civil code (Code Napoléon) are also in vigor in some states. The object of the map is to show which of these systems is accepted in any given country of Germany.——A large octavo, just out at Leipzig, gives us studies on the institution called the Society of Jesus. They are from the pen of Eberhard Zirngiebl, and treat of the Jesuit order with especial reference to their educational system and labors in Germany. The style of the author is somewhat rough and ungainly, but his historic material is full and valuable.——Scientific enquirers concerning the relative merits of places recommended as resorts for invalids will find much valuable dissertation and information in Dr. Reimer's lately published "Klimatische Winterkurorte" (Berlin). Special discussion is devoted to the advantages of Nice, Montremy, Pau, Ajaccio, Cannes, Hyères, and Pisa.——A new "History of Bohemia," by Ludwig Schlesinger, is well spoken of in Germany. It reached a second edition in eight weeks.——A volume by Heinrich Thiersch, containing biographical sketches of Luther, Gustavus Adolphus, and Maximilian the First of Bavaria, meets with generally favorable acceptance at the hands of the critics.——Readers and students looking thoroughly into German literature should know of two works now in course of publication: "German Middle-Age Classics," which has reached its eighth volume, and "German Poets of the Seventeenth Century," of which the third volume is just published.

—The Paris journals have very lately announced, with no small flourish of trumpets, the completion of a literary undertaking "which recalls the surprising labors of the Benedictines of old." This is simply a French and Chinese dictionary by Monseigneur Perny, Vicar Apostolic of the Catholic mission at Peking, and is pronounced a success by competent judges. We are ready to applaud the linguistic talent, patient labor, and faculty for arrangement displayed by the learned author, whose work might almost be called an encyclopædia, but it is difficult to comprehend the "surprising" nature of Mgr. Perny's labors, and the reasons which induced him, as stated by the *Gaulois*, "to form moulds for the 80,000 characters contained in the Chinese language, and to run the type, and to set up the work with his own hand." Chinese dictionaries of fair pretensions to scope and accuracy already exist in several languages, the best known being those of De Guignes (French and Chinese), Gonçalves (Latin, Portuguese, and Chinese), Morrison (two editions), Williams, Lobscheid, Chalmers, and Medhurst (English and Chinese); to say nothing of manuscript dictionaries in abundance preserved in the libraries at Hong-Kong, Macao, Peking, and other places. Russia has also contributed to this class of literature, and a compilation aided by so many predecessors does not justify the extravagant laudations of the French press, despite the acknowledged fact that there is still room for a standard work of the sort in some one European language. The mechanical labor, too, accomplished by the learned vicar must surely have been undertaken for amusement, there being several very complete Chinese fonts both in China and elsewhere. Perhaps the most perfect is that of the American Presbyterian Mission at Shanghai (brevier and bourgeois bodies); the others being the "London Mission," "Daily Press," and "China Mail" journal offices at Hong-Kong (pica, long primer, and bourgeois), and an imperfect font at the Macao mission. In Europe there are good fonts at St. Petersburg, Paris, Leipzig, and Cambridge, so that one would think the severe task of Mgr. Perny uncalled for, especially as the two first-named missions supply type at a rate which must be immensely below the prime cost of material to form both matrix and character. The feat accomplished in this case is worthy of record as a curiosity in the history of printing rather than as a necessity imposed upon the author. A new English-Chinese Lexicon has, we learn from a correspondent, been published at Hong-Kong, and Dr. S. Wells Williams has a valuable Mandarin-English Dictionary in the press. Students of that dialect will welcome anything from the scholarly and experienced author of the "Middle Kingdom."

—In translations from the Chinese, we have a new and augmented edition of Sir John Francis Davis's "Poeseos Sinicæ Commentarii"—a work on Chinese poetry. A student of the language is recorded to have once forcibly, if ungrammatically, expressed his opinion that "Chinese was deuced hard to learn, and wasn't anything when you'd learnt it." Many people have passed a similar verdict on Chinese poetry—as interpreted by the most prosaic of sinologues—but a careful perusal of this work may lead them to admit that there is decidedly more in it than meets the eye of the unripe scholar. Rhyme and rhythm are essential even in Chinese to the construction of verse, and so dainty is the Celestial ear that two syllables alike in every respect but *tone* are not held to rhyme. Thus, in the lines from "Marmion,"

> "Say was Heaven's justice *here?*
> When loyal to his love and truth
> Wilton found overthrow or death
> Beneath a rival's *spear*"—

the words "here" and "spear" would not strike the Chinese reader as rhyming with each other, the one being in the questioning or "second" tone and the other in the even or "first" tone. As regards the verse itself in its translated dress, it is pleasing and sometimes poetical, while its value as a correct translation of Chinese poetical efforts is undoubted. Strangely enough, the parallelism which characterizes Hebrew verse is observed here, and the author adds an interesting essay on this matter. Sir John Davis's high character as a sinologue sufficiently guarantees both the faithfulness of the English text to the original, and the accuracy of the philological remarks.

—Mr. R. Swinhoe, the well-known naturalist, and late British consul in Formosa, has compiled a catalogue of the mammals of South China and Formosa, and a list of birds collected by Mr. C. Collingwood, another naturalist, whose recent work upon the Japan and China seas was favorably noticed in literary circles. Both of these lists are of much value, but ornithologists are yet waiting for a comprehensive work on the feathered inhabitants of China from Mr. Swinhoe's pen. As one of the best living authorities on this subject, it seems a pity that he should confine his efforts to the pages of magazines almost unknown in this country.

—The French Cambodian expedition to Western China finds appropriate record in the "Narrative" of M. Garnier, who was, we believe, second in command of the little band who succeeded in penetrating from Cambodia to Hankow about eighteen months ago. The captain of the expedition succumbed to the fatigues of the journey, dying of dysentery just as he had reached the confines of Szechuan. M. Garnier's narrative is one of the few recently published which takes us over fresh ground, and it consequently claims particular attention. Amongst the curious facts which he records are some relating to the cultivation of the poppy which furnishes the native supply of opium. Horses, according to M. Garnier, eagerly feed upon its leaves, and, if long indulged, pine away if deprived of this strange luxury. Pigs are in like manner opium-eaters, and fatten quickly on the diet (the reverse of what takes place with opium *smokers*), while rats also enjoy the intoxicating poison with a freedom from ill effects which De Quincey might have envied. The bee alone refuses to frequent the poppy districts, thus evincing a wise discretion. So at least M. Garnier says, but we have no means of verifying his authority as a naturalist. He does not state, by the way, a significant fact which has recently been made public—that Russian agents in Western China are closely following up the route taken by his party, with the view of establishing "friendly relations" with the natives of those parts.

LOUIS BLANC'S "REVOLUTION OF 1848."*

THIS latest production of the eminent French *réfugié*—a re-elaboration for his countrymen of a work in English, provoked by Lord Normanby's "A Year of Revolution in Paris"—is not a regular, detailed history, but rather a historico-critical review, of the extraordinary four months in the annals of France to which it is devoted. It thus lacks many of the charms which the wonderful descriptive powers of the author have so profusely strewn over his greater works, the "Histoire de Dix Ans" and the "Histoire de la Révolution Française." On the other hand, it has above these the merit of reviewing and, though slightly, sketching events in which the writer himself figured as one of the principal actors; and, like everything emanating from the same pen, it is distinguished by powers of analysis and diction such as are rarely met with in combination in the literature of any country or age. It is, however, chiefly interesting as a new self-manifestation of Louis Blanc himself, after twenty years of exile and comparative silence—of Louis Blanc, the socialist, the republican, and the historian.

On opening the book, we naturally ask ourselves, Does the author of the "Organisation du travail" and revolutionary lecturer at the Luxembourg still cling to the peculiar tenets the propagation of which at an inopportune moment so powerfully contributed—according to a generally adopted view—to the disastrous termination of the democratic republic he had from his youth so ardently yearned and worked for? Does the ex-member of the Provisional Government, who, at the Hôtel de Ville, in February and March, 1848, penned so many radical decrees, all breathing unlimited faith in the virtues of the people and in the rapid progress of mankind—does he still cherish, and cherish in the same degree, that blissful faith, after the carnage of June, 1848, brought about by no threats of foreign invasion, by no intrigues of a dispossessed nobility, but by demagogic agitation, party blindness, and the rage of famishing laborers; after the reduction, in 1849, of republican Rome by the arms of republican France; after the *coup d'état* of 1851, against which the sovereign people of France made hardly an effort, and after the eighteen years of Cæsarism based on universal suffrage which followed it? How does the historian of 1870, looking back after so many years of continued and modified experience, judge the character of the contemporary men whose historical portraits he depicted, thirty years earlier, in his "History of Ten Years?"

As regards his socialism, Louis Blanc still avows himself the sectarian he ever was. Socialism is still, above everything, the cause which he serves ("la cause que je sers"). He still designates poverty by "its true name, slavery." He still mocks at those who believe the organization of labor to be a chimera, and misery and hunger things "of immortal essence." He designates the following convictions, uttered in the National Assembly of 1848, as fundamental tenets of socialism, "tel que je le comprends"—mark the present tense: "The actual order of society realizes neither liberty—for liberty does not exist where thousands of men must perish of hunger if they do not sell their bodies and souls at descending auction prices; nor equality—which consists, for all men, in their *equal* right of development for their *unequal* faculties, a right of which a considerable portion of mankind is now deprived by the monopolization of the instruments of labor; nor fraternity—for unlimited competition rests on the same principle which underlies the duel to the knife, reproducing war under a different form." He still believes "that, in an association of brethren, the weak one ought never to be sacrificed to the strong; that an unequal distribution of the fruits of collective labor tends to encourage selfishness in some, to rouse envy in others, to loosen the bonds of the association, and thus to work its ruin; that men laboring side by side, with a common interest in view, are naturally accessible to the same sentiment of honor which animates soldiers fighting side by side, in the expectation of a common victory;" and that there is little strength in the objection that the soldier finds quite a different stimulus in the hope of individual advancement, in a vast perspective of personal distinction, wealth, and power. Louis Blanc sees in labor associations organized on "the system of the equality of wages"—what few others will discern—"des mobiles absolument analogues."

His republicanism, it is hardly necessary to say after the foregoing, is equally unshaken. And he is a French republican not only prospectively, but also in a retrospective sense. He defends, he glorifies the Revolution of 1848, although admitting that it surprised the country no less than the world, that "most of the departments, in February, 1848, were still monarchical; they were stunned at the news of the triumph of the Republic; they gave it their recognition, but hardly their acclaim." Its fall he ascribes to no fundamental vice inherent in either the republican institutions or the French people—though he condemns the unconditional application of universal suffrage in France—but to "an accidental combination of betrayals and faults. . . . When the majority of the last Legislative Assembly abjured its mandate, repudiated its origin, exhausted itself in maledictions against the most direct consequences of the republican faith, persecuted every sincere republican, reduced the primary-school teachers to mendicity, wantonly exasperated the laborers, disarmed the people, and, from hatred of the Republic, abolished universal suffrage—what else did it then than collect the materials of power which Louis Bonaparte employed, on the Second of December, for the crushing of that assembly itself?" The French, contrary to the prevalent opinion, he regards as a nation of eminently republican tendencies, and to proving it he devotes a long disquisition, marked by striking ingenuity, but less exhaustive and convincing than ingenious. He believes in the genius of France, and concludes his book with a glowing expression of his trust in her better nature—words calculated to inspire enthusiasm when written, but at this moment, unfortunately, more apt to elicit a smile. Here and there we also meet with a fugitive glorification of the people of Paris, which sounds like a feeble echo of once cherished but now half-effaced convictions, or with a lively apostrophe to former "generous" co-workers of the laboring class, which tells that Louis Blanc, moderate and prudent as he is in exile, has not for all time to come renounced the rôle of a revolutionist. Nor is the way in which he speaks of his own part in the affairs of 1848 calculated to throw his past rôle as such under a shade.

The defence of the Provisional Government of 1848—the principal object of the work, implying, as it did, the vindication of the author's own course, to a certain limit—was, as far as directed against Lord Normanby and similar antagonists, rather an easy task. Not without sufficient reasons does he ask: "What other government, in fact, has ever evinced, in the midst of a terrible conflict of unchained passions, a nobler confidence in the moral power of its principle, a more absolute disinterestedness, or a prouder courage? What other government has ever treated its enemies with more magnanimity, shown a greater horror of bloodshed, and abstained more scrupulously from the use of violence? What other government has ever so marvellously succeeded in maintaining itself at the summit of a society shaken to its foundation, without recourse to force; without imposing silence, were it only on calumny; without sheltering itself behind judges, policemen, and soldiers; in maintaining itself with the aid of one single power, the power of persuasion?" And the fruits of their short administration he proudly enumerates thus: They consecrated the Republic. They established the sovereignty of the people through universal suffrage. They abolished capital punishment for political crimes. They abolished negro slavery. They annulled all titles of nobility. They abolished imprisonment for debt. They proclaimed man's right to labor. They reduced the number of labor hours. They adopted, for the state, the great formula: liberty, equality, fraternity. And to certain cavilling "socialists of the new generation" he, with equal pertinence, addresses the question: "By what efforts, by what brilliant sacrifices, by what acts of manly independence, by what display of genius, have you acquired the right of being so severe? . . . Why, you are there, and France enjoys as yet no other liberties but those given her in the shape of alms!" This is all right, but were we to ask the author, Did not the Provisional Government consist of a set of poets, theorists, and dreamers of various kinds, humane and generous, to be sure, but devoid of the real ability to govern, men who sufficiently proved their unfitness for the position by attempting to rule France in revolution and to transform the world merely by the "power of persuasion?"—what answer would he give us? The book before us ignores this question.

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* "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848." Par Louis Blanc. 2 vols. Paris. 1870.

Nor were the members of the Provisional Government, according to Louis Blanc's showing, free from foibles of various kinds, such as vanity, intriguing propensities, and fickleness. He is rather severe on Lamartine, though acknowledging himself one of the greatest admirers of his genius and integrity. He treats Garnier-Pagès as a decided opponent. Marrast he represents as an unfair and dangerous intriguer, possibly from patriotic motives. Marie was his principal enemy, and he is not sparing in accusing him of bitter and treacherous hostility to the cause of the people. He defends Ledru Rollin, but obviously more from regard for the republican cause than for the man. Arago himself, than whom none appeared greater in the "History of Ten Years," seems this time rather to tax his patience. Old Dupont (de l'Eure) plays no real part. Only Albert and Flocon, who always sided with Louis Blanc, and Crémieux, who, though wavering between the parties, was always ready to shield him, are spoken of with unmixed praise. Of men outside of the Provisional Government, Barbès, Béranger, and the author's brother, Charles Blanc, are spoken of with warm affection; Jules Favre—though a former enemy—with mildness, and none with greater severity than General Cavaignac, who is accused of having been capable, from military pride and prejudice, of committing political crimes such as we should find grave in the history of a Napoleon. The sketch of Louis Philippe, with which the work opens, is one of the author's masterpieces in this *genre*. On the whole, the unfortunate king is somewhat more mildly treated here than in the "Ten Years." We must say, as a partisan, Louis Blanc is sufficiently impartial; as a historian, he is too much of a partisan. But in what his partiality is most conspicuous is his treatment not of individuals, but of the action of the masses, that is, of the *peuple*. He was certainly guiltless of active participation in the revolutionary movement of May 15, though he has suffered exile for it, and equally guiltless of the fratricidal carnage in June; but his sympathies—the whole tenor of his narrative shows it—were, in both cases, with the revolutionary *peuple*, and he has no word of reproach for the grand collective crime committed by the insurrectionists. It suffices for him to know that the people were hungry, to excuse, nay, to admire, that equally atrocious and foolish device, "Bread or lead!" with which they madly rushed into the contest of June, as well as the obstinacy, more savage than heroic, with which they continued to fight when all hope of victory was gone.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

MR. BRET HARTE'S "Luck of Roaring Camp," of which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are the publishers, is a republication in the sense of being largely, if not wholly, made up of articles that have previously appeared in the magazines. In noticing the magazines from month to month, we have had occasion to speak of these pieces, and there is little or nothing that it remains for us to say. We find them like other republished magazine articles, in that they do not show quite so well by themselves and intrinsically considered, as when the reader was involuntarily making comparison of them with the stories and sketches on the average magazine level, which, as our magazines go, is a low one, and one which a writer may transcend, and transcend with apparent triumph, and with the loud applause of the magazine public, while yet he has done nothing capable of giving permanent pleasure. That what Mr. Harte here offers us is incapable of giving permanent pleasure, or at least pleasure for a long time, it would not, we think, be true to say. "Tennessee's Partner" seemed to us very good on a second reading; we were, perhaps, rather clearer in mind than we had been before as to the badness of the last part of it; but we were equally sure, at last and at first, that all the essential portion of the story was admirable for vigorous sketching of an odd character, for unforced and unexaggerated humor, and for pathos kept excellently well in hand and devoid of sentimentalism. It is a fault of Mr. Harte's that his pathos very often runs into sentimentality, and that he apparently needs all his sense of the humorous and all his turn for analyzing and satirizing his own feelings to prevent a lapse into the falseness and mawkishness of sentimentalism. The death bed scene of Tennessee's partner is weak by reason of this fault; the "Luck of Roaring Camp," good as that is, has traces of it which interfere much with one's enjoyment, and the inferior pieces—these two being the best in the book—indicate it so often as to make one doubt if strength of fibre be not wanting in a writer who likes the lachrymose so well, and if we have not all been expecting from him rather more than we shall get. However, it is a mistake common to young writers to overvalue their ability in this direction, as producing more immediate and obvious evidences of their power over the reader; it is usual for even the greatest writers to win in their youth triumphs over the feelings of their readers before they address themselves to the more difficult task of permanently conquering and captivating the judgment and imagination. In Mr. Harte's case, we should say that the later signs would seem to show that he is improving as regards this matter. Some of his more recent poems, for instance, are free from any such blemish as more or less disfigure these pieces. They are, perhaps, getting to be a little too much like stories in another respect, and hardly justify their right to be in verse, but certainly they are not expressive of sentimentalism.

The contents of this volume seem to have been written at various periods, some appearing to be our author's beginnings at writing, and showing how natural he probably found it to personate in his clever "Condensed Novelists" various contemporary writers of fiction. Like every man of much voluntary mimetic power, he has some involuntary imitativeness also. Read, for example, "The Right Eye of the Commander," which Hawthorne might have done—and have been pleased to do, too. Other of the articles would seem to have been done still earlier, and, to tell the truth, although none of them is bad, some of them might properly have been left in undisturbed repose. The better work, however, was well worth saving. It makes it plain that we have a new writer of decided abilities as a sketcher of the character and scenes of the strange life of the Far West; a man who is at least enough of a humorist to delight in observing and to excel in catching for us the native humor, conscious or unconscious, that abounds on the Pacific Coast and on the Plains; a man of sympathies so quick as to forbid his merely drawing the outsides of his oddities, and to compel him to enter into their hearts and minds, thus causing his figures to live and glow with something of the inner truth of portraiture; a man, finally, of skill in the management of his materials, and of a pleasant style, which, however, shows ease and a taste for refined elegance in detail rather than solidity or strength; but which, on the other hand, if sometimes verging towards too much polish, is sometimes as racy as Burns's Scotch, and never is polished to the extent of Burns's provincial English. Against this list of merits are to be set the fault we have mentioned of sentimentalism; a leaning towards self-sacrificing gamblers, women of easy virtue, and, in general, towards people with some sort of decidedly melodramatic turn to their goodness and their badness; allied to this a little leaning towards sensationalism in his incidents—though that, no doubt, he has in his capacity of Californian quite as much as personally. The substantial and distinctive praise, however, that he is a humorous observer, with an eye to see inside as well as to see thoroughly well the outside, remains to him. Whether or not he was fortunate in having his lines cast in California may, perhaps, be doubted. He has at least been aided to begin by the temptation of the strongly-marked figures around him; and to have made a beginning is much. It is to be hoped that as years bring him thought and study, he may be seen working on a larger canvas, and produce enduring works as good of their kind as these sketches.

Twenty years ago the stories of Miss Aguilar were in good repute as desirable reading for young girls, and fairly deserved the estimation in which they were held. "Home Influence," especially, is a story the reperusal of which renews for us the impression of its author as a sensible, pleasant, and good-hearted person, which we long ago received from it.

Mothers and daughters might still, we imagine, read it with not less pleasure than profit. The sequel to it, however, although it shows the same kindliness of feeling, is less genuine and unaffected, and has a good deal of somewhat stilted rhetoric about it, which in these days, when everybody seems to be getting fonder of directness and simplicity of speech, is not quite pleasant. The tone and spirit of both books are quite unexceptionable, and their author appears to have had a genuine talent for domestic fiction, which was sufficiently well cultivated to account for the success of the books at their first appearance. They are not good enough, however, one would suppose, to make the experiment of reprinting them a profitable one. Twenty-odd years ago people expressed surprise that a Jewess should write tales which breathed a spirit so truly Christian; and the curiosity to see how this task, supposed to be so difficult, had been accomplished, was one not wholly unimportant reason of their popularity. There is in them a total freedom from bigotry, the utmost kindliness of feeling, and a real religious sentiment; but though they profess to represent the home life of an English Church family, and one or two clergymen occupy subordinate places in the story, there is nothing distinctively Christian about them—nothing, that is to say, which an enlightened Jew might not have written with a good conscience, and nothing, to take a case in point, which Miss Yonge, who is fond of doing the sort of thing which Miss Aguilar essayed, would accept as being in any but the most limited sense what the home education of church people should aim at. This is not, of course, to detract from the real merit of the books, but to give a reason why to certain classes they should be less acceptable than they once were; while to other people, accustomed to old-fashioned girls and little women of a quite different kind, their way of dealing with a past generation of young people will make them not altogether attractive. The series is published by the Messrs. Appleton, and already includes, besides the tale mentioned above, "The Mother's Recompense," "Woman's Friendship," The Women of Israel," "The Days of Bruce," and "The Vale of Cedars."

Mr. Disraeli's success as the writer of "Lothair" has induced the same publishers to bring out all his earlier novels, and here we have "Venetia," and "Contarini Fleming," and "Miriam Alroy," and "Coningsby," and "Vivian Grey," and all the rest of them—as stilted and rhapsodical in diction; as absurd in point of personages and plot; as full of political and social general propositions; as epigrammatic in places and as unblushingly gorgeous and sophomorical in other places; as Semitic; as parliamentary; as libellous; as fearfully and wonderfully "duchessy," as they were thirty or forty years ago, when our fathers were young dandies in strapped trowsers and voluminous cravats and rolling-collared coats, and our grandfathers took snuff and regretted the days of knee-breeches. Dull, too, we were going to call these novels, but there is pleasure to be got from them. Apart from the interest which they have as excellent specimens of a kind of novel now altogether gone out of vogue; and pleasing because of an unreality which seems quite gentlemanly in comparison with the impertinent earnestness and exactness of the modern novel, they are readable also for the light they throw, or might be made to throw, if one would study them, upon the character of their author. It would be an interesting study. We cannot say, however, that we have attempted it, though attempting it is suggested as one turns over the leaves and wonders at the curious frankness of the author. He must surely have an unaffected contempt for the people whom he has helped to rule during the last quarter of a century. Nothing could be franker, seemingly, or more expressive of steady, intense strength of will and absolute self-reliance, than the freedom of his self-revelations. As skilful writing, to say nothing of literary art, the books are not worth a moment's mention; and it seems evident enough that their author is of that opinion too, and that they are all, or nearly all, as confessedly means to an end as any pamphlet of Swift's or Cobbett's. One or two of the earliest he may have written from inability to restrain his eagerness to see his powers in actual operation on his fellow-men, but when once he became a politician in action the books became merely instruments to effect this or that purpose. The main necessity of his nature would seem to be the sensation of control of others and the gratification of seeing his compelling power acknowledged. The stories appear to us to bear out this notion of him quite as well as the career which he has presented the world for contemplation. Certainly it is the man of action rather than the man of thought that appears in them, for nothing need be much hollower and more worthless than such of the superabundant sounding generalizations and maxims as do not refer to the management of men, and of men in politics, as distinguished from the guidance and control of man.

The second edition of Mr. Henry C. Lea's "Superstition and Force" gives evidence of the author's conscientious striving to perfect his work. It has been entirely reset, the text enlarged by nearly seventy pages, a table of contents prefixed, and the index rendered very much fuller and more minute. Not only have the facts of the four essays been carefully revised, but the style, even of the general reflections, has been subjected to criticism, and the changes thus made readily approve themselves. What were notes in the former edition are here frequently found incorporated with the text, which has been correspondingly worked over for the sake of greater brevity, clearness, or accuracy. As if to preserve still more rigorously that religious colorlessness, so to speak, which won for Mr. Lea, in the case of his "Sacerdotal Celibacy," the praise of Dean Milman, he makes a noticeable alteration in the first sentence of the chapter on Ordeal. "It is only," reads the former edition, "in an age of high and refined mental culture that man, *unassisted by direct inspiration*, can entertain an adequate conception of the Supreme Being." The words we have italicized are wanting in the second edition, and it is possibly easier to defend this omission than to prove the proposition contained in them. The omission, in this instance, does not necessarily imply a change of opinion or of faith in the author, and we refer to it only as showing how thoroughly, how much more thoroughly, probably, than any of his reviewers, Mr. Lea has sat in judgment on himself. The pains he has taken put the public under an obligation which we trust it will not be backward in acknowledging in a practical way. While the motive of the work remains the same, as also the aggregate impression of each part and of the whole upon the reader, and absolute errors to be corrected have not been numerous, some of the additions, nevertheless, are of sufficient importance to make it desirable for a student to consult this the latest edition in preference to the earlier.

Into two plump duodecimos, whose large print is large enough for poor eyes, and whose small print is not unreasonably small, the Harpers have compressed the "Life and Letters," "Lectures and Addresses," and "Sermons" of the late Frederick W. Robertson—works hitherto familiar to our public in the editions of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. Of the sermons we have lately had occasion to speak (see the *Nation*, No. 228), and few of our readers who are in the habit of reading printed sermons are likely to be wholly unfamiliar with these. Their influence upon clergymen and students of divinity has been, and probably continues, great; but we should expect more general good to result from an equal circulation of the "Life and Letters." Of this we remember to have written: "No biography since the publication of Stanley's 'Life of Arnold' has been issued from the press so well adapted to sink into the minds of younger men, and mould their opinions, and to raise the tone of the Christian ministry to a higher standard;" and we added, in reference to the letters: "They are to be digested as Robertson himself read, and advised others to read—only a few pages at a time; and so read, we know not where to find their equal for suggestive power." This judgment, as we turn over the pages in which Mr. Brooke has allowed his friend to portray himself as no one else could have done, we find confirmed, especially in what relates to the value of Mr. Robertson's example and teachings for the young. Not only will they serve to evoke and develop the sentiment of religion, to counteract the materialistic tendencies of the age, to call up lofty ideals and inspire manly enthusiasm, but almost to impart the culture of a liberal education. The candor which pervades the letters in a naturally higher degree than the sermons will also happily affect minds not yet filled with prejudices or committed to partisanship.

The Complete Works of a preacher than whom, perhaps, Robertson is only less a favorite among Unitarians—of the late Dr. W. E. Channing—have been published in a single compact volume, comprising 764 pages with double columns and fine type, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons). The American edition of 1841, in six volumes, is still obtainable, at a low price, of the Unitarian Association in Boston, and will be preferred, in spite of the long usage of the plates, by those who must consult their eyesight in reading. As a means of propagandism, however, the cheaper and handier volume, embodying all the contents of the six, will undoubtedly prove more useful. Not all the pieces refer immediately to religion. Several are biographical, others critical, reviewing works on Bonaparte, Milton, and Fénelon, and the last twelve political—on the Union, on war, on slavery and the Abolitionists, the annexation of Texas, emancipation, etc., etc. These all breathe the spirit of humanity which constantly animated the writer, but they also remind us how easily a dread of violence and bloodshed, whether the result of timidity or of principle, makes of one who may be a radical in religion a conservative in politics.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son merit thanks for their cheap, one-volume editions of Evelyn's "Diary" and Warton's "History of English Poetry"—fit records of two sweet-natured, learned, accomplished men. It is pleasant to see them put within the reach of the poorest, and it is to be hoped they may go into all the district libraries; for though they are not books that all district-library readers will care for, and though they sometimes seem wasted on the many, we are not to forget the one here and there whose mind—we may say, whose mind and heart—such books vivify and ennoble. These are in fact the true public of such authors.

We have been slow in noticing a book that will keep well, however—the American reprint of "A Collection of the Proverbs of all Nations," which have been compared, explained, and illustrated by Walter K. Kelly (Andover: Warren F. Draper). Of course, only a small portion of the world's proverbs are contained in these covers, the citations being mainly confined to some half-a-dozen languages. The novelty of the compilation consists in the grouping of similar or connected proverbs, whose different shades throw light either upon their common origin or upon national characteristics, and which tend to show that human nature is pretty much the same among all peoples. The thread of text, which consists of commentary, philosophy, and anecdote, is ingeniously interwoven by Mr. Kelly, who has made a fairly readable and suggestive book in a field generally as uninviting as "elegant excerpts" and the like. We doubt, nevertheless, if his method of presenting proverbs "in orderly, coherent groups, accompanied with appropriate accessories, so as to fit them for being considered with some continuity of thought," will aid the memory as much as he anticipates; but that will not be his fault.

Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "Illustrated Library of Wonders" has been extending itself over more or less of the universe since we last took notice of it, and maintains its average excellence. The illustrations, when not sensational, are remarkably good. The following titles have not heretofore been mentioned: "The Sun," by Amédée Guillemin: "The Sublime in Nature," by Ferdinand de Lanoye; "Wonders of the Human Body," by A. Le Pileur; "Wonders of Italian Art"—containing twenty-eight woodcuts of famous paintings—by Louis Viardot; "Wonders of Glass-making in All Ages," by A. Sauzay.

"Letters on the American Rebellion," by Mr. Samuel A. Goddard, of Birmingham, have been published in a handsome octavo (Boston: Nichols & Noyes). They consist, as we have before had occasion to state, of current attempts to inform the British public concerning the progress of the war, the causes and object of it on both sides, the true significance of military and civil occurrences, and in general to combat the prejudices, ignorance, and malevolent inventions of the journals and politicians that were friendly to the South. It was a service of which it is no doubt well to preserve a record, since the result of this and similar efforts to keep England from interfering with our struggle showed that, in that country as in America, when all opinions may have free expression, reason and sound morality are certain to prevail if only time be given.

An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Col. James Smith, during his captivity with the Indians, in the years 1755–59. With an appendix of illustrative notes, by Wm. M. Darlington, of Pittsburgh. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. New York: J. Sabin & Sons. 1870.)—The publication of this volume of the Ohio Valley Historical Series has been in a certain way timely. Frontier warfare between Indians and white settlers has been almost incessant from the day Col. Smith first experienced it, and if on the Plains it is different in character—considered purely as a military operation—from what it used to be in the forests of the thirteen colonies, the Indians are still a foe capable of making surprises, of planning campaigns, and of enduring stubborn conflicts, to a degree which renders them formidable and hard to cope with. Col. Smith undertook to teach his generation, both by theory and practice, how to oppose the Indians with their own tactics, remarking, with the good sense which characterizes all his writing, that the New Englanders had been trained by their Indian difficulties to resist in the most appropriate and successful way the discipline of the British troops—as Concord day certainly showed. However, he has less to instruct us in now, in this regard, than as to the natural and unperverted character of the Indians, which we cannot too often take account of even when called to deal summarily with the perverted. Few white men have been forcibly adopted into Indian tribes, and few of these have ever given their observations to the world. Col. Smith was a lad of sixteen or seventeen when thus adopted, and he testifies to the perfect good faith which the Indians observed towards him as a regular member of the tribe, making no distinction between themselves and him. Their virtues he came to rate very high, and charitably to excuse their barbarousness "on account of their want of information." The habit of profane swearing has seldom been exposed so well in any tract as in the page or two which Smith gives of a conversation with his "adopted brother" Tecaughretanego on this subject; and the folly of drunkenness is well shown by example in the case of his tribe when, after purchasing with their beaver a keg of French brandy, they "held a council about who was to get drunk, and who was to keep sober." The penalty of keeping sober was the taking care of the drunken savages; and though not unattended with danger, this office was preferred by young Smith.

In spite of its value as an account of Indian character, customs, and mode of warfare, this work is quite as much entitled to the numerous editions which it has enjoyed by its unconscious portraiture of the author. He was a native of Southern Pennsylvania in what is now the border, but was at one time the scene of lively contention as being claimed by Virginia, before Mason and Dixon ran their famous line between the two States. After his return from captivity he became a leading citizen of Franklin County, stood a trial for murder with great moral courage, dissuading an attempt to rescue him which would certainly have succeeded, was acquitted, and afterwards resided in Kentucky, of which he had been an early explorer. By descent he was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, who could speak "Dutch" while still a youth, and he is a very creditable representative of the stock. The regions noted in his journal as being resorts of the Indians or traversed by his tribe have been carefully identified by Mr. Darlington in an appendix, which, with a good index, and the excellent typography of Mr. Clarke's press, makes this unquestionably the best edition of Smith's "Account."

A History of the City of Brooklyn, including the Old Town and Village of Brooklyn, the Town of Bushwick, and the Village and City of Williamsburg. By Henry R. Stiles. 3 vols. 8vo. (Published by subscription. 1868, 1869, and 1870.)—Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the land about Wallabout Bay to the north and Gowanus to the south was already in cultivation, and Cornelius Dirckson, the ferryman, owned "a house and garden" at the foot of the present Fulton Street. Southwardly from the ferry and along the present Brooklyn Heights stretched the farms of Van Cowenhoven and others, while Red Hook was the property of the redoubtable Wouter Von Twiller. This was in the year 1643, and at this period Brooklyn was not. Soon afterwards several families established themselves on both sides of the road now leading from the ferry to Flatbush, and in May, 1646, demanded permission "to found a town at their own expense." Authority being granted, the town thus founded was named *Breuckelen*, after an ancient village of the same name in Holland, some eighteen miles from Amsterdam. Our young settlement was just twenty years old when the threat of an Indian war in the Province of New Netherland required vigorous military preparation in New Amsterdam, and the director and council proposed that the town of *Breuckelen* should furnish eight, ten, or twelve men, to be "kept ready for the protection of one or the other place in danger, which may God avert." The sense of a town meeting, held in compliance with this call, was that "Breuckelen was not strong enough to furnish so many men." Just two centuries later the same town (with its name meanwhile Anglicized, first Brookland, and then Brooklyn) was strong enough to furnish, for the defense of the American Union, nineteen regiments, exclusive of thousands of men in the navy and in other branches of the service.

Between the periods of these two representative facts, it may be well imagined that there lie rich stretches of historical perspective and large treasures of old-time traditions capable of yielding a record of high and varied interest. Such a record has been made, and lies before us in three really handsome octavo volumes. No merely book-making enterprise, even with superior publishing facilities, could have made this work what it is. It has evidently been a labor of love on the part of its author and editor, who has not only harvested but gleaned in every field of available information touching Brooklyn history with an industry and ability deserving signal acknowledgment. And Mr. Stiles's work is of more than merely local interest. We follow in it the story of a small colonial population of two nationalities, Dutch and English, gradually growing and developing under three dominations, Dutch, English, and American, into the almost metropolitan community we know to-day. Beginning with a few scattered settlers on wild wooded hills, we witness and sympathize with their early trials, poverty, and privation, their loss and suffering from war and the hostile savage. Fine apparel they had not. Of polite accomplishments they knew little and cared less. But as to the quality and quantity of preaching, and such like spiritual exercises, they held decided opinions, even as now in what would seem to have been the "City of Churches" from a very early date. We hear their protest in 1657 against paying a preacher of short sermons appointed over them, "for such a poor and meagre service or prayer in lieu of a sermon—while often, when one supposes the prayer or sermon (whichever name might be preferred for it) is beginning, then it is actually at an end." "But," they add deprecatingly, "the preacher's advanced age occasions all this, for his talents do not accompany him as steadily as in the days of yore." Then comes the present from the West India Company of a bell for the church, "which might also be used in time of danger." And state progressed as well as church, for Brooklyn had then reached the dignity of having a separate constable of its own. A few years more, and a tract of adjoining land nearly a mile square is bought, wherein young Brooklyn may spread its elbows. Indians were the vendors, and received for it in payment "one hundred guilders wampum, one and a half tuns of beer, three guns, long barrels, with each a pound of powder and lead proportionable." Perhaps the land was not so very cheap, when we remember that the whole of Manhattan Island was sold for $24 (100 guilders), and that many years afterwards (1706) the total real and personal tax to be collected in Breuckelen amounted to £41 3s. 7½d. Nowadays we talk of town land in small quantities, and of money in large amounts. It was otherwise in ancient Brooklyn, for in 1732 we find offered for sale, "near the ferry, a large well-furnished house, with a large barn well covered with cedar [ordinary roofing then being thatch], a handsome garden, and *ten acres of land* in a fair young orchard." A few years later Brookland had 721 inhabitants of innocent habits and primitive customs. They fought not so fierce an animal as the tiger, for instance, but we find that in November, 1759, "a large bear passed the house of Mr. Sebring, and took the water at Red Hook, attempting to swim across the bay. Mr. S. and his miller immediately pushed off in a boat after him and killed him outright." But, alas for the rarity of human charity even in those primitive days! not only bears but men were sometimes hunted down, for on October 11, 1764, Aris Remsen offers twenty shillings reward for Henry, a runaway negro, who, from the description given, must have been a character. He had on a Scotch bonnet, short wide trousers, and half-worn shoes with steel buckles. "He is apt to get drunk, and stutters. He speaks good English, French, Spanish, and a little of other languages." Three years later, Francis Koffler offers a reward for "a runaway indentured Irish servant, John Miller, which kept the bar and made punch at his house at Brooklyn ferry." Humbug and gullibility certainly existed in Brooklyn as early as 1778, for in that year we find Dr. Brandreth and "the sands of life" "old retired physician" anticipated by Johannes Casparus Rubel, "*minister of the Gospel and chymicus*," who advertises: "It has pleased Almighty God to give me the wisdom to find out the *Golden Mother Tincture* and such a *Universal Pill* as will cure most diseases. I have studied European physicians in four different languages. I don't take much money, as I want no more than a small living, whereto God will give his blessing."

One-half of Mr. Stiles's first volume is filled with early colonial sketches; the remainder of the volume is mainly devoted to an admirable account of the battle of Long Island, the movements of the American and British armies, the British prison-ships of Wallabout, and other incidents of the Revolutionary period, and brings down the history of Brooklyn to the close of the War of 1812. The second volume gives the history of Brooklyn as a village (1816 to 1834), as a city (1834 to 1854), and as a consolidated city to 1869; of the old town of Bushwick (1660 to 1854), and of the village and city of Williamsburg (1827 to 1854) when it was consolidated with Brooklyn, besides interesting biographies of early settlers. The third volume is devoted to the institutions of the city, its churches, schools, cemeteries, parks, etc., all treated in detail. All these volumes are profusely illustrated with views, maps, plans, autographs, portraits, and other illustrations, all well selected and admirably executed. Few cities are so fortunate in a historian as Brooklyn.

Lifting the Veil. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.)—This is another of the many recent attempts to solve the mysteries of the future life, and though it is intrinsically better than the "Gates Ajar," as being much less materialistic in its conceptions, it will also be found far less interesting to that public which mostly concerns itself with the topics treated of. Miss Phelps's lively and picturesque manner of taking off the present peccadilloes of her fellow-sinners while pointing them to the solid comforts which await them in the future, is altogether wanting in the author of "Lifting the Veil;" and though she is probably much more orthodox than her sister seer, she is likely to be much less popular. Her book consists mainly of a series of long conversations between a pair of young women, one of whom has just lost her husband, and whom her friends attempts to console by relating to her her own spiritual communion with the dead lover of her early girlhood. The earlier portion of these talks must, we fear, be called stiltedly and unnaturally sentimental; it is not thus, surely, that even the best regulated young women converse together even in grief and deep retirement. Towards the last there is less of purely personal sentiment, and the talks are more and more made up of Scriptural quotations which bear upon the expected joys of heaven. Like all the rest of these books, it is too full of what Leigh Hunt called "other-worldiness" to give one an altogether pleasant impression of its author. What shall we do in heaven? How shall we enjoy ourselves? Is it really not true that we are to carry palm-branches and play on harps?—these are questions which appear to perplex the readers and writers of this sort of literature to a degree which leads one to believe that a good deal more preparatory work is needed in their cases before they will be fitted fully to enjoy anything, either here or hereafter. Meanwhile, the speculations of young ladies who used in their days of callow ignorance to suppose that, immediately on their entrance into a state of bliss, the full burst of knowledge on all possible subjects would completely take away their breath, like "a strong puff of hartshorn," but who now do not see any use in so abrupt and violent a proceeding, and are contented to be only gradually initiated into eternal wisdom, do not, we confess, seem to be of much value either as consolation to the afflicted or as contributions to dogmatic theology.

Stern Necessity. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson, author of "Poor Humanity," "Mattie: a Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—This is an interesting and well-written story—better than such others of Mr. Robinson's writing as we remember, by reason of being rather less didactic, and showing fewer traces of the professed manufacturer of fiction. Occasionally, Mr. Robinson's descriptive passages, and a certain measured way of talking into which his characters fall, must remind his readers of Dickens in his more serious vein; but, on the whole, he is sufficiently original and unmannered, and his novels, without presenting any specially prominent excellences, are always above the average. They seem, however, so far as we know them, to be the work of a man who has deliberately adopted novel-writing as a profession, and who has for a main object the pleasing of his public; and in work which produces that impression it is difficult to take any hearty satisfaction. Still, this history of the eccentrically benevolent Maud Christopherson and her lover, Geoffrey Bridge, and her protégée, Jenny Spanswick, is better worth reading than most other novels of the season, and will add to its author's reputation as a successful minor novelist.

Friday Night. A Selection of Tales Illustrating Hebrew Life. (New York: Office of the *Jewish Messenger*. 1870—5630.)—The six or seven stories which form the contents of this volume are, with one exception, translations made from various sources and originally published in the *Jewish Messenger* of this city. Some interest attaches to them as studies of certain phases of Jewish life made from the most favorable standpoint; and one or two of them afford some curious illustrations of the fact that believers in the most diverse faiths bear religious disabilities and persecutions in the same way, and are supported under them by similar compensations and consolations. The "Schlemiel" is the best story of the collection, but none of them has any special literary value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.*	*—Prices.*
Baker (Rev. W. M.), The New Timothy: a Tale	(Harper & Bros.)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 39, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Collins (Rev. W. L.), Homer's Odyssey	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 00
Homer's Iliad	" " "	1 00
Dickens (Miss), Aunt Margaret's Troubles: a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 25
Eggleston (E.), Improved Sunday-School Record	(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon)	1 00
Flentje (L.), Das Leben und der Stoffwechsel, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, Vol. LI., July, 1870, swd	(Henry C. Lea)	1 50
Mackenzie (R. S.), Life of Charles Dickens	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	2 00
New York Insurance Report for 1870 (Eleventh)	(Albany)	
Stephens (A. H.), A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States, Vol. II	(Nat. Pub. Co.)	
Schlagintweit (R. von), Die Pacific-Eisenbahn in Nordamerika, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	1 50
Tekel; or, Cora Glencoe: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Third Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, Indianapolis, 1869	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	
White (C. A.), The Student's Mythology	(W. J. Widdleton)	1 25

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1870.

The Week.

BELOW we have made our customary attempt to unravel the news relating to a battle-week like few in history, the despatches being either meagre or obscure, seldom from eye-witnesses, and often contradictory. The operations have consisted, in the main, of a series of attempts on the part of the French, under Bazaine, to withdraw from Metz towards Châlons, for the purpose of uniting with MacMahon for a final effort to stop the Prussian march to Paris, and of a series of fierce and eager assaults on the part of the Prussians to prevent the movement. The latest news seems to indicate that all hope of resisting the Prussian advance on Paris by the direct line had been abandoned, and that, while leaving that city to sustain a siege, the French commanders had determined to transfer their base to some point in the north, and operate as best they can on the Prussian flank. The garrison of Paris will probably prove of little value, and, indeed, all the French talk of a levy *en masse* is so much talk. Popular risings can no more stay such armies as the Prussian, than a bull can stop a locomotive. The "volunteers," we have little doubt, have already proved a source of serious embarrassment to the French commissariat, which appears, like most other things Imperial, to be rotten, and to the French generals, none of whom has as yet shown much skill in handling large bodies of troops. The souvenirs of 1792 are of little value in the presence of the needle-gun. Even the *Marseillaise* loses its old power, when the enemy's line pours forth eight shots a minute, which kill at five hundred yards.

The sanguinary series of battles and engagements which may fitly be designated as the Five Days before Metz, opened on the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th, with an attack of the Prussian Seventh Army Corps, commanded by Von Zastrow, on the rear of Marshal Bazaine's forces. This general had, a little before noon, begun taking over his army to the left bank of the Moselle, with the intention of retreating by a southwesterly route to Châlons, there to join the troops concentrated under Marshal MacMahon. The French "advance guard"—so Napoleon naïvely reported to Eugénie—"had no knowledge of the presence of any force of the enemy"—the strangest incident, if true, of all the strange incidents of the present war, considering that the region around "the bulwark of France" is no wilderness, but thickly studded with villages, and that the main Imperial army had been resting there for weeks. Half of the retreating army had crossed when the assault began, but, both sides receiving heavy reinforcements, the conflict assumed vast proportions and grew desperate. Gen. Ladmirault endeavored to flank the Prussian left, but was repulsed by the Prussian First Corps, under Gen. Manteuffel. The French finally retired towards the glacis of the detached works near the fortress, followed for some distance by the Prussians, who, however, returned to their first bivouac by daybreak. This apparently retrograde movement by Von Steinmetz's army, which claimed a victory, was in combination with the marching off on its left of Prince Frederic Charles's, who then began executing that bold curve in a northwesterly direction which was to place him between Bazaine and MacMahon, before the former, checked by Von Steinmetz, could reach the banks of the Meuse.

On Monday, King William, who had hastened to the scene of combat from his headquarters at Herny, made in person a reconnoissance, penetrating within the outer lines of the French defences around Metz, by which the fact was ascertained that the bulk of Bazaine's army had left, endeavoring to effect its retreat in the direction of Verdun. Von Steinmetz, on the right of Frederic Charles, now pushed forward, steadily, though cautiously, pursuing the enemy. Several slight engagements between the rear-guard of the French and the advance-guard of the Prussians seem to have taken place on that day in the vicinity of Gravelotte and Longueville, and the Prussians also struck the Thionville railway line north of Metz, but no conflict of any magnitude occurred. But early on Tuesday, the 16th, Bazaine's army was brought to a stand near Mars-la-Tour, between Doncourt and Vionville, by the Prussian Third Corps, commanded by Gen. Alvensleben, who was sustained successively by the Tenth, Eighth, and Ninth, Prince Frederic Charles commanding. The entire army under Bazaine, embracing the corps of De Caen, Ladmirault, Canrobert, and Frossard, and the Imperial Guard, was engaged. The combat was terrific, and lasted the whole day. In the evening Bazaine finally gave up all hope of breaking through the lines of Frederic Charles, who fought him facing east, while Von Steinmetz pressed upon his flank, and sullenly retired, retracing his steps toward Metz, and leaving two thousand prisoners, two eagles, and seven cannon in the hands of the enemy. His communication with the rest of the French forces was virtually broken. Both Frederic Charles and Von Steinmetz were now between him and MacMahon, the Emperor, and Paris.

On Wednesday there was again some desultory fighting in the neighborhood of Gravelotte, but no battle was fought, the much commented-on official despatch of Marshal Bazaine, dated "Verdun, Aug. 17, 8 o'clock P.M.," to the contrary notwithstanding. This despatch can be proved by its contents to be a somewhat modified and misprinted version of his official report of the battle of the preceding day. It pretends to speak in the name of the Marshal of what was going on at the very same hour, under his own direction, on a distant battle-field. It mentions among the wounded Gen. Bataille, whose name was previously officially given among the wounded in the battle of Mars-la-Tour. It concludes with statements about the conclusion of the battle, and the number of the enemy's men, exactly identical with the closing statements in the previous report of the preceding day's fighting. Nor is there any allusion to a battle on Wednesday to be found among the Prussian despatches. On that day both armies moved slowly in the direction of Metz, before reaching which they once more met in what seems to be till now the bloodiest conflict of this unusually bloody struggle. This battle was fought on Thursday, the 18th, near Gravelotte and Rézonville, almost in sight of the fortress. It began in the morning, and it was not before night had covered the field of carnage that the French yielded the ground to their constantly victorious enemies, and sought shelter under the guns of their forts, leaving several thousand prisoners behind. King William speaks of miracles of valor performed by his troops "against an enemy equally brave, who withdrew by inches," and again and again resumed the offensive. How severely the victors suffered is sufficiently expressed in the King's words: "I shrink from learning our losses." Whether those of the French in killed and wounded, on that day, were equally great, may be doubted. But the victory of the Prussians and the isolation of Bazaine were now complete. Mars-la-Tour was the decisive battle, Gravelotte the dearly-bought crowning success of the Prussians. The reports of fighting on Friday and Saturday were inventions.

During all this time, the Emperor, who had left Metz on Sunday morning, was ingloriously withdrawing before the enemy, first in advance of his retreating army, by way of Conflans to Verdun, and then, in solitary abandonment, to Châlons and Rheims; and, at the same time, the Crown Prince of Prussia, with his Army of the South, was vigorously and irresistibly pushing forward from Nancy, which he occupied on the 13th. Flanking the fortress of Toul, he crossed the Meuse near Commercy, and, entirely detaching himself from Prince Frederic Charles, on whose left he moved, drove MacMahon from Bar-le-Duc, and by effecting or threatening the crossing of the Marne at Vitry-le-Français, compelled that Marshal to break up the camp at Châlons, and to withdraw with his regulars, as it seems, in the direction of Rheims, while the Garde Mobile were sent back to Paris. This city, which learned the issue of the battles before Metz only after a series of almost atrocious deceptions practised on her patriotic credulity by Palikao, has, in the meanwhile, been hastily put in a more or less effective defensive condition, the soul of the now omnipotent "Committee of Defence" being General Trochu, who is looked on as a kind of dictator, while the Emperor and Empress-Regent are lost in obscurity. Troops of the line, marines, sailors, mobile guard, national guards, firemen, custom-house men, have been arrayed, *pêle-mêle*, to man the strengthened forts and ramparts. If there be any truth in the "strategic movements" of MacMahon's army after its retreat from Châlons, the capital will hardly have the support of a regular army within its fortifications, as the Marshal will probably try to put himself in communication with the garrisons of the numerous fortresses of the North, and, if still possible, with Verdun, Thionville, and Metz, and thus to create a nucleus of resistance independent of the fate of Paris, and strong enough to threaten the flank and rear of the enemy. Strasbourg, Toul, and Bitsch hold out; Pfalzburg is reported captured, but the report lacks confirmation.

We have but little news by way of Berlin, except official despatches from the king, which have, however, the sober, modest, and somewhat solemn air which has marked all his utterances since the war broke out. But there is little to be said about the Prussians except that their administrative machine works with unbroken regularity, and with a ponderous power which is astounding the civilized world. Men, munitions, and stores pour to the front in a never-failing current, and every man finds his place when he gets there, apparently without a jar, and every blow either of the three corps strikes, it strikes with all the force of the first hour. The work which in all other wars has been the work of a year, is literally crammed by the Prussians into a month. They take the whole male population bodily, and without giving even delicate men time to get sick or weary, fling the mass on the enemy, and again and again and again, till he is crushed, and the war is over. This terrible rapidity is one of the essential conditions of the system. Society is waiting paralyzed at home for the army to come back, and it has to win quickly at whatever cost. It is pretty certain, too, that murderous as this system seems, it is the most humane of all. It saves the losses by disease, which in all wars outnumber the losses under fire four to one.

The excitement caused in England by the publication of Benedetti's plan for the annexation of Belgium has been in some degree soothed by the conclusion of a treaty, which Prussia has signed, and France, at the latest advices, had promised to sign, and to which Russia and other powers will probably adhere, binding the parties to it to attack anybody who violated Belgian neutrality. But there is still a great deal of soreness in the public mind, and a growing desire to fight somebody, just by way of showing that England is not to be completely counted out of European politics yet. The Manchester peace party has finally disappeared—the surviving members being unable to breast popular indignation as Bright and Cobden did.

The President has issued a neutrality proclamation in the usual terms, but as nobody here shows, or is likely to show, any desire to interfere in the contest, it has little practical importance. Both France and Prussia seem to have as many ships and men as they can find work for, and little disposition to accept aid from without. Both here and in England, large sums are, however, being raised in aid of the wounded on both sides, whose number must be enormous and sufferings frightful. The war is carried on to some extent on these shores by the newspapers—the Democratic press largely standing by the French, while the Republicans applaud the Germans. The *World* is the most prominent supporter of Louis Napoleon, and performs feats in his defence that would put a Turco to the blush. Indeed, it would appear from its account of the war that Bazaine was steadily thrashing the King of Prussia into Paris, while the King was doing his mortal best to get away to Berlin, Bazaine all the time barring his passage. How the *World's* campaign will end, it would take greater strategists than we pretend to be to predict. The *Times* suggests mediation, but who is to mediate, or on what basis, it does not make very clear. There is really no *tangible* cause of dispute between the belligerents.

Mr. Frelinghuysen has declined the mission to England, and had, it appears, declined it by telegraph before his name was sent to the Senate; and nobody else is talked of for it, and the men who are really fit for it will, now that it is going a-begging, be very reluctant to accept it. So that it is not at all improbable that it will at last be filled by some makeshift. The President has excited a good deal of surprise among his friends and admirers by some of his appointments, but it seems as if his dismissals were going to be equally curious and unaccountable. What good purpose has been attained, or what feeling that the President ought not to be ashamed to own has been gratified, by Mr. Motley's dismissal, it would be hard to say. Not a shred of a reason that will bear examination has yet been offered for it, and it is quite safe to assert that it will help to diminish the influence of American diplomatists, not in London only, but at all foreign courts.

Mr. Speaker Blaine being renominated for Congress from the Third Maine District, has written his constituents a letter which is good as a campaign document, whether one is wanted for circulation among Republicans who have their thinking done for them, or among other Republicans. The former class will be satisfied with Mr. Blaine's praises of the past of the Republican party, and with the figures that he gives in regard to the expenditures of this administration and the last. Thus, during the seventeen months since Grant's accession, there has been a reduction of the public debt amounting to more than $156,000,000—or $6,000,000 more than Mr. Boutwell said—while during the last seventeen months of Johnson the debt was increased $30,000,000. Other Republicans will take more satisfaction in learning from a Republican in Mr. Blaine's position that "the Republican party is opposed to high taxation"—unless indeed he means to call the present rate of taxation low. However, it daily becomes clearer that by the time Congress meets again the members will all have had all necessary instruction on this head. Whether by any amount of instruction any member of the last Congress will ever learn anything about the mysterious operation of funding, is a question for a wizard to answer. Mr. Blaine, however, claims credit for the party on the ground that it made strenuous attempts to fund the debt at a lower rate of interest, and abuses the Democrats roundly for opposing Mr. Boutwell's plans. He justly demands popular approval of the course of the party in removing so many from the vexatious and enormous number of articles on the Internal Revenue list, but has nothing to say about that eighth wonder of the world—our list of articles subject to customs duties. Why would it not be a good thing for some of the more disinterested members of Congress, whose seats are secure, to lay hands somehow on a part of the fund got by the one per cent. assessment on clerks' salaries, and get Mr. Wells—for American gold, this time—to draw up a respectable, coherent scheme of taxation for revenue? The saving of the wear and tear of Mr. Schenck's temper that would be effected thereby, would alone be worth the money; and then, too, Congress need not spend all its time next winter in fleeing from the fangs and claws of one set of "interests" to be met by the hoofs and horns of another.

The Prohibitionists are very apt to be members of churches, but one thing that Christ taught pretty plainly—that "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and that righteousness is not machine-made and put on a man, but is a growth from within outwards, right action being the flower and fruit of holiness—is a lesson that Prohibitionists will not learn, and would not, though there should arise from the dead all the prohibitory laws that ever went to decay in New England. They met in convention at Boston on the 17th instant, passed the usual resolutions, and nominated as their candidate for Governor Mr. Wendell Phillips, who, for once, was persuaded to "withdraw his objections," and now, for the first time in his life, appears as a candidate for office. And it is not improbable that he may get it, and not, we suppose, undesirable. He is too old now, and is too entirely mastered by his talent for vituperative oratory and acrid criticism of everything and everybody, for the responsibilities of office to have any great effect in the way of bettering his habits of thought and speech; and indeed it is now not of so much importance that these should be bettered. But his success, whether it extends no further than to give the State to the Democrats, or whether it extends to putting it into the hands of the Temperance men and Labor Reformers, may send out of place the hack politicians who for so long a period have had Massachusetts in their hands, and may make a change in the United States senatorship and in some of the Congressional districts. Moreover, it may be as well for the Prohibitionists to get one more proof that, good as ice-water is, and powerful as the General Court of Massachusetts is, human nature in Massachusetts is not yet ready to confine itself to ice-water at the bidding of legislators; and, even with so energetic a governor as Mr. Phillips, will perjure itself in jury-boxes, drink out of surreptitious demijohns in back-rooms, and otherwise demoralize itself, rather than forego wholly the use of stimulating beverages.

The Prohibitionists alone, of course, could not elect Mr. Phillips; and, indeed, as Congressmen are to be elected, and everybody, therefore, will turn out, and nobody can succeed merely by reason of a light vote; and as Governor Claflin strengthened himself with the people by his defeat of the railroad ring, there would seem to be, in any case, but a slight chance of Mr. Phillips's election. His formidableness mainly arises from the likelihood that he will get the full support of the Crispins and the Labor Reformers, who are pleased with him for some views of his as to the impropriety of any man's having a fortune—like Mr. A. T. Stewart, for instance—while in the neighborhood of Mr. Stewart's store there are poor people; and who like still better his opinion that Chinamen should be kept out of the country. One can imagine how comfortable he, of all the tribes of men, ought to feel when mounted on a "caste and color" platform—that eloquent bosom, to which, for the last thirty years, every human being of every clime, race, and color has had a standing invitation, now placarded with an inscription warning all Chinamen off the premises. Affairs are related not to one principle, great as it may be, but to a million, and, practically, general propositions are nowhere so false and worthless as in politics. It was all very well for Mr. Phillips to talk into the void about the absolute rights of all men in this country, but the minute the Chinaman, with cheap labor, shows himself on the shoe-bench of Mr. Phillips's Irish workingman, Mr. Phillips discovers that if the Chinaman's yellowness is God-given and all right, and calls for embracements, his cheap labor is all wrong, and that the sublime truths of the Declaration need a little overhauling and limitation. The possible governor's attitude at the moment may be as defensible in itself as it is amusing to see him in it, but the lesson remains for some of us to lay to heart—say such of us as are talking "broad principles" in the office of the *Revolution* and *Woman's Journal*—that "broad principles" that will stand the test of experiment are not found in boundless profusion by thinkers of a certain sort.

We observe that the Labor Convention at Chicago has designated the *Nation* as one of its three "organs." We do not well know to what we are indebted for this honor, or in what the duties of such an "organ" consist; but we must respectfully decline entering upon them, whatever they may be. The resolutions of the Convention, in short, we can in no wise agree with, and the debates which preceded them have not inspired us with that respect for the body which we should like to feel. Moreover, we may as well say frankly that, in our opinion, anybody who seeks to persuade workingmen that there is any other way to better their condition really than becoming capitalists themselves through co-operation, is either a false prophet or a charlatan. With the desire frequently expressed at the Convention for plenty of paper money issued by the Government for the benefit of the working-classes, as we have before said, we entirely sympathize. We would give every workingman as much paper money as he pleased to ask for, at cost of paper and printing, provided nobody was obliged to take it in exchange for his goods, which the Convention will admit would be unjust.

A correspondent who is on the spot gives us a little information as to the way in which North Carolina was carried by the Conservatives, and some of it is rather curious. They invented, he says, the "political protracted meeting," and, gathering together the people in various parts of the country, spent solid days—all the candidates speaking, from Congressman down to county commissioner—in picturing to the bucolical North Carolinian the villanies of Holden and the atrocity of quartering military forces on the people. If there is one thing that the North Carolinian believes in, it is the Patrick-Henry-Mecklenburg-Declaration view of the right of the citizen to regular good old Revolutionary liberties. He neither knows nor cares anything about civil service reform, or minority representation, or the influence of great cities on our political system, or the dangers to be apprehended from great corporations, but he does know that his fathers fought for the right of self-government, and that all his school-books told him that soldiers among citizens are minions of tyranny. Upon this the Conservative orators rung the changes, not only in "protracted meetings," but in those tours made in company with the opposing candidate which are so common in the South; and, as most North Carolinians do not read newspapers, the orations decided the contest, and changed the 12,000 majority for Grant to a majority of as many thousands, or half as many again, adverse to the Republicans.

It is to be taken into account, too, that the Southerner, although a graver man than the Northerner, yet retains a certain boyishness of mind for a very much longer time, and perhaps never gets rid of it. A Northerner of thirty, as regards the effect of oratory upon him, is about as a Southerner of sixty-five. Doubtless it is by reason of this sort of immaturity of intelligence that we are to account for a good deal of the prevalent Southern sympathy with France. The critical, thoughtful, self-contained, self-restrained Prussian provokes the instinctive dislike of all sentimentalists, so that one might say, *à priori*, that women, Southerners, and Irishmen would naturally side with France. Then, too, sympathy with France and the Empire is to be observed in all that kind of Democrats—and the white South is Democratic—who believe in the bottom of their hearts that true Democracy is a false doctrine, and that the only sound way of governing men is to keep them well in the hands of a few leaders. Profounder contempt for the Roman populace was never felt by a Roman aristocrat elected by suffrage, than is felt for their fellow-citizens by a large class of our Democratic politicians, and thus is partly to be explained the attitude of the Democratic journals in the present war. The "Irish vote" has something to do with it, but the instinctive sympathy of Tammany despotism with Napoleonic has more.

Full and sickening details of the massacre of French missionaries and others at Tientsing have come to hand, and it is now possible to judge of the value to foreigners of the treaties so ostentatiously negotiated by Mr. Burlingame. Again possible, we should have said; for, as a well-informed correspondent points out in another place, this last is but one of a series of massacres at the principal treaty ports of China. At the best, it appears that we have concluded an engagement simply with the good-will of the imperial authorities, whose power to fulfil their obligations is either uncertain or absolutely wanting, for there is no proof that riots like that in June are surprises to the Government, or that there is any real security against a repetition of them at any time, whenever any official or priest or kidnapper chooses to play upon the superstitions of the people. The peculiar atrocities of the Tientsing massacre, however, should not blind us to the fact that mobs embrace what is vilest and most brutal in any population, and that it would be very hard for the Chinese to surpass the barbarities of the French Revolution of the same kind as those perpetrated at Tientsing, or those of the July riots in this city only seven years ago. In fact, the safety of Chinamen in San Francisco, in presence of the Irish, is, perhaps, more precarious than that of foreigners in Tientsing, where individuals may at least go unmolested during the interval between two outbreaks. And California justice, in the case of the Chinese, has not hitherto greatly surpassed that of the Middle Kingdom. The difference turns, as we have remarked, upon the extent to which these hostile demonstrations indicate the spirit of the people and government. That they prove the Chinese an unequal party in a treaty with civilized nations we have no doubt whatever.

FREEDOM OF BELLIGERENT COMMERCE.

Many interesting questions as to neutral rights and duties arose during our late rebellion, and have not yet ceased to agitate, and perhaps irritate, the peoples of the United States and of Great Britain. The great contest now raging in Europe has reopened the discussion as to the proper methods of conducting a maritime war, and, in particular, has again directed attention to what may be called the American proposition, that all merchant ships and their cargoes, except contraband belonging to the citizens of one belligerent, shall be exempt from seizure and from any molestation by the armed vessels of the other. In the first treaty between this country and Prussia, concluded in 1785, it was agreed that in case of war between the two contracting parties all private property on the sea should be free from capture. The United States having been requested to accede to the declaration of April 16, 1856, made at Paris, declined to do so in full unless a further clause were added incorporating this principle contained in the Prussian treaty of 1785. Immediately upon the outbreak of the present hostilities, the King of Prussia issued a proclamation announcing that no French private property afloat, except contraband, would be molested, and this even though the French Government should not reciprocate by a similar concession. Mr. Secretary Fish, in a recent communication to the Prussian Minister, has taken public occasion to congratulate that official upon the action of his master; to refer in very laudatory terms to the former convention between the two powers which they represent, speaking of it as marking an era in human progress; and to commit, as far as an executive department can commit, our Government to the support in future of this innovation upon the universally accepted modes of maritime warfare. We purpose to examine this proposed doctrine of the freedom of belligerent commerce, and to enquire whether its effect would, in truth, be "to elevate the standard of civilization."

The treaty of 1785 before referred to was in many respects a very peculiar document. It was plainly never intended as a practical guide in the international affairs of two countries which would have much direct intercourse with each other. Prussia had then little or no maritime commerce; the United States had just achieved her independence; war between them could never arise. It was possible, therefore, to make the convention a vehicle of impracticable theories. It affirmed the dogma that free ships make free goods; it declared that in case of war between the two contracting powers there should be no contraband goods, and that arms, ammunition, and other military materials usually treated as contraband should not be liable to confiscation, but should be subject simply to detention, to be surrendered up at the close of hostilities, while the ships carrying such cargoes should suffer no penalties whatever. The principle under discussion was not embodied in any direct legal language, but was announced in the following somewhat gushing manner: "And all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested."

This treaty expired by its own limitation in 1795, and a second was framed in 1799, which not only abandoned all these rosy-hued notions of warfare, but which even gave the doctrine of "free ships, free goods" the go-by until a general assent of European nations could be secured. The very recent action of the Prussian Government is plainly a *coup de théâtre*—a bid for the applause of a neutral audience. The overwhelming preponderance of the French navy renders the destruction of Prussian commerce inevitable, while the capture of a single French merchantman is almost impossible. We can hardly suppose that the Prussian Government offers its proposition to the acceptance of other nations with any hope that it will be incorporated into the general international law. Its most able theoretical writer—a professor in the University of Berlin—Heffter, although advocating some modification in the present system of prize and prize courts, rejects the suggestion with disdain. He says: "Certainly no one will ever pretend to deny that a country engaged in war has the right and power to seize the vessels and their cargoes which belong either to the state or to the citizens of the enemy. No nation is bound to leave open those routes of the sea which can furnish to the enemy the means of prolonging the contest, nor to permit the continuance of a commerce injurious to its own. To maintain the contrary would be to defend a chimera" ("Droit International Public," sec. 139, ed. of 1866).

There are some considerations which render it not only impolitic, but absurd, for the United States to become the champion of the doctrine of free belligerent commerce. The ancient practice of war exposed private property of all kinds, on the land as well as on the ocean, to capture by an invading enemy. All theoretical writers agree that, as a matter of strict right—*strictissimi juris*—this liability still continues. But the personal evils of war, as far as non-combatants are concerned, have been greatly mitigated. International jurists now declare that a nation which should authorize the indiscriminate confiscation or destruction of hostile private goods and other movables on land, would act in opposition to the acknowledged tendencies of a higher civilization, and would place herself outside the pale of Christian peoples. But to this modern practice there are and must be exceptions. The property of non-combatants on land may yet be seized or destroyed in accordance with the demands of military necessities, in order to furnish subsistence to an invading army, or to cut off supplies from the enemy. Still it is universally conceded that immunity to goods on land precedes immunity to goods on the sea. The United States has effectually estopped itself from advocating the so-called American theory of maritime warfare. We speak not now of the devastation of the Valley of the Shenandoah, nor of Sherman's march through Georgia and South Carolina. These severe measures were, doubtless, military necessities. We speak of those confiscations of goods, and especially of cotton, which were authorized by special statutes, which were always made after resistance had entirely ended, which were dictated by no warlike exigency, which were mere measures of personal spoliation. To illustrate by a single example: after the peaceful occupation of Savannah, cotton amounting in value to millions of dollars in private hands was seized and sold for the account of the Treasury department. It is true that a statute provided that owners who could establish their loyalty might reclaim the price of their confiscated goods; but such a claimant having been unexpectedly successful in obtaining a judgment of the Supreme Court in his favor during the past winter, Congress at once proceeded to render all such decisions impossible in the future. Harsh military or even legislative proceedings during the agony of hostilities may be excused; but a sweeping measure of confiscation, made in cool blood years after the war has ended, is simply an act of revenge, and is abhorrent to every principle of natural right and justice. It will certainly hardly do for a government which still retains such a law upon its statute-book—nay, which has within the past few months made that law more stringent, to enter into a crusade against the injustice of hostile attacks upon private ships and cargoes.

It is also impolitic for the United States to maintain the doctrine of free belligerent commerce. Although our people may have lately acquired some taste for war, however desirous some politicians may be to engage in European contests, it still remains true that from our geographical position, and from the nature of our Government, we must always remain neutral. It is for our interest to advance the rights of neutrals and not of belligerents. We should be prepared to reap the substantial advantages which belong to the neutral actor. The anomalous events of the rebellion should not divert us from our traditional policy. All civilized countries are now agreed that free ships make free goods; all but ourselves and one or two others unite in condemning the use of privateers; these neutral demands were acceded to by the solemn Declaration of Paris in 1856. It would be simply suicidal to throw away these advantages, won after so long a struggle, by insisting that belligerent vessels and cargoes shall be free from capture. Once establish this dogma; once proclaim that in the event of war the maritime traffic of the hostile powers may continue uninterrupted, and the merchant shipping of countries not parties to the strife is immediately forced from its position of superiority. This is undoubtedly a selfish consideration; but it is not unjust, is not opposed to any notions of abstract right. Nations at peace have a natural right to enjoy advantages for the time lost by nations at war. We should always be in a situation to do a large part of the carrying trade of European belligerents; we abandon this position if a change in the international law shall leave this trade to go on uninterrupted in its former channels.

But there is another and far higher consideration, because based upon notions purely moral. The adoption of the doctrine that the private maritime commerce of belligerents should remain free, instead of "elevating the standard of civilization," would be a step backward, a measure opposed to the best interests of humanity. Its pernicious results may be summed up in a word. In every war the hostile attacks, instead of being as now partially directed against inanimate property—and property of a kind whose loss cannot in general entail any personal suffering upon the owners—would be entirely directed against human beings. Every military operation would have for its immediate and only object the destruction of life. Assume that the ideal of which this proposed change is a part had been completely accomplished. A war is declared between two nations. It produces no direct effect upon the peaceful avocations of life; agriculture, manufactures, and commerce go on as usual, enriching the people, enabling them to respond to the increased pecuniary demands of their government, and furnishing a constant flow of warlike supplies to the forces actually engaged in the field. There is no diminution in these orderly activities except that caused by the conversion of some thousands of producers into as many military non-producers. Under these circumstances, the war will consist in nothing but a duel between two opposing armies. The nation which can bring forward and sacrifice the greatest number of soldiers will necessarily be victorious; and each will fight until its supply of recruits has been exhausted. But all this time trade has not been directly interfered with; loaded ships still plough the ocean unmolested; warehouses are filled; merchants prosper; only men are killed. Whatever else such a result may be called, it is certainly not humane.

It is not at all to the purpose to assert that warlike operations should be directed against combatants, while non-combatants should be left free. The proposed system would simply destroy the latter class by converting them into the former before the struggle was terminated. But, in fact, in modern warfare there is no distinction between these two classes. In our late civil war, the combatants were taken indiscriminately from all ranks and grades of society, and a hostile blow was felt in every household of the land. The same is true of France, Germany, and other Continental nations. The same will be true of England in her next great war, for her volunteers will be called upon to meet the immense conscriptions of her foes. We cannot hope then to kill off only mere professional fighters, and leave the great mass of citizens unhurt. If some of this destruction of human life can be prevented by cutting off other national resources, the result will certainly be in the interest of humanity. If a war can be brought to a speedier close by diminishing the amount of material products on hand, and by hindering the creation of others, by preventing the people from contributing to the support of their government, and thus preventing that government from paying its troops, and from furnishing the arms, ammunition, and subsistence needful for the continuance of hostilities—if a war can be brought to a speedier close in this manner, rather than by shooting an additional number of human beings, a moral advantage has been gained, and progress in civilization has been hastened. The proposition we have been discussing is, in truth, the incongruous resultant of the selfishness of commercial interests and the short-sightedness of a sensational humanitarianism. The destruction of material wealth which Sherman wrought in his march through Georgia was, in reality, an act of kindness, for it made it unnecessary to slaughter many thousand American citizens who otherwise must have perished.

THE TRANSFER OF POWER IN EUROPE.

We presume the warmest friends and admirers of the Emperor Napoleon will now admit that the character of the war has, since the opening of the campaign, essentially changed. The French entered on the contest for the avowed purpose of humbling Prussia, by breaking up the German Confederation, detaching the South German States from their dependence on her, and thus showing that the relative position of France in the European commonwealth was not altered. But, according to the admission of the French Ministry, the one object of the struggle now is "to save the country," or, in other words, to drive the Prussians from French soil. He must be a very sanguine Frenchman who hopes for more than this, or looks beyond this. But if this were done, and it certainly will not be done without a tremendous struggle which will shake France to its very centre, it would still leave Prussia in full possession of the position which the French so much covet and have so long held—that of the leader in European politics—and which the French have been in the habit of describing by the well-known phrase, "When France is satisfied, Europe is tranquil." German ideas will hereafter have most weight with European politicians; the German "No" will be looked on as the greatest of all obstacles, the German "Yes" as the greatest of encouragements; and German institutions will inevitably furnish the model for second-rate powers and half-organized nationalities. The change—one of the most important the world has seen—is permanent too. Of this there can be no manner of doubt. The fall of France is not the result of her own mad waste of strength, as under Louis XIV., or of a combination of foreign powers, as under the elder Napoleon. She goes down in the very flush of her power, after twenty years of great material prosperity, with her armies at their full strength, and her armament as perfect as science and preparation can make it, and under the blows of a single enemy. That enemy, moreover, is a new nation, of which Europe has hitherto known nothing, which Napoleon I. never encountered, and probably never even dimly foresaw till the campaign of 1813. The force now marching on Paris is not the old foe which the Emperor foolishly imagined his uncle had overthrown at Jena; it is literally a fresh one, as politically strange and terrible for France as the hordes which poured across the frontier of Gaul in the fifth century—and in some ways as hardy, vigorous, and as full of hope. It comes, too, with all the strength of extraordinary training, with a rapidly increasing population, in the fulness of physical health, which is the natural result of a pure family life, and with a passionate confidence in the future which has in no degree diminished what is perhaps nearly as necessary to the display of the highest devotion—its strong reverence for the past.

It is with no desire to underrate what France has done for the world that we say that this transfer of the predominance in Europe from her to Germany will be a great gain for civilization. France for forty years after the Revolution rendered invaluable service in the work of destruction. The Napoleonic conquests, ruthless as they were, broke up feudal institutions and made feudal ideas ridiculous, and gave the world the first and most startling illustration it had ever had of the truth that "rank was but the guinea's stamp," and that it was not only in the New Testament that the stable-boy was as good as the gentleman, but on the battle-field. Every time Murat charged, he taught a lesson in human equality which was carried back to every home on the Continent. But with this, and the Code Napoléon, which has since furnished a model to nearly all the Latin states, the political value of France may be said to end. To the work of reconstruction, of building up a better order of ideas and a better polity on the mediæval ruins, she has rendered no assistance; nay, has proved a positive hindrance. It was the influence of French politicians on the Continental malcontents which made the revolutions of 1848 such melancholy and ludicrous failures; and it was their follies, too, which made possible the extraordinary attempt to revive in France herself the system of pagan despotism—that is, a despotism resting on simple brute force, and not on traditions and sentiment—of which we are, it is to be hoped, now witnessing the end. Cæsarism is a product of French soil, and would not have been possible if the French had not been ready for it. The French were ready for it. They have now twice within the present century placed the whole resources of their magnificent territory, the absolute control of their army, navy, treasury, and educational system, in the hands of a military adventurer, and let him make what use he pleased of them, imposing no conditions on him whatever, except that he should pick quarrels every now and then, and not be defeated in battle—in other words, letting him govern a great Christian state on the same tenure as the chief governs a band of brigands.

In the first instance, they had the excuse that they surrendered themselves amidst the confusion of a great social and political revolution to a man of extraordinary genius. But, in this second case, they placed their lives and fortunes at the disposal of an obscure pretender, of whose character but little was known, and that little bad, who came surrounded by a troop of adventurers in search of a livelihood, and who made his way to power through the wholesale slaughter of his fellow-citizens and the overthrow of the constitution; and for twenty years they have not only allowed him to make sport of all that was most respectable in French society, to live, and enable his personal adherents to live, in unprecedented luxury, to put a frivolous Spanish bigot at the head of the court, and to lend the great secrets of state to be used by stock-gamblers, but also they have allowed him to lead the flower of the French youth into one war after another, to be slaughtered by the thousand for objects about which the French people were never consulted. It must be admitted that the whole civilized world gains by the removal from a controlling influence on European affairs of a people which has given such a lamentable display of want of judgment, scruple, and self-control. "Emperors" at the head of 500,000 men may be very amusing playthings for Frenchmen, and, if their existence involved nothing but the degradation of France, perhaps nobody else would have a right to complain; but when they undertake to regulate the status and career of their neighbors, we are all interested in having them confounded and brought to nought. We venture to assert, too, that the Prussian triumph is not only the best thing that could have happened for Europe, but for France herself. It not simply gives the predominating influence in European affairs to the most cultivated of European communities, but it will surely—if anything can—open French eyes to the hollowness and vanity of the political ideal which they have cherished for half a century, and satisfy them at last of "the falsehood of extremes," and prove to them that glory, no less than strength, is only to be found in peaceful progress. The Prussian power on the battle-field, no less than the Prussian riches at home, is the result of sixty years of patient training, of contentment with slow gains, of respect for knowledge and for discipline, of close attention to the education of children, and of constant remembrance that a man is bound to labor for the state no less in his home than in the ranks of the army. The Prussian has Prussia in mind when he is marrying, when he is educating his children, when he is holding the plough and driving the shuttle, no less than when he is serving in the ranks, and the result of two generations of this magnificent culture is that his country is the foremost of modern states. The lesson is full of instruction for all of us as well as for France.

There can be very little doubt, we suppose, that the collapse of the French army will lead to the reorganization of her military system on the Prussian model. The Prussian system is now clearly to be the system of the future everywhere, and this, too, will be a gain for civilization. If fighting is to be the only mode of terminating international controversy, the world is interested in having it done by citizens, and not by hired men, and in having the whole social machine brought to a dead stop while it is going on. It is thus only that war will cease to be the amusement of kings, and become in popular eyes the dreadful thing it really is. It is thus only that communities can be brought to enter on it deliberately and solemnly. Every stump orator or roaring editor who howls for battle ought to feel that, if his rhetoric is successful, he will have to shoulder the musket and "pay with his person," as the French say; in the Prussian system there are no brigadierships for blatherskites. The introduction of the system into France would doubtless do more than anything else to keep down the martial ardor which has done so much to prevent the erection of a stable government, and made her so ready a prey to military adventurers, and to destroy the military caste, whose existence must always make the legislature feeble. Rézonville may therefore yet do for her what Jena did for Prussia.

"PIDGIN ENGLISH."

Of the natural tendency of language to assimilate words from sources foreign to its own origin we have numerous examples in everyday life. Hindostanee words have become a part and parcel of the English spoken in Great Britain, while numerous Spanish expressions are current in this country. Spanish itself again has in Uruguay and Paraguay admitted a large admixture of Guarani, while the conservative Chinese have with equal facility adopted many words from Manchu and Mongolian. In all these cases the intruding vocables have at first passed as "slang" until custom has stamped them with the mint-mark of respectability. No visible effect is produced upon the languages in question by the presence of these strangers. Yet dialects are to be found which, beginning under similar circumstances, have so lost their original identity in the process as to have become veritable philological "bastards." Such are the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, whose existence is doubted by some, and the *gitano* or gypsy language of that vast tribe, of uncertain origin, which still exists in every European country, its members, like Ishmael of old, having "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." The most recent of these bastard dialects, and necessarily less perfect in its individuality than those above-mentioned, is "pidgin" ["business"] English, which at the present day is spoken by some hundreds of thousands of Chinese upon the seaboard of their empire, and even threatens to extend to the coasts of Japan.

There is also, singularly enough, a native Chinese dialect in process of formation, which is to the colloquial of the district in which it exists what "pidgin" is to pure English. One effect of the Taiping rebellion, which caused an influx of natives from the districts of Central China to Shanghai, was to cause the formation of a fused dialect, consisting of words indifferently taken from those spoken at Shanghai, Canton, and Nanking. No great growth of this speech has been noticeable since the rebellion was crushed; but it bade fair at one time to contribute another to the already numerous varieties spoken in different parts of the empire. It is not impossible that events will some day bring about this result, in which case it will probably attract considerable attention on the part of sinologues, as the tonal rules hitherto in force will be subjected to new and curious violations.

We assume that we may claim the term "dialect" for any form of colloquial speech which is governed by rules of general application, and the subject of our article fairly comes within that definition. Let us endeavor to state briefly the principal rules which govern "pidgin English," and, if possible, arrive at some conclusion as to its probable future. Dating back to the earliest days of the East India Company, a sufficient time has elapsed since its origin to fix its formation within regular limits. Take, for instance, to begin with, the pronoun. This occurs only in the forms *my*, *he*, and *you*, which do duty both as personals and possessives. "We" and "they" are rendered by *thisee man, that man*, the context implying when they are used in a personal rather than a demonstrative sense. The sentence "I saw him" thus becomes "my have see he;" while "we went out" would be rendered "Allo thisee man go out." There is not here any analogy between the Chinese forms (resembling our own) and the rude substitutes adopted. All native dialects have I, he, we, you, and they, the possessives being regularly formed by the addition of *ti*, of: thus, *wo*, I; *wo-ti*, mine. The article and conjunction are entirely dispensed with in "pidgin" as they are colloquially in Chinese, the word "together" being used as a copulative only in extreme cases. Verbs are in "pidgin English" used only in the present and imperfect indicative, the termination, generally changed into *ee* (likee, walkee, etc.), remaining in all cases unchanged. Adverbs of time do duty for the other tenses, "I shall go" becoming "my by'me bye go." The subjunctive is formed by adding the word *belong* contracted into b'long; "you should go" being expressed as "you b'long go." "If I go" is "sposee my go;" and beyond this there are no means of expressing the other tenses except by clumsy combinations. "If I had gone" is "sposee my have go." *B'long*, of course, stands for "it *belongs* to your business to."

The comparison of adjectives is effected by prefixing the words "more" and "too muchee," though the ordinary comparative form is often used in conjunction with the first-named: thus, good, more better (pronounced bettah), too muchee good; largee (also pronounced *lahgee*), more largee, too muchee big. The Chinese form is simple enough: "I am better than he is" being "I, than he, good;" or, in the superlative, "that is the best," "that, than all, exceeding good." Pidgin English uses our own handy "yes" and "no" in place of the awkward "it is," "it is not," of Chinese. These examples show that, as regards grammatical structure, "pidgin" is in the main an imperfect adaptation of our own rules. But the general construction of sentences is essentially Chinese. "Go to the post-office and bring me a letter" would be rendered just as it would be translated in a native dialect: "You savee that post-officee; looksee have got one chit b'long my; sposee have got you makee bling." The absence of a relative form necessitates the cutting up of all long phrases into short sentences both in Chinese and pidgin English.

Such being, in short, some of the most important grammatical peculiarities of this dialect, let us turn to its pronunciation. There are certain sounds which the Chinaman has from custom an inherent difficulty in pronouncing. Thus, he cannot sound the final *ge* of "large" except as a separate syllable, so he adds an *e* and makes it lar*gee*. A similar disability exists to pronounce under certain circumstances, dependent on the initial sound following them, words ending in f, t, k, th, m, n, s, and v, which in like manner have *ee* added to them; t and k frequently take *see*, "want" becoming "wantsee." There is no apparent reason for this latter peculiarity, unless it may be referred to habit, arising from the constant recurrence of the *ts* sound in all Chinese dialects. Custom gives the final *ee* to many words ending in *b* and *l*, but they present no difficulty to the native speaker as pure finals. The letter *r* is absolutely unpronounceable either as initial or medial to the Southern Chinaman, and is avoided as a final when possible—in striking contradistinction to the mandarin-speaking portion of the empire. In Peking, almost every word is capable of taking a final *r* sound by adding to or eliding its primitive terminal; thus, *jen* becomes *jerh; nā, nārh*, etc. When pronounced in the south the *r* closely resembles the Hindoo letter *r*, which is between an *r* and a *d*.

It will be readily understood that, thus "transmogrified," English as spoken by natives at the China ports becomes a jargon, rescued only from contempt by the fixed rules under which it is constructed, and the illustration it affords of Chinese idioms. Many words in common use are of Portuguese or Malay origin, while a certain number of pure Chinese phrases add to its polyglot character. Some words, again, are neither English, Chinese, nor anything else but "pidgin," and their derivation cannot be ascertained. Such are *maskee*, which signifies "never mind;" *chin-chin*, for "how do you do," or "good-by," "to compliment," etc. This latter phrase is not, as commonly supposed, Chinese. There is a phrase, *Tsing Tsing*, meaning "if you please;" but it is never used in the sense of the modern *Chin-chin*, and the natives believe the latter to be pure English. One of the most curious "pidgin" words is an excrescence pronounced *ga-lah*. It has no signification, and is simply added to a word or sentence to round it off. A Chinaman will thus say, "my wantsee go topside ga-lah" for "I shall be going upstairs" or "up town." The origin of this queer word is found in Chinese colloquial. Each dialect has certain "empty sounds," as the syllables are appropriately named, which are affixed to the ends of sentences to satisfy certain laws of rhythm, and the commonest of these is *ko-lo* or *ko-la*, which has easily changed into *ga-lah*.

Although pidgin English seems, when first heard by an unaccustomed stranger, to be as difficult as a veritable foreign language, its inverted construction and curious mispronunciation are very easily acquired, and it therefore continues in extensive use. A colloquy committed to writing looks curious. Suppose, for instance, a foreigner to have called about some business on a native merchant:

Chinaman. Ai yah! chin-chin; how you do?
Foreigner. Chin chin; any piecee news have got?
Ch. No got news; thisee day b'long too muchee hot.
For. Yes; too muchee hot; you pidgin numba one?
Ch. Pidgin no b'long good jus' now; you got any pidgin for my?
For. My got littee smallo piecee; my wantsee buytee one lole (roll) sillik (silk).
Ch. Ah! my got plenty. What fashion coloh you wantsee? Allo fashion have got. That Guvnoah mississee (Governor's wife) any time come thisee shop makee buytee (always deals at this shop); etc., etc.

It does not appear that pidgin English will die out. Numbers of Chinese, indeed, thanks to emigration to the United States, and the increased facilities available in the British Government schools at Hongkong, now learn to talk English with fluency and correctness; and the number of foreigners who acquire one or other of the Chinese dialects is increasing, the latest estimate, counting all nationalities, being somewhat under four hundred. But there is always a large fluctuating population of foreign soldiers, sailors, and visitors, to whom the acquisition of Chinese would involve a toil quite disproportioned to its use. To these a means of communication with the natives, based on a European vocabulary, is too serviceable to be dispensed with, and for them pidgin English will hold its ground. So far from dying out, it seems rather probable that in the course of years it will take rank as a dialect beside the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean Sea.

LAKE GEORGE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LAKE GEORGE, August 10, 1870.

I FIND so great a pleasure in travelling, and maintain so friendly and expectant an attitude toward possible "sensations," that they haven't the heart to leave me altogether unvisited, though I confess that they are frequently such as may seem to lack flavor to fastidious people or to those sated with many wanderings. I found it a sensation, for instance, to come from Saratoga (for the first time) in a "drawing-room car." I found it a luxury of an almost romantic intensity to sit in one of those revolving *fauteuils* and gaze through that generous, oblong plate of glass at the midsummer wilderness which bordered my route, while through a nether screen of delicate wire the summer breeze rushed in, winnowed of the grossness of cinders, and an artfully frescoed ceiling invited my gaze to rest at moments from the excessive *abandon* of nature. I observed that my companions on top of the coach which I subsequently mounted, were unanimous in voting Glenn's Falls a remarkably pretty town: I therefore observed it with the view at once of enjoying its prettiness and of appraising my neighbor's judgment. Pretty it is for a town of elements so meagre. Like Saratoga, the village is blissfully bedimmed and overshadowed with a noble abundance of wayside verdure—by serried lines of elms and maples, and their goodly domestic umbrage in gardens and yards. It has not, however, that rounded and harmonious charm which would perhaps have made it appear a little less incongruous to me than it did to behold a public work of art at our egress from the village. Like so many other little American towns, it has its own little æsthetic fact—shining with newness—in the shape of a soldier's monument: an obelisk, if I recollect, of a pleasant cream-colored stone, surmounted on its apex by a species of napkin, which an eagle is in the act of rending in his claws, and decorated toward the bases with four niches, enclosing four of the usual warriors contemplating the graves of their comrades. It is not very wisely conceived, perhaps, nor very cunningly executed; but there it stands, neighbored by a grosser ugliness, which, in its fair monumental breadth and permanence, it may connect with some lurking germs of future beauty. The drive to Lake George is full of a grand rough prettiness—leading you straight into the midst of the thickening hills and along the bases of half-grown mountains. When you emerge upon the lake, you find yourself fairly launched into the romance of mountain scenery.

I find here, at this little village of Caldwell, an immense hotel of a good deal of external architectural pretension—French-roofed, with a sort of high-piled and gabled complexity which, as country hotels go, makes it look vaguely picturesque. It stands directly on the lake, and boasts a really magnificent piazza—a terrace of contemplation—worthy of the beautiful view it commands. This, I believe, is not the choice quarter of the lake. Yet such as it is, it is thoroughly lovely. Great simple masses of wooded hills rise with a plain green nearness, to right and left; further, as the lake recedes, they increase in size and in magic of colors, and in the uttermost background they figure nobly in outline and hue, with the magnitude and mystery of a mountain chain. A friend at Saratoga informed me that Lake George is considered strongly to resemble the Lake of Como. A year ago, almost at the present moment, I spent a week on the shores of that divinest of lakes, and I think that, even unreminded by my friends, I should occasionally be prompted to an attempt at comparison and contrast. It is in a certain way unwise and even unkind to play this sort of game with the things of America and of Italy, but it seems to me that comparisons are odious only when they are sterile, and intruders only when they are forced. Lake George is quite enough like the Lake of Como to impel you, if the image of the latter is fresh in your mind, to pursue the likeness to its inevitable phase of unlikeness. The mountains which melt into those blue Italian waters are clad with olives and vines, with groves of mulberry and chestnut and ilex, with a verdure productive of a wholly different range of effects from that of the sombre forests of the North. And yet, such is the infinite mercy of the sun, its inscrutable cunning and power, that, to-day, as the morning light spent itself through the long hours over the sullen darkness of these American hills, it tempered and tinted and softened them, and wrought upon them such a sweet confusion of exquisite tones, such a dimness of distant blue, such a brilliant tissue of noonday vapors, such a fine-drawn purity of outline, that they seemed to borrow their beauty from a Southern air and to shine with that mild, iridescent, opaline glow which you enjoy from the little headland above Bellagio. It is the complete absence of detail which betrays the identity of American scenery. On those Italian slopes the fancy travels with the eye from one bright sign of human presence to another, from a gleaming mountain hamlet to the lonely twinkle of a mountain shrine. In our own landscape, if the background in its greatest beauty is in a sense common, undetermined, and general, the foreground is even more so, inasmuch as in the foreground there is usually an attempt at detail. Here, on the left shore of the lake, is a saw-mill with a high black chimney, a dozen little white wooden houses, and a little promontory of planks on posts, in the nature of a steamboat-pier. This brave little attempt at civilization looks as transient and accidental as the furniture of a dream. Above it mounts the long-drawn roundness of the wooded hills. Their woods of course supply the saw-mill, and the saw-mill supplies the excellent plank-road. I followed this road yesterday through the village to a point where, having entered the relapsing woods, it throws out two tributary arms. The plank-road pursues its way to other little settlements, expectant of the coach. One of the other roads keeps along the lake—"a little piece away," as a young girl of the country told me. The third observes a middling course, along the lower slope of the hills, above the lake road. I wandered along the last, to excellent purpose as regards the pursuit of the picturesque: through the coolness of thinly divided woods, past little bald grey farm-houses, lonely and sunny in their midsummer plenitude, past an occasional cottage of gentility—a built and dedicated point of view. I shall long remember a certain little farm-house before which I stayed my steps to stare and enjoy. If the pure picturesque means simply the presentation of a picture, self-informed and complete, I have seen nothing in Italy or England which better deserves the praise. Here, for once, the picture swarmed with detail—less, however, with the scattered accessories of the usual warm-toned farmstead of tradition than with the rich invasive presence of spontaneous nature and the tangled overgrowth of rank vegetation. No Tuscan *podere* could have been more densely and gracefully luxuriant. The little unpainted dwelling stood on a grassy slope—leaden-grey in the shade, silver-grey in the sun. Against the darkness of the open doorway, from where I stood, I saw a white butterfly soar and sink—I almost heard in the noonday stillness the soundless whirr of his wings. The milk-pans glittered in the sun; beside the house-wall a magnificent clump of pink hollyhocks lifted its blooming stalks, touching almost the roof, and adding the hint of another color to the abounding green and yellow and blue. The deeper grass, toward the fence and roadside, was a great expansive blaze of golden-rod. It seemed to glitter upward toward the milder yellow of the crowded apples in the crowded trees of the orchard. This orchard—its trees all high and noble in spite of their bended breadth—lost itself in a tangled confusion of verdurous background, so that it was hard to say whether it was an orchard run wild with excessive productiveness, or a piece of the mountain wilderness come down to be tame and prolific. At any rate, I have seldom seen a more potent emanation of reflected composite light and color, of leafed and bladed and fruited green.

I made my way down a sloping lane to the road which adheres to the lake and thence by a path across a wooded field to the verge of the water. Here I wandered along the narrow strip of beach to a little sandy cove, and lay down with my head in the shade of a thicket of bushes. The pebbles lay unstirred at my feet; the water was sheeted with the noonday light; the opposite mountains were clothed with wonderful tones of atmospheric blue. I tried to study them, to distinguish them, to remember them; but I felt only that they were wonderful, and that they don't belong to the province of words. The mountains at all hours have a way of trying to put off the observer with a certain *faux air* of simplicity: a single great curve for an outline, a dozen alternate planes of deeper or fainter blue for its contents. The persistent observer very soon learns, however, what to make of this brave simplicity—or rather, he very soon learns how hard it is to make anything positive of it, to resolve it into its thousand magical parts. It is an old story that the mountains are for ever changing, that they live and move in a series of shifting and melting and amazing "effects;" but I never so deeply felt its meaning as while I lay on that couch of unrolled pebbles and gazed at them across that shining level which assures the freedom of the interval of air. The clouds were stationed in a windless volume just above the line of their summits. Above the empty lake was an empty field of sky. The result, of course, on the slopes of the hills was a series of exquisite operations in light—doubly fine and delicate from the stillness of the air. The general tone was immensely soft and luminous—so that, as I say, I might very well have been on the Lake of Como or on Lago Maggiore. A green island lay blooming in the middle of the lake—which was not the Isola Bella, but apparently a plain small thicket of firs. The oars of a little boat twinkled in the sun and wrinkled the waveless deep. I chased the great slow shadows on the mountains into little shadows, and the little shadows into shadows which still were great. I followed the even blue into violet and pink and amber. I disintegrated with a steady gaze the long pure sky-lines into linked miles of innumerable lonely spires. And then at last I rose to my feet feeling that I had learned chiefly to misreport these mountain wonders.

In the late afternoon, I went upon the lake lazily, with a red-necked, brawn-eyed young rustic as an oarsman. It was, of course, delicious. The closing day had drained the water of its early glare and dyed it with cool blue shadows. The hotel, from the lake, looked decidedly vulgar. The mountains, in the gross richness of their deepening blue, made at last an approach to a large massive simplicity. It is not till the sun departs, I think, that you see them in their essential masses. The aerial charm is gone, but they gain in formal grandeur. In the evening, at the hotel, there was the usual array of placid, sauntering tourists—the usual spectacle of high-heeled young ladies in those charming puffed and panniered overdresses of white muslin which are now so picturesquely worn. I confess, however, that to myself the most interesting feature of the evening was the band of musicians on the piazza. The New York papers had just come in, and I had been reading of the great deeds of Prussia and the confusion of France. I was filled with a sense of Prussian greatness. Strolling toward the place where the band was stationed, I beheld behind every trumpet a sturdy German face and heard in every note an uplifted German voice. My sense of German greatness was hugely magnified. Here, while their strong fellow-citizens were winning battles and making history in Alsace and Lorraine, they were making music in a distant land for a crowd of unmelodious strangers. What a splendid range of prowess and powers! What an omen for the Prussian future! The air seemed a brazen pæan of triumph and joy. Their simple Teutonic presence seemed a portent.

FRENCH PATRIOTISM—TROCHU—THIERS.

PARIS, August 12, 1870.

THERE is a very curious thing to study here at this moment, and which more than ever seems to me to confirm the view I took in my last letter, namely, that education—true, honest, civilized, *moral* education—is the one thing needed in France. It is this: If, in the midst of the grief and indignation which burst forth on all sides, a man of another origin, an Anglo-Saxon, suggests that every disaster is retrievable when a nation's will is set upon retrieving it, and instances Bull Run, they so little understand the way in which the North Americans took that first incident of the war, that they affirm, when it is explained to them, that it was unpatriotic! No amount of argument can bring them to comprehend that to avow a defeat, not only to avow but to blazon it forth, is to show yourself superior to it, and capable of wiping it out. No! That they will not agree to. Their notion of patriotism is to hide whatsoever is unpleasant, and to admit nothing that is disparaging, and to cling to the belief that what is *well* hidden may manage never to be known.

All this (which is identical in every class), denotes simply, as I have already remarked, a defective education; an education from which the untruthful element is never expunged. Depend upon it, that whatever happens, France must, if she is to hold her proper rank among nations—the rank which her really great qualities and gifts entitle her to—she *must*, for the next ten or fifteen years, reform her system of education, root and branch. She must learn certain elementary principles of which, even if she be brought to admit them in the abstract, she invariably refuses to recognize the application. Every province of education will have to be attacked in turn, and, above all, female education must be absolutely turned topsy-turvy, for women are the men-makers, the mothers of men. This is what the deepest thinkers even of France apparently fail to perceive. A woman, to be the fitting mould or frame of a true man, needs above all to be a thorough woman; tender, namely, and true, upright, pure, and devoted to what is right. These qualities suffice. If she transmit these qualities to her son the battle of life will do the rest, and he will know how to wage it. But if instead of these primordial truths she aim at making her son merely "cunning of fence," according to the world's meaning, she utterly mistakes her mission, and makes a dishonest and weak man—dishonesty being weakness.

It can never be enough repeated: here is the supreme French fault: they do not believe in the superiority of the true over the false, of the good over the bad. I will take a military instance of this, which is, at this pre sent moment, an extremely striking one: I mean General Trochu. A few years since, during the campaign of 1859 against Austria, General Trochu was a popular character; he had been Marshal Bugeaud's favorite aide-de-camp; he was known to have been set aside in the Crimean war, and the fact of his being disliked by the dynasty contributed to serve him in Liberal public opinion. When things grew critical in Italy, Trochu was made a general of division, which he never would have been otherwise, and many persons, even in the immediate *entourage* of the court, admitted that he was undoubtedly superior. When the first successes of Liberalism began, three or four years ago, the name of Trochu was constantly in men's mouths, and more than once it was said that he ought to be War Minister. But after the Austro-Prussian war, Trochu wrote his famous and admirable book upon the French army, its qualities and its defects—and Trochu's universal popularity decreased. The book sold by hundreds of thousands—twenty editions within the year. Every military man in the whole world declared that a more valuable work never existed; but although every soldier and every citizen in France bought and read General Trochu's book—nay, more, avowed that it was the most *useful* work imaginable—it was almost unanimously decided that it was "unpatriotic" of General Trochu to have written it. Why "unpatriotic?" Because it showed the weaknesses of the French army, and actually gave it to be understood that were that army not reformed in more ways than one, there might be other armies that would vanquish it. Now, this was a contingency not to be hinted at. The notion that the French army was not omnipotent was one which no "patriotic" Frenchman would tolerate, and General Trochu had so irretrievably lost favor with his countrymen that, when he was, at the opening of the present war, found to be in reality "nowhere," the disappointment was by no means what it would have been if he had never published his book, and of indignation there was none. General Trochu had ventured to show that French troops might perhaps not be invincible; he had lost his popularity.

Things are somewhat altered now, and perhaps General Trochu may yet save to a certain degree the situation. If he does, when peace is made, he will probably be allowed to modify for the army what it is so absolutely necessary to modify amongst the entire mass of the population, education, namely. But the price will have been a heavy one to pay for the necessary reforms of the French troops. It is now probable that, with thorough reorganization of all sides, with a new ministry, a new commander-in-chief, new administration everywhere, in short, the honor of the country may yet be rescued, and that the intervention of united Europe may prevent the absolute predominance of Germany. Predominance is good for no nation, as the defeat of France (who aspired thereto) has proved. Equilibrium between nations is what peaceable, cultivated, progressive civilization in Europe requires; and I already hear many people suggesting that England, if joined by the United States, might force the entire Continent to join the Peace League, and, having obtained honorable terms for France, re-establish the necessary equilibrium, and achieve the one aim without which all the rest is illusion, namely, disarmament.

A great many important facts are proved by this war. First, that war is no longer possible if the progress made by civilization is to subsist. One of the two must perish and die out. Does any one believe it can be civilization? But then it must be war. Your own system in America must necessarily be adopted by the whole world, and conscription must go to the wall in its present Continental form, to be replaced by the availability of the whole population if required for purposes of defence.

Another thing that the present war will have destroyed is the possibility of personal government. Had real discussion preceded this sudden outbreak—discussion, namely, in a chamber composed of free men, representatives of the nation freely chosen by the nation, and not "mere official candidates"—no war would ever have taken place. Calm, reasonable argument would have stood in the place of passion, and a "way out" would have been easily and satisfactorily found. M. Thiers goes further, and, in the letter he wrote some days ago to the *Times*, he affirms that, even with the Chamber constituted as it now is, if time had been allowed, the majority would never have voted blindly, but would have required to know why France was to be involved in an aggressive war. M. Thiers says that, had "twenty-four hours" been given to him, he should have been able to prevent this disastrous campaign.

Perhaps it may one day be found that, horrible as it may be, and frightful as is the price, a permanent gain has been achieved by this atrocious war which nothing else could perhaps have rendered possible. At all events, the higher class of politicians now, the thinkers and statesmen of other days, have before them the task of saving the country. It is in such moments as these in which the real value of a man's nature comes out, and he is tested solely by his trustworthiness. I shall probably surprise many of your readers if I say that there is the reason why, in a crisis of this kind, the entire public turns with confidence to Thiers, and would shrink with terror from any mention of Guizot. Guizot lost the July monarchy by three defects—narrowness of mind, indifference to truth, and tolerance of dishonesty. Scrupulously honest himself, he had no belief in the necessity for honesty or truth in those around him. Royer-Collard, who was always severe, passed upon him the historical sentence, "C'est un austère intrigant," and for that reason the honest and thinking men of France would recoil from the name of Guizot on an emergency. Now, M. Thiers, whatever his faults, has never shown taste or talent for intrigue. "He has proved himself versatile," say his foes. It may be so, but he is the sincerest of men, and while he holds an opinion he will fight honestly and manfully for it. He is a proverbially enthusiastic patriot, and no one will doubt the safety of French honor in his hands. Events may make of Thiers the Talleyrand of the situation.

Correspondence.

THE CHINESE MASSACRE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: How are the reports of the barbarous massacre of the missionaries in Tientsing, in the month of June last, to be reconciled with the announcement of the special ambassador of the Chinese Emperor just two years previous, as follows: "China *invites* your missionaries, and tells them to plant the shining cross on every hill and in every valley, for she is very hospitable to fair argument"?*

C. C.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The recent massacre of nineteen foreigners at Tientsing affords an opportunity to those who have opposed the prevailing views regarding Chinese policy, of pointing out how entirely the tragedy in question justifies the statements they have made. It has hitherto been almost impossible to get a hearing, so prepossessed were people with the idea that the Burlingame Convention had inaugurated a new era of intercourse between China and the West. How far that belief has proved baseless, a series of events since its negotiation sufficiently demonstrates. Why the reasonable hope raised by the Chinese Mission should have proved so delusive is not, however, to many so clear, and I propose, with your permission, to make a few remarks in explanation.

The local authorities of China, from viceroy to petty magistrate, are, with scarcely an exception, corrupt. They oppress and defraud the people, while they swindle the Government by false returns, and taxes of which they have pocketed a large percentage. They seldom report the truth respecting any disturbances which occur, being heavily bribed to conceal it by those in fault. Their "justice" is frequently sold to the highest bidder, and their authority in cases of emergency is therefore "nil." As this corruption extends to the military mandarins, the central Government frequently finds itself powerless to enforce its orders in the provinces, and a very common excuse for leaving some flagrant crime unpunished is that the offender is "too powerful" to be meddled with.

It is not therefore difficult to understand that, presuming the Peking Government to be in earnest in its alleged wish for extended foreign intercourse, and its desire to adhere to existing engagements, and presuming Mr. Burlingame's appointment to have been made in good faith (all of which I deny), it may have agreed to stipulations which it is quite unable to carry out, if the official classes of the provinces choose to be "obstructive." They are obstructive because any attempt to check disturbances would both cause them the loss of hush-money and bribes paid to ensure their inactivity, and would render them unpopular. Accepting the good faith of the Peking officials, the non-reliability of their engagements is, from causes beyond their own control, sufficiently obvious. But when we find that instead of desiring foreign intercourse, an overwhelming majority of the Emperor's advisers are opposed to it; that many grandees of the Empire have, since the "mission" left China, memorialized the throne adversely to foreign interests; that so far from Mr. Burlingame's appointment as a salaried representative being spontaneous, it was forced on them by Mr. Hart, the foreign Inspector-General of customs; and that, finally, treaty agreements are evaded whenever practicable—what are we to think of the value of Chinese promises?

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* See Mr. Burlingame's address in New York, June 23, 1868.

While a dislike to foreigners has always prevailed on the part of the provincial mandarins, from the fact that every foreign settlement forms a "house of refuge" to oppressed natives, the French are particularly hated for two reasons. Their officials are somewhat overbearing in manner to these self-important gentry; and the Romish missions, which are all under French protection, annually gather a number of native converts who regard the priests as their protectors against extortion. The genuine hatred entertained on these accounts against them is dexterously pandered to by a class of natives, alarmingly numerous, who subsist by kidnapping children and selling them to brothels or as slaves. These scoundrels accuse foreigners, especially priests and others who take charge of deserted children, of their own crimes, and the credulous Chinese are easily led to believe anything, no matter how absurd or horrible the charge, of people whose occupation is a mystery. The passions of an uneducated mob are soon roused, and a Chinese mob is pretty much the same as a similar assemblage anywhere else—the blackguard class predominating. Petty hangers-on of the mandarins, foreseeing a harvest in "squeezes," bribes, etc., whatever turns up, add their own insidious persuasions to violence; and so one of the periodical "rows" is got up, to the great advantage of the mandarins and kidnappers. The mandarins are almost invariably apprised of what is going to happen, and keep out of the way. The accounts given of the Tientsing riot relate that placards were posted all about the town a fortnight before, stating that the French would be attacked on the 21st of June (the day of the massacre), and other foreigners on the 24th; so that in this case there is happily no need to rely upon presumptive proof of their connivance. Yet nothing was done by the Superintendent, Chunghow, or his subordinates. Having occupied an official position at Tientsing a few years since, I had the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with that official, and believe that his inaction was the result of cowardice rather than hatred of foreigners, to whom he was uniformly courteous and considerate. He once expressed to me his fear of the fate that would befall him in case of a rising, which he declared he could not prevent should the people become excited, though he would gladly do so to save his own head. His words were, or should be, prophetic!

The hitherto deceived people of the United States and Europe have in support of their views the pacific assurances of Mr. Burlingame. We, whose opposition to his policy is most unjustly charged to personal or national envy, point to outrages, *committed since he left China as its "envoy,"* at Canton, Swatow, Tamsin, Foochow, Nanking, Hankow, Chefoo, and Tientsing—eight ports out of the thirteen open—in support of our side of the question. We are further backed by the unanimous testimony of the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and (late) American ministers as recorded in formal despatches; by that of missionaries of all denominations, of journalists, merchants, and consuls of all nationalities, of the foreign Chinese customs employees, and of the naval and military men under every flag in the China seas! And yet all this testimony, sealed with the blood of tortured, strangled, burned, and outraged men and women, must not be weighed in the balance with the assertion of an agent (who received $40,000 a year for his services) that China was "progressive" and "welcomed the shining cross." Can you wonder that residents in China feel—just a little—put out?

I am, sir, etc.,

N. B. DENNYS,
Late Editor *China Mail*, M.R.A.S., etc.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1870.

CONTRABANDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The application of the term *contraband* to human beings (not necessarily of a particular color) is much older than either General Butler or Captain Canot. During the disputes about impressment which preceded and accompanied our war of 1812, some of the English Whigs, including Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, undertook to furnish a solution of the difficulty. One of their suggestions is thus quoted by Cobbett; the italics are his:

> "The most effectual [mode] undoubtedly would be to ordain by a treaty that the subjects of each power, if found on board the merchant-vessels of the other, *should be considered in the nature of contraband of war*, inasmuch as their natural sovereign was thereby deprived of their service in war."

This expedient, however, though "the most effectual," was rejected as impracticable for other reasons. Cobbett himself said of it: "As to the proposition of making English seamen 'contraband of war,' it is so impudent, so shameful, even so horrid, that I will do no more than just name it, that it may not escape the reader's indignation." CARL BENSON.

LENOX, MASS., August 19.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO. will shortly publish "Literature of the English Language; comprising representative selections from the best authors; also, lists of contemporaneous writers and their principal works," by E. Hunt, A.M., Principal of the Girls' High and Normal School, Boston. The selections go back to Chaucer, but instead of following the usual chronological arrangement, "the author begins by introducing the pupil to our distinguished modern authors first." This reversal has obvious disadvantages for learning the devolopment of a literature, but that it may not be justified by the experience of the school-room is more than we would allege. The plan, say the publishers, is eminently original and practical, and it may be both one and the other. They have also in press "A School History of the United States," by Prof. Swinton, of the University of California, better known as Mr. William Swinton, war correspondent of the *Times*, and writer of the best historical works dealing with the late war that have thus far appeared. The "School History" will be properly supplied, it is promised, with maps, plans, and portraits. The same house has nearly ready "Greek Praxis, or Greek for Beginners," by Professor J. A. Spencer, of the College of the City of New York. ——A biographical sketch of William Winston Seaton, by his daughter, which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. announce, will revive the memory of a firm whose name was household while Mason & Dixon's was, and when the *National Intelligencer* of Gales and Seaton led the press of the country as the organ of party leaders or of administrations. That day is far gone by, and the paper itself, though dying not long after its founder, and that recently, seems already knee-deep in the dust of the past; but any light honestly shed upon the men and the journals and the politics of the period during which Mr. Seaton was prominent and powerful, will convey useful lessons to the student of American history.——*Hours at Home*, which was established in 1866 by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. as a semi-religious magazine for family reading, has ever since had very fair success in all ways. Even pecuniarily it was, we believe, successful from the very first number, and that so rarely happens to an American magazine, or indeed to any other, that it is a fact worth noting as so far creditable to the management of the publishers and the editor. The name of the magazine is now to be changed, and it will be known as *Scribner's Monthly*, is to be profusely illustrated, and is to be in charge of Dr. Holland, whose publishers Messrs. Scribner & Co. have been for many years. The news of his appointment will no doubt be good news to a large circle of readers.——Messrs. Felt & Dillingham have been succeeded by Francis B. Felt & Co., who continue at the old stand, 455 Broome Street, the wholesale book and stationery business.

— Mr. Edward C. Towne is a clergyman of the Unitarian persuasion, who, some years ago, after studying theology in the Divinity School at Yale, suddenly surprised his Congregationalist friends by declaring that he could not be a Congregationalist, inasmuch as he had become a Unitarian, and, in fact, a rationalist. Mr. Towne has it in contemplation to teach his doctrines in print by means of a magazine which he hopes to bring out by the beginning of October. The name of the new periodical will be the *Examiner*, and the second title will be as follows: "A Monthly Review of Religious and Humane Questions and of Literature." The principal features of it will be, first, "a novel, the modern vehicle of the widest popular instruction; second, scholarly and thoughtful essays on themes of human and religious interest; third, translated articles from French and German sources; fourth, shorter papers and paragraphs of fact, thought, and criticism; fifth, a full and careful account of new books and of other books which the new ones suggest, or which are suggested by questions engaging public attention."

—The first aspect of Prof. Schaeffer's Latin Chart (Philadelphia: Charles, Brother & Co.) irresistibly suggests humbug—it promises so much, and in such a tone, at once boastful and aggrieved. It seems that "Latin professors" have been shy of the extravagant promises, and the author is furious at their neglect; his "General Directions" and "Appeal to the Press," with their pettishness and underscorings of every emphatic word (and a good many not emphatic), read like the production of an exasperated female correspondent. No wonder the chart has been quietly set aside when introduced with such a flourish of trumpets or fish-horns. There is something very curious in the *naïveté* which proclaims loudly that the chart "has been treated *with the most signal indifference* by ALL the Latin professors to whom it has been sent;" that "*absolutely* not in *one single, solitary instance* has ever any answer or response been elicited of ANY kind," etc. One would say that more complete testimony as to its exact value need hardly be sought by its author. And yet this unfavorable judgment, if natural, would not be entirely just. The chart has many very good features, and may be used, we should think, with very good results in connection with text-books. Its characteristic feature, of setting apart the stem, connecting vowel, and affix, is familiar enough, and used in detail by nearly all good teachers, both in Latin and Greek. The special merit of this chart is that it combines all these details quite ingeniously, and enables the teacher to present to his pupils a connected view of the whole at one time, as an end to the paradigm. We do not believe—although trial alone can determine this—that it should *supersede* the grammar paradigm; nor do we believe that to the beginner there is any advantage in having the whole of all four conjugations before his eyes at once. Still less do we believe that new students can learn the whole of this in an average of two hours; and that at the same time students who have already some knowledge of the verb would require two days, is only a piece of the professor's boastfulness.

—The European war has revealed many things as to the editing of New York newspapers, and has, we fear, given the provincial press great cause of satisfaction with their inferiority to the press of the metropolis. The *World* began well when, in the first days of the war, it rapped the *Tribune's* knuckles for calling Weissenburg a French town, whereas, the *World* said, the Crown Prince's exploit in taking it was only equalled by the exploit of the Dutch when that martial people captured Holland—Weissenburg being, as all mankind outside of the *Tribune* office knew, a German town. And the *World's* daily explanations of how it happens that the German armies are so constantly thrashed and ruined by the French under the glorious Bazaine are things by which the editors of Chicago and Cincinnati must be moved. But the *Times* astonished us greatly on Saturday by these editorial remarks: "Our correspondent at Paris gives an account of the means by which, as he asserts, two powerful English journals have been moved to take up the cause of the Orleans family. It is to be hoped that higher motives than those which are assigned have guided our contemporaries in their course. Mr. Disraeli once insinuated that the inspirations of the London *Times* were drawn from gilded saloons, but so direct a charge as that which our correspondent alleges has been brought against it, has seldom been adduced before. For the honor of our profession, we may hope that there is nothing but rumor in it." This looked serious, and we turned at once to the columns of the Cable despatches to discover the disgraceful truth. There we found this: "I have just heard from a good source the original cause of the hostility of the London *Times* to the Emperor, and the sudden wheel-around of the *Daily Telegraph* in the same direction. Lady Waldegrave, of Strawberry Hill, a great friend of the Orleans family, is showing great social attentions to the London journalists, with a view to making partisans. Mr. Delane, of the London *Times*, dines there three times a week, and has been the more easily won over by her Ladyship from the fact that he lost £20,000 in the time of the Hohenzollern affair, by stock speculations for a rise on the faith of an announcement of the settlement of the war question by M. Ollivier's organ, *Le Constitutionnel*. Among the recent conquests of the siren of Strawberry Hill are Mr. and Mrs. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*. They received the honor of an invitation to her Ladyship's dinners, and the allegiance of that journal was secured." All this double-leaded, and given one of the most prominent places in the paper!

—Now suppose Mr. William Evarts overhears a sneak-thief saying that he saw Mr. Charles O'Connor picking a pocket in a Third Avenue car, and thereupon states the fact in open court, but wipes his eyes and hopes "for the honor of the profession that there is nothing but rumor in it." What high honor, to be sure, would be due a profession whose best members should behave in that manner. For our own part, we shall soon begin to wonder that "gentlemen of the press" are still admitted into decent hotels or respectable private houses. The honor of the profession of journalism will be better maintained than it is now and stand higher when editors remember that to spread disgraceful, unproved reports about the character of other editors cannot be atoned for by printing in another prominent place in the paper a hope that "for the honor of the profession" the journalist who calls two other journalists flunkeys and swindlers may himself be a libellous rascal. Singular, too, that it should have taken three dinners a week to corrupt the editor of the *Times*. Would not one a week have brought him down?

—If it were not for wars, it has been said, Englishmen would never learn the geography of foreign countries. But certainly no one's memory, unaided by travel, is equal to the task of following in detail a modern campaign without frequent reference to a map or a gazetteer. The French frontier, for instance, is not making its début in military history, by any means, and yet the number of persons not French who knew of the existence and location of Wörth, or Gravelotte, or Rézonville till the other day, when battles had been fought there, was probably indefinitely small. And if any evidence were wanted of the general ignorance in this country of European topography, the newspaper maps and the newspaper comments on the events of the war would furnish it. There has been a singular lack of enterprise in preparing correct, even if rude, maps and sketches of the seat of hostilities, and we have known of errors as gross as cutting up the Rhine into a boundary, placing Metz to the south of Paris, and putting the name of a river for the name of a province, and *vice versa*. Naturally, or not unnaturally, in the beginning the map-makers gave us the largest possible view of Germany, with merely a slice of France thrown in gratis, in order to show from what points of departure the march on Berlin was accomplished. It turned out that this proportion needed to be exactly reversed; and, in our own case, we were fortunate enough, after trying in vain to procure Baedeker's Guide-books for Northern and Southern Germany, to secure the sheet of Eastern France from Kiepert's Hand-atlas (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer; New York: L. W. Schmidt), which we have found the fullest and clearest map of any in the market. It embraces the country lying between Carlsruhe and Angers, and the English Channel and Lyons, with fragments of Belgium, Luxembourg, Rhenish Prussia, Rhenish Bavaria, Baden, and Switzerland. Its accuracy is as remarkable as its execution is beautiful. We believe, however, that it is difficult to obtain just now. In its stead a map just issued by Messrs. B. Westermann & Co., of this city, may be profitably consulted; for, though inferior to Kiepert's, it is much in advance of any other American-made map that we have seen. The extent of it is indicated by Rotterdam and Erfurt on the north and east, Paris on the west, and Châlons-sur-Saône on the south. It would be improved, we think, if the coloring were confined to the boundaries. Lloyd's "Topographical and Railway Map of the Seat of War" evidently contemplates a general imbroglio, for it embraces every state in Europe. The scale on which France is drawn is, of course, small as compared with the map just mentioned, but well enough exhibits the objective points and principal advances of the Prussians.

—The Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of the Bureau of Education appear to have hit upon a plan which will relieve the poverty of the Bureau, and give it far greater efficiency than special Congressional appropriations have provided for. A "Circular of Information" for August has just been published, not as from the Bureau, but as from the Department, at the request of the Commissioner, who reminds Secretary Cox that he has the needful authority for doing so. The circular was compiled mainly with reference to enquiries of a general character addressed to the Bureau. It contains tables gathered from the census of 1860, showing the illiteracy of our population; the proportion of the *analfabeti* to the legal voters and actual election majorities; the relation between intelligence in the several States, the number of patents issued, and the postal receipts *per caput;* similar comparisons by groups of States, etc. There are also given translations of useful articles by Dr. Ficker, on school statistics, and Dr. Virchow, on school-room diseases; and the latter half of the circular is occupied by a comparative table of the systems of State boards, and a pretty full list of State, county, district, and city school officers in the United States, with addresses. There is nothing wasted in this document, miscellaneous as it is, and Mr. Eaton has prefixed a résumé of the deductions that might be made from his census tables, which will direct attention to these in the right way. He remarks, for instance, that "no State reimburses the General Government for its postal services whose adult population contains more than *eight per cent.* of illiterate persons." On pages 30, 31, are seasonable statistics in regard to the illiteracy of the French and Prussian conscripts respectively. While the former show an average of thirty per cent. unable to read or write, and a minimum of three, the latter average less than four per cent., with a maximum of sixteen (Posen) and a minimum of one-sixth (0·17, Saxony).

—On the 4th of this month was held at Louisville the first German-American teachers' convention. One of the main questions before it was how to shape instruction in German so as to ensure subsequent permanent use of the language. Mr. Carl Knortz, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, delivered an address on this subject, from the report of which in the Louisville *Volksblatt* (August 5 and 6) it appears that not only do the great mass of German immigrants begin straightway to depreciate and let slip their mother-tongue; not only do they prefer that their children should be taught English, and that only, because it is at once serviceable and cheaply learned, while German is unpractical and dear; but even those who have been trained in the *Turnvereine*, and the pupils of the public schools in the large cities, speak English for the most part in their daily transactions or in their intercourse with one another. Mr. Knortz finds the cause of the parents' indifference to the preservation and transmission of their native language in the faulty mode of instruction in the public schools of Germany, which neglect the national literature to a deplorable extent; and these methods, loyally copied in the United States, produce analogous results. Mr. Knortz, therefore, insists upon an improved pedagogy—praising and describing with some detail Jacotot's system of primary instruction and Fröbel's Kindergarten—a more natural and attractive discipline in grammar, and, above all, such an acquaintance with German literature as shall give a firm hold to the language in the affection and usage of every child thus educated. Mr. Knortz would not omit instruction in English, but would have the German remain the mother-tongue.

—Other educational news from Kentucky is not without interest. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of August 16 recounts the history of the present Kentucky University at Lexington, which, to use the tolerably high pitch of the editor, "already stands among the universities of the world like a young giant full of iron nerve and modern life among the corpulent and drowsy elders of the family." The efforts of Mr. John B. Bowman, a farmer of Mercer County, and a graduate of Bacon College, have set this young giant on his legs. Fifteen years ago he conceived the idea of founding a university free to young men of slender means, and began to raise an endowment of half a million of dollars. His financial scheme was ingenious. Every subscriber who gave his note for a thousand dollars received a certificate of stock "with coupons attached bearing value equal to one year's tuition, and made transferable." They were redeemable in tuition only. The money thus raised, chiefly among farmers, was sufficient to start a college at Harrodsburg in 1859, with nearly two hundred students. The breaking out of the war stopped the increase of the endowment, but the college, though surrounded by hostile armies, suffered no interruption from either, nor any loss, being decidedly more fortunate in this respect than William and Mary College in Virginia. But it was equally unfortunate in being burnt up at last, with its library and apparatus. Proposals of consolidation and removal then came from Transylvania University at Lexington, but in the midst of them the Legislature considered doubtingly whether the State could afford to accept the Government grant for an Agricultural College. Mr. Bowman here stepped in, gave the necessary guaranties, and obtained a bill consolidating the Transylvania University and the Agricultural University with the Kentucky University, removed to Lexington. In 1866, Ashland, famous as the property and homestead of Henry Clay, was purchased as a permanent site for the University, and there may now be found in operation, under favorable circumstances, the College of Science, Literature, and Arts; the Agricultural and Mechanical College; the College of the Bible; the Normal College; the Commercial College; the College of Law; and the College of Medicine. Last year over eight hundred students were in attendance. "Three young men, properly prepared and to be selected by a majority of the justices of the peace from each Representative district of Kentucky, are entitled to tuition free of charge." The tuition fee, when exacted, amounts to forty dollars.

—Close upon the publication of Massimo D'Azeglio's letters to his wife, appears another collection which seems to exhaust, if not the possible sources of light on his inner character, at least the necessary ones. It consists of his letters to his very dear and intimate friend Giuseppe Torelli, who died only three months after D'Azeglio, and while engaged in preparing a continuation of the latter's "Miei Ricordi." Cesare Paoli edits the present volume, incorporating with it the biographical fragments left by Torelli. The letters number ninety-five in all, embracing the period from August 1, 1851, to October 18, 1865, and are almost exclusively political. It is needless to say they are written with the utmost frankness, without thought of their ever being made public. In them he gave vent to his irritation, distrust, disgust at men and affairs, yet always in a facetious vein, which seemed almost unaccountable even to himself. "It is curious," he writes on one occasion, "that although my bile is stirred by so many things, when I write it seems as if I were extravagantly jovial."

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE PAPACY.[*]

MR. LEGGE has been fortunate in his selection of a subject. More, perhaps, than any other historical problem, the growth of the papal theocracy is a theme worthy of patient research and philosophical investigation. To trace, amid the forgotten and scanty records of the past, its slow development for a thousand years, is a task fitted to test the patience of the most laborious scholar; while to seize and estimate the innumerable hidden causes which led to that development, requires insight and impartiality such as few students possess. Yet the most tireless labors of the drudge and the highest qualities of the historian are well employed on a question which, when rightly treated, explains the process through which our modern civilization has evolved itself from the blind struggle between the Roman Cæsar and the Northern Barbarian. The history of the papacy is that of the Church, and the history of the Church is, to a great extent, that of civilization. No wonder, then, that Mr. Legge has had as his forerunners many of the ablest men who have devoted themselves to elucidating the records of the human race.

We wish we could say that his work is worthy of its subject, for a compact, trustworthy, and readable résumé of the marvellous history of the papacy would be a most serviceable contribution to English popular literature. Unluckily, Mr. Legge is lamentably ignorant of the requirements of his task, and has utterly mistaken his vocation. His book has but one solitary recommendation. It is so absolutely unreadable that no one will be seduced into wasting on its chaotic pages time which might be far more profitably employed on the "Arabian Nights" or "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Reviewers are understood to be omnivorous, and to have a capacity for devouring undauntedly the most portentous masses of dulness. In this we hope we are no exception to our brethren; we had thought ourselves thoroughly broken in; and yet we have found it impossible to penetrate through more than the first eight chapters of Mr. Legge's lucubrations. These bring the narrative down to the French Revolution, and afford quite sufficient opportunities for pronouncing on the capacity of the author and the value of his labors.

It requires, indeed, no very extended survey of the work to discover that Mr. Legge is conspicuously deficient in every qualification requisite to an historian. Of these the first is a conscientious study of the records of the period described. Mr. Legge in his preface rather ostentatiously records his gratitude to the officials of the British Museum for assistance rendered by them in the prosecution of his researches, and we can imagine the confusion of those learned men when they see arrayed before the public the class of authorities which they seduced the luckless author to rely upon. In the chapters which we have read, embracing nearly the whole history of the Church, we can find reference to but two original authorities—Eusebius, and Justinger's "Berner-Chronik"—and even in these the manner of the reference is such as to suggest that they are quoted at second-hand. The other writers from whom Mr. Legge draws his materials are "Compend. of Univ. Hist. Jarrold & Sons," "Good Words, 1868," "Riddle's History of the Papacy," "The Mysteries of the Vatican," "Gill's Papal Drama," "Dyce's Modern Europe," "British Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV.," "Butt's History of Italy," and other equally recondite sources, including some safer guides, such as Hallam, Milman, Stanley, "Janus," and Ranke.

Hastily throwing together crude ideas gathered in this manner, it would be too much to expect of Mr. Legge the accuracy which is the next most essential characteristic of the historian. We can fancy Hallam or Milman or Ranke turning over his pages and feeling themselves made responsible for the grotesque blunders into which their disciple has betrayed himself. He informs us (p. 5) that the churches of the first four centuries were ignorant of the primacy of the See of St. Peter, though that primacy was admitted as early as the time of Irenæus, at the beginning of the third century, and the exact nature and quality of it were the subject of numerous subsequent disputes. He speaks of the baptism of Constantine by Sylvester I. (p. 12) as an admitted fact, as though Sylvester had not been dead for eighteen months before Constantine would allow himself to be taken to the font. He asserts (p. 17), without adducing a particle of evidence, that, in the fourth century, the acquisition of property by the perpetration of forged wills and title-deeds was a frequent practice of the Church. He quotes (p. 23) Gregory II. as asserting that the Western nations regarded him as a God upon earth, when a reference to Gregory's epistle would have shown him that the Pope was speaking of St. Peter and not of himself. On the same page he alludes to the coronation of Pepin-le-Bref as performed by Zachary, in place of by Stephen II., and denounces the papal sanction of Pepin's kingship as a "barefaced defiance of political morality," when it was in reality but the recognition of what had for generations been an accomplished fact. He attributes (p. 31) the exposure of the false decretals to Erasmus in place of to Antonio Agostino, Archbishop of Tarragona, a half-century later; and on the same page he exhibits astounding ignorance by mingling the events of the ninth and tenth centuries, and attributing them all to the ninth—both the dismemberment of the Carlovingian Empire after the death of Louis I. and the debasement of the papacy under Theodora and Marozia. The same delightful indifference to facts is shown (p. 34) in the assertion that "the destruction of the Carlovingian house, A.D. 987, left the territories of the Church a prey to the Italian princes," when the fall of the French Carlovingians in that year had about as much influence on the internal affairs of Italy as the quarrels of the Danes and Saxons in England, and when Rome, at that particular time, happened to be under the iron rule of the Saxon emperors, who for nearly a century had supplanted the German Carlovingians. Possibly even Mr. Legge may have heard of Crescentius and his tragical fate in endeavoring to restore the anarchy of the "Italian princes." On the same page, we are told that a pontiff of the time of Hildebrand "received a *posthumous* sentence of deposition, his corpse being disinterred for the purpose"—alluding, doubtless, to the unfortunate Formosus, who was so treated by his successor Stephen VII. a hundred and fifty years before Hildebrand was heard of. On p. 36 we find an allusion to "John XII. and the popes of the ninth century," though John XII. and his fellows were the most significant outgrowths of the darkness and corruption of the tenth century—and on the next page (p. 37) our author speaks of the sons of Tancred de Hauteville and their comrades who founded the Norman kingdom of Sicily as "Goths who had originally come from France at the invitation of the Italian nobles!" With equal felicity, the Emperor Henry IV. is stated (p. 43) to have "died of a broken heart, the prisoner of his own son," when in fact he was taken sick and died (probably of poison) while marching at the head of an army, with every prospect of suppressing his son's unnatural rebellion. A similar fertility of blundering distinguishes the remaining pages through which we have looked, but a longer enumeration would be equally wearisome and superfluous.

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[*] "The Growth of the Temporal Power of the Papacy. A Historical Review, with observations upon the 'Council of the Vatican.' By Alfred Owen Legge." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870. 1 vol. 12mo.

The material thus superficially collected and persistently misunderstood is pitched together in the most chaotic manner. The book opens with a rambling philological dissertation on the origin of the titles Pope and Pontiff, in which we are informed that "the Bishop of Rome received, through the Emperor, the title of 'Pontifex,' because entrusted, among other duties, with the construction and repair of bridges. Thus Milton, picturing Satan as building a bridge over chaos to get to this planet, calls it 'a work pontifical' "—whence Mr. Legge sagely and logically concludes, "Thus the very name which expresses the highest ecclesiastical character of the Roman Pontiff, exhibits the secular origin of his primacy." Then proceeding to discuss the traditional founding of the Roman Episcopate by St. Peter, he treats us to an account of the spurious relics exhibited at Rome: the swaddling-clothes of the Saviour, the milk of the Virgin, the thorns of the crucifixion, etc. This is followed by some vague and incoherent remarks on ecclesiastical antiquities, and the same disregard of logical sequence and perspective is displayed throughout the work. The really cardinal points on which the history of the Papacy turns are barely alluded to, or are passed over in silence, while pages are filled with the results of the author's desultory and inaccurate reading, or his trite observations, sometimes touching in their puerile simplicity. Thus the conversion of Constantine is commented on: "We have the authority of one of the most prominent of contemporary clergymen of the English establishment for stating that the reign of Constantine was the beginning of the decline of Christianity in spiritual things, quite as much as it was the commencement of its rise in temporal grandeur." So in speaking of the overthrow of the Constantinopolitan power in Rome by Gregory II. and his successors, the author interrupts his narrative with such gabble as—

> "The Western Church was now freed from its subserviency to the Empire of the East, but now also began that connection between Rome and France which has proved fruitful of so much misery, and which remains, after eleven centuries, the insoluble problem of European politics; whilst the prolongation of the French occupation is, in the present state of Italy, an insult to that renovated country. More than this, it is a danger to Europe, and a source of weakness to France, whose ruler thus proclaims his recantation of the noble principles in defence of which, in early youth, he took up arms and witnessed the heroic death of his brother, fighting against a Pope for the liberties of Italy."

So in describing the anarchy of Italy at the close of the fourteenth century, he turns aside to indulge in a disquisition on the probable population of Rome under the Cæsars, the details of which are apparently borrowed from Mr. Story's "Roba di Roma." The exceeding luminousness of these little side-shows may be estimated from his remarks on the Angevine occupation of Naples, which, he assures us, "was an inestimable advantage to the Papacy," although in the same paragraph he adds that it "was attended with disastrous consequences to the Papacy itself" (p. 63).

The reader need hardly be told that all this blundering, disjointed talk is not rendered attractive by elegance of style. The author's ignorance of the rules of composition is fairly illustrated by the above extracts, and one more characteristic example must suffice: "It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the service thus rendered to the Papacy in the height of its contest with the imperial power, by a pontiff whose self-confidence was a source of equal power as the greater genius of a Hildebrand" (p. 46). In fact, we may say that the only readable portions of the volume are to be found in the numerous extracts from his predecessors with which Mr. Legge garnishes his pages.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.*

EVERYBODY knows more or less well the new type of minister which now, in even our most dignified denominations, pretty often displaces the old type. We have all seen the sort of "live man" who among the dissenting sects corresponds with "the muscular Christian" whom Mr. Charles Kingsley invented for the Anglicans. And with some of us, neither of the pair is a favorite. The Muscular Christian, what with his resemblance to his father, and his resemblance to his bastard brother Guy, begotten by Mr. Lawrence, is a creature a good deal more disgusting than the Live Man; but the latter is not a creature to please one either. He believes that "religion is not the gloomy and formal thing" that it is made out to be in seminaries. In seminaries, pale, knock-kneed young men, with long hair, hollow chests, and bad digestions, eat Graham crackers, and read Jonathan Edwards, and practise the writing of elaborate sermons, and never take a walk, and are afraid of a horse, and wear black coats, and blush painfully when young women look at them. No, religion is a cheerful thing. So he wears a moustache. He says nothing forbids the devoutest follower of Christ to keep his liver in good order, and that, if a fast trotter conduces to that effect, why he shall get one. He holds that the weaker brethren are very weak if they think his glass of wine is worse for him than their strong coffee is for them. Why should not a sinner set forth to his fellow-sinners the infinite merits of the Saviour without tying up his neck in white muslin? So he valiantly turns down his shirt-collar; and his conservative deacons are lucky if he does not wear a necktie of some light shade, and smoke cigars in the outskirts of the village. When he meets the infidel tailor he does not pass by him with an air of mingled pain and rebuke which causes that ill-tempered little scoundrel to blaspheme more hideously than ever, and to bawl out to his sad-eyed wife, a believer yoked with an unbeliever, that there goes another of her infernal hypocrite parsons. On the contrary, he stops genially at the shop-window; goes further in pointing out errors in our version of the Scriptures than Tom Paine himself, the tailor's favorite author; gets his measure taken for a coat; makes the little blasphemer think to himself, Well, anyhow, this a'n't one of your hollow-chested croakers like old Smith, or young Skimp, or that Merkes; points out, then, that though this and that and a thousand more errors may be alleged by the scoffer, and freely admitted by the believer, the eternal truths of the Bible are still as near the tailor's soul, and of as tremendous importance to it, as ever; gives the tailor's son a lesson in boxing; leaves the tailor in the shop, and, going into the back parlor, prays with the tailor's wife—not a dry set prayer like Skimp's, but a heartfelt talk with his Father, which the tailor hears through the door; as he comes out, gets a light for his cigar from the infidel's pipe, recommends him to procure such and such a brand of tobacco, and goes away leaving Skepticus badly staggered, and on the high road to Sunday clean shirts and surreptitious attendance at "evening meeting." The Live Man in the ministry never preaches; he talks. Christ is not to him an abstraction, he says, but his flesh-and-blood brother, who loves to be addressed familiarly, so, when preaching and praying, he is not averse to a little slang—provided it is not of the kind called Sermonese. What harm is there in a joke from the pulpit? In short, the new Timothy is usually a young gentleman with more blood than brains; with more ability to talk fluently than capacity for thinking; about as spiritual-minded as a stock-broker, and not so well mannered; as learned as a magazine writer; as witty as a sophomore; as noisy as a stump speaker; as displeasing a person to anybody who likes spiritual and moral teachers to be men of clear heads and clean hearts as any person that can well be conceived of.

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* "The New Timothy. By William M. Baker." New York; Harper & Bros. 1870.

His existence and present popularity are no doubt a part of a reaction against a bad state of things; but it is not the best part of the reaction. It was not well that young men or old men should undertake the complicated work of the Christian ministry, as that office is understood in these days of declining dogma, with no better preparation for the social, intellectual, moral, and religious work before them than used to be given the preacher in the days of Bellamy and Hopkins. The learning of those men, such as it was in kind and degree, made them, in that time, the intellectual masters of the men among whom they lived. The reverence for the minister's office made the possession of tact and of trained skill in social life comparatively unnecessary. The expounding of the Calvinistic scheme of salvation was in one way a harder but in most ways an inconceivably easier task, than it now is for our clergymen to satisfy the enquiries of an age which brings to the strict examination of the whole superstructure and substructure of faith and morals as much learning, as much patience, and honesty, and eagerness, perhaps as much love for man and reliance upon God and the truth, as our clergymen can show in their enforcement of Christian doctrines. Such an age assuredly would not be content with the teachings of men so able and so good as Calvin and Edwards themselves; and its dissatisfaction with such religious instructors as still offer the world the interpretations of Scripture which even such men as those made—the dissatisfaction with the "articles of faith" still preached to the enquirer in most of our Protestant churches, is not going to be decreased because other men, offering the same doctrines, learn sparring and riding instead of studying hard; wear moustaches instead of shaving their upper lips; are as "genial" as politicians instead of being oppressed by the thought of a world doomed to everlasting misery or to be saved for everlasting bliss; smoke cigars and go to the theatre with ostentatious liberality; jest and talk "common sense" in the pulpit, instead of warning of judgment to come. Men and women who do any thinking at all resent this shifting of issues, and are apt to think the Live Man a charlatan of bad taste and little ability, who, for all his noise, is neither reforming the world in the church's way, nor really doing anything to bring the church and the world into real harmony. The "dyspeptics," whether or not they could keep it so, did once put their world and their church in accord, and the unison, if it is to be brought about again, will not be brought about by the goodness of the Live Man's stomach, nor by his geniality, but by the goodness of various men's heads.

Mr. Baker's "New Timothy," which has rather suggested these remarks than deserved them, presents us with the least offensive specimen of the new kind of clergyman. He does not affect "liberality," though he is penetrated rather by the milder than by the harsher doctrines of the Gospel; his muscularity is in his individual case needed for the re-establishment of his health; and his "geniality" is merely the casting off of his seminary shyness and the diffidence of youth, and the putting on the degree of frankness little rarer among clergymen than among other men. The author's preaching of the general doctrine of New Timothyism, however, is perhaps not quite so good as his special realization of it in his hero's character; and he would seem to share the weak opinion of which we have spoken, viz., that the issue between the church and the people to whom the church's claims are to be presented is one, the successful solution of which is mainly dependent on the habits of the men who present the claims. These are not unimportant; but it seems to be a fundamental error to think of them as being of the essence of the matter.

It is not, however, of great consequence what Mr. Baker thinks of these and various other weighty matters; nor, to make here an end of fault-finding, is it necessary to say anything about his inability to make a remarkably well-constructed story or to create a character. He can do neither, and the novel-reader pure and simple may easily find more readable books. But not so with the social observer, curious about the various phases of American character and life. No one who knows what the Southern "protracted meeting" is, and what is the "religion" that is "got" there, or a Southern court-house town, or a Southern planter of the unpretentious type, or a Southern cane-brake, or a Southern negro, will fail to find Mr. Baker's book extremely pleasant reading of a sort that has a great deal of freshness. Mr. Baker has, moreover, a fund of humor which stands him in good stead. Take, for instance, this description of a lovely pair of mourners at a funeral. They are the utterly, inconceivably worthless hangers-on of a drunken, gambling family of the roughest of rough men, "the Meggar Boys," sons of an old reprobate named Meggar, whose wife, an ignorant woman, has "got religion"—and, let us add, has every occasion to make use of it every minute she is under her husband's roof, but whose devotions have to be carried on in the garden-patch behind a screen of bean-poles and vines. The leader of the Meggar boys, however, "Doc.," is pleased with the new clergyman, is converted, and being king of that part of the country, commands Zed and Toad that they each put on one of his clean shirts and attend General Likens's funeral; otherwise, he "allows" that there will be trouble. Those two young gentlemen consequently go:

> With the other dogs Zed and Toad come, and very much as if with their tails between their legs, after the Meggar boys to the gate, but stop there, produce knives simultaneously from their pockets, split each a good splinter off the palings, and begin whittling. They are out of their element, and curse guardedly and under their breaths, hats down over their eyes.
>
> "S'pose he *is* dead. I never said he wasn't!" Zed complains in continuation to Toady. "He isn't *my* daddy, is he? I want to know!" and his splinter is assuming under his knife the shape of a coffin.
>
> "An' such a day for a hunt!" acquiesces his companion. "Oh no! mighty pious, to be sure! legs in trowsers like candle-moulds, a feller's collar a-sawin' away under his ears. It's gettin' to be a leetle more'n *I* can stand myself!" and his remarks thereupon are not exactly of the nature of a mass for the repose of him who lies shrouded within.
>
> "You hear Doc. try the old man?" remarks Toad again, after a silence, whittling nearer his companion and farther from the gate, as the company still continues to arrive.
>
> "To get *him* to come?" answers Zed, with an oath.
>
> "Not straight out, you know; he hinted round," said Toady, with half-a-dozen curses. And that was a peculiarity of the Meggar family, that hinting round. Very rarely, indeed, did any one under that roof ask a direct question of, or make any direct remark, unless it was a curse, to any other there. This would involve their looking at each other straight in the eyes while they spoke—a thing habitually avoided by them even in the heat of quarrel. Old Mrs. Meggar only asked direct questions, made remarks aimed at some one person under her roof, looking in the eyes of the person she addressed as she spoke; but she was a disagreeable exception to the general rule—a sort of incarnate conscience in the centre of the family on that account.
>
> "Yes, Doc. he hinted round an' round the old man like a bumble-bee, comin' closer an' closer ev'ry time," said Toad, who had himself not seen his companion's eyes in his life except furtively.
>
> "And what *did* that old cuss say?" enquires Zed.
>
> "He was a-smokin' by the fire; 'Ketch me going to funerals,' says he. Old 'oman was a-knittin' in the corner," continues Toad. "'Soul?' the old man says, says he, 'Ha'n't got any. Spit it away in tobacco juice; puffed it away in tobacco smoke; drowned it out in whiskey; cussed it to pieces long ago.' An' he ups an' slams on his breast with his hand. 'Hollow!' says he, 'hempty!' Old 'oman she was cryin' softly; when he says that, she ups an' out."
>
> "Breaks for the butter-beans," remarks Zed, and very correctly.
>
> "Ha'n't been no fun sence that bar-fight," continues Toad, at last. "General Likens *he* comes over—*glad* he's gone; Brown Bob *he* sits an' talks; that young parson act'ly hes his praarrs in the house! Goin' to preachin,' too, ev'ry Sunday; old 'oman on old gray, or in the wagon; we a-followin' behind."
>
> "An' Doc., he tryin' to ease off from swearin'." Zed continues the catalogue of grievances: "A fellar that could swear the bark off a black-jack too—*he* tryin' to give up swearin'!" The thought is painful to both in the extreme.
>
> "Did my best, too, to stop it," complains Toad; "his givin' it up. Crossed and bothered him more'n I ever dar to do before. You see I thought Doc. he'd blaze out at me like he used to; get in the way again so."
>
> "Not a curse at las'. Only got knocked down for your pains," observes Zed, moodily.
>
> "But, I say, look here," says Toad, after some silent whittling, under the temporary influence, probably, of the funeral and of the many solemn faces grouped around and arriving every moment, and as if by a desperate effort, "S'pose a fellar turns out he *hes* got a soul somewhere among his in'ards—and s'pose there *is* a God—" But his conjectures are broken by the indignant oaths of his disgusted friend, who trembles inwardly with even greater apprehension himself.

Perhaps there is in this passage, as well as in some others, some exaggeration; but life puts on strange aspects of extravagance in the South-west—in Texas, where we take it the scenes of this book are laid; and judged by the testimony of the story before us, and that of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession"—which was less a story than a wonderfully truthful, minute, and striking picture of the rebellion, as it affected the fortunes of Confederate villagers—judged by the testimony of these two books, Mr. Baker must be pronounced a writer with a great talent for seizing and transferring the surface of life in those curious Southern towns, just like nothing else on earth, and on the Southern plantation. The personage and the incident should be a little bizarre, we suppose, if he is to do his best with it; for his ladies and gentlemen are tame and colorless; but the homely old planter, the snuff-dipping old maid, the hunter in his log-cabin, the Sunday service at the cross-roads church—these things he does excellently.

Miss Van Kortland. A Novel. By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—With many of the same faults which marred its predecessor, "My Daughter Elinor"—faults of exaggeration and overdrawing, and a heavy-handed attempt at fun-making, which is absurdly farcical rather than genuinely funny—this novel is still, on the whole, a creditable production, readable and entertaining, and in some ways lifelike and natural. It is, perhaps, because it is so agreeable a surprise to find an American novel of society whose author is not overburdened with a consciousness of having the problems of the universe to settle anew on a really solid basis, that the easy flow of sentiment and nonsense and small talk, without any ulterior intention of preaching, which we find in this story, seems so pleasant; it is to that surprise, at all events, and not to any special excellence as a novelist displayed by its author, that we credit our own approval of it. It is an agreeable story, with little or no plot, and depending for its interest mainly upon the smoothness of the narrative and the naturalness of many of the conversations and characters. There are two or three main incidents of importance—as the falling in of the mine and the story of the strike; but the latter, although it is cleverly handled, and might as well have happened in Pennsylvania as elsewhere, does bear a resemblance both in itself and in the way it is managed to somewhat similar incidents in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," sufficiently marked, when taken in connection with the suggestion one gets of Dickens's methods in the way his funny characters are treated, to make us believe that the author is not free from the influence of his favorite reading, nor certain enough of the value of his own observation of character and manners to inaugurate that "originality" whose absence from our literature we are all deploring. He has made some very fair sketches, however, of people who are unmistakably American—or Middle State people, it would perhaps be fairer to say, since we have also in our literature some undoubted portraits of Western and Eastern and Southern men and women who are also distinctively American—and who are certainly not old acquaintances. He has caught very well, that is to say, the tricks of manner and expression which one hears every day; and as his characters are not especially thoughtful, nor heroic, nor at all given to improving each other's minds, the kind of small talk which passes current in society and is found in the hearing sufficiently amusing and entertaining, does duty in the book as well; and, aided by the author's facile handling of his not weighty material, amuses and entertains his readers likewise. His freedom from the moralizing and speculative tendency which our New England novelists indulge in, he probably owes in great measure to his Ritualistic proclivities. Most of our other storytellers are more or less closely identified with one or other of the more pronouncedly Protestant sects, and it is apt to be borne in upon the minds of their less technically "earnest" readers that they moralize and speculate all the more ardently because they have been obliged to hunt up, or are still engaged in hunting for, some substantial basis for their speculations. They get to their work with commendable industry and determination; but one cannot avoid feeling that their methods are better adapted to essay-writing than to fiction. Apparently it is not impossible to make bricks without straw; but then the extra labor it involves rather unfits the laborer for producing an artistic edifice from his accumulated materials.

Not having any preaching to do, and having his theory of life pretty well settled, the author of "Miss Van Kortland" has been able to give all his energies to making an amusing story, and has not ill-succeeded. He falls, however, into another difficulty which, if we may say it, we have noticed before in fictions produced by people who agree with his in religious belief; he is sometimes a little coarse. Not to any such extent nor in so insidious a way as that adopted in novels like Huntington's "Lady Alice" or the "Red as a Rose" series, whose author, being equally innocent of morals and of moralizing, takes frequent occasion to give the Ritualistic movement an amusing pat of commendation. In this novel the coarseness takes instead the form of a revolt against American pruderies of thought and speech, which is all very well in its way, but is in this case obtruded too persistently and unnecessarily not to suggest the doubt whether restrictions which are felt so keenly are not, in the special instance, salutary. It occasions in the reader, at all events, renewed thankfulness for that æsthetico religious tendency which partially counterbalances it.

Our author has, of course, remembering his former novel, three or four broadly absurd characters, which have the merit of seeming to be the result of an awkward and heavy attempt of their author's to make use of what he has seen, and what was well enough worth while trying to make use of. It is his sense of the ludicrous and absurd, however, on which he relies for his fun-making, and that is not a source which will bear too persistent working. He relies too much on nicknames and exaggerations and repetitions, and devotes altogether too much space to these farcical episodes which in no way help the progress of the story, and altogether interfere by their broadness with the pleasant impression of its writer which the book gives as a whole. It is undeniable, however, that, bad as they are, they form one of the peculiarities of the author which is agreeable to many of his readers, and which a regard for the salable qualities of his books will probably not induce him to modify.

Gwendoline's Harvest. A Novel. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Found Dead," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—Some of our readers may be aware of the fondness which this author shows for subjects and incidents as the basis of his stories, which, if they are not to be called impossible, are, to say the least, excessively improbable. The present one will not be found less sensational than those which went before it. Beautiful murderesses came in with Bulwer's Lucretia, we suppose, and Miss Braddon and a dozen or two other fiction-mongers have since done what they could to foster the taste for them; but the special variety of the class exhibited in Gwendoline we do not remember meeting before. There is a pleasing and unique absurdity in the conception of her motives for crime and her modes of achieving her wicked actions, which is not always attainable by the best intentioned of the novelists who do this sort of thing. She is young and superlatively handsome, and has a profound passion for a youth who returns it. But she is poor, and of noble blood, and her lover is a younger son, and though he is willing to run the risks of poverty with her, and she has no opposition to fear from her only relative, yet her worldly wisdom will not let her agree to a life of privations. She concocts a scheme which, with a charming candor, she unfolds to her lover. She will marry some rich man, become his widow, and then endow her present suitor with a fortune. He, not so prudent as herself, at first recoils from this novel plan, but Gwendoline's ardent love and cool wisdom at last reconcile him, and he retires, to while away his weary hours in flirtations until such time as the prospective wife and widow shall recall him. Now, Gwendoline has an interesting young friend, the wife of a rich old Scotchman, who, unknown to herself, but not to Gwendoline, is in the last stages of a decline, which may be precipitated by any sudden shock. At her house Gwendoline makes a visit, in which she contrives in an inadvertent way to let her friend know the real state of her health—a stratagem which has the desired effect of creating within the next twelve hours a rich widower, ready to our heroine's hand. Of course, she deludes him into marrying her within the year, after playing the part of watchful saint over his orphans in the way of which beautiful murderesses alone are capable, and so successfully plants the crop which is to produce her wished-for harvest. Unfortunately, the old man has more vitality than Gwendoline gave him credit for, and lingers a year or two, during which his wife's jealousy is fearfully excited by her old lover's persistent flirtations and growing coolness. She contrives a plan for adroitly poisoning her husband with minute doses of prussic acid, having, without his knowledge, induced her physician to prescribe them for him under the pretence that he has palpitations of the heart, but is morbidly averse to speaking on the subject. He is found dead at last, with an empty vial of poison beside him; but his wife has managed so skilfully that all suspicion is averted from her, save in the breast of an old servant of the former wife. From this time Gwendoline's plans appear to succeed. She marries her lover, and though she has not, as she had hoped, succeeded to all her late husband's fortune, she has a sufficient jointure, and, in addition, a large allowance for the education of the daughters of the first marriage. She leads an unhappy life, however, tormented by her husband's open infidelities and by her memory of the crime she committed to win him, and which she has never dared to reveal to him. At the end of twenty years, when her only son is grown up, and madly in love with the daughter of her first husband, she begins to gather in her harvest. Between her and her husband, both of them prodigies of dissimulation, they have managed to rear a son whose craving for ideal justice and insurmountable horror of double-dealing must have been extremely refreshing to his parents. While he is persuading his mother's step-daughter to marry him, he suddenly discovers not only her first crime, but that she is now plotting to poison his sweetheart, after first inducing her to make a will in his favor. Here ensues a grand *tableau*, from which Gwendoline retires in disgrace, and ends her days in quarrelsome poverty with her husband, while her noble young son and his bride hie them to some pleasant isle of the sea, where nobody will remind them of the family scandals. Altogether, the book is a most pleasing and profitable one, and we offer our hearty congratulations to the author.

Letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart., to Various Friends. (London: Longmans. 1870. Pp. 449.)—Sir George Lewis was a type of English statesman almost extinct at home, and altogether unknown on our side the water. A diligent student all his lifetime, devoting rather unwillingly his best years to the work of governing, to the hard task of parliamentary life, and to the exhausting duties of offices of increasing importance and responsibility, he found his recreation and his relaxation in studious discussions of such subjects as the early Roman history, of ancient astronomy, of Egyptology, and in comparatively lively articles for the *Edinburgh Review* on English administrations for the first half of the nineteenth century. Two stories not found in this imperfect collection of his letters, nor in the fragmentary sketch of his life supplied with them, illustrate the latter quite as well as anything that he has said of himself. One was, that he said "life would be so pleasant if it were n't for its pleasures;" and the other, that Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, said that for all the books of that vast library there were but two real readers—Sir George Lewis and himself. In spite, however, of all this, the letters show that he was full of kindly interest in contemporary people and affairs, and his judgments, although positive, dogmatic, and, of course, very often erroneous, were not harsh or unkind. They, however, have a good deal of interest for his contemporaries, though, perhaps, no great value even to them, and little enough for those who are to come after us.

That in the volume which will, perhaps, most strike the American reader—if, indeed, more distinguished names than Sir George Lewis's have not already sufficiently pressed it on his attention—is the fact that, after a thorough and highly honorable career at the university, a careful training at the bar, a sedulous training in the administration of subordinate offices—all avowedly as preparation for the duties of statesmanship, Sir George Lewis, though not a statesman of great capacity, was yet recognized by the British public as a trained public servant, and one to be used because he was trained, and who turned out useful. And the system that makes Cornewall Lewises makes also competent and faithful tidewaiters, and, as such, is cherished and extended to the minutest ramifications of the civil service. Here we have nothing like it.

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ESTABLISHED 1840.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

The Week.

THE great war topic of the week is MacMahon's movement from Châlons and Rheims to the vicinity of Mézières and Sedan, in the Department of the Ardennes. Retiring before the Crown Prince, he has thus placed himself upon the right flank of Frederic Charles, with the intention of either assailing the latter and, if possible, restoring communication with Metz, or simply retarding, by a menacing attitude in a strong position, the march of the enemy on Paris. Some desultory fighting seems to have taken place in consequence of this move, and a great conflict is said to be imminent; but the reports are, as yet, too vague to be commented upon. The Prussian forces can now be said to occupy, more or less completely—with the exception, of course, of the fortresses—the following Departments of France: Lower Rhine, Moselle, Meurthe, Meuse, and Marne, and parts of the Departments of Upper Marne, Aube, and Ardennes. The two northern armies, Von Steinmetz's and Prince Frederic Charles's, which from the beginning have co-operated, have till now done most of the fighting—at Saarbrück and Forbach (Aug. 6), before Metz (Aug. 14), at Mars-la-Tour (Aug. 16), at Gravelotte (Aug. 18), in various minor engagements near Stenay, and in an unsuccessful attack on Verdun—and they now partly envelop and partly mask the fortresses which form the French quinquilateral—Metz, Verdun, Thionville, Longwy, Montmédy. Their advanced line seems at this moment to form a triangle, the base of which extends from a point near Varennes,on the Aire, to a point near Stenay, on the Meuse, and the apex of which is near Grand Pré, on the former river, pointing toward Vouziers. This force is commanded by Prince Frederic Charles, but it embraces also troops formerly commanded by Von Steinmetz, who, with the bulk of the First Army, besieges or watches Bazaine. The Third Army, under the Crown Prince, which fought only at its outset—at Weissenburg (Aug. 4), and Wörth (Aug. 6), has traversed much longer lines, starting from the Lauter, and advancing to beyond Rheims, Epernay, and Sézanne—its wings, west of the Meuse, spreading from the Aisne to the Aube. Its bulk moves along the Paris and Strasbourg Railroad, the western sections of which follow the course of the Marne, and the late movements of the Crown Prince, who, while tending towards Paris, has not lost sight of MacMahon, make it doubtful whether he intends ultimately to advance against the French capital between the Marne and the Seine or between the Marne and the Oise. One of the grand depots of this army, which is followed by large bodies of reserve, including Landwehr troops, is Nancy. The attempts of the reserves to reduce Toul and Pfalzburg have as yet proved failures. The progress of the more important sieges of Strasbourg and Metz—if the investment of the latter may be called a siege—is reported very satisfactory by the Prussians.

The Prussian reserves are now rapidly formed into new armies, and, according to the best information accessible to us, the following is the latest distribution of the German forces: Of the five armies now actively engaged in France, the First Army, commanded by Von Steinmetz, consists of the First Corps (Gen. Manteuffel), the Seventh (Gen. Zastrow), and the Eighth (Gen. Goeben); the Second Army, commanded by Prince Frederic Charles, of the Second Corps (Gen. Fransecki), the Third (Gen. Alvensleben II.), the Ninth (Gen. Manstein), and the Tenth (Gen. Voigts-Rhetz); the Third Army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Prussia, of the Fifth Corps (Gen. Kirchbach), the Sixth (Gen. Tümpling), the Eleventh (Gen. Bose), and two Bavarian army corps (Gens. Tann and Hartmann); the Fourth Army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Saxony, of the Fourth Corps (Gen. Alvensleben I.), the Twelfth (formerly the Saxon Crown Prince's own), and the Saxon and Prussian Guards; and the Fifth Army, commanded by General Werder, mainly of the Würtemberg and Baden divisions. This latter army carries on the operations against Strasbourg, while the Sixth Army, commanded by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, forms a reserve on the Rhine, and the Seventh, whose commander is not named, another reserve in the interior of Prussia. The largest of these armies is Prince Frederic Charles's. The total number of the five operating in France, including all kinds of arms, may not fall far short of half-a-million. An enthusiastic correspondent, of the class that formerly believed in at least 800,000 French soldiers between Strasbourg and Thionville, raises the number of the First and Second Armies alone to 350,000. Another correspondent of the same school restores the thus terribly deranged equilibrium between the contending parties by speaking of 200,000 men of MacMahon's passing before his eyes, and of 350,000 of a new French "army of reserve now forming near Châlons." This latter army the Rheims special did not see passing before his eyes, but only dreamed of, while the men defiling before him, if they ever did, he seems to have counted twice before he reached his figure. Bazaine may have about 60,000 at Metz; the defenders of Paris, if not all effective, are very numerous; Strasbourg is defended by about 10,000 men; a new army is said to be forming south of the Loire.

By the "strategic movement" of Marshal MacMahon, the arrival of the Prussian forces before Paris may have been delayed for a number of days, and the men in power in that capital seem to turn the time gained to the best advantage—strengthening the defences and making them as impregnable as possible, arming the mobile and national guards, enrolling volunteers, accumulating vast stores of provisions for both men and animals, and clearing the city of all turbulent or otherwise dangerous elements. Large numbers of people have been sent out under various pretences; some as non-naturalized natives of the countries with whom France is at war; some as persons without regular means of subsistence, some as suspicious on account of republican ideas; others are flying in haste and confusion, with their families and goods, in order to escape the horrors of a siege. Count Palikao, the Minister of War, does his best to frighten people away, both by terrifying announcements concerning the advance and approach of the enemy, and by vigorous measures against the *suspects*, numbers of whom, Germans and natives, are now said to fill the prisons of the city. Preparations are also made for the transfer of various branches of the Government, including the Senate and Corps Législatif, to some sufficiently remote town on or beyond the Loire. Whether all these measures are exclusively required by the menacing condition of affairs—*extra muros et infra*—or whether they are also, or chiefly, meant to subserve some particular interests, may still admit of doubt; but various indications go far to show that the latter is most likely to be the case.

It is evident that there is now very little harmony between the head of the Cabinet and War Ministry and General Trochu, the Governor of Paris; that the latter is gradually losing the influence which his sudden appointment to his office, in the first moments of terror after unexpected disasters, allowed him to exercise; and that, in the Committee of Defence, the comparatively large Bonapartist elements have now an almost undisputed ascendancy. Thiers, to whom Paris owes its fortifications, had almost to be compelled to accept a place in the committee, and he finally did it, imploring the support of the Corps Législatif; but this body, having somewhat recovered from the fright with which the sudden break-down of Imperial power and the reappearance of the spectre of revolution had almost overwhelmed it, has just shown, by its vote on Kératry's motion to enlarge the Committee of Defence—two hundred and six nays against forty-one yeas—how little it is inclined to support Orleanists like Thiers or General Trochu against the more or less open upholders of the Napoleonic dynasty. General Trochu has shown himself powerless even against Pietri, a very intimate, but at the same time very contemptible, tool of the Emperor; and now Palikao, emboldened by the military enrolment of the most dangerous portions of the Paris republicans, by the removal and incarceration of others as suspected of conspiring with Bismarck, and by the reiterated determination of the Opposition leaders to suspend party hostilities as long as the Prussians are on French soil, treats the Orleanist general, whom in the days of greatest confusion he pushed forward as a kind of screen against popular indignation, with undisguised haughtiness. The Empress-Regent herself, whose bigotry but half covers her political intrigues, is reported to have demanded Trochu's dismissal, but we doubt whether the situation is ripe for anything so bold.

We hope and believe there are very few people who allow their satisfaction over the Prussian triumphs to make them forget the gallant men who, for the last month, have been heroically defending French soil, and as successfully as the Imperialist incapables who command them would permit. There is something for which we are all more concerned than the success of any army or any political system, and that is the honor of human nature; and certainly nobody can say that it has suffered in the hands of the French soldiers. They have shown that they know how to die; and to die bravely is a nobler feat, and will always be so considered, than to win victories. Nobody, too, we trust, who follows the Prussian march with joy, forgets that every mile of it brings ruin to hundreds of happy and peaceful homes; destroys for thousands the results of lifelong toil and self-denial; casts helpless on the world thousands on thousands of the very young and the very old. Nobody who has not seen war in a thickly-peopled country can have any idea of the misery and desolation which the operations we are now following on the map are causing in Eastern France. There was nothing like it in our own war, because this was waged for the most part in sparsely settled regions and in vast uninhabited woods and swamps. Devastation is a necessary concomitant of war. Even if marauding is repressed, contributions often have to be levied, crops destroyed, and houses burnt.

The time to think of all this, however, is before the war begins. The duty of thinking of it devolves in an especial manner on editors. Editors who shout for battle, and work the public mind up to fever-heat, and keep back all the features of armed struggles except the "stirring" ones, talk only of the "pomp and pride and circumstance," and say nothing of the wasted fields and ruined cottages, of the woods filled with homeless wanderers, the roads thronged with panic-stricken fugitives, of the wild destruction in single days of the proceeds of years of saving, ought for very shame to be modest in talking of them after blood has begun to flow. They are part of the game. Our Southern editors sinned in this way; the Paris editors are doing so. The lamentations of the latter over the Prussian exactions are rendered all the more revolting by the fact that when, in the early part of July, they were lashing the French people into the necessary degree of fury, they were looking forward to seeing the French army inflict on German peasants the misery which the Prussian army is now working among the French. There are still horrible memories all over Germany of French military occupation. Many Prussian families preserve as heirlooms the insolent answers of Napoleonic officers to the remonstrances called forth by their exactions. Chancellor von Müller, of Gotha, tells of his pleading with Daru, the French Intendant, after Jena, on behalf of the peasants of the little duchy, who had already been stripped of nearly everything they had, and of whom another contribution was demanded. Müller said their produce was all gone; this would take their very ploughs and their last morsel of food. "Monsieur," said Daru—and he was not a hard-hearted man, as Napoleon's Intendants went—"que vous viviez ou non est parfaitement indifférent. Il nous faut des contributions." Count Bassewitz was informed, in reply to similar remonstrances addressed to the French general commanding in Mecklenburg in 1806, that "the Emperor's wishes had to be carried out; that if the Emperor ordered it, he [the Count] would be strung up to that tree in a minute."

The disposition of the Celtic race to suspect treachery is curiously illustrated in the ferocious fury of the French against Prussian spies, and the wonderful facility with which they are discovered all over the country. At the present moment, any evil-disposed person has only to point a man out in the streets of Paris as an "espion prussien" to put his life in danger. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* was pursued the other day, according to the *Evening Post*, by a howling mob, who saw him taking notes, and was only saved from death by the intervention of a humane butcher, who took charge of him and pledged himself to chop his head off on his private block, and with his own cleaver. The crowd, confiding in the butcher's honor, then withdrew. The risks the newspaper correspondents have run at the front have been very serious, "the people" about Metz being plainly of opinion that nothing but the sacrifice of a few persons with light beards and a foreign accent would stay the Prussian advance. In Fenian circles in this country, and indeed everywhere, the same phenomena are to be seen. At a meeting of Irish "Nationalists," one has only to designate anybody in the assemblage as a "British spy" or "informer" to have him well pummelled, if not killed. During the last Fenian invasion of Canada, a respectable-looking man, reading the bulletin on one of the newspaper offices, was denounced as a "British spy" by a wag in the crowd, and was immediately knocked down. In the first French Revolution, the rage about "spies" and "traitors" was equally marked. Characteristically enough, two of the most noted bravoes of the Empire, or "Mamelukes," as they are called in Paris, the Cassagnacs, father and son, have gone into the business of spy-hunting as the most congenial they could find. The most striking contribution of their paper, the *Pays*, to the literature of the crisis, has been a demand for the expulsion of all Germans from France; and the worthy Paul, who has been shamed into joining the Garde Mobile, has ferreted out on his way, and denounced to the police, a poor Red, whom he once wounded in a duel, and who has been ever since in exile for press offences, M. Lissagaray. One cannot help rejoicing that somebody's sword is going to clear out this den of swashbucklers.

There are gentlemen in Washington, and about the newspaper offices in this city, who must be mightily entertained by some of the French despatches, and thoroughly competent to explain them. The resemblance of many of them to those with which the North was regaled in darker hours of the late war, is very amusing. For instance, when there is no news at the Ministry of War, and the reason given by Palikao is that the generals are too busily engaged in making combinations for the destruction of the enemy to send any despatches, how vividly it recalls that old formula of the Washington correspondents with which we were all so sadly familiar: "There is great cheerfulness at the War Department to-day; the reason it would be improper to give; but this I may say, that a movement is on foot which will fill all loyal hearts with rejoicing, and plunge the rebels in grief and dismay." Who does not recall, too, when he hears that MacMahon is "drawing the Crown Prince on," and that that unhappy commander is marching steadily to his doom, the old Southern news, as Sherman moved down into Georgia, "that Johnston had him just where he wanted him," and that he "would find a lion in his path," and that the people would rise up, tear up roads, blow up bridges, pull down fences, remove their pigs, sheep, and poultry, and play such fantastic tricks with "his long line of communication," that he would curse the day he was born?

The Associated Press is a very singular body. Its members do an enormous amount of preaching to the world at large on the conduct of life. Nevertheless, their own mode of transacting their business can hardly be intended to be an example. They are now having a curious fight over the European war news. The rules of the Association forbid the receipt by any member of any exclusive telegraphic despatches except, we believe, from Washington and Albany, and from such places as have just had an execution which some member of the Association may wish to make especially harrowing. Consequently, when any one paper employs a correspondent to telegraph from any other part of the world, it is obliged to offer the despatches to all the others to be used either wholly or in part, and paid for accordingly. The *Tribune*, accordingly, has employed correspondents with the belligerent armies whose despatches are sent over by Cable, and are, under the rules, offered to the other New York papers, and by them paid for in proportion to the amount they print. They are just as much entitled to them as if they had themselves despatched the correspondents who wrote them. Nevertheless, the *Tribune* every morning prints a paragraph in a conspicuous place, drawing attention to their use of them in terms which certainly are calculated to leave, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred do leave, on the mind of its readers the impression that all papers which have the previous day published its special correspondent's despatches have stolen or otherwise improperly obtained them. On the other hand, there is no doubt that whatever credit is to be got from them, either as regards time or quality, the *Tribune* is entitled to. They are really from its special correspondents, and they cost it an amount of money of which the sum paid to the Cable Company is of course only a very small proportion. One in particular has been very valuable—the account by an eye-witness of the battle of Gravelotte. In spite of this, however, the *Sun* announces that they are from *its* "special correspondent," and the two editors accuse each other of falsehood, and refer to each other in a way which seems to indicate that the spectacle of the other's conduct in this matter was destroying in each all confidence in human nature, and inclining him to retire to a "community," or betake himself to remote berry culture.

Italy, it is stated, has answered the mission of the Prince Napoleon with a flat refusal to lend assistance to the falling Empire. The chances of this were never great, and rapidly disappeared after the first Prussian success at Weissenburg. On withdrawing its troops from Rome, the French Government informed the Italian that it would expect an observance of the September convention. The reply of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Visconti-Venosta, was sufficiently dry, and announced merely that the French reminder had been, in mercantile parlance, "received and contents noted." Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there is, on the part of the more respectable and intelligent classes, an undisguised sympathy for France, if it is not to be called, rather, an apprehension not so much lest Prussia may prove too dangerous and aggrandizing a neighbor—though this pretence is put forward by some—as lest the overthrow of the Napoleonic régime may be the signal for all the dreaded elements of the peninsula to rise; the Garibaldians and Republicans namely, against whom even now Italian troops have to be despatched to the Roman border. The humiliating confession, in short, has to be made that the peace of Italy, as against internal dissensions, is fatally dependent not on France, but on the dynasty, and almost on the person of the Emperor. As a result of this embarrassing situation, the Conservative view of the merits of the present struggle is in seeming contradiction to the genuine Liberalism of many who entertain it.

All over the country the politicians, small and great—but particularly the small ones, the captains of tens and the captains of fifties, the editors of local papers, the postmasters, the subalterns of the Grand Army of the Republic—are working like beavers. But, so far, the campaign is purely personal, and has but little interest except for candidates and their hangers-on. The great body of the people care little or nothing about it, having this year, besides the excuse of being sick of the name of Congressman, the excuse of absorption in the Franco-German war. The interest, such as it is, is a personal interest, because neither party has a policy; or, at least, the Republicans have next to none, and all that the Democrats have is to find fault with that of the Republicans. Maine, perhaps, forms an exception to the statement that the people in general care nothing for the contest at this stage of it; there we have the spectacle, rare at any time, and particularly rare in the apathy succeeding a long session of Congress and a summer of fearful heat, of popular meetings with a view of electing a popular favorite to the United States Senate, instead of sending there one of two strong politicians. Of this movement all that need be said is, that even if Governor Chamberlain is not so strong a man, he would do the State more credit than Mr. Washburne or Mr. Morrill. Elsewhere throughout the country, candidates with "no show" are gracefully declining; preparations are made for "running the machine" of that curious means of expressing public opinion, the primary meeting; delegations are being secured for this or that gentleman; in the country papers there are columns of that succulent correspondence which candidates exude, and, altogether, great hum of preparation among the armorers; but as for the armies, they gather together at Columbus, say, to listen to Senator Thurman to the number of fifty-seven men.

In this State we are in the midst of a battle which will come to a crisis next month in the Republican Convention, between the Fenton and Conkling factions. Whatever the causes and objects of the internecine war, there is every probability that its result will be to throw away whatever slight chance there was of the Republicans carrying the State. There remains little doubt in our mind that the course of the Democratic press in regard to the German war—the direct courting of the German vote by the Republican press has been rather fulsome, much of it, and unnecessary all of it—the course of the Democratic press, we say, in giving all its support, at the expense of much falsehood and silly assertion, to the French, has seriously alienated a very large number of Germans, whom hitherto Republican liquor legislation, rather than love for Democratic doctrines, had kept in the Democratic party. A skilful choice of candidates, and a liberal "plank" as regards lager-bier in the next platform, would have cost the Democrats some thousands of votes, and some thousands they may lose as it is. Our observations have led us to think it very likely. But the necessity which Mr. Fenton naturally feels of securing Mr. Conkling's scalp appears to promise an intestine broil that will deprive the party of half of such efficiency as was left it. To add to the chances of Republican defeat, there is talk of putting up Mr. Greeley for Governor, and he has avowed his willingness to run if wanted, and also, to do him justice, his belief that he might not gain enough votes among Democrats to counterbalance those he would lose among Republicans. There seems little doubt that he would run behind his ticket as usual.

We should not be at all surprised, however, to see Mr. Greeley get the English Mission. That he would take it cheerfully we have no manner of doubt, and that the President must by this time be disgusted with it, and willing to give it to any prominent Republican who wants it, we think is nearly as probable. Mr. Greeley is not, we confess, equal to the task of settling the *Alabama* question, and—perhaps it may be said of so great an economist without offence—is but slenderly furnished as regards diplomatic history, international law, and the general capacity for dealing successfully with politicians and men of the world; but then everybody knows well that the *Alabama* question will have to be settled in Washington, and there are no others of importance pending between the two countries. On the other hand, his appointment would give the aristocracy an idea of a powerful section of American society of which they as yet know nothing, and would make the fortune of several philanthropic associations by his appearance at their meetings. And then the effect of his near approach on the Prince of Wales and the Continental despots can hardly be overestimated. Those guilty and debauched tyrants tremble already when they open the *Tribune* and peruse its editorials. How would they feel if they knew that its founder and director was at their doors and had his physical eye, so to speak, upon them?

A striking illustration of the growing licentiousness of the press has just been afforded by the Chicago *Tribune*, which, while admitting the possibility of arguing with a man who should maintain that the moon was green cheese, says that there would be no use in talking to a man about the moon who denied its existence, and it compares Mr. Boutwell to the latter. The cause of this unseemly pleasantry is Mr. Boutwell's getting ready his four and four-and-a-half and five per cent. bonds, and his going about trying to persuade the world that people who hold five-twenties, and draw five-and-a-half and six per cent. on them, will sell them out, and take the new bonds in their place. The *Tribune* ought to know that there are things in Mr. Boutwell's head not dreamed of in its shallow philosophy, and that a man who estimates the crops by looking out of the window of the train as he goes to Washington, instead of trusting to Mr. Wells's statistics, may well have means of getting investors to prefer four to five per cent. interest of which flippant newspaper men know nothing. However, if Mr. Boutwell's new bonds do not go off, it will be owing to the death of his "German bankers" at the battle of Wörth. There is every reason to believe that they were in the thick of it, and perished under a heap of slain enemies.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

WHAT with the address of the Republican Committee, and Speaker Blaine's letter, and Governor Orr's letter, and two or three State platforms, we ought to be in a position to form some idea of the nature of the wares with which the Republican managers are going to present themselves to the electors during the coming fall. We regret to say, however, that we believe it would be very difficult, even for a "man inside politics," to give orally a connected statement of the reasons why the party candidates ought to have the popular support. In fact, everybody who can claim any right to speak for the party seems to be determined to rely as far as possible on the general goodness of its character in asking for a continuance of the public confidence. Besides this, the main dependence seems to be placed on the badness and general untrustworthiness of the Democrats—a plea by which, we suspect, ten persons are reached for the one who is reached by the story of the Republican services. It is, as we pointed out a fortnight ago, high time that the curious little fiction that a party can be kept in power through "gratitude" were given up. The party is composed of the voters themselves, and nobody is going to vote this year, as he voted last year, out of gratitude to himself for the vote he cast in 1862 or 1866. So that, if the Republican party had done twice as much as it has for the country, people would still resolutely and remorselessly enquire at every election what it was going to do next before making up their mind to support it. The great mass of its adherents are only prevented now from deserting by the fact that there is nothing half so good to take its place, and the managers are certainly wise in placing this fact in the forefront of their battle. It is not possible to put the Democrats in power, apparently, without running the risk of reopening the question of reconstruction, and shaking the public credit, and deranging the currency. Possibly people are mistaken in believing this, but, if so, the Democratic orators and writers have themselves to thank for it.

It is tolerably clear, however, that nobody in the Republican party looks back to its performances in Congress, during the last two years, with any pride or satisfaction. Indeed, the address of the National Committee confesses that the less said about them, the better. Two years more of such helplessness and incapacity in the presence of the questions of the day would probably, even if nothing better turned up in the interval, make even the Democrats, with all their sins upon their heads, acceptable to the majority of the voters. There appears fair reason to hope, however, that something better will turn up in the interval. The Republican organs at last begin to acknowledge that Democratic iniquities do not furnish sufficient materials for the Republican platform, that the tariff and the management of the public debt must become political issues of the highest interest, and must be dealt with boldly by any party undertaking to administer the Government. The insolent refusal of Congress last winter even to consider the condition of the Civil Service—that great canker of American politics—ought not to be repeated. The marked increase in its efficiency, as shown by the increase in the revenue returns, is no excuse for the absurdities in which Mr. Bingham and others indulged, or for the failure of both Houses even seriously to debate the matter. The standard of efficiency is not to be ascertained by comparing the revenue now with what it was in the days of Andrew Johnson—that is, in the most corrupt period in our financial history—but by comparing it with what the most careful calculations show that it might be. In other words, the Republican party has no right to come before the public and say, "See how much less Grant's administration steals and loses than Johnson's did." What it ought to be able to say, or say, is, "See how little is lost or stolen. See how far we are from being content with not being as bad as others have been, and how earnestly we are striving to be as good as anybody can be." The plan of selecting the career of some notorious rascal as a boundary line, and then measuring one's own goodness by the extent to which one keeps within it, is something which no character can stand very long, and it is one which will answer just as ill for parties as for individuals.

There is as yet no sign of agreement in the party ranks in any financial policy, either as regards the tariff, or the currency, or the management of the public debt. The tariff question seems at present to be an open one, and is apparently going to be fought over in single combats, in such districts as are most interested in it; and the result of these conflicts, though it may not impose a policy on the party at large, will certainly afford members of Congress some indication of the direction of the current of popular opinion, an advantage which the last Congress did not enjoy. In the "funding" process, over which Congress passed so many happy hours last winter, the public, partly owing, no doubt, to the war and the hot weather, appears to have lost all interest. Anybody, however, who will take the trouble to look back over the debates on this subject will, we feel sure, find them funnier reading now than they were when they took place. Mr. Boutwell is armed with full power to "fund," at a lower rate of of interest, and we believe the new bonds are being rapidly prepared in Washington, but the names of the mysterious "German bankers" who were so eager to take them and of whom we have heard so often, have not yet been revealed. We venture to say they have been slain on the bloody field of Wörth, and that the bonds will, for the present, have to lie in the Treasury vaults, the hostility of the bankers of other countries to our institutions leading them to prefer five and a-half per cent. interest on their money to four and four and a-half. If, however, Mr. Boutwell can find anybody to "fund" upon under the new law, we presume the public will heartily rejoice, but there must be no favoritism in the distribution of the bonds. "First come, first served," should be the rule, and we would, as Mr. Schenck has suggested, let no man have a five per cent. bond unless he took a four per cent. one at the same time.

There is one other suggestion which we may be permitted to make, and we make it for the fifth or sixth time, and that is, that some one member or some one committee in each House be permitted to frame and conduct the financial legislation which the party may see fit to undertake. We feel quite sure that any sensible man who will calmly review the history of the last session will, if not greatly amused, feel heartily ashamed of the extraordinary way in which both House and Senate attempted to deal with financial questions. The New York "Woman's Council" could hardly have done worse, and, indeed, we remember one debate of that learned body, on specie payments, which was fully up to the mark of many of the discussions in the House. It is not the duty of every Senator or Representative to bring in a bill, every session, to regulate the currency, or the tariff, or the public debt. He does not owe it to himself or his constituents or to posterity to do so. It is nobody's business to bring in such bills except those members who have made a long and careful study of this class of questions, or who have been specially deputed by the House or Senate to take charge of them. All others are rendering most efficient service by holding their tongues and refraining from amendments. The result of everybody trying to have a finger in the pie is confusion of the worst kind, the loss of the session in dreary and often foolish talk, the injury of the public credit, and the loss of popular confidence in the party. Every member ought, next session, to register a solemn vow to let finance alone unless he has studied it prior to the year 1862, or has been invited by Congress to take it up; and all members treating financial questions ought not to take up the history of money any further back than the foundation of the Bank of England.

THE LABOR CAMPAIGN.

WE have just heard the last of the annual talk upon the labor question in which the workingmen's delegates indulge in their convention, and we are about to witness in Massachusetts a political campaign in which the "labor party" will formally put in an appearance at least, through Mr. Wendell Phillips as their candidate for the governorship. We are consequently justified in believing ourselves to be in a position to say what the present condition and tendency of the "labor movement" are. We are sorry to say we are not able to report, as far as our observation has gone, the disappearance of a single chimera from the creed of its supporters, or any sign of an increased disposition to recognize either the facts of life or the tendencies of human nature. The evils from which laborers are suffering, like the evils from which women are suffering, are thoroughly tangible, but those who attempt to deal with them appear to have the greatest scorn for a remedy which has not to be sought through the airiest speculation. The workingmen of the

United States are undoubtedly suffering from the badness of the currency, which, having no certain value, has put prices to a certain extent within the control of large operators, and makes possible combinations from which, whoever gains, the poor are sure to suffer. The obvious remedy for this is the return to specie payments. There are two or three ways of doing this, each of which has its advocates; but we believe we are correct in saying that from the politicians of "the labor reform" party none of them has received the smallest support or attention. Nay, so far as they have approached the subject at all, it has been as ardent advocates of further inflation—indeed, as well as we can understand their scheme, of an unlimited issue of greenbacks, it being, in their opinion, apparently in the power of the Government to release people who have no money, and would like to have some, from all recourse to money-lenders. In other words, they appear to consider "credit"—that is, the use of as much money, without security, as he thinks he can profitably employ—one of a man's "natural rights."

The workingmen are suffering also, and suffering greatly, from the tariff. The uncertainty of the tariff—it is changed from top to bottom nearly every year—combined with the great weight of its duties, also helps to strengthen the speculators and capitalists, and to concentrate in a few hands all the most profitable trades. It is only the great operators having control of large funds who can successfully contend with the ups and downs which the tariff has introduced into business. It is only they who can spare the time and the money necessary for the work of lobbying at Washington which the high duties make nearly as necessary a part of any great manufacturer's business as the yearly balancing of his books and the repair of his machinery; and it is only they who, if their efforts are unsuccessful, and sudden adverse changes are made in the tariff, can meet the crisis without ruin. Under such a system, there is no place for small producers. It is as much as they can do to meet the natural uncertainties of trade; the artificial uncertainties they cannot provide for. The consequence is that the labor-market, like all other markets, passes every year more and more under the control of a few great capitalists, who, whenever they please, can make the competition of capital for labor, on which economists rely so much for keeping up wages, a mere farce. Nevertheless, we have yet to see a word of decided or intelligent protest against the tariff and its iniquities from the labor reform party.

Nor is this all. It is not the tariff and the currency only which are helping to give the control of the industry of the country to a few hands. The turbulence and unreasonableness of the workingmen are doing nearly as much. Take the coal trade as an example. The miners engaged in it are a large and hard-working body, whose lot is at best a painful one, and needs all the sweetening it can get. It is not wonderful that they are eager to extract from capital the last cent of wages it can afford to pay. But they have gone far beyond this, and have adopted and try to carry out the worst practices of the English trades-unionists. They take from the employer all control over the processes of his business, prescribe to him not only the amount of wages he shall pay, but the methods he shall employ to keep all workingmen down to the level of the lowest, by prohibiting the display of unusual industry or capacity, and enforce these rules by murder and every variety of outrage. The result is that the coal companies are combining in self-protection. It is only the greatest combinations of capital which can stand the shock of incessant strikes and intimidations, and the more capital combines, the more labor is at its mercy. But we do not remember to have seen, at any labor convention, a word of warning as to the obvious tendency of these disorders.

In short, in this reform, as in most others, there is a strong disposition shown to avoid the natural—which is usually the troublesome—mode of mending matters; exactly the same disposition on which the immense quack-medicine business of the country is built up. To improve one's health by careful diet, by exercise and temperance, involves constant self-denial and no little pains; it is far easier and far pleasanter to take some "stuff" than to live by rule; and the consequence is that a roaring trade is driven in "pain-killers," and "reliefs," and "balsams," in spite of the preachings of the doctors and the teeming from the press of books on health. When we tell a workingman that capital is the result of saving, and that to have capital he must save; and that to have the benefits of large quantities of capital he and his fellows must club their savings and work together, we ask him to be very patient and industrious, to deny himself many pleasures, and to put off for a long time the realization of his hopes. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he should turn eagerly to the quack doctor, who tells him that all he needs, to have capital of his own, is an act of Congress providing for the issue of more paper money, or forcing the banks to lend at a low rate of interest, or fixing the minimum rate of wages or maximum duration of the working-day. This can, of course, be brought about by throwing a ballot into the box, so he sends the quack to Congress, or makes him governor of a State; and that he finds plenty of quacks ready to his hand it is hardly necessary to say.

It is to be hoped, however, that the conventions, in spite of their pompous talk and voluminous resolutions, do not represent, or anything like represent, the real sentiments or expectations of the great body of the workingmen. We believe the agitators have certainly found very few dupes among the native Americans, whose hard-headed appreciation of the facts of life and of the conditions of success consequently give them nearly all the prizes of their callings. But it is to be regretted that these take so little part in the discussion of the labor question. They are hardly ever heard from, and the result is that the laboring class as such can hardly be said to contribute anything to the settlement of the labor controversy. The discussion seems to be carried on on the platform by professional "champions" of the workingman, or else by professional politicians, to whom the workingman's wrongs are simply what a fresh breeze is to a sailor—a means of reaching a snug harbor, and he cares little whence it comes or whither it goes, provided it wafts him and his chest on their way.

NATURAL BOUNDARIES.

When the power of Napoleon I. was rapidly crumbling away after the crushing defeat at Leipzig, the allies, halting at Frankfort before entering upon the last campaign, offered him, for peace, the undisturbed possession of France, with her limits extended east to the banks of the Rhine. The France thus offered him would have been almost coextensive with ancient Gaul, which was bounded by the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and would have embraced, besides the French Empire as it now is, the whole of Belgium, portions of the Netherlands, Luxemburg, and Rhenish Prussia, Hesse, and Bavaria. Napoleon, in his unreasonable pride, spurned these terms of peace, and when, a few months later, he presented them as his own to the Peace Conference at Châtillon, they were rejected by the allies. Napoleon fell, and the kingdom of the Bourbons was ultimately reconstructed as it had been before the wars of the Revolution. But since that time France has not ceased dreaming and talking of her natural boundaries—the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. And this has not been the idle dream and idle talk of popular vanity and demagogism merely; statesmen, historians, publicists, and poets have vied with each other in making France believe that she had a natural right to all the lands west of the Rhine, and the dire consequence of that fondly cherished delusion is the present war.

We call it a delusion, for the Rhine is not a natural boundary of France in a rational sense of the word. Nor are rivers, in general, the natural boundaries of countries. Rivers, it is true, form excellent geographical lines of demarcation between provinces or other divisions of one and the same empire, kingdom, or confederation, such as are the lines of the Ohio and the Mississippi, which bound some of our non-original States. But they are no more real lines of separation than are the meridians of longitude or parallels of latitude which have been selected to bound other States of our Union. For rivers, and especially navigable rivers, far from being separating barriers, are natural channels of intercourse and intermingling, of coalescence and union, the world over. Comparative geography, a science of rather recent development, has fully established this axiom. If used as real barriers, as the Rhine and Danube were by the Romans against the barbarians, and the Ticino and Po by the Austrians against Italy, they form unnatural barriers—that is to say, *unnatural boundaries*—kept up and guarded by the sword of the conqueror, occasionally long enough to become, or at least to appear, natural. Watersheds, not rivers, form natural boundaries. Mountain ranges separate nationalities. The same nationality almost everywhere flourishes on both banks of every navigable river. Every basin, or at least every section of a basin, has its character. The inhabitants of the slopes that hem it in will fuse with the dwellers in the bottom. People living on the opposite slopes of a mountain range will tend in opposite directions.

The whole of history and geography, studied together, proves it. The Nile has never nourished two different nationalities on its opposite banks; it has never been the boundary of an empire. Babylonia flourished on both sides of the Euphrates; Assyria on both sides of the Tigris. The Hebrews occupied both banks of the Jordan. Neither the Oxus nor the Jaxartes, neither the Indus nor the Ganges, neither the Yan-tse-kiang nor the Ho ang-ho, has ever formed a boundary between different nationalities, or separated different civilizations. It was not the river Eurotas, the Alpheus, the Cephissus, or the Peneus, but mountain ranges like the Taygetus, the Pindus, and the Œta, that formed, by bounding, the wonderful system of Grecian autonomies. The various sections and branches of the Apennines mainly separated the ancient national divisions of Italy. Rome developed its power on both banks of the Tiber; the Po, in forming Cispadane and Transpadane Gaul, bounded provinces but separated no nationalities; the little rivulet Rubicon only marked the end of a frontier line formed by the Apennines, just as the little Tweed in the Middle Ages served to complete the natural boundary line of the Cheviot range between England and Scotland.

Mountain ranges, not rivers, formed, in the Middle Ages, the grand divisions of the Iberian Peninsula. The Ebro flows not on the confines but through the midlands of Aragon; the Guadalquivir does not bound but traverses Andalusia; Castilians live on both sides of the upper Douro and Tagus, Portuguese on both sides of the lower. The countries of Eastern and Central Europe show striking parallel examples. Russians inhabit both banks of the Volga and the Don, Poles both banks of the Vistula; Germans both banks of the Oder, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine. The Danube flows through the very centres of Würtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary. The last-named polyglot country owes its national unity mainly to the encircling wall of the Carpathians; all its rivers flow towards or through its central bottom lands, and thus keep up a union even of the most heterogeneous elements. Bohemia is a mountain quadrilateral.

The mountain and river systems of the rest of Europe confirm the rule, with hardly a single exception. Neither do those of America invalidate it. That the Father of Rivers is a mighty bond of union instead of a barrier of separation, is acknowledged on all hands. The same is the case with the Missouri. A glance at the map will show that the St. Lawrence is only a figurative boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces, and that it flows through the latter. The Rio Grande is a frontier line dictated by recent conquest, and Indian tribes continue to roam on both its banks. Rivers selected as State lines are too feeble even as barriers between communities. The lower western bank of the Hudson is lined with suburbs of New York City. Camden is a suburb of Philadelphia; Covington, of Cincinnati. In South America, the Amazon and the Orinoco offer parallel instances to the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Some branches of the La Plata alone can be said to form exceptions, but recent events indicate that even these are not to last.

To return to the natural boundary between France and Germany. It is clear that the Rhine is far from forming it, either geographically or historically. The natural geographical boundary line, irrespective of the now existing nationalities is the watershed between the Meuse and the Aisne and Marne, and its easterly continuation between the head-waters of the Saône and Doubs, on one side, and those of the Moselle and Ill, on the other. All of France that lies east and north-east of this watershed—the main parts of Lorraine and the whole of Alsace—belongs to the water system of the Rhine, a river both banks of which, from its source to its mouth, are inhabited exclusively by Teutonic people—Swiss, Germans proper, and Dutch. Historically, the lands watered by those western affluents of the Rhine formed, after the downfall of the Roman rule in Gaul, parts of the Frankish realm of Clovis, and subsequently of its eastern and purely German division, Austrasia, while the valleys of the Seine and of its numerous affluents formed the much more Gallic western division, Neustria. The Carlovingian Empire embraced both divisions, but after its final disruption during the period of partitions inaugurated by the Treaty of Verdun, Austrasia was merged in Germany, while out of Neustria gradually grew up the modern Kingdom of France. And both Alsace and Lorraine—the latter in its main parts—continued to belong to Germany down to the time when French centralization, developed by Louis XI. and perfected by Richelieu, proved itself decidedly superior to the more and more loosening machinery of the Empire—the final annexation of the two provinces to France taking place under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. respectively. The inner territories of Lorraine have since become almost entirely Gallicized; Alsace is French in sentiment, though not in language, and the section of the Rhine which bounds it on the east has assumed the semblance of a natural boundary, but the semblance only. The possession of the western bank of this river section has stimulated the desire of making the Rhine the eastern boundary of France. The constant threatening to achieve this conquest as an act based on a natural postulate has awakened, even in the more moderate portions of the German people, the thought of re-establishing, on an opportune occasion, the natural boundaries between Germany and France as they were before the Peace of Westphalia. It is beyond the sphere of this article to discuss the questions whether the present is the opportune moment to do it, and whether it would at any time be just or expedient to do it against the will of the populations concerned.

THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.

BERLIN, August 11, 1870.

WHEN I wrote to you last we were anxiously waiting the opening of hostilities. Although I did not doubt the final result of the war—for a great people wantonly provoked like ours would have forfeited the right to existence if it had not defeated the enemy—my mind was rather oppressed with uncertainty and anxiety. The interests at stake are too weighty, they involve too much of the destiny of the world, not to impose on every patriotic citizen a heavy care, a personal responsibility.

Now the time of doubt is past. Against general expectation, it is we who have opened hostilities, and although the overture only is played, yet the first week of August has brought the decision, as far as France is concerned. Germany has already proved her superior in every respect; ultimate defeat will be the end of Napoleon. You will find the details of the events which brought about this result in every newspaper, in every telegraphic despatch, in Louis Napoleon's own words, who is now at the end of his means. He who for a dozen years was considered a great man, for the reason that the others were so small, who always speculated on the worst passions of men, and, operating with them, created a reign of corruption, fraud, and lying which could not find its equal even in the first Napoleon's—now stands before the world a self-confessed criminal, begging for assistance and a penny of mercy; for, says he, in the melodramatic address of his official paper, "if you, England, Austria, Russia, and the small fry, do not come to the rescue, greedy, ambitious *Prussia*—(he ought to know by this time that united *Germany* is against him)—will devour all Europe in her insatiability."

We are not so dull as not to know the true state of facts. The cannon-ball of Weissenburg and Wörth has announced to the world that the times of French leadership in the councils of Europe are gone, that the barbarous practices of stirring up nefarious war are done away with, that Germany will now take the place which France has held for two hundred years, but will wield her influence in the interest of peace and humanity. How is it that this sudden change has taken place? To arrive at the true appreciation of things, I propose not to stop on the surface, but to examine the undercurrent of events.

In reading the French papers, you will find that the defeat is attributed by them to the greater numbers of the Germans. I admit that thus far we have been stronger on every field and at any given point than the French. But does this fact speak in their favor? Their population and ours is about equal. They have between thirty-seven and thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, while, on the other side, the North German Confederation has thirty, Bavaria five, Würtemberg, Baden, and Southern Hesse three and a-half—a total of thirty-eight and a-half millions. The French were three weeks ahead of us when they declared war, but they did not move beyond the frontier for the first blow. Nevertheless, they considered themselves so strong, and were so sure of the victory, that they neglected the most ordinary precautions. Why, then, were they beaten? We Germans are better organized for a war, we have a better and more thorough way of doing things in that line, than the French. They are courageous, gallant, and full of spirit, but they do not care for the details of the service; they labor under the mistaken idea that everything can be done and carried out by impetuosity and bravery.

The strength of our organization does not lie in the one per cent. of the population which forms the regular army, but in the number of those who have served their time, and in case of war are called in as reserve and landwehr. Every year 100,000 fully drilled men are mustered out of the standing army, who, in case of war, are liable to active duty in the field for nine more years. Thus, while the standing army numbers only 300,000, our reserve and landwehr are 600,000 strong. They are the flower of the nation—none younger than twenty and none older than thirty-two. The French have only enlisted men. Their last effort to imitate the German system was frustrated by the egotism of the ruling classes, who did not feel disposed to devote part of their time, and, in case of need, their lives, to the service of their country.

When the German troops moved towards the frontier, everything was ready for battle; the smallest strap of the knapsack, the last button on the coat of the steward, were in their places. Formerly, the normal time for mobilizing the army was a fortnight. This time less than a week was required; in some instances, the work was done in four days. Again, formerly the forwarding of an army corps by railroad took either five, or at the utmost eight, days, for it was supposed that a railroad could not forward more than twenty or twenty-four trains of troops a day. Each army corps requiring one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty trains, the whole number of trains for ten to eleven corps thus amounted to from thirteen hundred to eighteen hundred. We have five trunk lines running from east to west at our disposal, and, instead of ten to eleven days for forwarding the army to and beyond the Rhine, only six days were required; instead of thirty, we had forty and fifty trains a day, the Government despatching a train about every forty-five minutes. On coming from Cologne to Berlin, I counted sixty-three military trains, each of which contained about one thousand men. A battery of artillery (six pieces) occupied five to seven cars. The service was done with wonderful promptitude and exactness. Not one train was behind time, and only two accidents happened. The soldiers, who were expressly drilled for this kind of railroad service, entered and left the cars with as little noise and delay as the passengers of an express train. I was present when the Second Regiment of the Guards—three thousand men—left Berlin; they marched along the platform, and each car having the number it could hold marked on the outside (as, for instance, forty men or six horses, etc.), they were seated in about three minutes.

After the first week's service, the employees were so accustomed to their work that they despatched trains laden with soldiers as rapidly as passenger trains. The whole Second Army Corps (Pomeranians) were sent from Berlin to Neukirchen, near Saarbrücken, in fifty hours (feeding, drinking, and marching included), and arrived there punctually to the minute.

This spirit of punctuality and strict obedience to the orders of his superior has been inculcated into every Prussian and North German from his earliest youth. The whole training of the nation is pre-eminently military, and, whatever bad effects it may have in other relations and at other times, in emergencies like the present one it is wonderfully adapted for carrying out even the most difficult military task. These qualities cannot be drilled into a man in a month or a year; they must be interwoven with his feeling and thinking; they must work by tradition as well as by present practice. In Prussia, these traditions and practices are now two hundred years old.

But higher than this personal efficiency I value the moral tone of the German army. Our soldiers go to the war to defend their hearths and homes, to repel an attack, to settle our relations to France so fully and thoroughly that she will never again venture to provoke us. It is a bad job, you can hear every landwehr-man say, but it must be done; we know that we ruin our business, but now the time for defeating the French once and for ever has come. There is an earnest resignation and firm resolution in these men which deserves the highest admiration from every impartial observer. All classes of society are represented in this popular army. Even in a New England regiment you could not find so many educated men. While you had the scholar, professional man, and artist by the dozen, we have them by the hundred in every regiment; they constitute in our armies the same percentage which they do in common life. For instance, the other day, I read a small pamphlet written by a Prussian sergeant on the part he had taken in the Bohemian war of 1866. The night before the battle of Königgrätz he had a dispute, he says, with a comrade. It was about the "péripétie" of Sophocles's Antigone, and his friend was just going to answer him when the drum suddenly called the soldiers to arms. This same material we have now—of course not all so well educated, but on the average as good as the best of our nation. Each one of these educated men is as good as two others.

In spite of all that has been written about the intellectual superiority of the French army, I venture to assert that, with very few exceptions, it consists of the lowest elements of French society, and that it is thus cut off from all connection with the civil life of the nation. The French themselves indirectly admit this indisputable fact by excluding all subaltern officers from good society. When they are admitted, they are not allowed to appear in their uniform. An army like the Prussian would not tolerate barbarians as comrades in their ranks. In my opinion, it is as much against the law of nations to fight with Turcos and Spahis against a civilized country as it would be to buy up the zoölogical gardens of Europe and let their inhabitants loose against Germany. Our soldiers and our people treat the prisoners most humanely. The Turcos are not much better than wild beasts. The other day, two Turcos, prisoners, near Erfurt, suddenly attacked a sergeant who had them in charge, violently tore away his sabre, and murdered him most brutally. The criminals were of course most summarily executed, but is there any other army in the civilized world whose soldiers would commit similar outrages?

Diplomatically, France is more isolated than ever a belligerent power within the last hundred years. The stupidity of her statesmen has done the greater part of the work, but the *coup de grace* was given to her by Bismarck's timely publication of Benedetti's proposed treaty, which has put all Europe on its guard against French annexation propensities. Whatever may have been said by the French against Bismarck in this respect, they have not been able to refute his statements; they could not produce a single proof of their assertions. Thus this campaign was already diplomatically lost before it was opened in the field. To judge from present appearances, no other power of Europe will interfere. The arrival of the First (Prussian), Fifth (Posen), Sixth (Silesian) Corps in France shows that the Prussian Government does not apprehend anything from Russia and Austria. As strongly as the first power is in favor of Germany—the Polish and the Oriental questions induce Russia to do everything to continue on good terms with Prussia—Austria will not venture to interfere. Beust would like to do so, just as would Archduke Albrecht, who longs for revenge for Sadowa, but the feeling of the Germans of Austria is too strong in favor of their countrymen, and, besides, the repeated defeats of the French army have shown that Louis Napoleon's is not the strong side, and that it is not advisable to lean on him. Francis Joseph may now return Napoleon's compliment of 1866—"that he does not wish to associate himself with a corpse." All that Austria will do for the present will be to maintain an armed neutrality. Italy and England are of no account in this war, which, if the two belligerents be left alone, will, to present appearances, last no longer than the Bohemian campaign. It would, however, be a great misfortune for us if Napoleon were driven away by his people before peace is made. This man must sign his own doom and the humiliation of his nation, which is *particeps criminis*. We can impose heavier conditions on him than on an Orleans, a Bourbon, or a Republic.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

FROM LAKE GEORGE TO BURLINGTON.

BURLINGTON, VT., August 12, 1870.

I HAVE spent to-day amid lakes and mountains. I left the further end of Lake George in a little steamer in the early morning. The three hours' sail which you thus obtain is full of delightful beauty. The whole lake is framed in the noblest, purest mountain-masses. On the sides of the mountains, as we started, the clouds lay heavy and low, shutting us in, almost, to our little world of water; and during our transit they occasionally broke into rapid momentary rain; but on the whole I think they gave us quite as many effects as they concealed. At moments, when they thinned and lifted, the pale watery light yellowed the heavy darkness of the ranged forests into a languid counterfeit of autumn. The circling mountains faded and deepened in this passage like arriving and departing ghosts. The great hills group themselves about the upper portions of Lake George with a multitudinous majesty and variety which I shall not attempt to describe. They recede in dimly vaporous bays, where you barely feel their grim walls darkening through the cold gray sheets of cloud; they protrude in great headlands and break the mist with their cliffed and crested foreheads. The especial beauty of Lake George is believed to consist in its innumerable little islands. Many of these are extremely small—a growing-place for a dozen trees; several are large enough to contain a couple of houses. On one of them we saw some brave pleasure-seekers encamped, who came down to the water's edge in the rain and cheered us with a beautiful, cheerful bravado. The scenery about the lake, as a whole, is such a vast simple undisturbed wilderness, that you are almost startled to behold these various little makeshifts of civilization; you half wonder at our capital little steamer and at the young ladies from the hotel on the deck, with copies of "Lothair" in their hands. Landing at the head of the lake, we mounted on stages and drove some four miles to Ticonderoga and the edge of Lake Champlain—passing on our way through a little village which seemed to me, save for its setting of hills, more drearily, dirtily, glaringly void of any poor, pitiful little incident of village prettiness than a village with as fine a name—it was called Ticonderoga—had a right to be. The last mile of the four brings you into a bit of country prettier to my eye, almost, than any other in all this beautiful region. Through a poor wooden gateway, erected as if with a sort of sense of its guarded treasure, you enter a great tract of grassy slopes and scattered trees, which seem to tell you that nature herself has determined for once to aim at pure privacy, and to bestow upon a great rough expanse of American woodland the distinction of aspect of a nobleman's park. The short grass rolls downward in easy slopes, shaded by dense yet desultory groups of walnut and oak. You glance down the short vistas, as if to discover a browsing deer, or, perhaps, in the purer essence of romance and of baronial landscape, the sauntering daughter of an earl. But the pleasant avenue brings you only to the simple ruins of the grass grown fort and to a sudden view of Champlain at your feet.

Of the fort I shall not speak: I dined, perforce, in the half-hour during which I might fastingly have explored it. I saw it only from the top of the coach as we passed. It seemed to me in quite the perfection of decay—of stony decrepitude and verdurous overgrowth—and to exhale with sufficient force a meagre historic melancholy. I prefer to speak of the lake, though of this, indeed, there is but little to say, and I have little space to say it. My sail hitherward of four hours showed me the most and the best of it. There is something, to my sense, in the physiognomy of Lake Champlain delightfully free, noble, and open. It is narrow for a lake and broad for a river, yet it strikes you more as a river. The water is less blue and pure than that of Lake George—a concession of quality to quantity. But its great beauty is the really great style of the landscape: this grand unflowing river, as it seems, with the generous, prolonged simplicity of its shores—green and level, without being low, on the east (till you come abreast of the Green Mountains), on the west bordered by an immense panorama of magnificent hills, receding more dimly from line to line till they meet the steady azure of the great wall of the Adirondacks. At Burlington your seeming river broadens as if to the meeting of the sea, and the forward horizon becomes a long water-line. Hereabouts the Green Mountains rise up in the east to gaze across the broad interval at their marshalled peers in New York. The vast reach of the lake and this double mountain view go far to make Burlington a supremely beautiful town. I know of it only so much as I learned in an hour's stroll, after my arrival. The lower portion by the lake-side is savagely raw and shabby, but as it ascends the long hill, which it partly covers, it gradually becomes the most truly charming, I fancy, of New England country towns. I followed a long street which leaves the hotel, crosses a rough, shallow ravine, which seems to divide it from the ugly poorness of the commercial quarter, and ascends a stately, shaded, residential avenue to no less a pinnacle of dignity than the University of Vermont. The university is a plain red building, with a cupola of beaten tin, shining like the dome of a Greek church, modestly embowered in scholastic shade—shade as modest as the number of its last batch of graduates, which I wouldn't for the world repeat. It faces a small enclosed and planted common; the whole spot is full of civic greenness and stillness and sweetness. It pleased me deeply, considering what it was; it reminded me the least bit in the world of a sort of primitive development of an English cathedral close. On the summit of the hill, where it leaves the town, you embrace the whole circling presence of the distant mountains; you see Mount Mansfield looking over lake and land at Mount Marcy. Equally with the view, though—I had been having views all day—I enjoyed, as I passed again along the avenue, the pleasant, solid American homes, with their blooming breadth of garden, sacred with peace and summer and twilight. I say "solid" with intent; the most of them seemed to have been tested and ripened by time. One of them there was—but of it I shall say nothing. I reserve it for its proper immortality in the first chapter of the great American novel. It perhaps added a touch to my light impression of the old and the graceful that, as I wandered back to my hotel in the dusk, I heard repeatedly, as the home-faring laborers passed me in couples, the sound of a tongue of other than Yankee inflections. It was Canadian French.

Correspondence.

THE ENGLISH WOMEN AND THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I thank you for giving place to my letter in reference to the uncourteous remarks of your English Correspondent on the efforts of many of the most estimable of his countrywomen for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. I shall not now make any attempt to reply to your comments on what I then said, for I would very much prefer that, in the interest of justice and humanity, you should give room for the comments of a far abler pen than mine.

A few days since, I had a letter on this subject from one of the most eminent of living Englishwomen. Although it was marked private, and on account of delicate health she withholds her name and declines public controversy, I have obtained permission to forward the following extracts to you, feeling confident they will meet at your hands with respectful attention. I am, sir, etc.,

R. D. Webb.

Dublin, August 13, 1870.

"I see with heartfelt pleasure that you have written, and how you have written, to the New York *Nation* about the movement here against the Contagious Diseases Acts. For above half a year it has been a weight on my mind that that paper, so well conducted, so upright, so courageous, so well informed, and so sensible, has been so calamitously misled as it has been about the movement in this country against the Contagious Diseases Acts.

. . . .

"The strongest impression remaining on the minds of English readers of the *Nation* in its treatment of this subject, is that it seems to regard the movement for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts as a woman's agitation, on behalf of a certain group of ideas and feelings which a small number of women have taken up to work after their own fashion. The editor tells us that he has read most of the publications issued on behalf of repeal of the acts. Yet he seems to have paid no attention to the story of what has been done within a year—that is, since two months or so before the women began their work, or dreamed of ever beginning it. What are the facts? It is just a year since the latest of the acts was pushed through Parliament by audacity, stealth, and trick in curious combination. As some of the remnant of our representatives voted for the bill under the idea of its being one of the bills on the formidable diseases then likely to recur among cattle—so did a considerable number of clergymen, ladies, and people with a heavy charity purse, sign petitions and give money for the purpose of obtaining an extension of the new Contagious Diseases Acts over the whole female population (under the name of the civil population) of the kingdom. The trick prospered for some weeks after the inevitable discovery was made of the real character of the bill; for the good and kind and credulous and ignorant people who signed petitions and gave money believed what they were told, that this was a hospital charity by which the bodies of women would be cured of disease and their souls of vice. Some of our present helpers have thus publicly or privately explained their signatures and gifts of a year or more ago.

"By this time, a small but inestimable body of benevolent people had become convinced of the iniquitous character and fatal operation of these acts. The founders and managers of rescue societies and homes for the penitent became aware of the natural and strong alliance that had grown up and was extending between the brothel-keepers and the officials and police who were working the acts; whereas the managers of rescue societies, homes, and voluntary hospitals found their efforts embarrassed wherever the acts were operative. The poor people who are especially outraged by this legislation were growing furious wherever helpless women were endangered by them, and their wrath was fearful when, as often happened, fathers and brothers were asked to sign on behalf of an extension of the acts. During last autumn, the facts of the case reached one woman after another qualified to understand the significance of the crisis and thoughtful enough to see that our very existence as a nation—the rescue from perdition of body and soul—had come to depend on our rejection or reception of the methods of dealing with a special vice and disease, under which one people or another, and too nearly all, are perishing.

"What was to be done? There was not a day to lose; the agitation for extension was urged as vehemently as could be ventured under the necessary condition of concealment from society generally, and especially intelligent women of high character. It was too late, however; the truth had become known beyond the two or three who had striven in vain to expose the character of the earlier act. There are women in England who have grown up in sympathy with the popular admiration of the blessed Lady Godiva, as we were reminded at the time, and they not only had the spirit of Godiva in them, but had intellect and patriotic culture enough to perceive that this question of our day is immeasurably more solemn and fateful than any problem that could come before Lady Godiva. They well knew how their efforts would be treated, and what risk they ran of the cruellest kind of defamation from Christian men who are wont to be satirical on Christian 'ladies' who perceive no duty owing from them to their fallen sisters. Yet sixty 'ladies' of high character and reputable position undertook without hesitation, if not without horror and dread, to try whether they could not prevent the extension of these acts in the next session. At once the storm of insult, rage, and absolute outrage of justice burst upon them. Where they were spoken of in print it was as a handful of immodest and notoriety-seeking women interfering with a work of beneficence, and the facts of their being supported by their husbands, brothers, and friends in the law, in the church, etc., were suppressed. By what I see in the *Nation* and other American publications, I gather that it is there supposed to be a woman's movement altogether, and taking its place in the series of benevolent enterprises which never comes to an end.

"Again, then, what are the facts? The Parliament session of 1870 is closed, and there is no extension of the acts nor any prospect of such extension. I know something of the devices and plots of the promoters of the acts under their new experience of a high-principled, vigilant, and intelligent opposition, and I am disposed to doubt whether they have themselves any belief that such extension will ever be obtained. On the other hand, I hear of no doubt in any quarter of the repeal of these acts, nor of a repeal in time to avoid the popular insurrection which would be rendered inevitable by persistence in the outrage of subjecting the people of England to such a law as this.

"Some of the fruits of the action of this handful of 'ladies' are these, if the credit really belongs to them: Some months ago there were 270 organized associations in the towns of the United Kingdom, and by these a vast amount of business has been done.

"The petitions to Parliament during this single session for the repeal of the acts have been, as its members know and its records show, between 600 and 700, and the signatures of men and women exceed half a million. Besides petitions and memorials from local residents here or there, there are very many from clergymen, with the sympathy of several of the bishops; from barristers, solicitors, and lawyers' clerks; from physicians and surgeons; from retired Indian officers who have seen how the acts work; from the flocks of all manner of clergy; and from countless multitudes of workingmen and women—the greatest sufferers by the law and its perversions.

"The proposal of Government, when under increasing pressure, of a commission to enquire into the working of the acts, is refused because the time is past. The demand is that we shall be rid of the mischief for ever. We can see for ourselves whether the administration of the law is good or bad while it lasts, and great progress is daily making in this task; but this is another question from that of the repeal of the law. Upon that repeal the country is determined, and if it is not effected before the next general election, it will be then.

"One class of facts, the most important of all, can hardly be better presented than as it is comprehended in the significant piece of our experience with which I must end my letter. Of course, the main interest lies in the enquiry how the sin, the suffering, and their victims, fare under the new system. This is the brightest part of the whole experience. Never was there before such a prospect of the retrieval of health, morals, and domestic life, under the simple process of our each doing our duty, and especially by pure women at last venturing to take an interest in their fallen sisters. A year ago, while our conspirators were passing this law which brings us under the French system, as far as our officials dared go, the people of Paris knew and felt themselves to be perishing under that system, and dreary were the disclosures of their despair. Our movement revived hope in them. If we were seeking to escape the curse of the prevalence of such a system, they might try to get rid of theirs, however fearful their state may be. The enterprise was in course of organization, our example was appealed to in France and our sympathy sought over here, when the new war broke out. I trust it will not be long before our neighbors are working again as we are, and as we mean to work till our end is gained.

"Now, would any American reader of the *Nation* read our story in the past year truly in regard to the Contagious Diseases Acts from the notices of Englishwomen which its pages offer? The question for the *Nation* to ask of itself is this: All these things have been effected in spite of a 'conspiracy of silence' among the newspapers in combination with contempt and insult towards the ladies themselves. The *Nation*, among other organs, has assumed the ladies to be the agitators. Were they so? If not, where do their critics stand? All I have to say about this is, that I suppose we shall all agree that if those ladies have not done it, it would never have been done without them."

[We do not believe we have been misled about the agitation. We have, as far as we can remember, only drawn attention to it as helping to throw some light on a subject of a good deal of interest to American readers—the kind of politicians and legislators women are likely to make. Against the work the English ladies are doing we have nothing to say, and, we believe, have said nothing. But we have seen, or think we have seen, in their methods additional reasons for believing, as we do believe, that the world will be none the better for female suffrage, and may be somewhat the worse. We read, for instance, the "Englishwoman's" letters to the *Daily News*, which have since been collected in a pamphlet, in which she produced a good many solid reasons against the acts; but her remedy for the awful evils, for which she deemed the acts no remedy at all, may be described by saying that she thought vice ought not to exist; there being no vice, there would be no disease: therefore, let everybody be virtuous, and the problem is solved. Now, we honestly confess that we do not ourselves want to live in a state in which legislation is likely to be based on this kind of reasoning. We may add that we think, judging from all we hear and read, that there is no subject on which women are less fit to legislate or influence legislation than the sexual relation. We have seen no statement of their opinions upon it—either oral or written—in which the most important fact—the one which makes any regulation of the matter necessary—was not passed over in silence or treated as of small consequence.—Ed. Nation.]

YOUNG YALE'S REAL COMPLAINT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been waiting for several weeks in the hope that some better qualified person than myself would come forward and state the real grievance of "Young Yale," or rather the real desire of "Young Yale." As matters stand now, there seems to me to be little probability of a cessation of complaints, for neither side frankly considers the vital question at issue. They are like a patient who keeps on grumbling, and while he persists in contorting himself and making it perfectly clear that he is suffering a good deal, yet declines to let his symptoms be known and will not name his complaint. You say "Young Yale" does not know what it wants; your correspondent "M. A." says the same thing; but, if you will allow me to run the risk of hurting the feelings of gentlemen whose feelings I should be very sorry to hurt, I think I can come a little nearer to setting forth the desire of "Young Yale" than any one else has yet.

In his "American Colleges and the American Public," Professor Noah Porter asks the question whether the guardianship of Yale, among other similar institutions, has not been too largely in the hands of clergymen. He answers it in the negative. Now I for one—and most Young Yalensians with me, or else I am greatly mistaken—do not believe that ministers, as they are commonly found in actual life, whatever may be the ideal theory of the ministerial office, are the best men to be entrusted with the control of a great university. It may be a necessity of the educational situation in this country, where denominationalism is as yet strong and culture at a low ebb, that ministers should control most of our colleges, for most of them are supported by denominational money and are devoted to making ministers. But, as we feel, a university to do true university work should be in the hands of the very best men in the community; and such we think clergymen are not. We think ministers are, as a class, men of second-rate ability, and that there are few of them who are not inefficient in thought, narrow-minded, and in the true sense of the word uncultivated. We believe, if trial could be made of an equal number of Yale laymen as managers of the university, that in ten years the truly liberalizing effect of a graduate's education on his mind would be five times that which his education under the present clerical system gives him. Ministers are, as a rule, inferior men—that, sir, broadly stated, is the position of "Young Yale," and it is just as well that the real root of trouble should be pointed out. There may be no cure for it; but at least the complaint is now specified, and I trust the doctors may be able to do something with it. I am, sir, respectfully,

ALUMNUS.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WHEN Messrs. Roberts Brothers announced their new translation of the works of George Sand, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, who were not afraid to disseminate paper-covered copies of her books in the days when her name was a by-word in this country, immediately began issuing a rival edition; and to meet Messrs. Roberts Brothers' "De Mauprat" and "Antonio," they have put forth "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," "Teverino," and "Indiana," and these are to be followed by several others.——We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. Francis Parkman has in hand a new edition of his "Conspiracy of Pontiac." It will contain many additions from manuscript material which has turned up since the first edition appeared—chiefly from a mass of correspondence added within a few years to the British Museum, and known as the "Bouquet and Haldimand Papers." The letters of officers in the Pontiac war are several hundred in number, and exceedingly curious and interesting as vivid and lifelike reflections of the experience of those most actively engaged. There are many from Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the commander-in-chief, and many more from officers of every grade, from colonels to ensigns, part of the correspondence being official, and part friendly and familiar. Brother officers are not always spared, and the perplexities of those highest in command, and the shameful practices to which Amherst resorted in order to overcome an enemy of which he was continually proclaiming his contempt, appear in a light which is rather surprising. Considerable portions of the book have been rewritten, and many extracts from the letters incorporated.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have associated with them Mr. Charles T. Dillingham, formerly of the firm of Felt & Dillingham, and, under the firm-name of Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, will open at No. 49 Greene Street, in this city, a wholesale bookselling store, where they will offer for sale a full assortment of standard, miscellaneous, and school books, and also of stationery.

—Following every man of first-rate abilities, whose employment of them threatens, or seems to threaten, the established order in any field of thought—religious, political, social, philosophical, what not—there are always to be seen crowds of eighth-rate and tenth-rate people who make of themselves zealots and iconoclasts where their leader did no more than examine the images; who, if he doubts the authenticity of Genesis, become proselytizing infidels; who noisily preach Darwinism before Darwin himself has framed a theory; who are free-lovers because Mr. Mill thinks that reform of the laws governing the married state is highly advisable; and who, in general, rush in with much noise and perfect self-satisfaction where the men they swear by walk softly. They are always half-educated people, superstitiously ready to disbelieve in the old, and to imagine that every man with some new thing has infallibly found out the secret of the universe; and usually they have all the haste and heat and intolerance and self-complacency of half-educated people. To these are frequently joined the half-crazy men of one idea, who may or may not be men of acquirements and of good sense as regards some things, but whose minds are, as regards some one or two subjects, all awry. Some such investigators and philosophers would seem to have set on foot a new magazine called the *Modern Thinker*, the first number of which has just appeared, and contains, among other articles, one by Mr. J. H. Noyes, of the Oneida Community; one about Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews's Science of Sciences and Philosophy of Philosophies, or "Universology;" one, in the form of a novel, about the "Love Life of Auguste Comte;" one by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the acute and clever English Positivist, on "The Positivist Problem;" one, a careful article, by Mr. John Fiske, on "The Jesus of History and the Jesus of Dogma;" and one on two or three topics not usually discussed in public, and not well discussed here. It will be seen that there is some good work in the magazine; but the general tone of it is not such as to promise it a useful or a long existence. It is worth getting, however, as a literary or, rather, typographical curiosity, for it is printed not in black and white but in various colors. Mr. J. H. Noyes's page, for example, is flesh color, and the ink red; Mr. Fiske's, a sort of gray, and the ink blue, and beside these are half-a-dozen or a dozen other colors, so that the book looks like a collection of magazine covers mixed with advertising sheets. "I do not hesitate to say," says the editor, who appears to be anonymous, "that white and black for reading matter are simply infamous and damnable. . . . The popular books of the future must be printed in all the colors of the rainbow." This he says pleading for distinctness of letterpress and the comfort of the eye. But he mixes up with this pertinent plea one or two others. Thus, he declares black "indicative of feculence, smut, decay, and death;" and asserts that colors, harmoniously arranged, delight us. Whether, in printing his magazine after this odd fashion, he has been governed by a desire to attract attention to the work or really holds the opinion he puts forth, we do not know. His outbreak against the damnableness of black and white certainly appears to have no great heartiness of cursing in it, and has a hollow sound, and the opinion is certainly absurd enough to make one suspect the sincerity of any intelligent man who advances it. As a matter of fact, the letterpress of the *Modern Thinker* is fatiguing and baffling to a degree that no black and white page of anything like the same size of type ever attained. Reading undoubtedly does in time get the eyes of most readers more or less out of order. It is partly the penalty of labor, and partly, of course, attributable to defective printing. But however that may be, the fact remains that we do not open books to delight the eye with harmonies of color, nor to observe the occult relations of colors to moral sentiments. Such things are, and we can and do perceive them; but we open books not to perceive such things, but to read sentences. A clear-cut black character on an unglazed paper—the black as black and the white as white as each can be—make the page of which, so far as colors are concerned, it is easiest to get the meaning. This, at all events, is our experience, and it would seem to be the common opinion of mankind, which no longer approves even the light tints of buff with which the publishers once sought to relieve our overworked eyes.

—Nothing gets hearing now except news from the gigantic war, and we have none of us given more than a moment's attention to the death of Mr. John Pendleton Kennedy, an event which, indeed, in any recent year would have had not very much more than passing remark. When we consider the space that they once filled in the public eye, the confidence with which their admirers used to pronounce them sure of lasting fame, it is seen to be really profitable for us of this generation to note the noiseless and unmarked departure one after another of the distinguished Americans of forty and fifty years ago, the poets, and orators, and statesmen, and novelists of the second generation of Americans—the men to whom Dr. Griswold gave tickets for immortality, endorsed with the name of "one of the most eloquent orators and distinguished scholars of the age, writing in the *North American Review*." Mr. Kennedy was such a man. "Mr. Kennedy deserves a place in the front rank of American literature," said President King, of Columbia. "Mr. Kennedy is, altogether, one of our most genial, lively, and agreeable writers," says Dr. Griswold; "his style is airy, easy, and graceful, but various and always in keeping with his subject; his delineations of nature are picturesque and truthful, and his sketches of character are marked by freedom and delicacy"—and much more of the same sort—very vapidness itself; but it is, let us recollect, our American criticism of thirty years ago; and still worth a blow or two in our day. "We do not know," said the most eloquent orator and distinguished scholar before-mentioned, writing in the *North American Review*, "that we can better evince our friendly feeling for him than by expressing the wish that the success which this production has met with may induce him to withdraw his attention from other objects, and devote himself entirely to the elegant pursuits of polite letters." Mr. Kennedy lent an ear to Mr. Everett and Dr. Griswold so far as to write other books than "Swallow Barn," but was wise enough not to forsake law and politics for literature, and had success in all three. Born in Baltimore in 1795, he was graduated at the college in that city in 1812, and, going into the army, made the Bladensburg campaign. Leaving the service in 1814, he was in 1816 admitted to the bar, and in 1820 took the second step in the ordinary life of an educated young American lawyer of those days by going into the Legislature. In 1838, he made his first appearance in the House of Representatives, where he staid six years, exercising much influence in the Whig party, which he served with tongue and pen, and of whose protectionist policy he was a vigorous supporter in speeches, pamphlets, reports, resolutions, addresses, and debates. He was of high rank in the party when Webster and Clay were its leaders, and had for many years a national reputation, such as the newspapers confer on politicians, though a mere politician he never was, still less a low one. Personally, his character was without blemish; and politically, he was never a truckler to the South as were too many of his fellow-partisans, and did not conceal his opinion of the dangerousness of extreme Southern doctrines. Indeed, he had known a generation of Virginians who held another belief than Mr. Mason's or Mr. Roger Pryor's in regard to the good policy of slavery—the *ante*-cotton-gin generation, which bred no "hands" for Alabama. The highest office that he ever held was that of Secretary of the Navy, a post in which, as Allibone remarks, "he had been preceded by two distinguished literary brethren—James K. Paulding and George Bancroft." His first attempt in literature was the publication of a periodical made up mostly of tales, sketches, and verses, and entitled the "Red Book," which appeared in 1818 and lasted through 1818 and 1819. He was thirty-seven when "Swallow Barn" appeared—a picture of Virginian life—and forty when he published "Horse-Shoe Robinson," a story which followed in the track that Cooper struck out when he wrote "The Spy," and brought the American Revolution into romance. "Horse-Shoe Robinson" was Mr. Kennedy's most successful book, and, as we recollect it, deserved some of its popularity, though we suppose nobody reads it now, and that its predecessor has more of permanent value. Mr. Kennedy's other works are of no consequence, except that his "Life of William Wirt" is a biography with a certain amount of history of a certain sort in it, and doubtless will now and again be consulted by the historical student. Some history, too, there is, in his third novel, "Rob of the Bowl," which will give the general reader a little insight into the troubles in Maryland between the Catholics and the turbulent Puritans, in the days of Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, the lord proprietary. Mr. Kennedy was, we believe, never married. He died at Newport, Rhode Island, in his seventy-fifth year, leaving behind him the memory of an honorable man, a good lawyer, an industrious writer, and a patriotic and public-spirited citizen, who had everybody's confidence and respect.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has always been fortunate in its correspondence of all kinds, whether it was done by Mr. James Greenwood as an Amateur Casual, or by the late Mr. Higgins, or by a French Orleanist, or by a painter of the social and political figures of the Second Empire, or by Mr. Matthew Arnold, as the advocate of *Geist*, or by tourists in Europe and America, or by writers resident in India, or by Mr. "Azamat-Batuk," an unconverted and contemptuous Turk, spying out the weaknesses of the Briton—whether done by its special correspondents abroad or its volunteer correspondents at home, or by correspondents in its own office concocting letters planned by the editor. Its correspondence, indeed, has been perhaps the *Gazette's* most marked feature, and the feature most uniformly good, not yielding in excellence to the admirable editorial department, nor in interest to the "Occasional Notes"—departments always of variable goodness, and perhaps not on the whole so good of late as formerly. "Azamat-Batuk's" letters have been especially excellent. Their author is a sharp observer, witty and sardonical, who sees underneath a great many British conventional customs indelicacy, brutality, stupidity, and, above all, hypocrisy. All these he can bring into plain view by the *naïveté* with which he asks information, and states fully and plainly certain matters as to which he, being an enquiring foreigner, with a great admiration for the English, would like explanations. A sort of *enfant terrible* he is, only with a malice aforethought that makes him *terrible* in the superlative degree. The effect is that of sardonic satire in almost its best development. Almost its best, we say. Swift's satire, for instance, sardonic as it was, yet very often perhaps oftener than otherwise, had in view special or general reforms, and thus, cruel and degrading as it could be, it on the whole gives one the sense of moral earnestness, and so redeems its master's name from the charge of mere Mephistophelianism, which, if it does seem to lie against some of his works, does not lie against the man himself. He may, as they say, have bitterly hated and despised men, especially at the last of his intercourse with them; but it never was his way to despise them utterly, and with perfect good-humor to amuse himself with them. Of this, a sort of satire which can hardly be the best development of the satirical, Mr. "Azamat-Batuk" is an efficient master. He makes manifest, with the utmost good-nature and with much humor and wit, his entire contempt for the modesty and the talk of modesty of the women who go to see Schneider; for the dignity of British statesmanship; for the piety of British religious people: for the religious scruples of the people who have had English education in their hands; for the truly British hatred of shams which must have actuated Overend, Gurney & Co.; for the comparative honesty and happiness of the British tramp and a wooden-shoed slave in France—in short, for every humbug in England. This gentleman is said to be a M. Thiebland, and at present he is writing letters from the seat of war for the *Gazette*. They are enlivened with his peculiar vein of satire, and are extremely readable both in virtue of that and of their ability. There is talk, we see, of putting his late contributions to the *Gazette* into a book, and it would be a good one, whether or not acceptable to a very large public, for it would be finished satire of modern England. Awhile ago, Messrs. Roberts Brothers announced a collection of sketches of modern French political society, presumably by the same hand—but not written in character, as these Turkish letters are—and giving an excellent gallery of the personages of the régime of the Second Empire; but apparently they have given up the project.

—The discussion in the *Nation* last March between Mr. Edward Cunningham and Professor Pumpelly, in regard to the behavior of foreigners in China towards the Chinese, has naturally attracted the attention of the parties accused. The Shanghai *News-Letter* of June 10 has a communication from a gentleman who signs himself "Suaviter in Modo," and who recommends the adage impartially to both of the disputants. The assertion that it is the daily *practice* of foreign vessels to sink any native boat that comes in their way is, he agrees with Mr. Cunningham, one that "can scarcely be believed to come from an average intelligent being, as applying to a civilized and at least somewhat enlightened community." Nevertheless, it is quite true, he says, that certain ship-captains are not over-scrupulous in retaliating on Chinese boats for their obstinate and reckless slowness in getting out of the way, and are not so careful in avoiding collision with the "dreadfully provoking" native craft as they would be with foreign craft under the same circumstances, or as they ought to be. Touching the question of intercourse on land, he finds the Professor's remarks too sweeping, but not essentially unjust:

> "That foreigners on shore treat the Chinese differently from the way they would persons of the same class at home is undeniable. It is just here Mr. Cunningham misses his point. It is precisely *because* these young men (for it is principally young men), who are the brothers and sons of London and New York merchants, *do not* behave here as they do at home, that there is reason for much condemnation. Is not the pushing and shoving out of the way respectably-dressed men, the mode of speaking even to merchants who come in our offices, the calling our servants 'fools' and 'stupids' for not understanding unusual orders in a foreign tongue, followed in too many instances by blows, in strong contrast to the behavior of the same men towards their dependents or inferiors at home?
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> "It is preposterous to say that generalizing on the treatment of the Chinese is like generalizing upon an unavoidable incident at home, or that any one flourishing his cane here would be brought to his bearings as soon as if in Boston. I could cite cases, with names, within the past few months, that would completely disprove any such assertion—as, indeed, a walk of five minutes, taken for the purpose, would equally do."

The *Cycle* of June 18 approaches the controversy in a very different spirit, not concealing its anger at Professor Pumpelly's "wilful perversions of truth." It meets his allegations, however, chiefly by *à priori* reasoning, and in its indignation at his over-statements neglects to prove them utterly baseless.

—The historian Mommsen, moved by the report that an alliance existed between France and Italy against Prussia, has addressed a letter to the Italian people and Government, not as a politician, but as having at least a literary claim to be heard. It is, of course, an appeal for friendship and sympathy; but if it were skilfully made in other respects, as we do not think it is, it is weak precisely in its historical arguments. "Have you forgotten," he asks, "our shouts of admiration for those who fought at Novara? our burst of enthusiasm when the Lombards shook off the Austrian chains? our firm and fortunate brotherhood in arms that brought the Prussians to the Main and the Italians to Venice?" And the editor of the *Perseveranza*, who believes in the European equilibrium and the balance of power, and who fears French or even Napoleonic defeat because Garibaldi and Mazzini may take advantage of it, replies: "We also remember that in 1848 the German Parliament declared the Mincio the frontier of Germany on the side of Italy; that in 1859 Prussia made the French army pause on the Adige, and delayed for seven years the liberation of Venice, possession of which it guarantied to Austria in 1864, in order to seduce her into the war with Denmark; and finally, that in 1866, after having shown a hostile and contemptuous animus towards us for many years, it made, for its own interest, and stipulating that it should have supreme control, the league against Austria, and ended by calumniously making doubly bitter for us a defeat which had been a great part of its victory." This exchange of memories is a good illustration of the futility of raking up the past history of either combatant in order to find which is right in the present conflict, and what powers should be its natural allies. Properly speaking, as we remarked last week, the enemy that now has France by the throat has no history, but springs new-born upon the stage—united Germany.

—Three years ago, when the Emperor Napoleon wanted excuses for enlarging his army, he alleged that "a nation's power depends on the number of men it can bring under arms." Dr. Léon Le Fort thereupon, in a singularly able article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, undertook to show that with the existing military system of France the number of men to be brought under arms was steadily diminishing. While Prussia doubled her population once in 54 years, France required 198 for the same increase. The death-rate in France, he admitted, was small, and the "mean age" (31) higher than in any European country; but this only pointed to a falling off in the number of births, since it is well known that the mortality of the first year of infancy is vastly greater than that of the next twenty years. In fact, France showed but 268 births for every 10,000 inhabitants, where Prussia showed 374, and Saxony 410. The chief cause of this, in the opinion of Dr. Le Fort, was the custom of late marriages, which the military law fostered to a great extent. Thirty and twenty-six are the marrying ages in France for men and women respectively; in England, twenty-five and twenty-four. At twenty-seven, in France, out of a thousand men there will be 582 bachelors and 418 husbands. Every year 80,000 young men are taken off for the seven best years of their life, and, when returned to their homes, seldom marry under three years more of celibacy. Fully one-third of them, though the pick of the population, come back tainted with contagious diseases. In 1867, it was remarked with satisfaction that more recruits per centum were passed than formerly. This, replied Dr. Le Fort, is because of the greater need of soldiers, forcing us to be less particular. During the Crimean war 70 per cent. were passed instead of the usual 60—"the hospitals and graveyards of the East knew with what result." The Emperor's dictum was sound, but it only called attention to the weakness of France. There was another maxim he might have remembered before throwing down the glove to Prussia: of two armies numerically equal, the more intelligent is the stronger. We showed last week the difference in respect of capacity to read and write between the now opposing armies. It is worth noting that of the four French Departments whose wholly illiterate conscripts in 1857–61 amounted to only five per cent.—namely, Doubs, Bas-Rhin, Meuse, and Haute-Marne—two form part of the ancient Germanic provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and the other two are directly contiguous. In all Brittany, all Central France, and in several Departments of the South, sixty-six per cent. of the conscripts could neither read nor write.

—An imperial octavo volume of 1,888 pages, printed in small type and two columns to the page, which professes to tell us concerning all living notabilities, could not fail, if edited with even ordinary ability, to contain a large amount of useful information not elsewhere attainable. Nor could it well fail of falling very far short of perfection. The "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains," just published by Hachette, is a work of this character. Its great and clearly patent utility is, unfortunately, injured by too frequent references for important information to previous editions, which as a general rule are totally unattainable by the foreign reader even when not exhausted at the publisher's. The objection is a serious one, as such references occur on almost every page. Then we find too much space given to doubtful and noisy celebrities, to the exclusion of respectability of position and talent. Thus, much is told us concerning Madame Audouard, Adah Isaacs Menken, Madame Thérésa, and Schneider of "Grande Duchesse" celebrity, while we hear nothing whatever of such women as the Comtesse de Ségur, Mrs. Craven, Madame Lenormant. In sympathy with this tendency we find very defective mention of notabilities of the religious and theological world. All things considered, its mention of American celebrities is as fair and as full as could reasonably be expected, and certainly a great improvement on any compilation of the kind we have seen from Europe. All proper allowance made for inevitable defects, besides those specified, the work is one of decided value.

NOYES'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.*

Readers of the *Tribune* for a year past must have observed the notices of a colony in Colorado, composed of the *élite* of the *Tribune's* country readers, and named "Greeley" in honor of the editor, who was, but for his broken health, to have delivered there a Fourth-of-July address, on the last occurrence of that anniversary. And letters from the leading spirit, Mr. Nathan C. Meeker, will also be remembered, giving an account of the progress of the infant settlement. These names, thus associated, recall the period, nearly a generation gone, when Fourierism was at its height, and when Mr. Meeker, sustained, if not originally converted, by the doctrines of Mr. Greeley, was striving to prove them in the Trumbull Phalanx, of which he also acted as the chronicler. Time has changed the form of the socialistic experiment, but evidently has not destroyed the socialistic tendency in this instance; and considering how tough our innovators and reformers are, and how recently the more successful communities have been abandoned, the number should yet be large, even of the principal movers in these enterprises, that have survived them, perhaps still cherishing the beliefs which they failed to realize. How numerous this class is, or at least the class of which they were but the representatives, is a question of more than ordinary interest to the student of American society—the class which the *Tribune* more or less directly addresses, and which, after the failure of Owenism at Yellow Springs, founded there (by accident or by instinct?) Antioch College, and after the failure of Fourierism at Perth Amboy, founded there Eagleswood School, and after the failure of "Nothingarianism" at Northampton, has founded there a Free Church without priest or creed; the class liberally disposed on every side, hospitable to every ism; the class, in short, well comprehended, except in its highest culture, in the person of the late Henry C. Wright, who for so many years had been a public advocate of temperance, of abolition, of rational religion, of hydropathy, of spiritualism, of sexual continence, of woman's rights, of non-resistance, of the abrogation of capital punishment, and who had "seen through all forms," whether the ballot, or the Sabbath, or the police. It still exists, this class which has dieted on Graham biscuit and vegetables, and dosed itself with Thompsonian medicines in earlier days, and which thinks it strange that a homœopathist should be a Calvinist, or a Unitarian a Democrat. Has it tried socialisms once for all; or has its past experience only fitted it to receive the truer forms which may attract it hereafter—which may even now be developing visibly?

Some such questions as these, whether or not he has consciously put them to himself, Mr. Noyes has furnished ample material for discussing; and it is probable that something more than a desire to satisfy his own or public curiosity has led him to take the pains which have resulted in this handsome volume, whose historical value is not likely to be overrated. He has built upon foundations begun by a Scotchman who came to this country about 1850, to ascertain the material facts concerning the associations and communities which flourished or decayed during the first half of the century. Macdonald's collection was incomplete in itself, and he never lived to publish it; but it enabled Mr. Noyes, who had been a witness and student of the socialistic fever, to construct as nearly perfect a record as it is of any importance to have; and it will be generally admitted that he has done so candidly and impartially, and with no little acumen. Nor can any fault be found with his humor, which indeed it would have required a miracle to suppress altogether. He has allowed others to portray those "queer geniuses" who afflict every association or associated movement having disinterested aims and an indefinite fellowship, with no severer test than sympathy with certain moral principles. What stories could not be told of these unkempt parasites who brought such discredit on the worthiest of causes—the men who did not believe in money, and would therefore ask you to pay their passage for them; who did not believe in changing plates at table, nor their linen ever; who did not believe in organization at public meetings; and who did believe, and would tell you sadly, you were "on a lower plane" if you did not assent to their preposterous vagaries—the kind of men who made it necessary to explain: "I *am* a spiritualist, but I'm not a damned fool." Portraits of such have been borrowed by Mr. Noyes, but he has refrained from adding anything to them.

Here is Macdonald's description of one of the lights of the Marlboro' Association, and doubtless a specimen above the average:

> "Dr. Brooke was a tall, thin man, with gray hair, and beard quite unshaven. His face reminded me of the ancient philosophers. His only clothing was a shirt and pantaloons; nothing else on either body, head, or feet. He invited us into his comfortable parlor, which was neatly furnished, and had a good supply of books and papers. Our breakfast consisted of cold baked apples, cold corn bread, and I think potatoes.
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> "We questioned him much concerning his strange notions, and in the course of conversation I remarked that such men as Robert Owen, Charles Fourier, Josiah Warren, and others, had each a certain number of fundamental principles, upon which to base their theories, and I wished to understand definitely what fundamental principles he had, and how many

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* "History of American Socialisms. By John Humphrey Noyes." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

> of them. He replied that he had only one principle, and that was to do what he considered right. He said he attended the sick whenever he was called upon, for which he made no charge. When he wanted anything which he knew one of his neighbors could supply, he sent to that neighbor for it. He showed me a brick out-building at the back of his cottage which he said had been put up for him by masons in the vicinity. He made it known that he wanted such work done, and no less than five men came to do it for him."

"Prairie Home" had, perhaps, more of these odd characters than any other community. Here, says Macdonald—

> "I sat beside a Dr. Hard, who noticed that I took a little salt with my potatoes, and remarked that if I abstained from it, I would have my taste much more perfect. There was but little salt on the table, and I saw no person touch it. There was no animal food of any kind except milk, which one or two of them used. . . . . . .
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> "I put many questions to them, all of which were answered satisfactorily. Here is a specimen of our dialogue:
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> "Do you make laws? No. Does the majority govern the minority? No. Have you any delegated power? No. Any kind of government? No. Do you express opinions and principles as a body? No. Have you any form of society or test for admission of members? No. Do you assist runaway slaves? Yes. Must you be Grahamites? No. Do you object to religionists? No. What are the terms of admission? The land is free to all; let those who want, come and use it. Any particular trades? No. Can persons take their earnings away with them when they leave? Yes."

The West had the greatest number of socialistic experiments, for two reasons, as we conceive: first, because a fatal error of the communities, as Mr. Noyes points out, was their greed for land in excess of all capacity to cultivate it, and land was much cheaper than at the East; and next, because the habits of the people prepared them to change readily their mode and place of living—in other words, because of the colonizing spirit which characterizes the West. Mr. Meeker's lot is now cast in "Greeley" it may be as much in consequence of this Western unrest as because he remembers he was once a Fourierite. Nevertheless, it is worth remarking to what an extent Central and Western New York has been fruitful in socialistic *doctrinaires* and enterprises, though it has little to show now except the Shakers and the Oneida Community. New England's part was more original than that of any other section, Mr. Noyes conceding that Brook Farm, Hopedale, and Northampton were purely Yankee attempts to solve the social problem—the first, of course, until it lapsed into Fourierism. These, it may be safely said, gathered about them either as members, friendly visitors, or advocates by word and pen the most intelligent and cultivated of all American socialists—brains which still, to some extent, lead to-day's thinking or affect to-day's action, but whom it is almost impossible to imagine repeating now the lofty shibboleths of the *Dial* and *Harbinger*. What they accomplished, Mr. Noyes describes as follows: "Unitarianism produced Transcendentalism; Transcendentalism produced Brook Farm; Brook Farm married and propagated Fourierism; Fourierism had Swedenborgianism for its religion; and Swedenborgianism led the way to Modern Spiritualism." Nor is this all (nor the worst?). "The Oneida Community really issued from a conjunction between the Revivalism of Orthodoxy and the Socialism of Unitarianism."

Here we come upon the author's general view of the providential succession of socialisms in this country. All the religious communities that were established and prospered prior to 1825 he considers the "specie basis" of the movement in the succeeding quarter of the century. Such were the Shakers, the Rappites, etc., who illustrated both the possibility of social harmony and the worldly advantages of co-operative labor. In 1817 began the Nettleton revivals, and in the reaction which followed them, in 1824, Robert Owen appeared and purchased New Harmony of the Rappites. His scheme produced eleven communities, all short-lived. In 1831–1833 occurred the Finney revivals, and in their wake, in 1842–3, followed Brisbane and Fourierism with thirty-four communities. The Bible and infidelity alternated—revivals being purely American, and our socialisms imported and non-religious. Owenism and Fourierism agreed in aiming at an enlargement of the home circle, but differed as communism and joint-stock operations differ. The political associations of the former were with the Democratic, of the latter with the Whig party; and, concludes Mr. Noyes, it is reasonable to say "that Socialism, in its duplex form, has touched and modified both of the party-sections and all departments of the national life." In the main, one may agree to all this without basing upon the past achievements of socialism any very lively hope of its being resuscitated. Mr. Noyes's affirmation is quite strong enough: "We do not believe that the American people have lost sight of the great hope which Owen and Fourier set before them, or will be contented with anything less than unity of interests carried into all the affairs of life." That portion of the people which knows anything of Owen and Fourier except as empty names is indefinitely small, and that the vast majority cherish any "hope," great or small, in regard to communism, is, we believe, an utterly chimerical notion. The growth of co-operation may or may not prove favorable to socialism, though unquestionably socialism, where successful, is of the greatest value to co-operation, as demonstrating the correctness of the principle; and it is, in fact, in quite another direction that Mr. Noyes looks for the propagation of his patent theory of "Bible communism."

The peculiar doctrines of the Oneida Community being here set forth not for purposes of proselytism, but as part of the subject of the book—that is to say, historically—we are not called upon to criticise them. As they are utterly repugnant to the sense of Christians of every shade not communists, they have a certain use—like those of Mormonism and Shakerism—in showing that there is nothing in human conduct which the Bible may not be held to authorize and even direct; or, we might even say, which cannot be fathered upon Paul. On the other hand, they have the merit of facing a problem which Protestant Christendom habitually and almost instinctively shirks. The motto which a Frenchman affixed the other day to an essay on "marriage considered from a moral and religious point of view," viz., "In Europe, almost all the disorders of society arise about the domestic hearth and not far from the nuptial bed," would, if we had the frankness of the French in such matters, be admitted true, to a great extent, of this country as well. Yet formal religion, the religion of the churches, takes no cognizance of this evil except by general denunciation of adultery, prostitution, and abortion, for no one of which practices would it dare to put its professors to a searching test. Mr. Noyes's followers make, it may be said, the sexual passion the basis of their religion as of their communism. To our mind, their conclusions are revolting, as their premises—especially in the use they make of the terms "love" and "property"—are sophistical; but as we believe their motives to be sincere, we can do homage to their courage. How rapidly they are likely to spread, and how successfully to compete with the tendencies of the age, may be judged from Mr. Noyes's opinion that "the best outlook for Socialism is in the local churches," which he trusts some revival might easily convert into communities, with all "the advantage of previous religion, previous acquaintance, and previous rudimental organization." And it must be added that he does not appear to be very sanguine.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

PUTNAM'S appears to be as interesting as any of the month's magazines, all of which, to tell the truth, have felt the noxious influence of the weather. "Pedro el Moro," a Moorish sword-maker cast away in a Mexican town, is presented to us by an American officer who made his acquaintance in the days so long ago, when Scott and Taylor and Caleb Cushing and Frank Pierce were fighting Ampudia and Arista and Santa Anna. Of the swords of Pedro the writer tells stories worthy of Damascus, and the sketch is worth reading. "New York Society in the Olden Time" is by a writer whose memory goes back to the period when there were still living among the new men, and giving the tone to New York society, the men of ante-Revolutionary times—the De Lanceys, Stuyvesants, Kips, Van Beekmans, Van Dams, and other "great burghers"—the Knickerbockers who looked down on the cavaliers of Virginia, and despised with perhaps a rather uneasy contempt the Yankees of the East. "The honest Bostonian," says our writer, speaking of Adams's visit to New York, "was 'very much struck with the opulence of the city, and the elegance of their mode of living.' . . . He records that 'the streets of the town are vastly more regular and elegant than those of Boston, and the houses are more grand as well as neat.'" "Yet," says Bishop Kip, "it is evident from his journal that he saw little of the best families." These, indeed, were all royalists, except the dissenting Livingstons, and Adams, being on his way to the first Congress, got the cold shoulder from the Van Courtlandts and Van Rensselaers. Entertaining as Bishop Kip's essay is, we fear the scorners will hold it in derision, it expresses such unaffected regret for the days when the gentry could be distinguished from the commonalty by the dress they wore; when without a thought of shame or servility the poor man took off his hat to the landed proprietor; when Albany turned out to see the Patroon make entry into the city in his coach-and-four with outriders; when the funeral of a deceased Van Rensselaer was celebrated by thousands of tenants at the manor, and at the same time with equal expenditure of gloves and mourning-rings and wine at the town-house in Broad Street in this city—where now insolent commerce, and stock-broking, and the houses of new men rear their heads. Still the article is pleasant. However weak it may be to sigh for the past, and however much it may be a proof of something wrong in a man when he cannot live in his own age and be independent and happy there; nevertheless, the milder form of the weakness—when one regrets a past that is not only the past age but is one's own personal past also—is easily permissible; and our author has himself seen the last of the wearers of "the velvet coats with gold lace, large sleeves, and ruffles at the hands," over the extinction of whom he sighs. "Honest Bostonian" we have seen that he calls the second President; but in the opinion of the first families, most of the Eastern people had something to learn in the way of honesty. The bishop quotes from a will of one of the magnates of early New York: "It is my desire that my son may have the best education that is to be had in England or America; but my express will and directions are that he never be sent for that purpose to the Connecticut colonies, lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incidental to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their acts cannot disguise it from the world, though many of them have under the sanctified garb of religion endeavored to impose themselves on the world as honest men." There seems to be no denying that this delusion in regard to the business-like character of the Connecticut man has prevailed widely in all ages since he first turned his attention to traffic.

Mrs. E. P. Evans writes "Two Days at Haworth," the home of the Brontës, which is not different from other such sketches of travel, but is worth noticing because it points out how Mrs. Gaskell injured her biography of Charlotte Brontë by gathering up information so-called from all quarters indiscriminately, and then taking too little pains in sifting it. Thus, Mrs. Evans learned from friends who knew intimately all the Brontës that Mrs. Gaskell's story about old Mr. Brontë's passionate moods, in which nothing gave him relief but firing off pistols, is false and absurd. "Apartment Houses Practically Considered" is by Mr. P. B. Wight, and asserts that apartment houses need not be the failures they have been pronounced to be if the families occupying apartments would order their meals in from a restaurant instead of insisting on having a kitchen as one of their rooms. The kitchen is unnecessary, Mr. Wight says. A new sort of restaurant is necessary, then, for there is hardly one in New York where the food offered the customer is not exorbitantly dear or unfit to eat. "The North-Western Boundary Dispute"—about which the public knows next to nothing—is lucidly presented by General Alvord; "Danish Peasants" is a good subject inadequately handled; and the other articles are not such as to call for mention.

Probably the first thing to which the *Atlantic's* readers will turn is Miss Kate Field's "Charles Albert Fechter," which is ill written and one-sided, and, moreover, would look too much like an ordinary puff if Mr. Fechter were not himself so well known to the *Atlantic's* public, and if Miss Field's good-natured enthusiasm for her favorites were not also well known. It is full of readable gossip, however. "The English Note-Books of Hawthorne" is by Hawthorne's friend, Mr. Hillard, and while it adds nothing to our knowledge, and is no help towards the appreciation of the man, it is smoothly written. Mr. Howells's "Day's Pleasure" is ended, and "The Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago" keeps on, the Virginian having now reached Massachusetts, and the diary, as given us in this instalment, being so arranged as to show us in contrast New England means of travel and Virginian. The diarist has a page or two, also, about Calhoun, whom he saw as he passed through Washington.

What would happen if the *Atlantic* should ever come out without poetry, nobody knows, we suppose; but so far as appears nobody would think the magazine the worse if it wanted most of the verses that appear in it. Mr. Longfellow's last two translations, however, it is well to have.

The *Galaxy's* story of "Overland" maintains itself at a fair level of interest, but, as might have been feared, fails to assimilate wholly the cañons, and buttes, and pueblas, and lariats, and Apaches, and other properties of the story-teller on the Plains, so that we hardly remember that we are reading a love-story, and hover between the true novel-reading state of mind and that rather fatigued state of mind with which, since the days of Irving's "Astoria," we have followed so many travellers across the mountains. "Lady Judith: A Tale of Two Continents," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, is begun in this number of the *Galaxy*, and on the whole looks well and readable. Dr. Keatinge's article on "The Inquisition" is one of his "Ten Years in Rome" series, and calls for the immediate attention of the *Catholic World*. "Three Women," by Mr. Grant White, takes up Mr. Justin McCarthy's recent praises of American women, and, after describing three ladies of Mr. White's acquaintance who are very fairly representative of three prominent American types—and who, if they exist in the flesh, may very likely address some remarks to Mr. White—he asserts that no one of them takes any interest in politics; that it is absurd in Mr. McCarthy to say that he has met many or any American women who talk politics fluently; and, moreover, that our Irish friend remembered the blarney-stone when he asserted that American women talk with an accuracy that would bear literal reporting and a fluency that never pauses for a word, and that they can manage a parenthesis, and never have the slightest difficulty in expressing an idea. We will not dispute Mr. White as regards the capacity of the American woman to talk politics, but Mr. McCarthy's compliments as to the correctness and fluency of the talk of American women seem to us less open to animadversion than Mr. White appears to think them. There is a good review of a dozen or so of current French books, the notice of "Flaubert" being particularly good; Mark Twain gives a page or two of his absurdities; and there are several other articles—the best, perhaps, being some verses entitled "The Three Singers."

A sensible and instructive article on Nicolaus Copernicus, and some leaves from the diary of a staff-officer of Rochambeau's when that general was in this country, are the most interesting papers in the *Catholic World*, which, however, contains further an assault, provoked by his unreligiousness, upon the "so-called scientist" Galton, who wrote "Hereditary Genius," and does not in that work set forth any religious theory as to the immortality of the soul, but, on the contrary, would rather, as the *World* says, appear to deny the probability of the soul's supernatural origin.

A notice of Dante Rossetti's "Poems" is the most noticeable thing in *Lippincott's;* while *Harper's* is evenly good throughout in its familiar fashion—one article being better for one reason and one reader, and another for another. The editor, in his "Easy Chair," recommends Fourth-of-July orators in the various States to select as the subject of their oratory in future some distinguished native of the State in which they speak and his relations to the contest, and thus secure a never-failing fund of profitable instruction and excitement for their hearers. If this scheme be supplemented by another, in pursuance of which the orators should on every alternate Fourth of July address themselves to the duty of holding up some abuse, or national disgrace, or general folly to public reprehension, the undesirable repute of the "Independence" orator would speedily pass away, and the fund of available subjects last all the longer.

Hours at Home continues to publish hitherto unprinted letters of Charlotte Brontë's, but none of them is very well worth reading, and they seem to be too timidly edited. Now and again, however, a characteristically outspoken and honest letter is given us. "The New Education," by Dr. Bushnell, is strongly in favor of scientific education.

In *Old and New* Mr. Sidney Andrews, whose authority is considerable, estimates the number of the Opposition members in the next House at ninety-nine, while the Republicans he sets down at one hundred and forty-five. In no case, he thinks, can the Republican majority be less than forty, and he thinks it will probably be fifty. These predictions agree with our own of the third week in July, and we have as yet seen no reason to modify them materially. We are, however, prepared to accept a majority of less than forty, though we do not now anticipate that there will be much further reduction of the Republican strength. Mr. Andrews points out that the West, though it did not last winter secure the new apportionment of members, will yet be of much greater weight in the Forty-second than in any previous Congress, and that the West as a whole is an enemy of the present tariff. We may, therefore, look to see the next session shape the platform of 1872, and need hardly look for any declaration of principles by the party as a national party until this time next year.

Old and New opens with an enthusiastic review of Mr. Bryant's translation of the "Iliad;" it continues with "Paraguay," by Mr. Porter C. Bliss, no friend of Lopez; more of a singularly futile story—in cheap imitation of Mr. E. E. Hale's worst manner—entitled "John Whopper, the Newsboy"; the third and fourth chapters of a little story by Mrs. Stowe; some rather pretty verses, natural in tone, by Mr. S. R. Crocker; the beginning of a lively story for boys by Mr. Ralph Keeler; and various other matter—Mr. Andrews's Washington letter being as usual the most useful.

Any one who wishes to hear of "Rough Times in Idaho;" and of "Mexican Bandits," and of "Ixotle," the beautiful Mexican girl, whom her heathen priests were going to offer up in sacrifice; and of "Less Recent Minnesota"—that is to say, the Minnesota of so long ago as 1857; and of "Our Scout to Black Cañon," and of other such things, should read the *Overland Monthly*, which is much as usual this month, and may be read with pleasure. It contains, moreover, some "Plain Language from Truthful James," who may be always of the same degree of veracity, but who is at some times a little more powerful with his mind than at others.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1870.

The Week.

On the 25th, according to the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, the news reached the headquarters of the Crown Prince—who at that date was moving towards Paris, expecting to give battle to MacMahon at Châlons—that this commander had broken up his camp at the latter point and gone towards Rheims, *en route* to effect a junction with Bazaine at Metz, crushing Steinmetz on the way. The Crown Prince at once changed his course and set out in pursuit, and, taking the inner line, got the start of him. Reaching Grand Pré on Monday last, he got across the Marshal's line of advance, and forced him to retire towards Beaumont, and on Tuesday engaged him on both sides of the Meuse. The attack was made by the Fourth and Twelfth Prussian Corps, and First Bavarian, and the French were badly beaten with the loss of twelve guns and several thousand prisoners, and were driven back on Mouzon.

We have only very confused accounts of what occurred on Wednesday, but there appears to have been fighting, more or less severe, along the entire Prussian line, from Attigny east to Douzy, the French retiring slowly on Sedan. On that evening, the Crown Prince was at Chémery, thirteen miles from Sedan and west of Mouzon, and Moltke, who had by this time got the French effectually in his coils, made his final preparation to swallow them. Two hundred and forty thousand Germans were on the ground—two Prussian corps lying across the road to Mézières. The Saxons were pushed round to the north-east, and the Bavarians to the south and south-east, by forced marches during the night, and at noon on Thursday, after some hard fighting, the circle was completed, and the French were fairly caged. The rest of the battle was a desperate struggle for the possession of a hill commanding the town and fortress, which the Germans carried before four o'clock, and the French fell back into the town. MacMahon was severely wounded, and the Empire was lost. At five o'clock, the French army, and the Emperor with it, surrendered, the latter giving himself up in person the next day, Friday. We believe so many men have never before in modern warfare laid down their arms in one body.

In Paris, the Ministry kept back the news of the great disaster till Saturday, when they issued a proclamation, saying that MacMahon had capitulated with 40,000 men (the real number is about 90,000), and mention only incidentally, and near the close, the capture of the Emperor. On the same afternoon, Palikao announced it to the Chamber, and asked for an adjournment for consideration; but Jules Favre and the Left called for a resolution deposing the Emperor, and committing the government to a Committee of Defence, with Trochu as Governor of Paris. An adjourned debate took place after midnight, and the deposition was again pressed; and the popular excitement increasing, an enormous crowd having gathered round the Palais, the Imperialist members lost heart; some withdrew, others voted with the Left, and the Empire was formally overthrown about two in the morning, and the Republic once more established. Palikao is said to have fled, and the prominent Imperialists have followed his example. The Empress left the Tuileries attended by a single servant, leaving the Imperial apartments in great confusion; but there is said to be a grand gathering of fugitive maids-of-honor at Brussels. One of her efforts in the latter days of the dynasty to win popularity was curious and characteristic. She put up in the garden of the Tuileries two sweet little hospital tents, with twenty-four beds in each, and pretty pavilions adjoining for the surgeon and stores, the whole making a nice court hospital, where the ladies could do a little nursing any time they pleased; but the public only laughed.

The Provisional Government in Paris is composed of men who have all given proofs both of ability and republicanism. Jules Favre has given as many as any man can who has passed his life in opposition, of the possession of the highest qualities of a statesman, and Gambetta and Arago, through their youth, bring the Government into closer *rapport* with the feeling out of doors than would be possible in the case of the veterans who compose the majority. The exiles are rushing home from every quarter, the political convicts have been liberated, and everybody in Paris seems drunk with enthusiasm. The Imperialists are consoled by having feathered their nests very effectually during their twenty years' tenure of power—the Emperor, in particular, is said to have made immense investments abroad. He and the Empress will probably pass the remainder of their days holding a mock court somewhere, and teaching "Louis" to look on himself as the victim of a fraud.

None ought to mourn so much over the Emperor's downfall as that world-renowned body—"the Americans in Paris." These republicans, with some exceptions, adhered to the Empire with almost canine fidelity and admiration. The devotion of Frenchmen to it had something human in it, as it was based on a feeling, whether wise or foolish, of self-interest; but the Americans had nothing to hope or fear from it, and lavished on it that pure, unreasoning affection entertained by some of the domestic animals for man. The only reward they ever received was invitations to court, where they were treated, except when they were able to furnish entertainment, with a kind of contemptuous indulgence. They were in the habit, too, of insulting what was best in the French nation, by loud assertions that Louis Napoleon was just the man to rule the French—"he understood 'em"—that is to say, that when the president of a republic uses the army to overturn the government he has sworn to uphold, dissolves the legislature at the point of the bayonet, slaughters the people in the streets of the capital, and establishes an absolute monarchy, the success of his villany proves that he served his victims right.

The "special despatch" controversy between the *Tribune* and the other New York papers grows in bitterness, and is already apparently not very far from the "free-love" stage—the *Tribune* exulting in its correspondence from the Prussian headquarters, and the other papers showing that it has no special correspondent; or that, if it has, he is an ass, and that his despatches are worthless, and are stolen. The fact is, however, that all this is only helping to fill the *Tribune's* sails, and swelling the blasts of its horn. Its correspondence during the past week has been very interesting and very valuable, and great enterprise has been shown in obtaining and forwarding it. To be sure, it is not model correspondence, and it does not tell us half what we want to know about the operations; but there is none better in existence, and there is no use in its rivals growling over it. Its London "Commissioner" began the campaign badly, having, as is not uncommon with him, become awfully excited when the rumors of war were first heard, and, as his letters plainly indicated, prepared to sell his life dearly. He seems to have felt, too, that he was bound to help to overthrow the French Empire, and he accordingly gave a deep "red" tinge to nearly everything he sent over. After the hostilities began, however, he appears to have wisely determined to let Moltke dispose of Louis Napoleon, and the despatches have ever since, we are bound to say, been very creditable to everybody concerned in procuring them. And so, let us add, have the *Tribune's* comments on the war, and everything relating to it. It has covered itself with glory, and need not hang its head even before the excesses of Rahl's Hessians, or Turchin's brutalities in Tennessee, which, according to the *World*, make King William, Bismarck, and the Crown Prince—to say nothing of the Würtembergers and the Bavarians—unworthy of the respect and sympathy of decent men.

As to the terms of peace, the most important information comes from the correspondent of the *Tribune* at the Prussian headquarters, who reports a conversation with Bismarck, in which the latter said he would insist on taking and holding Strasbourg and Metz, as material guarantees for the future good behavior of France, but for very sound reasons repudiates all desire to annex Alsace or Lorraine, and makes no mention of payment for the cost of the war, which certainly ought to be exacted, if only in the interest of public morality, to the last cent. Nobody can call this a very extortionate programme. There is, as the Count remarks, no arrangement possible which will give Germany any compensation for her losses, or any guarantees against future aggression, which will not leave a great deal of anti-German feeling in French bosoms. Nothing would leave less than the proposed arrangement. Jules Favre is reported from London to have proposed another to the King, in which the guarantee of future peace and quiet will consist in the disbandment of the French standing army. It is to be hoped that the new government will see the necessity of this, if not for the satisfaction of Germany, for the security of republican institutions. The Prussian system, with some modifications, would guard property against the socialists without exciting the guilty ambition of successful generals.

Of all the exciting news by which this week has been ushered in, perhaps nothing surpasses the announcement that Italy will remove her seat of government this month to Rome, and that her troops are marching towards the Papal frontier, not, as before, for observation, but for occupation. France's necessity has become Italy's opportunity, if it should not rather be said that it has become her necessity also. For if the King did not take possession of the natural capital of the peninsula, the red-shirts were sure to do so, or to give trouble that prudent statesmanship would avoid. Nobody can doubt that, the moment the Emperor declared war on Prussia, the Italian Cabinet knew that the solution of the Roman question had come. But it maintained a becoming reserve both towards France and towards interpellations at home, until the first shock of battle had shown that Napoleon was lost. Meantime, as the French troops withdrew from Rome, forces were sent to intercept the Garibaldians, and now the Government is ready to move in itself. The effect of this transfer of the capital on the imagination of the Italians will doubtless be somewhat diminished by the lively regrets of the people of Florence—regrets as vain as those manifested at Turin, on occasion of the previous transfer, but hardly likely to divide and embitter politics to an equal extent. Florence was, everybody understood, only a halting-place, a half-way house, on the road to Rome, and speculators in real estate have had fair warning. It will be long before we shall realize even the superficial results of the Prussian victory, and certainly one of the most amazing will be the unity of Italy, perfected even beyond that of Germany, and the loss to the infallible Pope not only of his temporal power, but of the last Catholic nation which had any interest in sustaining him. He will probably receive the Italian corps of occupation with a few curses, which will furnish a model for ages to all bishops and priests who may happen to be out of temper with "the arm of flesh."

The general expectation in Europe seems to be that peace will be made at once; but it seems hardly possible that the new Government can avoid trying the fortune of arms once more. The French people are evidently persuaded that the Republic can do better than the Empire, and we fear, mad as it seems, will try it. The Prussians are in full march on Paris, and we shall probably hear of the siege within the next six days. People are beginning now to feel more interested in the question how the Prussians will bear their good fortune than how the French will bear their reverses. Whether the war proves a blessing or a curse to Europe will depend on German moderation; and we have no doubt, in spite of the dismal anticipations of many people, that although the Germans are determined to have Germany, and though the remaining small powers of Germany may before long disappear, the process of expansion will stop there.

We believe most people have been thoroughly puzzled by the attitude of the Democratic press towards the Germans. What can have induced them not only to defend the French Empire, but to ridicule and revile the Germans, and even attempt to saddle the Prussians of to-day with the blame of the misdeeds of the poor Hessians in this country in the last century, and also with the murder of a woman by one of Blenker's soldiers in the South during the late war? If there was a French vote to be caught by this sort of stuff, or if the Irish were not so thoroughly wedded to the Democratic party that it is next to impossible to get them out of it, one could comprehend it; but, as matters stand, the affair remains a deep mystery. The result is that the German Democrats are very much disgusted, and in this State talk loudly of a secession from the party, while the Irish are no more attached to it than ever, and are too busy making arrangements for a fresh combination of European powers against England to take much interest in home politics. In Fenian circles, it is said, great encouragement is derived from observation of the working of the Prussian military system, as its application to Ireland would put 100,000 men in the field, to say nothing of the reserves and landwehr—a force which would, of course, overwhelm the British army in one week. There is one lesson, however, which the chief "Nationalists" would do well to learn from "the Dutch," and that is not to talk about fighting any more till they are really going to fight, and fill up the interval with some regular and productive industry, under which term we do not include the liquor business or politics.

The aspect of Missouri politics is interesting; and, on the whole, it is seen at a second glance to be, perhaps, more favorable, and certainly more honorable, to the party, than appears at first. As nearly as we can make out, the fight is not altogether between protectionists and revenue reformers, as the *Tribune* of this city would have us believe. The facts of the case seem to be these: Governor McClurg holds the faith of Parson Brownlow, and believes, or at least offers it as a creed for his party's acceptance, that the men disfranchised in 1865 must be kept disfranchised for an indefinite time to come. They are still disorderly and dangerous, he says. Holding this doctrine, he and his supporters proceeded, it is alleged, to pack the convention, which has just closed its session, with men who did not represent the true opinion of the party, and were all violent advocates of continued disfranchisement. Of these men, some were elected, not at regular meetings called to elect delegates, but at meetings that had been called merely for the election of county committees; some were proxies representing counties in which no meetings had been held; and, altogether, they represented Governor McClurg and the men who now hold the State offices in a firm grip, and who have no disposition to let go of them, a great deal better than they represented the Missouri Republicans. After several days of confusion, the convention broke in two, and half the delegates, under the lead of Senator Schurz, seceded, and nominated a ticket of their own, headed by the name of Gratz Brown, formerly a Senator at Washington, and an able man. The men they left behind proceeded to pass resolutions, of which one is strongly protectionist; one declares General Grant's statesmanship to be "already advancing his name as the greatest name of history," and nominates him for the next Presidency; while a third, in appearance, left the disfranchisement issue to individual voters for settlement, but, in reality, recommended Governor McClurg's party to extend proscription indefinitely. Altogether, the intelligence of the convention would seem to have left it with the seceders; that much of the honesty went, too, is roundly charged, and on the face of things seems likely. Nevertheless, it is to be remembered that the removal of the disenabling clauses of the Constitution was in any event certain. But Senator Schurz insisted on the redemption by the party of its repeated pledges. Doubtless there is much that is personal in the contest.

The Gratz Brown party—which has the support of Senator Schurz, Ex-Governor Fletcher, and Lieutenant-Governor Stannard, and which Senator Schurz thinks able to carry the State by twenty thousand majority—distinctly avows its purpose to let every man in the State vote.

Its leaders assert that if the rebels, as they are still called, were once restored to their rights as American citizens, if they were represented as well as taxed, and could cast the vote which during four years of peace they have been debarred from casting, they would speedily "stamp out the bushwhackers" who make the disturbances which are falsely charged on the Confederate soldiers. These latter are law-abiding men, say the Brown men, and many of the delegates to the convention said the same thing as being true of their own districts. One delegate, indeed, hinted that it very well suited the McClurg men to set a negro school-house on fire and then come into convention and demand the exclusion of rebels from the polls because they burnt down loyal buildings. And a portion of the Republican press, as well as half the delegates, believes in the good citizenship of a majority of those who rest under disabilities. Thousands of them, says the *Herald*, of St. Joseph, are disfranchised on the strength of a mass of affidavits which they have never seen, and of whose contents they are ignorant, and which are in many cases nothing but perjuries. Thousands more, the same authority says, are disfranchised because a son, a boy, was captivated by the tinsel and glitter of Price's army, and, taking his gun, went off in spite of the entreaties of his parents, leaving behind him a father who cannot now make oath that he never had any sympathy at all with the rebellion. This Brown wing of the party passed resolutions setting forth the injustice of political disabilities; declaring in favor of a tariff to produce such a revenue as will enable us to deal equitably with the national creditor, and calling for reduced taxation; requiring a reform in the civil service; and taking the Democratic press to task for its pro-French attitude. No one can at present do more than make a guess as to the probability of this wing of the party's carrying Missouri in the fall. Our own guess is that there is little hope of the success of the McClurg party, and that if the State is not given to the Brown party by the Democrats, these latter will have it unless the quarrel is made up.

There are signs of trouble on the tariff question in Illinois also, the Republican Convention there having passed a resolution declaring that Congress has no right to impose taxes "except for the maintenance of the Government, the payment of its debts, and the promotion of the general welfare;" and that it is "wrongful and oppressive" to "enact revenue laws for the special advantage of one branch of business at the expense of another." We believe the *Tribune* is of opinion that this outburst of free-trade sentiment, as well as the division of the Republican ranks in Missouri, is due to the "conspiracy" hatched in Washington last winter and revealed to the world through the New York *Evening Post* and Chicago *Tribune*. But then there must be something more than conspiracy at the bottom of it, or else the conspirators have pretty inflammable materials to work upon.

Elsewhere than in Missouri and among our New York Germans, there is not visible much political stir. In North Carolina, the disturbance caused by Governor Holden's action in the case of Alamance and Caswell Counties is not yet wholly allayed, for though the judges have held that they can do nothing with the Governor for having practically suspended the writ of habeas corpus by refusing to allow a return to be made when it was served upon his military agents, they have, nevertheless, while leaving Holden to be dealt with by impeachment, issued warrants for the arrest of Kirk and others of the Governor's subordinates. The have at the same time, after a patient hearing, bound over for trial several citizens whom an examination showed to be very probably the murderers of a Republican State Senator. Not the least doubt exists in our mind, as we have before said on more than one occasion, that there have been numbers of outrages, semi-political at least in character, occurring in the counties into which Governor Holden sent his volunteers. But we have never been able to believe half that was said by the Governor's organs, nor able to see how his extreme measures were necessary. We should like it if he, or some of our readers who are of opinion that we have had too little faith in him, would explain the charge which the *Tribune* makes against him. The *Tribune* received from him a while ago a letter purporting to have come from Judge Tourgee, of North Carolina, asserting that four or five thousand houses had been broken into in Caswell and Alamance, and we do not know how many murders committed and how many hundreds of men and women whipped by the Ku-Klux. It was a letter showing how well justified the Governor had been in levying war on a part of his State. Judge Tourgee at once wrote another letter correcting these figures, reducing them vastly, and the *Tribune* calls on the Governor and Senator Abbott for an explanation. Governor Holden makes none; but Senator Abbott writes saying that just as the letter came to him it was sent to the Governor, who sent it to New York. It becomes, therefore, the duty of Governor Holden to show that he did not for his own purposes falsify the letter for his own political purposes.

The Tenth District of the Sixth Ward, in this city, we commend to the attention of anybody from abroad who wishes to study the American national character in its present phase of development. The Sixth Ward is filled with Irishmen, to be sure; but, as everybody knows who has ever seen an American at an American hotel or in an American railroad car, one side of his character that affords food for contemplation and reflection is his power of enduring extortion and impudence; and that, if it cannot be contemplated in the district above-mentioned, may at least be reflected upon there with much ease. The men who live in it, together with the ladies and the children—all the inhabitants, all told, from the suckling babe up to the old gentleman who has seen in his own person a century or so of the "six hundred years of wrong"—number, as the census proves, 870 souls. In May of this year, when we last had an election, these 870 inhabitants of the Sixth Ward stood up to their duty and cast no less than 934 votes—a remarkable exhibition of enthusiasm, considering the fact that the election was only for judges, and was not one to call out much popular zeal. Every man, woman, and child in the district must have cast, on an average, about one vote and one-thirteenth. This sort of thing the American endures, just as he endures Mr. Jim Fisk, or Mr. Justice Barnard, or Mr. William Tweed, or Mr. P. B. Sweeny. And it is as certain as the shining of the sun that our most active Democratic politicians, Mr. Hoffman being as surely one of them as the late Alderman Florence Scannell, just gone to his rest out of a murdering rum-shop brawl, organize similar rascality every year in every ward in the city.

It will go on, without doubt, for some time yet, and will give pain to every writer in *Blackwood* for years to come. The fact is that there is little or no use in talking morality in politics to the more respectable men of either party, and urging them to go to work and prevent such a state of things, because, although Americans are not less virtuous and moral than other nations, they have not yet felt the pinch of rascality as other people feel it when their public men are knaves. As long as most of us, if we fail in life here, can go to Kansas or San Francisco or Texas and begin life over; as long as most of us can look back, at the end of the year, and find ourselves with more dollars in our pockets than we had at the beginning of it; or can look forward and see an opportunity of making more by the end of the coming year than we now have, we are hardly going to stop work and look after the rascals who make millions for themselves, in a way that we admit to be shameful, by fleecing us individually to the tune of a few dollars or a few hundreds. When we live a little closer, and Mr. Fisk's thievings from each of us make—as Overend & Gurney's thievings did, in England, in the case of Englishmen—the difference of coming down a grade in social life or giving up one of our servants or sending our daughters out to teach music, we shall be as sharp with our rascals as anybody need desire. Meantime, the Republican politicians, by means of a law the efficacy of which is yet to be tried, are endeavoring to stop these election frauds, in virtue of which Mr. Hoffman is Governor, and hopes to be some day President. It is noteworthy that every Democratic paper in the country, so far as heard from, remains entirely unshocked by the 934 votes of the 870 men, women, and children, and that they all revile the law as it stands, and resisted its enactment.

THE CATASTROPHE IN FRANCE.

We presume nobody who was not at the scene of operations was prepared for the magnitude of the disaster which has overtaken the French arms, though the end has for a fortnight been clear enough. It has been perfectly plain ever since the battle of Gravelotte, when Bazaine failed in his attempt to withdraw from Metz, that the triumph of the Prussians was certain and not very remote. The break which was made in the French line by the battle of Wörth was never repaired, and it was evident from the first that it could not be repaired. The line was cut in two—one part driven into Metz, and locked there; the remains of the other fell back on Châlons, under MacMahon, disorganized and demoralized, unable to keep the field against any one of the Prussian armies. At Châlons, the terrible truth crept out, in spite of the ingenious subterfuges of the French Ministry, that the disaster was really irretrievable; that the Emperor carried the whole disposable regular force to the Rhine; that the only reinforcements MacMahon could receive were composed of the Garde Mobile, which was now for the first time embodied, and for which there were neither officers nor chassepots. The accumulation of it at Châlons, armed either with old "converted" muskets or with muzzle-loaders, and led by officers who had no more knowledge or experience than the men, apparently only resulted in frightful disorder, and MacMahon, doubtless with one of the heaviest hearts a brave man has ever carried in his breast, broke up the camp, and, sending some of the new levies back to Paris, moved off northward before the Crown Prince, in what he doubtless felt would prove a vain attempt to effect a junction with Bazaine. He, of course, in spite of the lying telegrams from Paris, never succeeded in getting anywhere near Bazaine, and was slowly driven back on the Belgian frontier, and was there surrounded, badly wounded, and his army destroyed.

Indeed, from the first shot fired by the Germans in their offensive movement down to the surrender at Sedan, the Prussians seem to have invariably attacked in double or treble the force of the enemy, thus fulfilling the first rule of the great game in which they are engaged, and there appears to be now no doubt that they have had under arms from the outset between 800,000 and 900,000 men, while the French have, from all that we can see or hear, never mustered more than 400,000, or, in other words, about the old standing army which France possessed when Sadowa was fought. This disparity of numbers would probably have decided the result, even if the Prussians had not been in possession of a strategist whom we will not, on the strength of two campaigns, rate higher than the elder Napoleon, but of whom it may be said that he has in those two campaigns far surpassed Napoleon's most brilliant exploits. Opposed to him he had at the beginning, when the fatal blow was struck, only a pair of court soldiers, the Emperor and Marshal Le Bœuf, who, judging from the first affair at Saarbrück, were apparently making war, in part at least, for the entertainment of the company at the Empress's soirées.

Now, how did it happen that, in spite of the uneasiness excited in France by the campaign of 1866, and the great show of preparation made afterwards for a conflict with Prussia, the Emperor should thus, after waiting four years, and choosing his own opportunity for entering on the struggle, be found so completely unready as to have to witness the destruction of his army and the overthrow of the Empire within five short weeks? The answer is, first, that the law increasing the army, which was passed, after much discussion, in January, 1868, has never been carried out. The regular force, including men actually embodied and the reserves, would not have reached its full strength under the Act till 1874; and the Garde Nationale (Mobile and Sédentaire) was never called out, the political condition of the country being such that the Government was apparently afraid to arm it; so that it was actually not summoned to the field till after the defeat of Wörth, and, worse than this, neither officers, rifles, nor uniforms were provided for it. All this is made the more extraordinary by the fact, which was acknowledged in the Senate by the Minister of War during the debates on the new law, that the Government was unable to put more than 100,000 men in line at Solferino, and had no reserves. Secondly, the French Cabinet appears to have been totally deceived as to the condition of public feeling, both in the states lately annexed by Prussia and in the states south of the Main, partly, no doubt, owing to too great reliance on the stories of the aristocratic malcontents with whom the French legations would most readily come in contact, and partly owing to the deep-seated and we might almost add cultivated, incapacity of Frenchmen to understand the position of people who are illogical in their politics. No country in the world has furnished more brilliant examples of successful investigation of foreign modes of feeling and thinking and acting than France has; but this kind of work is done by a few writers and travellers, of unusual powers and training. The bulk of French society, and especially that section of it which has of late years controlled the Government, almost disdains to comprehend foreigners or to acquire their language; and there is probably no race whose ways they find so inscrutable as the Teutonic. Since the Revolution, too, their natural scorn of what is outlandish has been intensified, and their love of logic increased, by the exceeding order and regularity of their own institutions. The French Cabinet appear to have settled it to their own satisfaction, therefore, that all the German states which bore Prussia a grudge would seize this opportunity of freeing themselves from her yoke, and that they were indeed bound by a proper regard for consistency to take arms against her. The Emperor's proclamation, in fact, showed that he expected the Bavarians, Würtembergers, Badenese, and Saxons, who have helped to bring him to his doom, to march with him on Berlin, and he probably relied on reinforcements from this quarter to bring his forces up to the required magnitude.

It is not necessary to lay much stress on the other causes of his defeat, because it is difficult to know how much weight to attach to them. The French commissariat has apparently broken down, but a good commissariat has no place in French military traditions. It has always broken down where the theatre of war was a friendly country, or where nothing was to be procured on the spot. It broke down badly in the Crimea, and again in Italy. Nearly all the great French wars have been carried on on foreign soil, and, as everybody knows who is familiar with their history, in nearly all of them the soldier has relied largely on marauding, and the intendance on forced contributions, for supplies. These resources are no doubt precarious, but the danger of relying on them only appears clearly in defeat; and of this French armies have heretofore had but little experience. We say little, too, of the charge which Edmond About brings against the Imperial régime, of having, by its vigorous centralization, robbed the population of its patriotic fire and energy, and rendered impossible the repetition of the heroic efforts which stemmed the tide of invasion at Valmy and Jemappes in the great days of the Revolution. There is doubtless some truth in it; but in weighing it we may have to remember that the levies of 1792 had only to face ill-armed, ill-led, well-flogged armies, and we may be very sure they would go down before the march of the present Prussian force like grass before a mowing-machine. Doubtless, too, the Emperor's favorites, the men who have reached high rank in the army, have owed their rise to other things than military skill or great services; but it is impossible to deny that many were men who had in their day done good service. Everybody would have pronounced either MacMahon or Bazaine, as Tacitus says of Galba, *capax imperii, nisi imperasset.*

Nothing like the disaster of last week has befallen any nation in modern times. Indeed, we doubt if all history can show a parallel for it. It surpasses that of Leipzig or Waterloo, as we pointed out the other day, inasmuch as it has overtaken France while in the very flush of her strength, and fresh from long and almost uninterrupted repose. For the first time in her career, too, she has to bow the knee before a single enemy. The depth of the humiliation and anguish into which French hearts are plunged to-day, probably nobody but Frenchmen can picture, because no other nation has lived so largely on national glory. It has played in French life the part which in the lives of all other peoples is divided among half-a-dozen different interests. It has furnished to at least three generations of Frenchmen that solace which other races find in religion, in liberty, in riches, in industry, in art, and in literature combined. Nothing touched them which did not nearly concern the greatness of France; nothing cheered them by which they were not made in some way a sharer, however humble, in her renown. And let us be just, and say that they offered their idol no mean or paltry worship. Millions of lives have been laid down at its altar with a cheerfulness which no other people has ever in any cause been able to equal; and we who, if we strive for some purer ideals, strive also, and strive hard, for many grosser ones, must walk softly now among the French dead, and look reverently on the desolation and foreboding which reign to-day in a million French homes. We believe the best interests of humanity to be served by the Prussian triumphs, but we owe it to humanity also to witness with sorrowful sympathy the despairing agony of a great nation—a nation whose achievements in war and peace must always form one of the noblest chapters in the history of our race.

THE FUTURE.

THE downfall of the Empire in the lifetime of the Emperor, amidst circumstances of extraordinary humiliation, will gratify one of the dearest wishes of some of the best of the French Liberals, which prevented many of them from accepting office, or making their peace with Cæsar, even if they felt assured that he was going to surround his throne with free institutions—namely, the desire that it should not stand recorded in French history, for an incentive and encouragement to other usurpers and traitors, that the man who perpetrated the crime of the Second of December enjoyed all his life long the fruits of his iniquity, and died in the peaceful possession of his booty. Unhappily, retribution has not come upon him from the hands of those whom he betrayed and outraged, nor without involving all France in his ruin. But it *has* come, and has come in a way which displays the hollowness of Cæsarism even more strikingly than if he had been driven out by the French people. Nothing could better illustrate its worthlessness as a permanent government than the fact that a Cæsar, while he has to make war frequently, can never afford to lose a battle; or, if he does lose one, dare not come back to the capital, and becomes an object of execration to all his subjects. Nobody but a military genius of the first order can hold a crown on such terms as these. More than sixty years ago, the father of the present King of Prussia was involved in just such a disaster as has overtaken Louis Napoleon. He lost a great battle through the badness of his generals, and the rottenness of his whole military system, and came back to Berlin a miserable fugitive, with the conqueror close on his heels; but the people cheered him as loudly, and lavished on him as many other affectionate demonstrations of welcome, as if he had been victorious. No monarchy which does not rest on attachment lively enough to survive misfortune can be called a strong or permanent government, and Louis Napoleon's overthrow, if it does not exhibit all the features of poetic justice, contains a lesson which will probably prevent the repetition of the brutal experiment of which his uncle was the originator, and which he himself renewed. In short, imperialism has turned out a total failure; the bourgeois régime of Louis Philippe lasted just as long, and cost only half as much, and left France with her resources, her armies, and her honor intact.

The proclamation of the Republic after the collapse of the Empire was naturally to be expected; and if the French had more of the tenacity and strong political sense which distinguish the Hungarians, for instance, who have many times seen their free government overthrown by military force, but have invariably revived it again, as if nothing had happened, we should witness now in Paris the formal revival of the Republic of 1851—that is, the restoration of the constitution which Louis Napoleon suppressed, and the setting in motion again, as if nothing had happened, of the machinery of government which he threw into the lumber-room. This would save the endless discussions and dangers of another constituent assembly, and would go far to impress the popular mind with the idea that a republic was the normal government of France, and the Empire only a temporary reign of violence. The presence of the enemy on French soil, however, makes anything like regular action on the part of the provisional government impossible, and would make any attempt to bring old institutions again into operation very hard. The difficulty of the situation is that no party dares to propose peace, or likes to face the responsibility of making any peace which will involve the humiliation of France or the cession of French territory, or the payment of the expenses of the war; and yet one of these, or both, the Prussians will certainly demand. The plea which is put forward in Paris that, as the King declared he only made war against the Emperor, he ought, now that the Emperor is gone, to desist from hostilities, will hardly find much favor in the Prussian camp, and ought not. It would be a serious injury to the French people themselves to allow them to discard all responsibility for the acts of a man whom they have twice by enormous majorities placed in possession of dictatorial power, and whose mad rush into this disgraceful war they enthusiastically applauded. Nothing will help them more effectually to a sense of their situation, and to a better political life, than being made to feel, by the terms of the peace, the danger and loss, as well as the disgrace, of parting with the control of their own affairs.

But the making of peace is a serious matter, and no government probably will attempt it without fighting. The proclamation of the Republic has evidently revived the memories of 1792 with a force which under the Empire they could never have had; and we fear it is almost certain that, in spite of MacMahon's surrender, an attempt will be made, by aid of a levy *en masse*, to protract the resistance; and we doubt if the war will be closed without another great battle, to be fought by the troops which are now being collected south of the Loire, and without a siege of Paris. Of course no intelligent person can entertain any doubt about the result. The slaughter of the new recruits, armed with muzzle-loaders, and badly officered as they must be, will be mere sport to the Prussian troops, already flushed with an unparalleled series of successes, and full of contempt even for the French regulars; and the defence of Paris, without the hope of aid from without, will have no value, except as a means of satisfying the self-love of the Parisians, and reconciling them to a peace.

The formal proclamation of a republic, too, diminishes seriously the chances of a return to constitutional monarchy under the Orleans family. An accomplished fact is a difficult thing to undo, and there is no doubt that all monarchy will now for some time labor under a portion of the odium incurred by the one which has just perished at Sedan. But then there is no reason to be as much afraid of advocating an Orleanist restoration as some of our daily contemporaries in this city have shown themselves. A week or two ago, they were bandying charges of Orleanism with as much venom as if it meant "free love," and some of their denunciations of that dynasty showed either extraordinary ignorance or extraordinary forgetfulness. The fact is that the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign constitute the only period in French history during which Frenchmen had an opportunity of learning the art of political discussion, and during which the pen and tongue were really free, without danger to property. Moreover, the Orleans government was the only government France has ever had which, while recognizing the principle of popular sovereignty, sought to turn the French mind away from military glory and foster amongst the people peaceful tastes and habits—that is, the very things which some of those who abuse the Orleans family are loud in declaring France must now acquire in order to be either happy or prosperous. No constitutional government could have done more for the material resources of the country. From 1830 to 1842, its efforts to make railroads were blocked by the hostility and incredulity of the French public, which did not believe in railroads. In 1842, the work was at last undertaken with ardor, and between that and 1848 nearly every great line France possesses was begun, and either completed or carried far towards completion. It reformed the patent laws in the interest of poor inventors; it introduced the Conseils de Prud'hommes for the first time into Paris, to the great relief of the workingmen; it passed the great act regulating the employment of children in factories, and was debating its extension to women, when the Revolution came and interrupted it, as it did a great mass of other legislation having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes and the freedom and encouragement of industry. More than all, and greater than all, one of its first acts was to give France a good system of popular education, which, under the First Empire, had been by special decree restricted to reading and writing, schoolmasters being strictly forbidden to carry children any further. The number of schools was increased under Louis Philippe; the grades multiplied; the courses enlarged, and the appropriations nearly doubled.

In short, a greater misfortune than his expulsion never befell France, though it has taken twenty years of successful wickedness and tyranny, and a bloody and disastrous war, to open the eyes of many people to the fact. His sons are still living—two of them, brave, skilful, and distinguished soldiers—Frenchmen, through and through, in the highest and best sense of the term; men of stainless honor, and of great and varied accomplishments, whom years of exile and adversity have refined and elevated, and who in everything they have attempted, whether with sword or pen, have shown themselves worthy scions of the great house to which they trace their lineage. It would, we feel sure, be well for France if in this hour of her adversity she were to turn to them for deliverance; but we feel almost equally sure she will do nothing of the kind at present; and yet stranger things have occurred than the re-rising amid the blood and desolation of the present war of the star which lighted up the field of Rocroi. Time is of almost as much importance to the Prussians as victory, and the man who could so use the fresh levies as even to protract the struggle, and keep the Prussian armies in the field, might secure better terms than now seem possible, and would deserve, and not improbably obtain, of France the highest reward she has to bestow. With the Imperialist generals gone to destruction, and Trochu, an old Orleanist, Minister of War and practically dictator, it is not out of the range of possibility that the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville might find themselves yet charged with the rescue of France—and the attempt, even if it failed, might be glorious for the country and fruitful for them.

PRUSSIAN WAR LOANS.

Of the many surprises which Prussia has, during the present war, prepared for the rest of the world, the most remarkable is certainly not the celerity with which she placed her gigantic armies on the enemy's soil, nor the vigor with which she has, so far, beaten back the French army, nor yet the unanimity with which all Germany follows her lead. More remarkable than these, more remarkable by far, is the surprise occasioned, to friend and foe alike, by the utter failure of her first war loan for a comparatively paltry sum. One hundred and twenty-five millions of thalers was the entire amount asked for; the interest rate, five per cent.; the subscription price, 88—netting the holder less than six per cent. on his investment, but not much less than he could obtain from American bonds just before the war. The king, the entire royal family, the leading capitalists and bankers, subscribed liberally, and unusual efforts were made in the cities, towns, and villages to secure minor subscriptions. But in spite of the favorable terms of the loan, in spite of royal and princely example, in spite of all efforts, and in spite of the wonderful enthusiasm engendered of unparalleled military successes, less than one-half the amount has been subscribed for. It is true that the loan has, nevertheless, been announced closed, and that the secretary of the treasury, with doubtful ostentation, has given public notice of his inability to send separate answers to each of the numberless applications from persons desiring to subscribe. It is also true that the loan is quoted at the Bourse at a premium of three to four per cent. over the issuing price. But it is no secret that the loan was nevertheless a failure. As soon as it was found that the genuine subscriptions gave out, the entire balance of the loan was taken, ostensibly as an investment, by the "Seehandlung," a moderately wealthy corporation, originally of the same character as the Dutch "Matschapey" or the English East India Company, but long since dwindled down into a mere "Crédit Mobilier," or rather "Crédit Foncier," of minor magnitude but greater character and responsibility. The relations of the "Seehandlung" with the Prussian treasury have long been of the most intimate character, and its subscription to sixty or seventy millions of the loan—its own capital being only twelve millions—is looked upon as a mere blind to hide the treasury defeat, and as a fair means of bringing the new security within the range of speculation by forcing up the price at the stock exchange. The true nature of the negotiation has not transpired, but it is noticeable that the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed on the 18th of August that forty millions of the loan were sold at 63, an almost incredibly low figure. It is scarcely possible that such an extraordinary discount should have been made to the Seehandlung, especially since its subscription offers no guarantee of its ability to furnish the money when required. But however this may prove to be, the mere fact that the most powerful nation of Europe, only four weeks after the outbreak of a wonderfully successful war, should have difficulty in raising one hundred millions of dollars at six per cent., is too significant to be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The apparent failure of the Prussian financial system is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the very people who now seem unwilling or unable to invest 100 millions of dollars in the securities of their own state have, during the last five years, purchased from 700 to 1,000 millions of dollars of the securities of the United States, and even purchased large amounts of them when we were in the midst of a gigantic civil war of uncertain duration. It is not to be for one moment supposed that the people of Germany have to-day less confidence in the solvency of the admirably governed Prussian monarchy, with a light debt and in the midst of military successes, than they had in the solvency of the heavily-burdened United States during the darkest days of disorder, doubt, and despondency in 1864. The question of confidence can, we think, be safely eliminated from the enquiry. We may, without fear, assert that the confidence of the people in the security is unbounded. Why, then, do they not purchase them?

People can invest in securities of any kind only money obtained from three sources. First, idle funds in bank unemployed; these, especially after the great decline in values resulting from the outbreak of war, are light, and prudent people part with them unwillingly. Next, such surplus earnings as the people make from day to day; it is self-evident that these accumulate too slowly to meet the imperious wants of greedy war. Lastly and mainly, the money to invest in securities of any kind must ever be obtained from the sale of securities of some other kind. After the first small amounts of idle funds have been invested, all further money to be employed in government loans can only be obtained by the sale of some other property, some other security. The investment then becomes, confidence being always presupposed, a simple business transaction. The safety being equal, the less productive security will be sold, and the more productive will be bought in its place. From this point of view, it will appear perfectly plain why German investors were unwilling to sell United States bonds (of which by far the largest amount of investment securities in Germany now consists) as long as the new Prussian loan, offered in their place, did not produce more than they do. As long as the Prussian five per cent. loan was held at 82, it was actually less productive than American bonds at their then market price. But even if it had been more productive instead of less, there are still good reasons why holders of American bonds would not part with them, even for domestic bonds of equal safety. The reason is this:

The Prussian debt is comparatively light, and its bonds are almost exclusively owned at home. Prussia has never yet been obliged to resort to foreign markets to place its loans, and foreigners have not sought them of their own accord, mainly in consequence of the arbitrary character of the Prussian administration, which has not tended to inspire special friendliness in foreign capitalists. For these reasons, Prussian securities are not known in the financial markets of the world outside of her own borders. To any one not familiar with the practical workings of the great money markets, the fact of the securities not being generally known may seem of slight consequence in the case of a great state like Prussia. But it is indeed of the utmost importance. It took two years to introduce American bonds in the German markets, three and four before English and French dealers would buy them, and certain kinds of them (of our Government securities, be it understood) are even now so little known that they could only be sold at a considerable sacrifice. This want of knowledge has nothing to do with want of confidence; it is simply a detail of business, as it were—a habit of the market, which is only overcome by time and effort. This absence of familiarity with Prussian securities in the great financial markets debars her own citizens from buying them to a far greater extent than would at first sight seem possible. We have more than once recently explained in these columns how powerful, how imperative is the demand for gold in time of war. Even those who are too intelligent to hoard gold give every possible preference to securities which can, in case of need, be promptly converted into gold. If the case of need arises, it is evident that the gold cannot be obtained at home, and that, therefore, the only securities that offer any certainty of prompt conversion are those which find a ready sale abroad. From what we have stated, it is very clear that this is not the case with Prussian bonds, and hence the indisposition of even the most patriotic Germans to buy Prussian bonds, for fear they might not be able to convert them promptly into coin in case of need. Before the Germans will consent to sell American bonds in order to subscribe the proceeds to new Prussian loans, they must, in addition to a higher income for their investment, be offered sufficient compensation for the risk of not being able to realize coin for their bonds when wanted. That the six per cent. realized on the present selling price of the new five per cent. bonds is insufficient compensation, is evident enough. How much more will be necessary, remains to be seen. One thing, however, becomes more and more plain every day, and that is that American bonds are to-day more readily salable for gold in more markets than any other security whatsoever, and that for the settlement of international balances among the principal European nations they are almost as useful as the gold coin itself, so that it may be accepted as a settled fact, that neither Prussia nor any other European nation, England perhaps excepted, can borrow money except on terms very decidedly more advantageous to the investor than those offered by American bonds.

CULTURE AND WAR.

THE feeling of amazement with which the world is looking on at the Prussian campaigns comes not so much from the tremendous display of physical force they afford—though there is in this something almost appalling—as from the consciousness which everybody begins to have, that to put such an engine of destruction as the German army into operation, there must be behind it a new kind of motive power. It is easy enough for any government to put its whole male population under arms, or even to lead them on an emergency to the field. But that an army composed in the main of men suddenly taken from civil pursuits should fight and march, as the Prussian army is doing, with more than the efficiency of any veteran troops the world has yet seen, and that the administrative machinery by which they are fed, armed, transported, doctored, shrived, and buried should go like clockwork on the enemy's soil, and that the people should submit not only without a murmur, but with enthusiasm, to sacrifices such as have never before been exacted of any nation except in the very throes of despair, shows that something far more serious has taken place in Prussia than the transformation of the country into a camp. In other words, we are not witnessing simply a levy *en masse*, nor yet the mere maintenance of an immense force by a military monarchy, but the application to military affairs of the whole intelligence of a nation of extraordinary mental and moral culture. The peculiarity of the Prussian system does not lie in the size of its armies or the perfection of its armament, but in the character of the men who compose it. All modern armies, except Cromwell's "New Model Army," and that of the United States during the rebellion, have been composed almost entirely of ignorant peasants drilled into passive obedience to a small body of professional soldiers. The Prussian army is the first, however, to be a perfect reproduction of the society which sends it to the field. To form it, all Prussian men lay down their tools or pens or books, and shoulder muskets. Consequently, its excellences and defects are those of the community at large, and the community at large being cultivated in an extraordinary degree, we get for the first time in history a real example of the devotion of *mind* and training, on a great scale, to the work of destruction.

Of course, the quality of the private soldier has in all wars a good deal to do with making or marring the fortunes of commanders; but it is safe to say that no strategists have ever owed so much to the quality of their men as the Prussian strategists. Their perfect handling of the enormous masses which are now manœuvring in France has been made in large degree possible by the intelligence of the privates. This has been strikingly shown on two or three occasions by the facility with which whole regiments or brigades have been sacrificed in carrying a single position. With ordinary troops, only a certain amount can be deliberately and openly exacted of any one corps. The highest heights of devotion are often beyond their reach. But if it serves the purposes of a Prussian commander to have all the cost of one assault fall on one regiment, he apparently finds not the slightest difficulty in getting it to march to certain destruction, and not blindly, as peasants march, but as men of education, who understand the whole thing, but having made it for this occasion their business to die, do it like any other duty of life—not hilariously or enthusiastically or recklessly, but calmly and energetically, as they study or manufacture or plough. They get themselves killed not one particle more than is necessary, but also not one particle less.

A nation organized in this way is a new phenomenon, and is worth attentive study. It gives one a glimpse of possibilities in the future of modern civilization of which few people have hitherto dreamed, and it must be confessed that the prospect is not altogether pleasing. We have been flattering ourselves—in Anglo-Saxondom at least—for many years back that all social progress was to be hereafter in the direction of greater individualism, and amongst us, certainly, this view has derived abundant support from observed facts. But it is now apparent that there is a tendency at work, which appears to grow stronger and stronger every day, towards combination in all the work of life. It is specially observable in the efforts of the working-classes to better their condition; it is still more observable in the efforts of capital to fortify itself against them and against the public at large; and there is, perhaps, nothing in which more rapid advances have been made of late years than in the power of organization. The working of the great railroads and hotels and manufactories, of the trades-unions, of the co-operative associations, and of the monster armies now maintained by three or four powers, are all striking illustrations of it. The growth of power is, of course, the result of the growth of intelligence, and it is in the ratio of the growth of intelligence.

Prussia has got the start of all other countries by combining the whole nation in one vast organization for purposes of offence and defence. Hitherto nations have simply subscribed towards the maintenance of armies, and concerned themselves little about their internal economy and administration; but the Prussians have converted themselves into an army, and have been enabled to do so solely by subjecting themselves to a long process of elaborate training, which has absolutely changed the national character. When reduced to the lowest point of humiliation after the battle of Jena, they went to work and absolutely built up the nation afresh, and in a fashion which reformers of all other countries cannot ponder too seriously. We may not altogether like the result. To large numbers of people, the Prussian type of character is not a pleasing one, nor Prussian society an object of unmixed admiration, and there is something horrible in a whole people's passing their best years learning how to kill. But we cannot get over the fact that the Prussian man is at this moment the foremost man of our day—the one who is likely to furnish, consciously or unconsciously, the model to other civilized countries, until such time as some other nation has so successfully imitated him as to produce his like.

Let us take a look at him—we of the temperance movement and of the anti-tobacco movement and of the "natural rights movement," and we who believe, as Mr. Wendell Phillips pretends that he believes, that "the best education a man can get is what he gets in picking up a living," and that universities are humbugs, and that from the *Tom-tom* and Lyceum lecture the citizen can always get as much information on all subjects, human and divine, as is good for him or the state—as he marches past in his ill-fitting uniform and his leather helmet. First of all, we observe that he smokes a great deal. According to some of us, the "tobacco demon" ought by this time to have left him a thin, puny, hollow-eyed fellow, with trembling knees and palpitating heart and listless gait, with shaking hands, and an intense craving for ardent spirits. You perceive, however, that a burlier, broader-shouldered, ruddier, brighter-eyed, and heartier-looking man you never set eyes on; and as he swings along in column, with his rifle, knapsack, seventy rounds of ammunition, blanket, and saucepan, you must confess you cannot help acknowledging that you feel sorry for any equal body of men in the world with which that column may get into "a difficulty." He drinks, too, and drinks a great deal, both of strong beer and strong wine, and has always done so, and all his family friends do it, and have only heard of teetotalism through the newspapers, and, if you asked him to confine himself to water, would look on you as an amiable idiot. Nevertheless, you never see him drunk, nor does his beer produce on him that utterly bemuddling or brain, paralyzing effect which is so powerfully described by our friend Mr. James, Parton as produced on him by lager-bier, in that enquiry into the position of "The Coming Man" towards wine, some copies of which, we see, he is trying to distribute among the field-officers. On the contrary, he is, on the whole, a very sober man, and very powerful thinker, and very extraordinary scholar. There is no field of human knowledge which he has not been amongst the first to explore; no heights of speculation which he has not scaled; no problem of the world over which he is not fruitfully toiling. Moreover, his thoroughness is wonderful—the envy and despair of the students of all other countries—and his hatred of sham scholarship and slipshod generalization is so intense, that we trust the "Genial Critic" will get out of the range of his saucepan before he passes in front of him.

But, what with the tobacco and the beer, and the scholarship and his university education, you might naturally infer that he must be a kid-glove soldier, and a little too nice and dreamy and speculative for the actual work of life. Bless you, you never were more mistaken. He is leaving behind him some of the finest manufactories and best-tilled fields in the world. Moreover, he is an admirable painter and, as all the world knows, an almost unequalled musician; or if you want proof of his genius for business, look at the speed and regularity with which he and his comrades have transported themselves to the Rhine, and see the perfection of all the arrangements of his regiment. And now, if you think his "bad habits," his daily violations of your notions of propriety, have diminished his power of meeting death calmly—that noblest of products of culture—you have only to follow him up as far as Sedan and see whether he ever flinches; whether you have ever read or heard of a soldier out of whom more marching and fighting and dying, and not flighty, boisterous dying either, could be got,

Now, we can very well understand why people should be unwilling to see the Prussian military system spread into other countries, or even be preserved where it is. It is a pitiful thing to have the men of a whole civilized nation spending so much time out of the flower of their years learning to kill other men; and the lesson to be drawn from the recent Prussian successes is assuredly not that every country ought to have an army like the Prussian army—though we confess that, if great armies must be kept up, there is no better model than the Prussian. The lesson is that, whether you want him for war or peace, there is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training him, and training him not in pieces but the whole of him; and that the trained men, other things being equal, are pretty sure in the long run to be the masters of the world. It is a lesson which we cannot help thinking some of our reformers might take seriously to heart. There is hardly one of them who does not flatter himself that if he can only get his thumb on one little knob in the composition of his countrymen, he can make them all models of virtue. The temperance men, for instance, are quite sure that all that is needed to put an end to crime is to forbid the sale of liquors—a little contrivance which would amuse our Prussian private mightily. It was like, he would say, simply building more jails, if crime were very rife, and taking no thought of popular education or popular poverty; or like multiplying the articles of war if you found your troops laggard on the march or timid under fire. If you told him, moreover, that many reformers were of opinion, and showed it in practice, that no virtue was of consequence except the particular one they had in charge, and that a nation might be great and happy, though every man in it was a liar, provided he abstained from intoxicating drinks; and that a respecter of "human equality" might be a very excellent person, though an arrant and notorious cheat; and that an enemy of slavery might roll nightly in the gutter without falling from grace, he would take off his knapsack and, having selected a dry piece of turf, would roll over and over with laughter. If you still further mentioned to him that some of the most ardent "moralists" of your acquaintance denied all responsibility for the use of their tongues, and when on the platform or at the writing-table said whatever came into their heads that seemed likely "to help along the cause," and encouraged young people growing up under their influence to do the same thing, and took to their bosoms and exhibited to their children as model men, as "noble champions" and "whole-souled heroes," very well-known rascals of long standing, for the simple reason that they occasionally helped some "movement" with a blathering speech, or a small subscription from an ill gotten fortune, his indignation and amusement would have a fierce struggle for the mastery, and he would sometimes laugh, and then again clutch his needle-gun. "Do you mean to tell me," he would say, "that there are people in the United States—a country which has afforded the most wonderful example, in that part of it called New England, of the effects which may be produced by running the whole character in a mould, and thus creating a type of man—who, while pretending to desire the advancement of the human race, deliberately preach that the practice of one or two of the minor virtues is all that need be expected of one? who put truthfulness and courage in the second rank, and elevate talk above thought, and pretend that a man's general character is of little moment, provided 'he is sound on the main question,' as you call it; that, indeed, as far as the proper performance of his political and social duties is concerned, it does not much matter if he is ignorant as well as vicious; and that, if he only knows how to read, and attends fires, and earns his own living from the age of six, he is sure to be fit for any duty the community may see fit to impose upon him?" We should certainly find this question a very awkward one.

THE "WAYS AND MEANS" FOR OUR COLLEGES.

THE matter of university reform has been widely discussed in its various phases during the last few years. Those who are intimately acquainted with the affairs and workings of our colleges, and upon whom devolves the task of putting the suggestions in practical operation, know that the whole discussion hinges upon two questions: How much can we accomplish with the material which the schools supply? and, How much can we accomplish with the pecuniary means at our disposal? On the first of these questions it is not here proposed to say anything. We turn our attention to the second one. The colleges are now doing as much as they can do with the pecuniary means which they possess, and the question of doing more and better is a question of money.

The fact is well known to those who are acquainted with the affairs of Yale College, for example, that it is pecuniarily in the most straitened circumstances; in other words, that its pecuniary resources are strained to the utmost by the work which it is trying to accomplish. The demands upon its funds are continually increasing. The appliances of education are being continually improved and multiplied. The machinery of education has been improved as much within fifty years as the machinery of locomotion. The improved machinery, however, is expensive. A great deal of the fault which is found with the college resolves itself into this, that it is trying to turn out modern, highly-finished work with antiquated and clumsy machinery. People are dissatisfied with it just as they would be with a railroad run upon strap rail, with springless and cushionless cars, and rickety locomotives. The state of things can be improved only by the investment of capital, and the question is, how to raise the capital? It is a simple mercantile problem, neither more nor less, and as such it ought to be discussed.

It is worth while to see distinctly, by two or three examples, that we are right in asserting that the grounds for dissatisfaction are due to pecuniary weakness. The college is now using recitation-rooms which are as inconvenient and as ill-adapted for the uses to which they are put as if they had been built for stables. While our best modern school-houses are furnished with convenient rooms, fitted up expressly and ingeniously to serve the purposes of recitation, and provided with all the most finished appliances for the work of instruction, the rooms, furniture, maps, blackboards, etc., which are in use in college are those of thirty or forty years ago. The authorities of the college know this as well as the critics, graduate and undergraduate, who urge it upon their attention. They would be glad enough to make the proper alterations and improvements, but where is the money to come from? "The college," in the ordinary use of terms, is the faculty, or, at most, the corporation, but no one expects the individuals who compose these bodies to pay the bills, and if any one did, we shall see before we get through that there is the best reason in the world why this expectation should be disappointed.

The library stands among the most important of the instrumentalities of education. A good library belongs to the definition of a college or university. An institution which cannot buy the new books which are being continually produced in every department of science, is doomed to become a fossil. Weakness in this particular does not strike the popular mind, in its judgment of a college, so distinctly as weakness in many others, but there is no defect more fatal, or more important in the view of those who hold a high theory of what a college ought to be and do. The purchase of books, however, involves money resources, and we are thrown back again upon the same vulgar necessity.

The "tutorial system," as it is called, although it is very far from being a system, is one of the most vulnerable points of the institution. It is one of the things upon which adverse criticism fastens most frequently, and with the most pungency. It certainly is an antiquated and rickety machine for the work of education. The time when a college instructor fulfilled his duty if he looked on the book and saw that the young men repeated from memory what was written in it, has gone by. We now have a few men, at least, who hold another theory of the work of their office. The instructors who are now demanded are men of thought, research, and genius, who can *make* books, or even dispense with them, and teach directly, personally, from an independent and original knowledge of the subject. Only such men can inspire enthusiasm and awaken interest. They are as rare as the men of excellent qualifications for any other branch of work, but we need to find them and see that they are secured for their proper calling. A book is a dead thing. We have to make it answer because we cannot all come into personal relations with the scholar who wrote it and acquire the knowledge he has to impart with the added force and the added charm of his spoken words. A book which is crammed and recited to a man who hears it as a routine duty only is worse than dead, it is *killing*. Now, it is impossible, in the nature of things, that a young man who has only been out of college for a year or two, and has perhaps spent those years in some foreign pursuit, should come to the task of teaching, at a month's notice perhaps, with either the knowledge of human nature, or the power to enforce discipline, or the scientific culture, or the plain matter-of-fact information in regard to the subject, which the position requires. Still less is it to be expected that any large number of the persons so chosen shall turn out to have talents for this kind of work. This much is bad enough, but it is not the whole story. The schools address the best of the young graduates and try to secure them as teachers. They offer salaries to men only one or two years out of college which are sometimes twice as large as the tutors receive. When, at the end of three years, the college elects tutors, it finds that the most desirable men are either engaged in other pursuits, or are employed as teachers at such salaries that to take a tutorship would involve a heavy pecuniary sacrifice. Once the college could make its own terms. It could take only graduates of three years' standing, and could insist that they should stay for at least two years. Now it has to take men of two or even one year's standing, and they will not bind themselves to stay more than a year. What does this mean? Simply this: that the college offers remuneration which is below the market price for the article it wants. All things considered—the amount of labor, the "position," the opportunities for other work, the amount of compensation, etc.—the place is not attractive to the men who are desired. There may have been formerly a class of men who had the requisite talents and attainments, and who were willing to devote them gratuitously, or almost gratuitously, to the work of preparing the young men of the country to win fame and wealth in the learned professions. If such a class ever existed, it is now extinct. The laws of supply and demand, of the relation between price and quality, rule here as everywhere else. If you will not pay the market price of the article you want, you must take the inferior article which your money will buy. Professors or potatoes, the law is universal. If, therefore, this country does not want the higher education, let us ascertain that fact, and then it will make little difference whether the colleges are bad or good, and we can stop talking about them. If college and university education of a high character is wanted, let us make up our minds that we have got to *pay* for it the money which it is worth.

There is no such thing yet at Yale as an academical *career*. There is no course marked out for a man who feels called to this work, and desires to pursue it. To a young man who has the talents and industry which make him a candidate for a position of this kind, the *chance* of a tutorship at $900, and the still remoter chance of a professorship at $2,600 at the vanishing point in the vista of life, are not attractive. The impulsion of natural tastes is strong, but the chances are very slight, the individual has no means of working towards the end he desires to attain, he must "wait to be asked," and, when he foresees the unsentimental and pitiless regularity with which butchers' and bakers' bills will be presented, and also the size of them, he can hardly be considered mercenary if he turns away from his "calling." Most men, under these circumstances, vacillate between the pulpit and the professor's chair. The pulpit is a career, and one which offers, to men who have the choice between the two, superior pecuniary inducements. Many men, therefore, go into the pulpit, engage in parish work, cultivate the homiletical faculties, and form the habits of clergymen, and then are elected professors, and have to form new habits, cultivate other faculties, and train themselves to other pursuits than those into which their lives have already hardened. But we cannot have scholarships, fellowships, tutorships, and professorships, graduated into a career, gathering up all the proper talent and fitting it for this work, without money.

It is clear, then, that the question of college reform in some of the points in regard to which it is most pressingly urged, is a question of ways and means. It is *money*, or the want of it, which is the root of all the evil. It is also clear that the ordinary laws of trade and mercantile modes of thought have invaded a domain hitherto controlled, in great part at least, by sentimental considerations. Nobody expects that this sort of work will ever be attractive on account of its pecuniary return, or that any one will ever acquire wealth by it, but it is hard in these days and in this country to get men to choose poverty if they can escape it, and the position of a college professor nowadays is one of positive poverty. It is impossible for a man to live in any community without incurring money-debts, and if his labor, his contribution to the work of society, does not secure him such a money-return that he can discharge those debts, he cannot long maintain his self-respect or the respect of his fellow-men. This is a mercantile, not to say a mercenary, view of the subject, but the man who ignores it, although he may be very sentimental and self-sacrificing, must expect to face the question whether he is *honest* before he dies.

If, then, the great practical question as to the reform, and increased efficiency, of our colleges is one of ways and means, the question arises: What can we do about it? There are three plans worth noticing.

The first is the plan of *state appropriations*. This is substantially the plan of the German universities. It avoids the dangers which are inherent in wealthy endowments, and provides year by year for the current expenses. It assumes, however, that the state takes an enlightened pride and interest in its institutions of learning, that it appreciates their needs and provides for them liberally, and that it will continue to do so with regularity. The dangers of it, under our political system, are that the state will *not* take interest in the higher education, but will suffer it to languish, its interest being limited to popular education; that it will not provide regular and consistent control for the university on account of the continual changes in the *personnel* of the government; that the jealousies of different sectarian institutions will wreck the plan; and that the influence of political parties will control the appointments of the professors and the working of the institution. These dangers are so serious and so probable that this plan finds few supporters. The second plan is that of *endowments*. This is the plan now in operation, and it is unquestionably necessary at least to provide buildings and apparatus—the fixed capital of the institution. But endowments are essentially a mediæval notion. The time has gone by when men believed that they would save their souls by diverting their property from their heirs to the foundation of a college. That faith was once universal in Western Europe. The English colleges owe their wealth to it. Since it lost its hold upon the minds of men, the fashion of endowing public charitable institutions has declined. It was already dead when the oldest American colleges were founded. The men who founded them did so from pure interest in the cause of education, but though they acted from another *motive*, they preserved the same *form* as the benefactors of the English colleges. We are still at work on the same system. We go on begging the wealth of the country to act with equal liberality, and from the same motive, as the first founders of the colleges. In fact, however, it has not responded so as to keep pace with the growth of the country, the increased demands upon the institutions, and the increased expensiveness of the process of education. It is high time for us to look about us for another resource. We can find this resource only by observing the conditions of the case as enumerated above, and by adopting the forms which are familiar to existing society. We find that the wants of the college can be expressed in the crassest and most vulgar terms of the dialect of trade, and that they can be satisfied only by adopting business processes.

The third plan, therefore, is the *business* plan. This admits of two subdivisions. In the first place, when we get tired of waiting for the rich man's thousands, we can begin to take the poor man's dollars. We have examples enough before us of success in business which has been won by seeing that there was more money to be made out of the pennies of the million than out of the dollars of the upper ten thousand. No graduate of the college has ever paid in full what it cost the college to educate him. A part of the expense was borne by the funds given by former benefactors of the institution. A great many can never pay the debt. Very few can, in their turn, become munificent benefactors. There is a very large number, however, between these two, who can, and would cheerfully, give according to their ability, in order that the college might hold the same relative position to future generations which it held to their own. The sense of gratitude, the sense of responsibility, the enlightened interest in the cause of education, which are felt by these men, constitute a resource which has never yet been tried, but which would yield richly. They stand by as idle spectators while the college is applying to a few wealthy individuals. Their share in its labor now consists in simply rejoicing in its good luck when it succeeds. A *popular* effort, which should seize upon the indebtedness of these men to the institution and their interest in it, and make it yield money, would be a step in the right direction. We are familiar with popular efforts of this kind for other causes. It is time that we applied it here. If every graduate who could afford it should give the college ten dollars, and others should give more in proportion, we should enter on a plan whose financial soundness is unquestionable. We should be paying a debt which we all owe. We should be applying principles which are thoroughly in sympathy with the ideas of this popular and democratic age, and we should reach results which we never can attain by waiting for the tardy generosity of a few men of extraordinary wealth.

In the second place, the business plan requires that the men who enjoy the benefits of the institution should pay for them in money all that they cost in money. At present, we are going on the principle that education is a thing which ought to be given away, or, at least, partially given. We proceed on the theory that it is desirable that every man should have a college education, and so we *give* it to as many as possible as a free gift. Whether this plan encourages many to acquire the higher education upon whom it is not worth while to expend the labor and money, is a question we may here pass over. Many men who could not pay for an education, if it were sold at its full money cost, make the best use of it as things now are. If the price of tuition were to be raised so far as fully to remunerate the college for its outlay on each student, especially on the supposition that the college should secure the best talent for this work and pay for it, and should provide the most approved appliances, it would, no doubt, become a serious burden. Many are now compelled to secure remissions. This number would be increased. But why make the pride or the impecuniosity of some fix the rate of payment for all? Why should not those who can pay pay fully? The normal principle of the institution should be to ask those who enjoy its benefits to pay for them. When men come who want the benefits and cannot pay for them, express provision should be made for them by the beneficence of individuals. Why interfere with the business methods of the institution, for sentimental reasons, to accomplish sentimental ends? Business should be the rule, and sentiment the exception; not sentiment the rule, and the consequent financial and business weakness a constant source of complaint. In the financial statement of the college, the income from room-rents, tuition, etc., should stand over against the running expenses, and present a balance on the right side. If, then, any persons step in and make the payments for those who are unable to pay themselves, so much the better. It is the best form which their benevolence can take, and it is earnestly to be hoped that there may be so much generosity of this kind that no proper and deserving person need ever lose the benefit of the institution. The discussion of theories of university education must, of course, go on, and the theories must be tested by practice. With those matters of pure theory we have not here been concerned. There is, however, a great deal of loose and aimless criticism of the present state of things which has no practical value. Our aim has been to see where the root of the difficulty is, and how to deal with it. Our prejudices may keep us for a long time from following the plan here sketched out, but it is the only sound solution of the question of ways and means.

PARIS.

Paris, August 26, 1870.

In such confusion as the present, in what has become not alone the rout of an army, but of a dynasty and a nation, it is difficult to state what are the particular events that produce the strongest effect. Still, at this moment, I do not feel much doubt in saying that since the first ridiculous and abominable speech (for it was both) of M. de Gramont on the 6th of July, about the impending "Empire of Charles V.," nothing has so astonished the public (but in a very different sense) as the nomination last week of General Trochu as Governor of Paris—in reality, namely, dictator.

When I told you in my last of the reasons which had deprived the army of General Trochu's services in all the Imperial campaigns, I took care also to tell you that for having courageously published criticisms on the army, and boldly set forth what France must learn if she would be saved, General Trochu had so displeased the vainglorious French public that they did not at first resent openly his having been set aside. But the moment defeat asserted itself steadily, and the popular rage took Louis Napoleon for its object, then the necessity for being served by capable and honest men grew evident, and the first name that was uttered by all tongues was that of Trochu. Nor was it only as a military chief General Trochu was clamored for, but also as a political leader.

When the Deputies went in a body to the Empress to demand the dismissal of the Ollivier and Gramont cabinet, the first thing they said was: "General Trochu must be made Prime Minister;" to this the Empress answered that that was impossible, for that General Trochu stipulated for his entrance into power upon "conditions that were inadmissible." A few hours later, La Tour du Moulin, a member of the Moderate Left, asked in the Chamber that General Trochu should immediately be charged with the formation of a new ministry. It was rumored that he would not, and his first appointment was to the command of the corps undergoing transformation at Châlons. This, however, could not last long, in the face of the fearful needs of the hour; and so it came to pass that, on the 17th of August, the Emperor leaving Metz for Verdun, and Verdun for Châlons, in his flight before the invader, had to comply with the general feeling, and sign the decree which sends Trochu to watch over the safety of the population of Paris.

From this date the "Empire" may be said to be no more.

"What," people ask, "were those 'conditions' stipulated by General Trochu, and which were so 'inadmissible' that the Empress could not anticipate their ever being granted?"

"Why, simply answer those who know General Trochu, "that he [Trochu] would not consent either to hold a position *from* Louis Napoleon, or to allow him to divide authority with him."

In fact, Trochu's nomination implies *abdication*, and the fact that *he* rules over Paris is synonymous with that of the Napoleon dynasty having ceased to do so.

How the material fact of the deposition of Napoleon III. will be actually brought about, and what will immediately succeed him—these are points on which the public is not at one with itself. "Sufficient for the day" is so evidently the thought of every man in France just now, that what may occur on the morrow is scarcely reflected upon. In this sentiment is to be found the only possible excuse for the system of misrepresentation that still endures.

To do Palikao justice, I believe that he knows how much better it would be to be able to give *true* information, than to be always "cooking" that which he has to offer; but is it possible to tell the French public the "plain" truth?

Firstly, for the last ten days—ever since the defeats of Wörth and Fröschweiler—the army itself divided into two, if not three, different corps, has scarcely known its real status, and Marshal Bazaine has probably sent but spare and curt telegrams to the Paris Government; but next, if Count Palikao is possessed of other news (which is almost certain), what would inevitably happen if he promulgated it without proper precaution?

Suppose that, on Monday last, the Government in Paris had simply set forth the real state of things, and had informed the idle, hungry public that matters looked very gloomy; that the Emperor had fled as best he might; that the troops at Metz, already put on half-rations, had not yet been able to follow. That then, on the Wednesday, it had recorded the unfortunate battle of Mars-la-Tour, completed, on the 18th, by King William's victory at Rézonville, shutting up Bazaine and his army at Metz! Suppose they had bluntly given forth these very plain truths as they got them (if they *did* get them), what would have been the result? Very probably, that such a fit of blind, bitter rage (the rage of impotence) would have possessed the people that massacre and pillage would have reigned supreme over the Paris streets, and blood have run more freely even than on the Alsatian battle-fields.

This being the condition of things, it is really open to doubt whether the Ministerial mode of proceeding be not all but obligatory. Their method seems to be this: From personal sources they hear pretty nearly the truth; they do not absolutely ignore it or falsify it; they disguise it, or rather they give a part of it; as, for instance, at Mars-la-Tour or Gravelotte, they stated what happened up till *four* o'clock, and rested on what was a partial success. They only refrained from chronicling the Prussian victory which was decided five hours later. Forty-eight hours after this, the intelligent part of the Paris public has learnt, through the *Times* and other English papers, what has in reality occurred; and then the Liberal press of Paris—*Temps, Siècle, Opinion Nationale*, etc., etc.—allow themselves to copy extracts from the foreign correspondents, which show the situation pretty much in its true light. At the end of a week, Paris is fully in possession of the whole sad tale, and knows that, while it had been exulting on the Boulevards, the army in the East had, in fact, suffered again another defeat, which was twelve hours after telegraphed to every capital in Europe, but first of all to London. When this dreary consciousness of misfortune is achieved, it is borne with relative patience; for it has come gradually, and not suddenly and all at once. The effect is certainly a mitigated one; and with such a populace as the Parisian before them, I cannot say that the Government is to blame for not bluntly emitting what is termed the "plain truth."

Besides, though it is partial and slow, there is in all this a manifest improvement as compared with what took place under the First Empire. If any one will take the pains to read the late M. Villemain's "Life and Correspondence of Count Louis de Narbonne," he will see what the wholesale mendacity of the First Napoleon was. He will find, after the defeat of Leipzig (and also during the Russian campaign), every luckless engagement transformed into a success, and there, where the fortune of war had most signally abandoned the Emperor, the most brilliant victory chronicled. With Napoleon I. it was a very plain and easy system, consisting in merely filling the bulletins with the exact reverse of the truth; it was a system of positive mendacity, whereas the present is a negative one, and consists at the most in disguising the truth, or only publishing small fragments of it.

But when will the day come when France will bear to look "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" in the face? When will the lower classes be sufficiently instructed to discern the outlines of history's lessons? This is now the gravest of all questions, for on it hangs the future prosperity of this country, and the possibility of a lasting peace for the rest of the world.

Just reflect on the necessary mental condition of a race in which no lesson can be drawn from history, because the facts of history are untold. A French peasant or a lounger on the Parisian boulevards does not know what happened between 1813 and 1815. He does not know that the First Empire fell because France had for fifteen years tried to bully and oppress every nation in Europe. The individuals of the existing generations scarcely know even that the First Empire actually did fall. The consequence of all this obviously is, that they rush blindly into unjust and aggressive wars, without having the remotest idea of what they lead to, and what is their probable result.

I do not suppose that a similar instance of absolute blind ignorance in the masses of a nation exists anywhere else out of France, unless it may be in Spain. Strange to say, in both countries there is one cause (among many others) equally active; the clergy, namely. The mass of the lower French priesthood is now almost on the same level of narrow-mindedness and bigotry as is that of Spain, and the Jesuits of all lands resemble each other, resolved, wherever you find them, to crush out the light, and stifle all aspirations towards modern civilization and progress.

It has been one of the principles of the Second Empire to subject the nation, as much as possible, to the Jesuits.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.'s list of fall announcements embraces for September the following works: A new volume of "Lange's Commentary," comprising Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians; Volumes XI. and XII. of the popular edition of Froude's "History of England," thus completing it; fifteen volumes in continuation of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders;" Volume IV. of Mommsen's "History of Rome," with a copious index, prepared expressly for this edition, which will then be completed; "Bible Notes for Daily Readers," by E. M. Hunt, M.D.; a new edition of Pouchet's "The Universe," with important additions and illustrations; "The Theology of Christ," by Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson; and "Early Years of the Christian Church," by that eminent scholar and writer, Dr. E. de Pressensé. In October will appear in book-form the series of articles on "Books and Reading" lately contributed to *Hours at Home* by Prof. Noah Porter; and "Life of Dr. Green," by Le Roy J. Halsey, D.D. In November will be ready for the holidays "Songs of Home," a companion to the "Songs of Life," published last year, and like that a portion of the collection known as "Folk Songs," with illustrations by Fenn, Hennessy, Griswold, and other artists, interpreted by Mr. W. J. Linton. Finally, a new edition of Mr. Charles Loring Brace's "Races of the Old World."——Messrs. Sheldon & Co. announce an entirely new series of books for boys by Capt. Mayne Reid, one volume telling of "The Castaways; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Borneo," and another of "The Tall Patagonians." In October, they will publish "With Fate Against Him," by Miss Amanda Douglas, author of "In Trust," and Mr. Richard Grant White's *Galaxy* articles on "Words and their Uses," collected in one large 12mo volume on tinted paper. In November: "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.——Mr. Carleton announces new and uniform editions of all of Mr. John Esten Cooke's novels and a new novel by Marion Harland.——General Upton has prepared and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish "Tactics for Non-military Bodies, adapted to the Instruction of Political Associations"—police forces, fire organizations, masonic lodges, and other similar bodies. The same house will publish "The Origin of Civilization," by Sir John Lubbock; "Does Protection Protect?" by Mr. W. M. Grosvenor, the editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*; "Suburban Homes, and the Best Mode of Laying-out Grounds," by Mr. F. J. Scott; "Lay Sermons," by Professor Huxley; and a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Three Brothers."——The Catholic Publication Society announces a new volume of Sermons, by the Paulist Fathers, of this city.——A new story of school life, by Mr. William Everett, is announced by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, who have in preparation, besides, a great cloud of juveniles; a "History of Paraguay," by Mr. Washburn, late American Minister at the court of Lopez; "The Divine Man," by the author of "Credo;" "Biographical Annals," by Rev. Calvin Durfee, of Williams College; "The Coming Man, Why and How: Why the Chinese Emigrate," by Col. R. H. Conwell; a course of lectures on the Lord's Prayer by Rev. Dr. Baldwin; and a new edition of Whately's "Bacon's Essays."

—The fullest war-map we have yet seen is that just published by Mr. E. Steiger, of this city, and called "Schedler's Topographical Map." It is a photo-lithographic reproduction, and the physical features of the countries represented are printed in brown (for the mountains) and blue (for the rivers), leaving the names of places in greater relief in black. The Parisians seem determined to make a war-map still useful to spectators of the great conflict, and this one, which covers the whole field of actual and prospective hostilities, has also plans of Strasbourg, Metz, and Paris and its environs. It can be folded away in the pocket, and is quite worth the dollar which is asked for it.

—We referred incidentally last week to the decease of Mr. Henry Clarke Wright, formerly a clergyman, but of late an independent lecturer in almost every branch of reform, and in some branches of agitation which have yet to prove themselves reforms. As an author whose works were widely read, if not famous, he deserves additional mention here. He was a native of Connecticut, but was bred in Ohio, and was rather more identified with the West than with the East. An incessant traveller, he had traversed the West so thoroughly that he used to say he could find his way about blindfold. He had a classical education, and a sufficient aptness for languages to make the Greek and Latin authors his pocket companions; but his style was noticeably unindebted to his acquaintance with the ancients. His mind, occupied by a few simple ideas, seemed to have but one mode of expressing each of them. "Chairman," he has said a thousand times if once, "if the Bible sanctions slavery, I trample upon the Bible." Mr. Wright was physically a giant, and no one could have been better qualified on that score to be an apostle of non-resistance. His work for children, "A Kiss for a Blow," has had a very extensive circulation, and contains Christian doctrine which Christians by common consent, the Quakers excepted, omit to put into practice. Mr. Wright's visit to Europe to try the water-cure system under its founder, Priessnitz, produced "Two Years in Graefenberg," if we remember the title rightly. His European experiences are also narrated at length in his autobiography, of which he was, we believe, preparing a second edition at the time of his death. A work of more importance than all of these is Mr. Wright's "Marriage and Parentage." It does not, of course, solve the problems of the married relation, but it is one of the few books of the class written from a pure motive, and from a painful sense of the evils which it seeks to remove. Mr. Wright was an indefatigable writer, and his correspondence and journals must have been simply enormous in volume. He was 73 years old when he died last month at Pawtucket, R. I.

—We had occasion the other day to speak of that nicety of ear in the Chinese which forbids them to accept as a true rhyme the sameness of sound of *here?* (with the rising inflexion) and *spear* (with the falling inflexion). The *tone*, so to call it, being different, the identity of rhythm and rhyme in verses counts for nothing, or little. This is well and perhaps commonly known, but further illustration of the fact that tone is so very important in the Chinese may be of interest, as showing the difficulties with which business men, missionaries, and others labor in the attempt to master the Chinese tongue. The most fastidious and dignified of Bostonians will thankfully fall back on the "ridiculosities" of Pidgin English rather than bring on their housekeeping the ruin that would come upon it should they attempt correct Chinese when Ah Sin displaces Bridget. A writer in the Shanghai *Cycle* relates that once a missionary at Ningpo preached a sermon on the text, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life," and it might have been an excellent sermon, but the effect of it was marred by the preacher using a wrong tone in pronouncing one word, and bothering his hearers by talking throughout of the *blind* gate of heaven. Another missionary was astonished at seeing all his audience suddenly rise up. He thought he had just told the congregation that God would be angry with them if they kept on worshipping idols; but he had so pronounced the word for *angry* as to make of it an order that his hearers should rise up in their places. On the matter being explained to them, they laughed and sat down, and profited, it is to be hoped, by the rest of the discourse. Still another preacher, addressing his flock on the sin of idol-worship, insisted on it, as he thought, that "idols ought not to be worshipped," but actually told them that idols were absolutely necessary. *Pa'-veh-tih* and *'pa veh tih* are spelled with the same Roman letters, but in one *pa* is in the upper third tone, and in the other it is in the lower second tone, and the difference of tone makes the difference between "ought not to be worshipped" and "absolutely necessary." So one may send his servant for the tobacco, and when he comes back with the salt-box may give him one of those cursings which sweeten the intercourse of the Chinaman with the Foreign Devil, when really the assumed stupidity of the servant is one's own tonal blunder in pronouncing *yen*. In short, says the *Cycle*, it is necessary for all students of Chinese who would make real progress at once thoroughly to disabuse their minds of the notion taught by some that tone "may safely be passed over as a stumbling-block that has stood in the way of many a beginner's progress." So is Chinese a stumbling-block that has stood in the way of many a beginner's progress. Tone is a part of the language, and so important a part that to neglect it is to expose one's self to the liability of making the grossest and most dangerous blunders.

—Recent English publications, as usual at this season, are scarcely of noticeable importance. The great conflict across the Channel has produced a few new works of a military and politico-historical character, but, on account of its suddenness and rapidity, has rather favored the sale of old stocks of works relating to the European balance of power and to the European campaigns during the present century. The Longmans have published, and perhaps by this time regret it, "The Military Resources of Prussia and France, and Recent Changes in the Art of War," by Lieut.-Colonel Chesney, of the Royal Engineers—a work that should have sold better in the last week of July than in the last week of August, when it actually appeared. Another publication by the same house will have the benefit of the present war-excitement without being so dependent upon it for success—"History of the Overthrow of the Germanic Confederation by Prussia in 1866," by Sir Alexander Malet, Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at Frankfort, in a single octavo volume, with maps. Timely, we suppose, may be called, or might have been, "Hodgson's "Life, Times, and Opinions of Turgot;" and a waning interest may attach to W. Tayler's "Popes of Rome from the Earliest Times." Mrs. Gordon, the daughter of Sir David Brewster, publishes a work on his "Home Life." Mr. D. Beale, Principal of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, edits, with a preface, a volume of nearly 300 pages, containing "Reports issued by the Schools Enquiry Commission on the Education of Girls, with Extracts from the Evidence."

—"Echoes from the French Poets" is the title of an anthology by Harry Curwen, embracing specimens from Baudelaire, de Musset, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chénier, Gautier, Béranger, and the rest. How much some of these are to be held responsible for the present war and the humiliation of their country, we will not pretend to decide. De Musset, who has been most quoted of late, does not seem to us to have shown the extreme of the national feeling in his "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand," though there is one verse of the poem—the one which reminds the German of the pleasure his daughters felt in pouring out the Rhine wine for the Frenchman—which is sufficiently expressive of a sentiment which makes the Frenchman so particularly dear to the guardians of female honor; and throughout all the poem, the insolence of its assumption of French ability to recover the Rhine whenever the game should be worth the candle, betrays the self-illusion of a people utterly intoxicated with martial glory. In poetry, even of the patriotic stamp, the French do not shine beside the Germans, and are fated to be lyrical only upon paper. The unfitness of the French language for musical expression was pointed out a century ago by Rousseau, in an essay which time has not refuted; and while English and American correspondents have recorded their infinite annoyance at hearing the Marseillaise shrieked in their ears at all hours of the day and night, not one, so far as we know, has been disturbed by the songs of the German soldiers or people. The illusion we just now spoke of has been nowhere more conspicuous than in the revival of the Marseillaise when scarcely a syllable of it is applicable to the present crisis. There lies before us a war-lyric, born of these days, and much in the form of the Marseillaise, with which it is equally a curiosity. Like the French themselves, it ignores causes, and looks only at the situation, and reads very much like some of the Southern war-poetry during the rebellion.

"Sur notre sol rebelle à l'esclavage,"

for instance, is a line that might have been dictated in Richmond as well as in the shadow of "personal government." The foreigner, the stanza goes on to say,

"Il veut planter son drapeau détesté
Et de la France accomplir l'esclavage."

To resist this there is no resource but waking up the sons of '93:

"Réveillez-vous, fils de quatre-vingt-treize!"

And here is the truth in a nut-shell, with a single emendation:

"Oui, trop longtemps nous avons supporté
De ces soudards les menaces de guerre;
Et pour la France [la Prusse], et pour l'humanité,
Finissons-en par un coup de tonnerre."

Put these lines, *mutatis mutandis*, in the mouth of a Prussian, and you have one of those "historical verities" which the author of the "Vie de César" has declared no less sacred than religion. To the *coup de théâtre* at Saarbrück the Germans have certainly replied with a *coup de tonnerre*.

—It is proposed, in the Zoölogical Section of the French Academy, to make Mr. Darwin a member, and probably that honor will be conferred upon him. There is, however, active opposition. M. Charles Robin, when the matter was last discussed, gave it as his opinion that, as regards proved facts introduced into science, there are a hundred zoölogists who should have precedence over Mr. Darwin. M. Brongniart declared that variation in plants, as asserted by Mr. Darwin, is a thing that has no existence; Darwinism is, in fact, he said, but a fairy tale; the appearance of species is a fact which can only be accounted for by the assumption of a supernatural cause. M. Blanchard made the charge that Mr. Darwin upheld the false theory that man is descended from the apes. To this M. de Quatrefages replied that Mr. Darwin did not uphold that theory. As he, M. de Quatrefages, had said before, Mr. Darwin was a very eminent naturalist, who desired to remove from science the continual positing of a first cause, and to seek an explanation of the facts of the organic world in second causes, as has long since been done in chemistry, geology, and physics. Beyond that he had not gone, and it was not right to judge him by the language of some of his disciples, who, it sometimes seemed, had not read his works; to hold him responsible for the exaggerations and errors of everybody who sheltered himself behind his name would be injustice. M. Milne-Edwards reminded M. Brongniart that the sea sometimes discloses fairy tales, and spoke of the great value of Mr. Darwin's "Monograph of Cirripeds"—a sub-class of crustaceous animals, we may say to the unlearned reader, of which the common barnacle or the acorn-shell are the representatives, and of which Mr. Darwin, some twenty years ago, made an exhaustive study, embodying the fruits of his researches in one of the most important monographs possessed by zoölogical literature. M. de Quatrefages, no more than M. Milne-Edwards, is a Darwinist in the common acceptation of that term, but he makes a strong fight for Mr. Darwin, and has been his principal supporter in the discussion, so far as that has yet gone. There are two men, he said, included in Mr. Darwin—a naturalist-observer, sagacious, exact, patient; and a theoretical thinker, often just indeed but sometimes rash and hasty. Yet he is not the less one of the glories of science. And his election would not make the Academy Darwinian, for men know that the institute appreciates work apart from doctrine and theory. That the theory with which Mr. Darwin's name is popularly associated has in it something which at least is plausible, M. de Quatrefages thought sufficiently proved by the fact that it had been worked out by Darwin, Wallace, and Naudin, working independently and in different paths; and he enquired how it happened, if Darwin's ideas were such as some of his opponents represent them to be, it could have happened that they had, in less than ten years, obtained the support of such men as Lyell, Hooker, Huxley, Vogt, Lubbock, Haeckel, Filippi, and Brandt himself, who has just been elected correspondent in opposition to Mr. Darwin. M. de Quatrefages proceeded then to enumerate specifically Mr. Darwin's claims to the respect and gratitude of scientific men, and said that, apart from his more popular works on the origin of species—whose arguments, if used to establish the principles which regulate the propagation of *races*, instead of the propagation of *species*, would be, M. de Quatrefages held, incontrovertible—apart from the works on the origin of species and on the variation of plants and animals under domestication, the world owed Mr. Darwin, according to Dr. Hooker, the most beautiful discoveries of the last ten years in vegetable physiology; one of the most valuable of zoölogical monographs; and, finally, seven great memoirs in geological literature—namely, on coral islands; on volcanic islands; on South American geology; on the distribution of erratic blocks in South America; on the geology of the Falkland Islands; on Patagonian saliferous deposits; and the connection between South American geological phenomena. It remains to be seen whether the simple doctrine, always so hard of acceptation, that academies of science are not bound to be also active conservators of all kinds of theories, will be accepted by the Zoölogical Section of the Institute. To judge of the work of men of science, independently of the doctrines they hold, would seem still to be almost as difficult for men of science themselves as for the men whom the scientists call superstitious.

—As everybody knows, the man who for any reason has during the last month desired to shut his own eyes or other people's to the essential characteristics of the two European combatants, has found it easy to stay on the surface with a good deal of plausibility. He may have been a Tammany Democrat, and a French sympathizer only because Napoleon was a despot with an occasional plébiscite, or he may have been a French sympathizer for no better reason than that he had misread the history of his own race here and in England, and had saturated his mind with Mr. John S. C. Abbott; but no matter how feeble or pretended his reasons for being anti-German, he certainly could make some show of having real reasons of weight. Frederick William is no doubt a firm and consistent believer in his divine right to reign absolutely over the people of Prussia; he is, no doubt, as willing a believer in despotism as ever Louis Napoleon was; Count von Bismarck no doubt is just as astute a plotter and as high-handed and overbearing a despiser of the aspirations of the people as the Emperor ever has seemed to be; there certainly is French liberalism of thought and toleration of religious opinion, and there certainly has been recent oppression of Jews in Protestant Prussia, and much intolerance and bigotry in German religious circles. But he offers no answers to the questions towards what form of freedom in government Prussia gravitates inevitably; what measure of firm-held and moderately used constitutional liberty has she already attained; what is the deep desire, towards whose accomplishment Bismarck, with all his force and ability, is but an instrument, which animates all Germany in this conflict; whither tends the typical German habit of mind as regards religious matters and speculative thought—towards ultimate freedom of speculation and tolerance or towards the ultimate end of the Jesuitism that is so strong in Catholic France; is the Prussian triumph the triumph of honesty and honest laborious work, and is the French downfall the downfall of a generation of fraud and cunning that has been imposing on itself and the world as wisdom; is not this sudden and irretrievable failure of the Napoleonic system a crushing criticism upon it? However, we intended not to ask our sympathizer these questions, but to confess to the American admirer of the Empire, or hater of the German people in arms, some things that make for his side of the question. Prussia has a school system which probably has been, in past years, the best in the world—has taught more children more thoroughly than that of any other country in Christendom, Catholic or Protestant. But the King is personally absolutist, and prefers that the people should not cultivate too enquiring a habit of mind. That people should be good rather than clever is the more attractive formula in which this opinion of the right relations of men to their superiors takes shape. That the people know too much when they know more or want to know more than is told them by their superiors, is the form it takes when it is closest to the spirit of the majority of men who hold it. The Prussian clergy, actuated by the fear that much cleverness is, as a rule, permitted by God to root out goodness in the heart of man, became alarmed some years ago at the spread of speculative thinking, and heartily joined with the King in making the schools small religious seminaries rather than schools for instruction. Herr von Mühler, a reactionist of the most bigoted type, and apparently a man of feeble mind, is the King's chosen Minister of Education, and he, with the help of the clergy, has worked great damage to the higher schools of the country, while the elementary schools he has nearly ruined. There at present the children practically learn nothing but reading, writing, a little ciphering, and many hymns and texts. Under this deterioration of the system, the schools suffer in many ways. The instruction in the training-schools for teachers, for example, is now of an inferior quality; the masters are forbidden to read Goethe and Schiller and the other national classics; field-hands and artisans are converted hastily into schoolmasters, to the great detriment of education; such teachers as were conscientious and ambitious leave the business of teaching, which inferior men take up and are encouraged to take up. Here, indeed, is cause for encouragement which outweighs even so serious cause for discouragement as the gloomy outlook offered us by Herr von Mühler. The country where thousands of men give up a much-loved task because they are not allowed to work at it as hard and as conscientiously and as profitably to others as they desire to work, is not long bound hand and foot, and at the mercy of a reactionist Minister of Education.

—As a sample of the sort of mental and spiritual pabulum with which Herr von Mühler and the clerical party feed the small Prussian, we append this ridiculous hymn, which that young gentleman may be imagined chanting with all the national earnestness and gravity:

> "Almighty God, I am content to remain the dog that I am. I am a dog, a despicable dog. I am conscious of revelling in sin, and there is no infamy in which I do not indulge. My anger and quarrelling are like a dog's. My envy and hatred are like a dog's. My abuse and snappishness are like a dog's. My robbing and devouring are like a dog's. Nay, when I come to reflect upon it, I cannot but own that in very many things I behave worse than the dogs themselves."

There would seem to be, by the bye, in this way of catching your citizen young, and making him, by means like these, into a submissive and mannerly subject, a curious illustration of the German habit of dealing with all sorts of phenomena—mental and sentimental as well as others—after the high philosophical method applied with a true classificationist's rigidity of detail. But it is the method in its dotage.

TÉNOT'S "PARIS IN DECEMBER, 1851."[*]

M. Ténot's "Historical Essay on the *Coup d'État*" was published in Paris before the shackles of the press had been sufficiently removed to allow the truth about the origin of the Second Empire to be told without reserve. But, notwithstanding the difficulties the writer had thus to contend with, he has succeeded in laying before the French people a picture of events as truthful and undisguised—though devoid of all lively coloring—as any that could be published in Belgium or England. What made it possible was mainly the circumstance that the net-work of lies, perjuries, and treacheries by means of which Napoleon usurped supreme power in France was a scarcely concealed combination of tentative criminal advances, successively lied and sworn away, until the moment seemed propitious for the last and decisive leap, which, after all, only the contentious rage and party blindness of both parliamentary camps prevented from becoming a *salto mortale*. To this must be added the convenience afforded the author for detailing the most atrocious part of the drama by a number of Bonapartist narratives of the final events, some issued on the morrow of intoxicating victory, when all restraint seemed superfluous, and some, of later date, by important abettors of the deed—like Dr. Véron and Granier de Cassagnac—on whose cynical revelations no restraint could easily be imposed. M. Ténot, in order to compose a most terrible indictment of Louis Napoleon, had only to arrange chronologically a large number of public documents—including speeches, solemn declarations, official oaths, proposed laws, proclamations, despatches, decrees, and proscription lists—to connect and explain them by historical threads and remarks of a not necessarily pronounced character, and to strengthen his points by a convincing display of impartial criticism; and this is exactly what he has done in the succinct narrative before us, a work equally remarkable for its chaste diction, lucidity, and calmness. The book has met with an immense success in France, and we cannot but give credit to the American translators and publishers for reproducing it in a tolerably readable English version—which, however, here and there betrays too much haste in execution—accompanied by a large number of useful biographical and explanatory notes, drawn chiefly from Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" and Block's "Dictionnaire Général de la Politique."

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[*] "Paris en Décembre 1851; étude historique sur le Coup d'État. Par Eugène Ténot, rédacteur du *Siècle*, auteur de *la Province en Décembre* 1851." Paris. 1868 (first edition).
"Paris in December, 1851; or, The *Coup d'État* of Napoleon III. By Eugène Ténot, editor of the *Siècle* (Paris), and author of 'La Province en Décembre 1851.' Translated from the thirteenth French edition, with many original notes, by S. W. Adams and A. H. Brandon." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

We cannot, within the narrow limits allowed us here, follow M. Ténot through the tortuous windings of Napoleon's presidential strategy aiming at the overthrow of the republican constitution of 1848. Besides, we have lately given our readers a fugitive sketch of its dark outlines in our review of the first volume of Delord's "History of the Second Empire" (No. 242 of the *Nation*)—a history written by a man of the same school as M. Ténot, and of equal candor, but more fortunate as to the time of publication. There is, however, one move among the many made by President Napoleon which, following the book before us, we cannot refrain from noticing, involving, as it does, the most surpassingly impudent, and therefore the most characteristic, of all his public utterances. Visiting, in the latter part of 1849, Ham, where, under Louis Philippe, he had atoned by years of captivity for his insurrectionary attempt at Boulogne, the traitor of 1840 and future traitor of 1851 made the following address to the mayor of the town:

> "I am profoundly moved by the affectionate reception which I receive from your fellow-citizens; but, believe me, I have not come to Ham from pride, but from gratitude. I have long felt a desire to thank the inhabitants of this town and of its environs for all the marks of sympathy they so incessantly showed me at the time of my misfortunes. But having now, by the choice of all France, become the legitimate head of this nation, I could not boast of a captivity the cause of which was an attack on a regular government. When one has learned what evils the most righteous of revolutions bring with them, one can hardly comprehend the audacity of him who dares to assume the terrible responsibility of a change. I complain not, therefore, of having expiated here, by six years of imprisonment, my temerity in rising against the laws of my fatherland; and it gives me extraordinary pleasure to propose, at the very place where I suffered, a toast in honor of the men who are determined, notwithstanding their convictions, to respect the institutions of their country."

The characters of the men who executed the *coup d'état* are not so fully drawn by M. Ténot as by M. Delord, and, of course, still less fully than by Mr. Kinglake, in the famous chapter on that event in his history of the "Invasion of the Crimea." But his narrative, though more reserved and cautious, agrees at every point with those of the others. The baseness of such accomplices as Saint-Arnaud, Magnan, and Maupas he lays almost entirely bare, while throwing a thin veil over the characters of Morny, Persigny, and Fleury. Morny—to whose illegitimate blood-relationship with Louis Napoleon he guardedly alludes—he represents as the soul of the movement, in its culmination. The centre of the activity in those days and nights, he says, "was not at the Élysée. It was at the Ministry of the Interior, in the cabinet of M. de Morny. Everybody has heard of the coolness, determination, and presence of mind displayed by M. de Morny under those circumstances; but it is our opinion that the preponderance of his part has not yet been sufficiently appreciated. We have no fear of being mistaken in asserting that the deed of the Second of December was decreed by Louis Napoleon, but *executed* by M. de Morny." It is also to Morny that he attributes the plan of operations for the Fourth of December which was adopted at the war council of the preceding evening, and which he sums up as follows: "To concentrate the troops in great masses, care for them, feed them well, and keep them from all contact with the people; to withdraw the too feeble posts; to dispense with patrols; not to prevent the construction of barricades; then, having carefully chosen the moment for action, to attack unexpectedly and with compact forces, and crush all resistance." And the full and terrible meaning of this plan Morny made thus clear, in a dispatch to General Magnan: "City warfare can be carried on only by keeping entirely aloof, by surrounding a quarter and reducing it by famine, or *en l'envahissant par la terreur*." Generals Saint-Arnaud and Magnan—the Minister of War and the Commander of the Forces of Paris, both improvised for the occasion—gave their military instructions accordingly—instructions of which the massacre of the innocents on the fashionable boulevards by the brigades of Canrobert and Reibell, on the fourth, proved a terrible illustration, though probably not, as M. Ténot admits, a premeditated application.

A certain measure of "*terreur*" was, however, distinctly prescribed for those boulevards by Morny. "Strike hard in that direction," was his injunction to General Magnan. The public announcements of Saint-Arnaud and of Maupas, the Prefect of Police, were no less terroristic: "Any person taken constructing or defending a barricade, or with arms in hand, *will be shot;*" "Pedestrians standing or collecting in groups on the public thoroughfares will be dispersed by force *without previous summons.*" And our author adduces plenty of evidence, from Bonapartist sources, to the effect that what the abettors and admirers of the *coup d'état* called the requirements of martial law was by many an officer and official executed with heartless rigor. Thus Colonel Rochefort, to cite only one instance, scattered a gathering of well-dressed people, who made no resistance, so effectively that thirty dead bodies remained upon the pavement. The number of those who perished singly or in small groups, with or without arms in hand, amounted to hundreds. In regard to the wholesale massacre just mentioned, M. Ténot proves "that the cannonade and fusilade had been directed with fury against the houses of the boulevard; that the roadway was strewn with corpses; that they were seen lying from Tortoni's as far as the Gate Saint-Denis, a distance of nearly a kilomètre, here and there in groups; that twenty-five corpses were heaped up in front of the Hôtel Sallandrouze; that several hours later the videttes still occasionally fired upon passers-by." And all this fury was exercised not in repressing a formidable rising, but in efforts to terrify the Parisians from attempting a serious resistance—efforts which proved but too successful, combined as they were with skilful manœuvres to deceive and divide the sentiment of the people. Owing to both terrorism and division of sentiment, "the number of the defenders of the barricades did not exceed 1,000 or 1,200 men," but these men, a mere handful compared to the immense forces brought against them, fought with a bravery worthy of the brightest days of the history of Paris.

Lives of the Founders of the British Museum; with Notices of its Chief Augmentors and other Benefactors. 1570–1870. By Edward Edwards. (New York: J. W. Bouton. 1870. 8vo.)—In the writing of biography nowadays two tendencies are especially noticeable—first, the tendency to whitewash bad characters, and, if necessary, blacken their neighbors for contrast; and, second, the disposition to string together sketches of men who have any similarity of character or profession or circumstance—as generals, judges, retired monarchs, wits, beaux, court-fools, and what not. So keenly has this method of book-making been followed up that strings for the purpose are becoming scarce, but that which Mr. Edwards has found, though somewhat weak, is not one of the worst. It gives him a chance—while relating the lives of men who had at least this resemblance, that all were collectors, and were lovers of books or art or science—to sketch the whole history of the British Museum, one institution, at least, in which Great Britain surpasses every other country.

The book begins with a useful chronological table of the chief gifts and other accessions to the Museum from its foundation, and closes with a good index. What is included between the two tables is not equally praiseworthy. The stories are long-winded and the reflections commonplace; the style is formal and pointless, resembling a second-rate Parliamentary report; and the want of room, of which the author several times complains, does not prevent his inserting such incongruous matter as a defence of the Church of England and statements of his opinions on natural theology, Christian evidences, and the Stowe-Byron controversy.

The early lives contain some new and important matter, derived from the author's own researches among the manuscripts in the Rolls House and in the Museum. The first is the best. Sir Robert Cotton (1570–1631) has not had his due place in English history, and of late has met with harsh treatment from English historians. Mr. Edwards vindicates him, and gives a picture of his character, which may be true since it is not wholly pleasing. Cotton, who was proud of his descent from the Bruce, was early a member of Parliament, and, though not a good debater, was a good worker, a man valuable on committees, eager in matters of administrative reform, and to be relied upon in all questions which were to be determined by knowledge of precedents. His library was collected with a view to illustrate the history, and especially the constitutional history, of his country, containing many documents which ought to have been in the possession of Government and of city corporations, and would have been, had not those bodies been as careless of their records as many of our town-officers are. Cotton did something to enrich his own library by numerous reports and memorials which he wrote on public questions. It is interesting to see him discovering the same abuses in the management of the Navy under the first Stuart king that Pepys found under the last. It was by his advice that the order of baronets was established. He was mixed up, not altogether to his credit, in the Spanish marriage negotiations, and gave frequent advice to the unfortunate Duke of Somerset and his successor the Duke of Buckingham. Indeed, he was consulted by everybody on all points of precedent, of English genealogy and history. Camden, Ben Jonson, Lisle, Peiresc, Ralegh, were among his correspondents. In the great contest of the Petition of Right, his close fellowship with Eliot and Pym, and the good service he then did the Parliamentary cause, forbid that he should ever be spoken of as a mere antiquary. His patriotism brought him into disfavor at the court, and led to the sealing up of his library for more than a year—the irritation arising from which, he averred, caused his death. It may well have been so, for, as one of his contemporaries said, "if you could look at Sir Robert Cotton's heart, 'My Library' would be found inscribed there;" and the dark point in his character is that he appears to have sometimes been a little unscrupulous as to the means by which he increased it. His grandson transferred the collection to the nation in 1700, and fifty-three years later the British Museum was founded by its incorporation with the Harleian collection of MSS. and the Sloane Museum. The latter, which Sir Hans Sloane had inherited from an ardent naturalist, Wm. Courten or Charlton, and increased by constant and liberal purchases, contained above 200,000 articles.

Of course, rich as the Sloane Museum was, and valuable as was the Cottonian Library and Harleian MSS., the whole formed only a nucleus around which a great national institution might grow, and in the next fifty years less than £10,000 was granted by Parliament for its increase. And, in fact, one of the most remarkable features in the history of the Museum is the extent to which it is indebted to the generosity of private benefactors, and the comparatively scanty support it received, till the present generation, from Government. Even the more liberal appropriations of the last thirty years seem to be due in a very great measure to the exertions of one man, the late principal librarian, Sir A. Panizzi.

As for the rest of the book, the lives of Henry, Prince of Wales—England's Marcellus—of the collectors of the Arundelian and Harleian MSS. and the Sloane Museum, finish the division of Early Collectors; next come the Organizers and Early Augmentors; next to those the Later Augmentors and Benefactors, and the Librarians Planta, Ellis, and Panizzi; and, lastly, an account of the plans for dividing the collections, sending Science to South Kensington or elsewhere, and of the plans by which it is hoped that room may be found for all on the present site. There are also reminiscences of Mr. Edwards's own early services at the Museum, giving some account of the framing of the famous rules for cataloguing which we have not before seen in print.

Hammer and Anvil. A Novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German by Wm. Hand Browne. Author's edition. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.)—Spielhagen's central idea in the present novel cannot, perhaps, be more concisely stated than by quoting his own words—which, by the way, are true of all the rest of his books, and give, it seems to us, sufficient confirmation of the verdict we feel disposed to find against him. There was that quotation from Goethe about "problematic characters," which formed the text of the first of the translations from him, and which one after another of his reviewers inevitably quoted as being the gist of his work. A paragraph or so could be found in any one of them in which his purpose is succinctly stated, to do duty like the painter's "This is a horse," in guarding spectator and reader from unconsciously mistaking the meaning of the work:

> "Our systems of government, our nobility, our religious institutions, our official arrangements, the organization of our armies, the condition of our laboring classes—everywhere the scarcely hidden relation between masters and slaves; everywhere the critical choice whether we will be hammer or anvil. All our experience, all our observation, seems to prove that there is no second alternative. And yet no greater misconception of the real state of the case is possible. Not hammer *or* anvil, hammer *and* anvil is the true word; for every man is both, and both at once, in every moment of his life. With the same force with which the hammer strikes the anvil, the anvil strikes the hammer; the ball is thrown off from the wall at the same angle under which it impinges upon it; the elements which the plant has appropriated in its growth it must exactly restore in its decomposition—and so throughout all nature. But if nature unconsciously obeys this great law of action and reaction, and is thereby a cosmos and not a chaos, then should man, whose existence is subordinated to precisely the same law, acquire an intelligent knowledge of it, and endeavor intelligently to shape his life in conformity with it; and his work increases or diminishes exactly in proportion as he does this or neglects it. For though the law remains the same, whether the man knows it or knows it not, yet for himself it is not the same. Where it is known, where the inseparableness, the unity of human interests, the inevitableness of action and reaction, are recognized, there bloom freedom, equity, justice, which are all but varying expressions for the same law. Where it is not known, and he fancies in his blindness that he can with impunity make a tool of his fellow-man, there flourish rankly slavery and tyranny, superstition and priestcraft, hatred and contempt in all their poisonous luxuriance. What man would not naturally wish to be hammer rather than anvil, so long as he believes that the choice lies open to him? But what reasonable man will not cheerfully renounce the part of hammer when he has learned that the part of anvil will not and cannot be spared him, and that every blow that he gives smites also his own cheek; that the serf corrupts the master as well as the master the serf, and that in politics the guardian and the ward are rendered equally stupid."

On this statement—which is itself tedious and long-winded to a degree out of all proportion to the value of the idea—Spielhagen has built a story which is far from being a bad one in some ways, but which is of such a preposterous length as to repel many readers whom the fact that its author is a man of undoubted ability, who thinks seriously about life, and has observed many phases of it closely, would otherwise attract. It is undeniable, too, that it is an unwieldy length that he drags after him; his playfulness is heavy reading. Apparently, he would be a much more serviceable workman in the cause of freedom of thought and action and the equality of rights and conditions if he laid aside fiction and betook himself to the work of political and social pamphleteering. At present, many people who would read him for the sake of his views would be likely to need to hold similar views already, with an earnestness which would make them willing to undergo afflictions for the sake of them, to induce them to submit to the severe labor of getting through his novels. The present story has been put by Mr. Wm. Hand Browne into better English than fell to the lot of either of its predecessors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abert (S. T.), Is a Ship Canal Practicable? swd	(R. W. Carroll & Co.)	
Allen (Prof. W. F.), Introduction to Latin Composition	(Ginn Bros.)	$1 25
Appleton (N.), Europe and America in 1870, swd	(New York)	
Broadus (Rev. J. A.), Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Charles Dickens, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 41, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
Campbell (L. J.), Concise School History of the U. S	(Brewer & Tileston)	
Guyot (Prof.), Elementary Geography	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Intermediate Geography	" " "	
Hunt (E.), Literature of the English Literature	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)	
Harrison (W.), Pickett's Men	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Preston (Margaret J.), Old Song and New: Poetry	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Perkins (C. C.), Art Education in America, swd	(Boston)	
Veronica: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

The Week.

THE last act of the great Franco-German war drama is apparently opening. The Prussians, having advanced on the shortest roads from Sedan and Châlons, have arrived before Paris, and by the time another week is passed, that capital will probably be cut off from communication with the country, and the world will look with suspense at the spectacle, unwitnessed since the times of Nineveh and Babylon, of a city with millions of inhabitants defying, with more or less earnestness of determination, the horrors of a siege, for the sake of national honor and integrity. The principal question will be, how long will Paris be willing to stand a siege? Victor Hugo, who has just returned from exile, with no portion of his effervescent patriotism and astonishingly silly grandiloquence left behind, has no hesitation in telling th world that, "this city, which yesterday was Sybaris, to-morrow may be Saragossa;" and, after warning William, Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, and the Princes, of forts, and ramparts behind the forts, and barricades behind the ramparts, and "mines of powder ready to blow whole streets into the air," he flings at them the "terrible sentence: To take Paris stone by stone; to extinguish that great light in each street, in each house, soul by soul." We, on our part, do not believe that Paris, degraded as she has become during the two decades of Napoleonic rule, has sunk quite to the level of a Sybaris, nor do we believe her possessed of the degree of fanaticism required in even attempting to play Saragossa. Such fanaticism is kindled only by struggles for existence. Neither Saguntum, nor Carthage, nor Numantia would have been destroyed, "stone by stone," had the contest been waged for boundaries, nor would Jerusalem have been extinguished, "soul by soul," had Titus demanded only the cession of a strip of land in Galilee.

And it appears plain that the men in power in Paris, Trochu, Jules Favre, Gambetta, and all, take the same view of matters. They are doing their best in rendering the capital defensible and in encouraging the people to resist, in order to gain time for negotiating a peace, and to add weight to their demand that its stipulations should not be unbearably humiliating to France. To stand a siege with the resolution of concluding peace only after victory, could be thought of only if a rescue by a national army in the field, or by foreign allies, could in time be expected; but the regular armies of France are either entirely annihilated or entirely cut off; no new levies can be raised and armed powerful enough to cope with the victorious hundred thousands of the enemy; and as for waiting until the Russians or Austrians, were they willing to do it, could "march on Berlin," or even threaten Silesia, Paris with its millions has too many mouths. There can hardly be any doubt that both Russia and Austria, and with them all other states of Europe, apprehensive as they all are of the extraordinary growth of the power of Prussia, desire France to come out of the contest as uncurtailed in extent and strength as still possible, but effectively to aid her at this crisis none is both willing and able. Russia, though she does not conceal her repugnance to the republican form of government France has proclaimed, offers her good services in mediating for an armistice; Austria, who would have no objection even to a red republic were it only likely to stem the tide of Prussian expansion, does the same; Lord Lyons, Señor Olozaga, and Chevalier Nigra are busy in turn working for the same purpose; and Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and Portugal have gone as far as to acknowledge the new French Government after the example of the United States; but this is all that has been done for France in her hour of supreme trial. She is left to her own vanishing resources, or rather to the tender mercies of King William and Count Bismarck.

What the ultimate intentions of these two high personages are—after the stupendous successes the Prussian arms have achieved—successes such as might turn the head of the coolest and wisest of conquerors—it is hard to surmise. On one side we have had the assurance of Bismarck—expressed, it is true, before the surrender at Sedan—that Prussia desires no annexation of territories inhabited by populations unwilling to become citizens of Germany, and that she will insist only on the surrender and cession to the Confederation of the fortresses of Strasbourg and Metz. On the other hand, we have a telegram from Berlin, of the 9th inst., announcing that "after a protracted conference among the members of the North German Confederation, it has been decided that the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are to be annexed to Germany," though not specially to Prussia. The pressure of public opinion in Germany seems also to be very heavy in this direction. The more or less weighty influence the advice of England and the other neutrals can exercise with King William, will probably all be thrown into the scale in favor of France. Other arguments for moderation may be suggested by the heavy cannon of the forts of Paris, and by even a temporary attitude of boldness and energy on the part of Trochu and his associates, especially if it should meet with a responsive echo in the departments. The King seems to consider and to treat Napoleon as the still legitimate ruler of France, and there are indications that, in spite of the apparent adhesion generally given by the French people to the Republic, there are among them many who look at it in the light of an interregnum, to be terminated either by a Napoleonic restoration, as Piétri, Schneider, and those Bonapartist members of the majority expect who left the late Corps Législatif before the *déchéance* was pronounced, or by the final decision of a new Constituent Assembly. If Thiers, as is reported, has entered upon a tour of negotiations with the neutral great powers, his diplomatic mission will probably embrace the dynastic question no less than the territorial, whatever his instructions may be.

We do not know in whose name, whether as subjects of the captive Emperor or as citizens of the new Republic, Marshal Bazaine and General Ulric continue their gallant defence of Metz and Strasbourg, respectively. It was insufficiency of numbers, coupled with a fatally blundering strategy, which destroyed the armies of France in this war; the tactics of the commanders proved of unequal merit on the various battle-fields; but the prowess of the French soldier remained uneclipsed even among the greatest disasters. In the defence of fortified places, where overwhelming forces are sure of success only in the long run, and where energy and vigilance take the place of strategy and tactics, the French generals and gunners have shown themselves everywhere worthy of their trusts. The only fortified places the Prussians have as yet succeeded in reducing are Lützelstein, Marsal, Herny, and the citadel of Laon, all insignificant, while they have suffered checks before Pfalzburg, Verdun, Montmédy, and Toul, have not even attempted the investment of Bitsch, Thionville, or Longwy, and are making slow progress before Strasbourg and Metz. Toul seems to be annoying them greatly, situated as it is on their main road of communication with Germany, by which they receive their reinforcements and supplies. The report published in Paris of a repulse of the enemy by the garrison of that little fortress, which placed "more than 10,000 Prussians *hors de combat*," belongs, of course, to that class of news which is employed to "fire the heart." We doubt whether all the besiegers and defenders together amounted to that number. The explosion of the citadel of Laon, after its surrender, seems not to have been destructive of French lives alone. Among the wounded is Duke William of Mecklenburg, a brother of the commander of the Prussian Sixth Army.

But the Prussians can easily console themselves for not having as yet reduced any of the important fortresses of France, after penning, at the Royal headquarters at Rheims, or reading in the journals of Berlin, an official announcement like the following: "More than 25,000 French prisoners were captured in front of Sedan, before the capitulation on the 2d inst. By the capitulation, 83,000 prisoners fell into our hands. Of these, 14,000 were wounded. Besides the prisoners, 400 field-pieces, including 70 mitrailleuses, 150 siege-guns, 10,000 horses, and an immense amount of war material, were surrendered." Of the many reinforcements sent to MacMahon from Paris, only the force under General Vinoy, which did not reach him, has returned to that city. Vinoy, who, like Trochu, commanded a division in the Italian war, is now one of the few somewhat prominent generals left to France after the capture of MacMahon's army and the surrounding of Bazaine's. What they may be able to do with the demoralized or yet unorganized materials now under their hand will soon be seen if a speedy peace does not spare France a further and probably useless effusion of blood. Baraguey d'Hilliers, who some weeks ago was sent to Tours, may possibly be organizing the much-spoken-of but as yet rather shadowy army south of the Loire. Marseilles is, of all distant towns, the most zealous in sending mobile guards to reinforce the garrison of Paris. That southern town evinces the most of that spirit invoked by the French Republican Government—the spirit of 1792. Paris itself is tranquil, little disturbed by the now stifled demagogic ravings of the *Marseillaise*—a newspaper the sanctum of which that redoubtable adventurer, General Cluseret, of Franco-American notoriety, managed to invade for a time.

The King of Prussia has, it is said, not yet recognized the Republic as his adversary, and does not show much disposition to do so, which is not wonderful. To do so is to make worthless his Imperial captive, one of the most magnificent prizes ever made in war, and whom he has gorgeously caged in Hesse-Cassel. Besides this, he has to be a little careful that any body of persons whom he now treats with as representing France not only holds the reins of authority amid the tumult of the present crisis, but is likely to hold it, and have its acts endorsed by the French people after the war is over. It is easy enough for lookers-on to "recognize the Republic;" a recognition costs nothing, and just now secures a good deal of gratitude from Frenchmen; but those who have to make contracts which shall bind France may be forgiven for doubting whether the Provisional Government is authorized to bind it, and for awaiting more light. It is only about four months since the French people confirmed Louis Napoleon in possession of the Imperial power by an enormous majority, and they did not provide that he should be dethroned in case he lost a battle or was taken prisoner by the enemy. Thus far, therefore, the Prussians may fairly say that he is still the legitimate sovereign of France, and the Provisional Government usurpers who have taken advantage of the public misfortunes to foist themselves into power with the aid of the mob. If it be said that France is tired of the Empire, the answer is ready that France must show this in the regular way, by a popular vote; that the only evidence of it thus far is newspaper reports; that what universal suffrage has set up, universal suffrage only is competent to overthrow; and that there must be an election before the Republic can be said to be established. That this position, or something like this, will be taken by the King, is rendered all the more probable from his detestation of republicanism, though Bismarck will doubtless be in favor of taking a practical view of the matter, and treating anybody as France who will pay over money and cede fortresses in her name. We have no doubt that King William will refuse as long as he can to acknowledge that he has really dethroned a brother monarch and set up a republic.

About the French Republic, our advice to people who attach importance to the formation of rational opinions on all questions, home and foreign, would be to suspend their judgment for the present. No French republic is worthy of confidence, support, or respect which keeps up the standing army, as French republics have hitherto done. The course of the present one on this point, after peace is made, will indicate whether it is a real republic or only a sham. It is impossible to judge it by the men who have come first to the front in the Provisional Government. They are almost sure to be swept away, as the Lamartines, Ledru Rollins, and Louis Blancs were in 1848. We have the highest respect for most of them, and their course thus far has been marked by courage, ability, and good sense; but they are not France, and they cannot of themselves make a republic. That of 1848 was ushered in under much more favorable auspices, and the first thing it did was to elect a military adventurer as president, and in the second year of its existence it sent an army to subjugate the Romans and restore a stupid and effete despotism. At the same time, with such men as Favre, and Pelletan, and Gambetta—who has just defined his position in a very able and sensible letter—at the helm, we ought not to allow ourselves to be prejudiced against the new régime by the "lyric cries" with which Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, and other political philosophers of the same school are greeting it. There is no use in Frenchmen telling us any more that they could have a very fine republic in France if only certain wicked people would abandon their evil ways, and certain foolish people act wisely. In setting up governments, the existence of knaves and fools is one of the conditions of the problem, and success in solving it depends on the ability of the better part of the community to have its own way against the worse.

The position of England, which has all along been a very active peacemaker—Lord Lyons having labored earnestly with the Duc de Gramont before the outbreak of the war—is now becoming positively ludicrous. Looking about to see who is most to blame for all that has happened, the French, Prussians, Austrians, Danes, and Russians, not to speak of the Fenians, seem to be heartily agreed that it is England, and that she ought to get a good thrashing from somebody, though we suspect the general readiness to assail her is due to the fact that she can't be got at on land, and nobody has a fleet big enough for the job of assailing her at sea; so that abuse of her furnishes harmless entertainment, and relieves the feelings of the combatants without expense. The French are intensely irritated by the sympathy for Prussia displayed by the people and press, and the Prussians by the continued sale of arms, munitions of war, and of coal to the French—a resource from which Prussia is cut off by the want of a navy. The sympathy for Prussia is partly due to Teutonism, Protestantism, and race; the hostility to France to the discovery of the Benedetti draft, which showed that her Imperial ally was ready to seize Belgium, whose existence she had guaranteed, and join Prussia in chastising her if she resisted. The French fury against her is a just retribution for having helped more than any other power to build up the Empire, and make it respectable. The Queen was the first sovereign to kiss Louis Napoleon and welcome him into the royal tribe; and the Crimean war was undertaken partly to win his good graces, and ended in his glorification and the humiliation of England. The commercial treaty which sanctified him in Mr. Cobden's eyes, whatever its economical value, was owing to the manner of its negotiation, one of the greatest of the Imperial outrages on the French people, and the chuckling of the English free-traders over it was very discreditable. In short, no power in Europe did nearly so much to bolster the Emperor up as England; and his relations to her made the Belgian proposition even worse than it seemed on the surface.

She has, by way of keeping out of scrapes like the *Alabama* affair, passed an amended act for the enforcement of her neutrality, that provides all the machinery for the fulfilment of her international obligations which the United States asked for during the war, and which was scornfully refused. This some papers, the *Evening Post* and *Harper's Weekly* among the number, hail as a formal surrender of the English position on the *Alabama* question; but it in reality does nothing for the settlement of that question. Our contemporaries apparently forget where the controversy was left off. The United States insisted on submitting to arbitration, first, the question whether England was right in recognizing the belligerency of the South when she did; and, secondly, whether she exercised "due diligence" in trying to stop the *Alabama*. England refuses to submit either of these to arbitration, but offers to pay the damage done, without further discussion of the origin of the quarrel, and without any formal confession of wrong-doing. This the United States says will not do. How, then, does the new Neutrality Act help the matter?

The papers do the regulation amount of talking of the regulation sort, but the Republican is a rare one who sees just how the party was benefited by the State Convention at Saratoga last week, unless, indeed, it is salutary for Republicans that Mr. Fenton and Mr. Conkling should get together, Mr. Thomas Murphy being added to them, and "have it out" with each other, using the delegates, the platform, the Federal and State patronage, as the men, means, and munitions of the private war that they are carrying on for their own and our glory and honor. No one not down in the ring himself can understand the manœuvring of New York politicians; but the general battle seems to be simple in its outlines. Fenton wished to show the Administration and the Senate that he "runs the machine" in this State, and that though Conkling may have the President's ear, it is he who lays down the law in the rural districts. It is said that, at one time, he "had the convention fixed"—that is to say, could count a majority of the delegates as "Fenton men." Mr. Conkling's simple game was to tell every Fenton man who was at all weak in the knees that to go for Fenton was to go against the Administration; or, to put it roughly, if he assisted Fenton's plans, Conkling would see that his office, if he had one, should be taken away from him, while, if he did what Conkling wanted, an office, if he had none, should be given him. These negotiations went on actively all night, but it is alleged that, more time being desirable, on the morning of the decisive day a gang of Conklingites, from this city, broke into the hall, and made a lively fight, which secured an hour or so of delay before they could be ejected. As the result of these labors and some less violent sharp practice, which we regret that we have not space to dwell upon, the Fenton men were beaten. But as the party, strange to say, is going to get a sound thrashing at the polls in November, Fenton is understood to have been not sorry for his defeat, as he cannot be held responsible for a policy not of his framing and men not of his choosing. The Conkling men seem to have been rather embarrassed by their victory, for they made little use of it. For a moment it looked as if they might give us something better than the hack politicians for candidates; but this was only for a moment. Mr. Curtis, who would have made a good fight, was thrown overboard, and so was Mr. Greeley, who was understood to have the friendship of Fenton and, at least, not the ill wishes of Conkling, but who really has the ill-will of most of the managers, and is never rewarded by them for his services. The candidate is General Stewart L. Woodford—a name of no weight, but strong in that organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, which seems to take more interest in politics than it used to say it did.

The resolutions that the convention passed are as worthy of curious contemplation as Mr. Murphy's handling of his Custom-House, or the skilful obedience to Mr. Conkling's orders of Mr. Charles Spencer, who still adorns the party. Platforms, to be sure, are never apt to be very satisfying reading. This one congratulates the noble German people on its righteous victories, and hails with unmingled joy the establishment of the Republic by the noble French people. It sympathizes with Cuba. The prohibitionists having sent a committee to enforce their claims on the framers of the party policy, the convention resolved that so long as the people of towns and cities have the right to license the sale of intoxicating beverages within their corporate limits, they should also have the right to prohibit the sale—an order of arrangement and a pair of statements that may placate the lager-beer drinkers. The payments made on the national debt are applauded, and so is the reduction of taxation. Election frauds are denounced, and Grant's Administration praised in the usual terms. On one thing the platform speaks out plainly, denouncing the subventions to sectarian schools. The missing resolutions about the Republican opinion that Georgia's case needs no more of Mr. Bullock's attention; that the internal revenue system needs overhauling; that the Civil Service system which keeps Collector Murphy at Saratoga threatening and promising and pulling wires, and brings him home to cut off the heads of a hundred and fifty custom-house clerks "after the Saratoga Convention," needs some looking after; that the party intends to lower taxation still further; that it will do what it can to put an end to monopolist tariff-rates, and thus remove the heaviest and most odious of our taxes—these resolutions which do not appear, make it plain that the Republican party's national policy will have to be hammered out in Washington next winter, and that it has none now.

We have had one or two glimpses of the dreadful fires which glow beneath the gentle humanities and smooth platitudes of the platforms, in a pair of "little digs" at Mr. George W. Curtis which have appeared in the *Tribune* on two successive days, and which indicate that, in Mr. Greeley's opinion, Mr. Curtis would have been glad to get the nomination, and bid for it in his speech, and, by allowing his name to be used, ruined Mr. Greeley's own chances, and has changed his mind about office since he refused the Secretaryship of State last year, and was guilty of very unhandsome behavior in saying on that occasion that he thought editors ought not to take office—the editor of the *Tribune* being then a candidate for the State Comptrollership, and that, in short, Mr. Curtis is, on the whole, rather a sorry fellow, who would be the better of being pinched or having sand put in his bed.

In Massachusetts, the New York doctrine of local prohibition has been elevated into law, the Legislature having at its last session authorized any town that wished, to vote on the first Tuesday of the month on the question whether they would permit the sale of ale, strong beer, and lager-beer. The voting took place, and was everywhere light, the general result being that in the cities and large towns such liquors may hereafter be sold, and in small towns they may not. The lightness of the vote is to be in great part accounted for, we suppose, by the fact that most of the drinkers of these and similar liquors can buy them with perfect freedom even as the matter stands now. The fact that, light as the vote was, it was in most of the towns very disproportionately light on the side opposed to prohibition, is to be explained in part by the reason just given, and in part, it is likely, by the fact that many men who use liquors, and many men who disbelieve in compulsory temperance as temperance of a poor sort, and who think the compulsion odious, would nevertheless answer No to a question whether they wished a dram-shop next door. The prohibitionists will be still dissatisfied, but we imagine they will lose some of their strength as well as some of their ardor. They urge against local prohibition, that it betrays the principle that it is the state's duty to stop the traffic, and they add to this the argument from expediency—that if one town allows the sale, and the next does not, the beer-drinkers will merely take a walk and collect in the second town. But the smaller towns, at least, have adopted prohibition in such numbers that it seems as if the system would be almost a county system rather than a town ship system. However, it is of little practical consequence; it will be pretty much as before—the prohibitionists will have about as much law as they like, but not quite, and the others about as much liquor, but not got with quite so much ease and openness.

The Vermont and Maine elections would seem to show that while there is no doubt that numbers of the more expectant, and more exacting, and more intelligent of the supporters of Grant for the Presidency have been more or less disappointed in his course—though certainly never to the degree of condemning his general course or giving him up—the people, the average voters, are, on the whole, well satisfied with his Administration. It is proper to remember, however, that in Maine the party said pretty plainly, in promise to the people, that while it believed in paying the national debt, it wished a reduction of taxation, both internal and external, and thought manufactures too much "protected." This, no doubt, had some influence on the result. There are Democratic gains in both these States, too, and in Maine they are heavy. Something over 12,000 was the Republican majority last year and this year, although the vote is very heavy; and although, despite Speaker Blaine's assertion that there has been no organized campaign, the popular interest was very lively; and although the Republican strength was not divided by the secession of the strict prohibitionists, the majority will probably fall as low as to 5,000, and may fall below that number. It is not easy to make a New England State give up its favorite party, and the political leaders of the Republican party may look on the present condition of things as full of warning. It is impossible to say, as we write, whether Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Morrill has most friends in the Legislature. Should the Republican differences not be settled in caucus, it is not unlikely that the Democrats and Mr. Chamberlain's friends will have things all their own way.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

The proclamation of the Republic in Paris has, in the minds of a great many people in this country, completely changed the character of the conflict now going on in France. It has, they think, put Prussia in a different position before the world, and France too, and made necessary what may be called a revision of our sympathies. Prussia, a great many of us think—and the French evidently think so too—ought now to be satisfied with what she has done, and withdraw her troops. The Emperor, who was the real originator of the war, having been overthrown, the object of the war is accomplished, even if its object was vengeance as well as security; and the form of government in France being now republican, it is imperative on Americans to transfer their sympathies to France, and wish her well out of her present scrape without any detriment or humiliation beyond what she has suffered from the recent defeats.

In so far as this change is one of feeling, there is little to be said against it. There is no use in telling anybody that he ought not to feel sorry for the unfortunate. The gods love the victors, but Cato the vanquished. We all instinctively range ourselves by the side of the man whose sword is broken and whose strength is exhausted, and there is in the spectacle of French defeat an unusually large number of claims to commiseration. But if this feeling is going to influence our national policy, as expressed through the State Department, or is going to color the utterances of the press to such a degree as to mislead the French as to the exact nature of their situation, it becomes fair matter for criticism, and it becomes matter for very severe criticism when attempts are made to justify it by misrepresentation of facts or playing on words—when, for instance, the cause of the quarrel is misstated, or the word "republic" jingled in people's ears by way of distracting their attention from the question of right or wrong, expediency or inexpediency.

In the first place, it has to be remembered that the past unscrupulousness of Bismarck has nothing to do with the merits of the present quarrel. His victims in 1866 were Germans, and we submit, with great respect to the consideration of those Americans who are constantly working themselves up into indignation about his conduct in that year, whether, seeing that the Germans have forgiven him for what he did—nay, that the vast majority of Germans consider him a great public benefactor—there is not something ludicrous in the pious wrath of foreigners over his rapacity. He has been simply doing for Germany what Richelieu did for France, and Cavour strove to do for Italy; and when Saxons, Hanoverians, Frankforters, and Bavarians now embrace him and fight enthusiastically under his flag, the tears of their friends in New York and Philadelphia are, as it seems to us, a little out of place. France did not forgive him, but she had the decency not to pretend that it was out of sympathy with Austria or the smaller states that she hated him. No French writer, not even one so candid and moderate as Prévost-Paradol or Mazade, made any secret of the fact that his objection to Bismarck's policy was that it united Germany, and that Germany united would prove so powerful as to wrest from France the controlling influence in European affairs which she had long enjoyed.

Now, on what did this influence of France rest? On her preeminence in art or literature or science? On her political freedom, order, and progress? No; on none of these things; and had it rested on these things, the unification of Germany could not have shaken it. It rested on the ability, real or supposed, of France to bring into the field a stronger and better-led army than any other European power, or, in other words, on her superiority of military (physical) force. Now, no right can rest on simple force. As Rousseau says, "if force makes right, the effect changes with the cause, and any force which can supplant the first one succeeds to its prerogative." The kind of predominance which France enjoyed—and in which Frenchmen of all parties, if not satisfied with it, have certainly taken pride and delight—was one which any power which could collect a larger and better army than she, was perfectly justified in wrenching from her hands. The consequence, and the unavoidable consequence, of German unity was the creation of such an army; and the war which the Emperor began in July, and which most French politicians thought he ought to have begun in 1866, had for its object to prevent, no matter at what cost of peace, dignity, or security to Germans, the rise in Germany of a larger army than France had. This is the naked truth of the matter. France has for sixty years sacrificed her peace, her liberty, her literature, and her art to the perfection of her military machine, and has rested satisfied with such influence as it gave her, until even the best Frenchmen had gradually worked themselves into the belief that she had acquired through it a sort of divine right to regulate the affairs of all her neighbors, to decide for Italy whether she ought to be free, and for Germany when she ought to be united, and for Belgium whether she ought to exist, and for the Palatinate who ought to own it. The German revolt against such a claim, resting on such a basis, was certainly a service to civilization; and we hold that if Germany makes peace on any terms which shall not clearly mark its extinction, and shall not prevent its revival, as far as its revival can be prevented by the destruction of all external aids to French self-deception, she will fail in her duty both to herself and to the rest of the world.

It will not do now for France or her friends or well-wishers to try to make the Emperor the scapegoat for the expiation of her sins. She put herself freely into his hands in 1851, after he had committed one of the greatest of crimes, and proved himself one of the basest of men. She bore with him for twenty years, though he gagged and robbed her month by month, simply because he gratified her insane thirst for military glory. She confirmed him last winter in possession of his power by a heavy popular vote. He plunged into the present wicked war in the belief—and, in the opinion of the best judges, in the well-founded belief—that, if he were successful in it, it would enable him to avoid all further concessions to liberalism, and even escape the operation of those he had made. He was followed into it by a roar of popular enthusiasm, and he has been dethroned, not for having made war, *but for not having made it successfully.* Very few voices were raised in opposition to the war, and those that were raised asked not for the complete abandonment of these guilty designs, but the postponement of their execution to a more convenient season. All acknowledged—yes, *all*—that some day or other the "greatness of France" would call for the irruption of 400,000 Frenchmen into Germany, the devastation of German soil, the plundering and burning of her cities and villages, and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of her citizens, and the humbling in the dust of her rulers—in other words, for the infliction on her of the very evils under which France, by a stroke of awful retribution, now lies groaning and asking for that pity which one short month ago found no place in any French heart and no expression from any French tongue.

There is room, however, even in pity for justice. If we are going to be moved by the sufferings which this mad conflict has brought on France, let us not forget that 50,000 Germans lie dead on French soil, and perhaps 150,000 are agonizing in hospitals, plunging a million of happy German homes in desolation, and all because the King of Prussia would not order the Prince of Hohenzollern not to change his mind ("*revenir sur sa décision*") about taking the Spanish crown after he had refused to take it.

The Germans owe it to the better civilization they profess, and we believe truly, to defend and spread, and to the public opinion of all other countries, which has up to the present sympathized with and applauded them, to show moderation in the hour of their triumph. We do not ask them to spare France on the ridiculous plea that the Republic is not responsible for the dying sins of the Empire, or that, the Empire being gone, there is nothing to be feared any more from French ambition or aggressiveness or restlessness—a plea which the whole course of French history belies; but in the interest of future peace, and in the interest of that orderly and intellectual progress of which the world now expects Germany to set the example. All absorption of territory, whose inhabitants are not German in feeling as well as in origin, will not only lay Prussia open to the charge of rapacity in carrying on the war, but furnish France with a far more respectable motive in preparing for a renewal of the struggle at no distant day than the bitterness which mere defeat is sure to leave behind. Even the retention of the two fortresses of Strasbourg and Metz, which is talked of, ought to be for a term of years only, or for a term to be settled by arbitration, in order to secure for it the character of a measure of precaution simply, and not of a menace or a trophy. To capture Paris, as a mere piece of vengeance for the purpose of humiliating Frenchmen, would be a paltry act, and could add nothing to the fame of the matchless army which is now marching on it. But in the interest of justice and political morality, there should be no tenderness in exacting the cost of the war to the uttermost farthing; and if Bismarck would include in it a reasonable compensation to the families of the killed and to the wounded, he would not only do justice to the sufferers, but would introduce into international usages a precedent which would bring forcibly to the minds of bellicose nations a far more vivid idea than they have now of the nature and consequences of war.

NEUTRALS AND CONTRABAND.

It is impossible for anybody who watches the course of the present struggle in Europe to avoid being struck by the increasing difficulty of the position of neutrals in all wars. The close relations, as far as time and space are concerned, into which steam and the telegraph and commerce have now brought all civilized powers, make every armed struggle an object of intense interest to lookers-on, as well as to those actually engaged in it, and this interest, in turn, makes the belligerents increasingly sensitive and exacting. There being plenty of "sympathy" to be had, and the newspapers being very active in the expression of it, each wants as much of it as possible; and if he does not get as much as he thinks he is entitled to, or more than his adversary, he boils over with indignation, and warns defaulters that, as soon as he gets his hands free, he will pay them off. At this moment there exists, in part at least on account of the improper refusal of "sympathy" during hostilities, great exasperation on the part of the United States towards England and France, on the part of Italy towards Prussia, on the part of Russia towards Prussia and (in a greater degree) towards Austria, and on the part of both Prussia and France towards England. The position of England has indeed become almost comic in its embarrassment. The press and the mass of the people sympathize with Prussia, as a Protestant and Teutonic power, and are very demonstrative in expressing their feelings; while only some of the old Conservatives—for reasons a little difficult to fathom—stand by France, or at least did so during the existence of the Empire. Accordingly, the French are furious, and vow vengeance dire whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. On the other hand, the Prussians, far from being satisfied with the enthusiastic articles in the English papers, are full of indignation—first, because England made no attempt to restrain the French before the outbreak of the war; secondly, because the London *Times* has had the impudence to talk of intervention on the part of England, with its army of 40,000 men, at the moment when half-a-million of Prussians are marching on Paris; but, lastly—and this is the most serious cause of offence—because the French draw arms and munitions from England in unlimited quantities, while Prussia, being strictly blockaded, is to a certain extent excluded from the market. The consequence is that the tone of the Prussian press towards England is very virulent, and, it is said—though this is doubtful—that its remonstrances and denunciations have been backed up by a very acrimonious official despatch.

Now, the Prussian complaints of the English sale of supplies to France open up a question of immense importance—namely, what is contraband of war, and whose duty is it to see that neutrals do not supply it to belligerents. We have no hesitation in saying that, should the doctrines which are gaining ground on these points finally prevail, it will be almost as cheap—putting aside the loss of life—for a nation, whenever a quarrel breaks out between two of its neighbors, to take part in the fray and, by giving vigorous aid to one side, help to bring it to a speedy close, as to remain at peace. In the first place, the term contraband is every year receiving a wider and wider application. Its meaning has never been very accurately defined. The only certain rule of international law on the subject is that weapons and munitions of war, and the harness of cavalry and artillery, are contraband; but from time to time, either by the assumption of belligerents, or by special treaty, it has been made to cover a great variety of articles, even provisions intended for the general use of the population, and not for the garrison or inhabitants of a besieged or blockaded city. The decisions of courts and the dicta of elementary writers on the subject are as vague and unsatisfactory as possible. Wood for shipbuilding has been held to be contraband, and, by parity of reasoning, so now should iron. Coal has become contraband since the introduction of steam; telegraphic apparatus, doubtless, would be held to be contraband; and if food be, under certain circumstances, contraband, why not cloth and leather? Indeed, as the application of scientific processes to the purposes of destruction spreads, we may expect the list of prohibited articles to be indefinitely extended; and it would be extended to such a degree as to interfere seriously with the industry of neutral nations but for one thing—namely, the ancient and invaluable usage which imposes on the belligerents the task of stopping contraband on its way to the enemy.

That usage now appears to be threatened with abrogation. As the excitement caused by war becomes intensified and widely diffused, there is an increasing disposition on the part of belligerents to treat trading with the enemy on the part of the citizens of a neutral state as a hostile act, for which the government of the neutral state may fairly be held responsible, thus throwing on those who have had no hand in getting up the war a duty which formerly had to be, and always ought to be, performed by the belligerent cruisers and custom-house officers. The doctrine of international law with regard to war has always been that it was an exceptional state of things, the loss and inconvenience resulting from which ought not to fall on anybody but the parties to the quarrel; that those who choose to stand aloof from it, and pursue their avocations in peace and quiet, have a perfect right to do so; and that the interests of civilization require that they should be encouraged and protected in doing so; that in order to limit the area of the conflict, however, and make it, as far as possible, a trial of strength between the combatants, and them only—and thus be as speedily as possible brought to a close—they are permitted to search ships trading with the enemy, to see that he is not supplied from the outside with the means of protracting the struggle. But, inasmuch as this concession was in itself a hardship to neutrals, and inasmuch as trading with either belligerent is a perfectly legitimate act *per se*, the trouble and expense of making these searches or otherwise preventing the transmission of contraband has always been imposed, and justly and properly imposed, on the belligerents. If they caught anybody engaged in it, they could punish him by the loss of his property, but they were not to treat him as a criminal or an immoral person or to hold his government responsible for his acts. The running of a blockade, for instance, is not an immoral or hostile act. It is an act which a trader performs at his own risk, but if he succeeds he simply exercises a right anterior to all belligerent rights, that of selling the proceeds of his own industry in the best market he can find. Nevertheless, what with the ambiguous terms in which the citizens of neutral nations are warned by their governments at the outbreak of hostilities not to engage in it, and the excitement of the belligerents, it is getting to be gradually looked on as an act of hostility which the neutral power is bound to prevent or punish. Nothing was commoner, for instance, during the rebellion, than to hear blockade-runners talked of as "pirates"—a term which was fearfully abused, some of our most distinguished publicists using it, even on state occasions, in three or four different senses. Belligerents are now beginning, if they have a fleet and can institute blockades, to look at blockade-running in this way, and insist on neutrals using municipal law to help them in stopping it; on the other hand, if they have no fleet and are themselves blockaded, as in the case of Prussia, they are anxious to impose on neutrals the duty which they themselves are unable to perform, of catching and stopping munitions, arms, and other contraband articles on their way to the enemy's markets, or their delivery to him after purchase.

Now, it is the interest of the human race that the position of a belligerent should be as onerous and unpleasant as possible; that that of neutrals should be as irresponsible and agreeable as possible. The things which make for peace are the things which it should be the policy of all governments to promote and foster. During the late war the United States were, for the first time in their history, placed in a position which made it their interest to press the rights of belligerents to the uttermost limits, and labor for the restriction of those of neutrals. We believe the rights of belligerents were not pressed, however, against any European power any further than American precedents warranted, but the controversy with England begot temper which has ever since inclined the public to overlook the fact that the real interests of the United States, as well as those of humanity, lie in the limitation of the area reached not only by the actual operations but by the losses and inconveniences of war, or, in other words, in pushing the rights of neutrals to any extent which will not be likely to transfer the havoc of war from property to life. In all legal controversies arising out of the present struggle between Prussia and France, it behooves us to remember not only that "those who make the quarrel should be the only men to fight," but that the men who do not fight are entitled to have their goings and comings and dealings subjected to as little burden or restriction as possible. If any country, for instance, does not choose to keep a navy, or is unable to keep one, we are not to be obliged to make it up to her, whenever she goes to war and gets her ports blockaded, by selling nothing to her adversary which is likely to help to prolong the contest.

THE NORTH-EASTERN FISHERIES.

Since the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the war of 1812, the assertion by the United States of the right to fish upon the north-east coasts presented the most important and difficult diplomatic question remaining open between this country and Great Britain until the time when the *Alabama* case arose. Although for a while obscured by the magnitude of the more recent discussion, this old dispute has lost nothing of its interest and importance, and still exists unsettled, ready at any moment to be changed into a system of angry retaliation, or even to be developed into war. It is not a mere contest of words, for, as lately stated upon the floor of the House of Representatives, and indeed as has happened in other cases since that statement was made, and as is still happening or likely to happen, several American fishing-vessels have already been seized during the present season by British authorities for an alleged violation of the foreign territories.

The fisheries question is often, and perhaps generally, spoken of as though it embraced but a single point at issue. In fact, however, it includes two very different claims, which rest upon entirely different principles of international law. The first and by far the least important of these claims involves the right of American vessels to fish near the British dominions, within the headlands of wide-mouthed bays, but at points more than three miles distant from the shore, and depends for its solution upon the general doctrines of the law respecting national territory. The second involves the right of American vessels to fish in all bays, creeks, rivers, and inlets, and upon any portions of the north-eastern coasts, without reference to the distance from the shore, and depends for its solution upon a proper construction of various treaties between the United States and Great Britain, and upon the effects which the war of 1812 produced upon the conventions then existing.

The argument by which the first of these assertions of right is supported lies in a nut-shell, and the position of the two powers in reference to it may be stated in a few words. It is established by the consent of all jurists, and by the universal practice of all civilized governments, that territorial sovereignty extends for some distance over the waters of the ocean which wash the coasts of every maritime country; that this sovereignty is limited by a line which marks the ordinary range of cannon planted on the shore; and that this coast-line of defence does not follow the minuter sinuosities of the land at low-water mark, but is measured in a straight direction from those headlands which are near together. Finally, the distance of this exterior boundary from the shore or from the headlands is, for purposes of accuracy, often fixed by treaty at three miles. Such an agreement exists between Great Britain and the United States. All modern writers upon the principles of international law concur in the reasons for this rule, and by no one are they set forth in a more clear and convincing manner than by Ortolan, in his "Diplomatie de la Mer." No nation can establish an exclusive sovereignty over the high seas, because it is impossible to maintain any permanent command over those waters to the exclusion of other claimants. But it is possible to maintain such a permanent command, to the exclusion of other claimants, over a narrow belt of the ocean which washes the shore, and over all parts of gulfs, bays, and inlets whose mouths are sufficiently contracted, because coast batteries may at all times control these portions of the sea as easily and as completely as the land itself. Our Government has of course conceded these fundamental principles. Independent of express concessions, no American vessel may fish within three miles of the Canadian shore, nor within any gulfs and bays whose mouths are less than six miles in width.

But the British Government goes beyond these universal rules of the international law, and asserts its exclusive sovereignty over the entire surface of all gulfs and bays which indent the coast, although the mouths of such gulfs may be broader than the double range of cannon, and although there may be large portions of such bays which cannot be reached by any shot fired from the shore. In other words, she demands that her coast-line of defence shall run three miles at sea from promontory to promontory, without any regard to the distance between these consecutive headlands or the convexity of the intervening shore, and prohibits all foreign fishing within the space thus enclosed. In opposing this peculiar and extensive claim, we are supported by all the modern Continental jurists, who are unanimous in rejecting the assumption of Great Britain, and in pronouncing those waters of broad-mouthed gulfs and bays which are more than three miles distant from any part of the land to be free to all the world for the purposes of fishing. We are supported also by the reason of the thing; for, as actual military power is the test of territorial jurisdiction, it makes no difference whether a particular portion of the ocean is one mile or a hundred miles beyond the reach of warlike weapons; it is, in either case, equally open to all mankind. "*Terræ potestas finitur ubi finitur armorum vis.*" The United States has, therefore, constantly insisted upon the right of her citizens to fish in all the gulfs and bays upon the Canadian coasts whose mouths are more than six miles wide, provided the vessels do not trespass upon the space within three miles of the concave shore.

This minor right, however, is swallowed up in the second and broader claim that, by force of existing treaty stipulations obligatory upon Great Britain, American citizens may take fish on any part of the north-eastern waters, in all bays, inlets, and creeks, and at any distance from the shore. As a preliminary to a discussion of this phase of the fisheries question, it is necessary to examine the doctrines of the international law as to the effect of war upon prior treaties between the two belligerents. A war can only produce one of three results upon these compacts. It may leave them in full force, not in the least diminishing their obligatory character; or it may entirely destroy them, so that, upon a return of peace, they can only be revived by a new agreement between the parties; or it may simply suspend their operation during the hostilities. These are the only alternatives possible; but how far they respectively apply, and what practical result they work upon treaties, have been by no means clearly established, either by the theoretical statements of elementary writers, or by the parliamentary discussions of statesmen, or by the practice of cabinets. Certain classes of treaties are universally regarded as destroyed by a war, among which are ordinary commercial conventions, and the opinions of English writers and the demands of the English Government would lead to this result as the general rule. But it is as universally conceded that stipulations of another character—those which acknowledge independence, determine boundaries, or cede territory—are not affected by subsequent hostilities between the contracting parties, unless, indeed, one nationality is entirely overthrown by the other. Are there any other international compacts analogous to cessions and demarcations of boundary, and which like them are unaffected by war? Martens describes a class which he calls transitory, including treaties of cession and of boundary, and those which establish a servitude according to the public law, and declares that all these are perpetual by the very nature of the thing. Wheaton incorporates these propositions of Martens with his text. The principle thus stated seems to be clear and natural, but there is no general agreement among writers or statesmen as to what national rights are included among the servitudes which are protected against the effects of war. The Supreme Court of the United States, in an important case growing out of the treaty with Great Britain of 1794, laid down a fundamental rule substantially the same as that announced by Martens. Mr. Phillimore, in his great work, discusses this subject at large. He advocates the doctrine that treaties are in general destroyed by a war, but admits a few exceptions, and among them those parts of treaties which contain a final adjustment of a particular question, such as the fixing a disputed boundary or the ascertaining any contested right of property. This class of permanent stipulations corresponds to a certain extent with Martens's transitory treaties. The final adjustment of the one is identical with the cessions, exchanges, and determinations of boundary of the other. Both would also include acknowledgments of independence. But Martens's creations of public servitudes find no place in Mr. Phillimore's exception, unless that servitude were in its nature the final adjustment of a disputed right.

The United States has planted itself upon the principle set forth by the great German jurist, and has insisted, and doubtless still insists, that a public and permanent servitude over the British waters has been created in her favor, which her own consent alone can relinquish. By the third article of the treaty of peace of 1783, between Great Britain and the United States, it was agreed that the people of the latter shall continue to enjoy unmolested the rights of fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other British dominions in America. No change was made until the war of 1812. During the negotiations preliminary to the treaty of Ghent, the British ministers informed the commissioners of the United States that their Government did not intend to grant to the United States gratuitously the former privileges of fishing. Our agents replied that they were not authorized to treat on that subject, but that our Government claimed that no further stipulations were necessary, and that the rights created by the treaty of 1783 were still subsisting. The treaty of peace concluded in 1814 at Ghent was therefore silent on the subject of the fisheries. The English Government thereupon expressed their intention to exclude American fishermen from those portions of the sea within three miles of the coast, and from all gulfs, bays, and inlets. In the diplomatic correspondence which ensued, the British Cabinet asserted that the right to fish conferred by the treaty of 1783 was in all respects similar to the ordinary provisions of a commercial convention, to the privileges of importing goods free from duty, or of admitting ships free from imposts; that it was a concession conferred from motives of expediency, and was abrogated by the subsequent war. The United States Minister claimed that the permission given to the American people to fish in the places designated was analogous to a cession of territory, to the fixing of a boundary, or the acknowledgment of independence. He urged in substance, although not in language, that the treaty of 1783 created a public servitude of fishing in the British waters identical with the private servitude of way over another's farm or of aqueduct over another's land, well known to the municipal law; that this convention granted to the people of the United States a permanent right of property—not indeed the *dominium*, but the *jus in re alienâ* of the Roman law—a property which was no more destroyed by the war than was the ownership of the national territory. This controversy was brought to a close by the treaty of 1818, which was concluded upon the basis of a compromise. American citizens were permitted to fish anywhere on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; but the United States, on its part, renounced for ever any liberty theretofore enjoyed or claimed to take fish within three miles of the coasts, or in the bays, creeks, or harbors of other British possessions in America. This agreement continued in force until the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, in which it was stipulated that Americans may fish on the coasts and shores, and in the bays and harbors of Canada and other British dominions, without regard to the distance from the shore. While the latter compact remained in existence, our citizens enjoyed the same privileges which they held under the first convention of 1783. But the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was annulled by the President in 1865, and the matter of the fisheries is in greater confusion than ever.

The amicable settlement of the difficulty requires the separate answer to the following questions: As the rights to fish in the territorial waters of the north-eastern coast belonged to the American people previous to the treaty of 1783, because enjoyed by them as British colonists, and as that treaty in terms acknowledged these rights as then subsisting, did the third article thereof in fact create and confer a public servitude—a species of national property as permanent as territorial sovereignty? Or, on the other hand, did this article create and confer mere privileges which were annulled by the war of 1812? If the latter or British view be correct, we possessed no rights at all after the peace of Ghent until we obtained those that were conceded in 1818. The question will then arise, Did the termination of the Reciprocity convention of 1854 revive the treaty of 1818? If this effect was produced, the treaty of 1818 and the restricted rights under it are now subsisting; if not, there is absolutely no treaty on the subject, and the people of the United States have no rights of fishing in the territorial waters upon the north-eastern coast. As a consequence, for Great Britain to exclude us entirely from her dominions, she must maintain two independent propositions; that the grants contained in the third article of the treaty of 1783 were destroyed by the war of 1812; and that the subsequent concessions of 1818, which were enlarged in 1854, were not restored by the termination of the latter convention.

If the doctrine held by the United States in reference to the treaty of 1783 be correct, we were from that time the absolute proprietors of a right to fish in the territorial waters upon the Canadian coast—a right which was a species of property, and which we could only lose involuntarily by actual conquest. But we might restrict ourselves in its use by agreement. In this view, the treaty of 1818 was a concession on our part rather than on the part of Great Britain. Should the United States succeed in establishing its construction of the fundamental compact of 1783, it will be for the interest of Great Britain to maintain the proposition that the abrogation of the treaty of 1854 revived that of 1818, and for our interest to maintain the contrary; for if the latter convention be still in force, we have restrained ourselves thereby from falling back upon the more extensive rights granted in 1783.

It is plain from this sketch that the fisheries question is one involved in great difficulties, and that an amicable settlement of the controversy will demand the most complete knowledge of international law, and will require the employment of the amplest resources of diplomatic skill and experience.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

I.

The words of General Von Moltke on the Prusso-Austrian war which terminated in the campaign of 1866, that it was a "historical necessity," may be with equal fitness applied to the Franco-Prussian struggle now raging so fiercely. The former was but the culmination of the long and bitter rivalry which had descended as an heir-loom to the two great powers of Germany from the strife between Frederic the Great and Maria Theresa, in which the latter was stripped of Silesia, thus bringing Prussia on one of the flanks of Bohemia, and giving her an advantage in a military initiative of which she profited in the movements that immediately preceded the recent battle of Sadowa, or Königgrätz, where the leadership of Germany passed, probably for all future time, out of the hands of the house of Hapsburg.

Had it not been for the decisiveness of this crowning victory, which threw Prussia, and particularly her military prowess, into such prominence, the struggle upon which the eyes of the world are now so intent might have been put off to some still distant day, so far as the parties to it are alone concerned. For the aspirations alone of France for the Rhine as her frontier, of which the dark speeches of Napoleon III.—thrown forth as the distant mutterings of the spirit of discord—were but the manifestations, would, in the present day at least, had any action been taken to realize them, have evoked another gigantic coalition of Europe, so fatal to the Bonapartes. But each party felt that the hour had come, and that no time was to be lost in carrying into effect their respective schemes. As Italy had been made a cat's-paw of by Prussia in the Prusso-Austrian war, so Spain might, in her turn, serve the same end in a struggle between France and Prussia. At least such, without any violent interpretation of this movement to place a German prince on the throne of Spain, might have seemed to France the object of it; and she was placed by it on either horn of the dilemma—to let a member of the house of Hohenzollern quietly seat himself upon the throne of Spain, and, after quelling the anarchy and improving the resources of that ill-conditioned kingdom, stand a permanent menace to France; or else, by making this a cause of war, to enlist the sympathies of the civilized world against her, for endeavoring to prevent another independent nation from doing what she had just professed to have done—electing her own ruler by a popular vote. Here was again a "historical necessity," and the antecedents of the parties had left, besides, abundant causes of heartburnings and hatreds. Prussia had still her memories of her humiliations by the First Napoleon, from the crushing blow he dealt her in 1806, and the mortifications to which he had subsequently subjected her up to the patriotic uprising of the Prussian people consequent upon his disasters in 1812 and 1813; and France had been long chewing the sweet cud of anticipated vengeance against Prussia for the prominent part which her armies, under the leadership of the grim, relentless Blücher, the "Marshal Vorwärts," as his soldiers styled him, had played in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, piling disaster upon disaster upon her, until that final stroke at Waterloo which shivered the First Empire, and, in the second occupation of Paris, wrenched from the hands of France those conquests which were at once the tokens and pride of her widespread triumphs.

The battle of Sadowa, the cause of the early *dénouement* of this "historical necessity," did more than seat Prussia in the leadership of Germany. It threw into activity at once the jealousy and the fears of France. Here was an astounding event, the causes of which it behooved her to examine into. Such large, well-appointed, and thoroughly-drilled armies as had shown themselves in Bohemia, sweeping before them the Austrian hosts to the very gates of their capital, however much French confidence might have felt itself unshaken from the reassuring fact that the Austrian army had but recently met with a similar fate at French hands at Solferino, was something to be looked into; and the examination, if one may credit General Trochu and other reliable French military authorities, was anything but reassuring to the Emperor.

Prussia has been nothing if not a pre-eminently military nation from the time of Frederic the Great to the present day. In the earlier period of this epoch, her military constitutions were more or less examples which other nations tried to work up to. In France, the system of Frederic had many admirers, who were desirous of introducing it into the French armies, the most noted of whom were Mirabeau and Guibert, who both wrote and spoke a great deal on the subject. But whilst these discussions, with some changes, were going on, came the tornado that swept all else from the thoughts of men, the French Revolution; and whatever of military prestige Prussia had acquired was for a time obscured by the successes of the French Republican armies, in stemming and then driving back the flood of invasion from Germany.

This military lesson, and the disastrous campaigns of 1806 and 1807, which left to Prussia but the semblance of an independent government, so completely was she subjected to the interference of the Imperial satraps, forced her to scrutinize closely the defects of her military system. Under Frederic the Great, and under his immediate successor, Frederic William II., the Prussian army was separate from the body of the people. In fact, it was composed in a great degree of foreigners, many of them deserters from other services, and mostly of the most depraved classes of society. So low had the military profession fallen in public estimation that, during the peaceful closing years of the reign of Frederic the Great, recruits for the army could not be obtained, not only from the more easy classes, but from those of the shop-keeping and the class of mechanics. The men recruited under such a state of things had to be guarded like imprisoned criminals, and a system of mutual espionage kept up over them to prevent them from deserting. This in its turn called for the most rigid means of discipline, mostly of a brutalizing character, which necessarily gave rise to desertions on a large scale, to attempts on the lives of the officers by the privates, and to frequent suicides among these miserable wretches, to whom life had been made a burthen too intolerable to be borne. Such was, in brief, the army, amounting to 200,000 men, that Frederic the Great left to his nephew and successor. Under this last sovereign, the number of foreigners in service was reduced to one-half of the effective strength of the army, which, at his death, amounted to about 240,000 men, whilst the population of the kingdom was only about eight millions and a half. Besides this reduction in the number of foreigners, important changes were made in the tactics of the troops, arising from their contests with the French Republicans; and the formal, rigid system of manœuvres, which had played so conspicuous a part in the triumphs of Frederic the Great, gave place to an imitation of the French tactics of the moment.

Although very important ameliorations were made in the military organization by Frederic William III., who succeeded his father in 1797, the inherent vices of the system that had come down to him, and the consequences of the corrupt court and system of administration of the preceding reign, had laid the foundations of the disasters by which Prussia was overwhelmed by Napoleon I., and from which she only began to emerge in 1813, when, at the urgent demands of his able minister, Scharnhorst, the nation, which had voluntarily risen, was called to arms to enter upon what was not inaptly called the War of Independence; for, from 1808 until this period, although great changes and ameliorations had taken place in the administration of the kingdom generally, they were made by the sufferance of Napoleon I., who allowed Prussia to keep up an army of but about 40,000 men, and these to serve as a French contingent, whenever called upon to do so. By a law of March 17, 1813, the now celebrated landwehr system, by which the whole arms-bearing youth of the nation was placed at the disposal of the Government, was called into existence.

The uncompromising war made by the allies against Napoleon I., from his disastrous campaign against Russia to the closing decisive victory at Waterloo, gave Prussia the chance she was longing for and was prompt to improve. Since this epoch, having reassumed her rank among the great powers of Europe, Prussia has devoted no small portion of her attention and means to strengthening and improving all her military forces. These gradual changes and improvements may be briefly summed up as follows: By laws and decrees of 1814 and 1815, every Prussian subject was called upon to bear arms for the defence of the state; and, with certain exemptions, each one was obliged to serve in the active army from 20 to 23 years of age, from 23 to 25 in the reserve, from 25 to 32 in the first ban of the landwehr, from 32 to 39 in the second ban; and, besides this, there was the service in the landsturm, which comprised all who were competent for military duty, from the ages of 17 to 49, who formed no part either of the army or of the landwehr.

The permanent army in time of peace was by these laws raised to about 140,000 men, admitting of an increase to 190,000, by adding to them the men of the active reserve force; and the chasseurs, artillerists, and pioneers of the landwehr being a part of the army in time of war, its complete effective force became about 200,000 men.

The first ban of the landwehr, which comprised only infantry and cavalry, when mobilized, could furnish 150,000 men. The active army for the field comprised the permanent army and the first ban of the landwehr, and, after detaching some 30,000 men for the defence of the fortresses, could bring into the field 340,000. Besides this, the Government could provide, from recruits, about 50,000 men as an active reserve.

The second ban of the landwehr, which did not exist in time of peace, when called out could furnish 110,000 infantry and cavalry. Its chief duties were, with the 30,000 men detached from the permanent army and the first ban, the defence of the fortresses. In cases of necessity the Government could also mobilize the landsturm.

Thus the effective military forces of Prussia comprised, first, the army in the field; second, the troops of the reserve, composed in the same manner of the troops of the army and of the first ban of the landwehr, in equal parts; third, the troops of the second ban of the landwehr for garrison duty, and, in certain eventualities, of the troops of the landsturm, amounting in all to about 530,000 men.

This military organization, for which it is claimed that it called for but slight sacrifices in money or in the time of the citizen during peace, and presented a formidable defence in time of danger, was maintained during the reigns of Frederic William III. and Frederic William IV. The campaigns of 1848–49, and the mobilizations called for in 1850 and 1859, however, revealed some important defects in this system. Too much stress, it was seen, had been laid upon the patriotic promptings of the people in times of ordinary danger; when, in fact, the grand element can only be counted upon to break forth, with overwhelming enthusiasm, in those rare and fortunately few cases where the national heart is stirred to action by some great cause of indignation. For this and other results of experience, the present King William I., in 1859–60, decided upon a reorganization of the three principal constituents of the military force.

In the first place, the first ban of the landwehr was no longer to form a part of the army in the field; but, to compensate for this deduction, its effective strength and that of its reserves were augmented; these last were not only to complete the army in the field, but to repair its losses, and to co-operate in the defence of the fortresses; the duration of service in it was on this account increased to four years. The landwehr was still composed of two bans: the first, of citizens from the ages of 26 to 36, but forming no part of the army in the field—its object being the defence of the fortresses, in conjunction with a part of the reserve; and in case of necessity, the second ban of the landwehr can be called out for the performance of the same duties. The result of these changes is that the effective strength of the army for the field has remained the same, that of the reserves is nearly doubled, and that the troops for garrison duty have been considerably augmented, and can, as formerly, be doubled by the mobilization of the second ban of the landwehr.

Besides these organic changes in her own military system, Prussia has kept an attentive outlook upon the phases that the art of war was going through in Europe and elsewhere. Her admirable military administration has let no occasion pass to improve the tactics of the army and its armament. Every improvement in cannon and small-arms has been carefully scrutinized and adopted at the first favorable moment. Looking forward to her increasing commerce, great attention has also been paid to her navy, and to covering her sea-coast from invasion. Such, in brief, was the military position of Prussia previous to the Prusso-Austrian war, from which resulted her triumphs on that occasion; and such was the position in which she was found at the outset of the present struggle, but with increased strength through her new alliances, and with the added experience brought from recent military operations on a gigantic scale.

Laying aside the causes of demoralization which have affected her administration throughout every branch of her service, France was in an unprepared condition for the great struggle that was upon her, through causes of a purely military character. Ever over-confident in her own prowess, and looking with a scarcely disguised feeling of contempt on the military status of all other nations, her traditions of the triumphs of the First Empire, the practical training given to her troops in Africa, the Crimean campaign, in spite of the great losses incurred in it, and the short Italian one closing with the battle of Solferino, and, as a result, expelling the Austrians from Italy, seemed, in her own eyes, and very much so in those of others, to have clothed her with the attribute of irresistibility. She assumed that she had nothing to learn from others on the art of war, and she took but little pains to see if there was anything to be learned. She had seen the armies of Austria fall before her, on the fields of Magenta and Solferino, and she took, therefore, little heed to enquire whether the narrow field of action, and the almost individual combats in Africa, were the best school for training able strategists. She had seen the Russian hosts fly before her African troops, the Mexican making but a feeble resistance to them, and these were sufficient grounds for inferring that nothing could stand before her Turcos and her Zouaves. Such, at least, was the public opinion, and such, unfortunately perhaps, that of the army itself.

It is true that General Trochu, and other able and thoughtful men of the French army, looked at this state of things from a different point of view, and by their pens endeavored to attract attention to the dangers that were before the country; but their words of warning fell upon unwilling ears, or, if heeded at all, action upon them came too late. The thunders from the battle-field of Sadowa were the first to rouse the minds, at least of some of the leading military men in France, to the imminence of this danger, and to impel them to look into their own military institutions and compare their prospective efficiency with that of the nation which through hers had just achieved such decisive results. In January, 1868, Marshal Niel, who distinguished himself in the Italian campaign, and whose guiding counsels led to the capture of Sevastopol, was called to take charge of the War Office. An indefatigable worker, a scientific soldier in every respect, and thoroughly conversant with the military resources of the Empire, no better man probably could have been found for this post. Through his efforts mainly a law was passed in February, 1868, reorganizing the military system, and taking as a basis the then organization of that of Prussia.

Without entering into details, which would probably interest only a military reader, the provisions of the law in question may be briefly stated as follows: The standing army was to consist of 750,000 men, and the Garde Mobile of 600,000 men. The regular army comprises what is known as the active army and the reserve. The men, whose period of service had been changed by this law from 7 to 9 years, are required to serve 5 years in the first and 4 years in the latter body. The reserve can only be called out in time of war, and by an imperial decree. The Garde Mobile is composed of the same classes, as to age, as those who form the active army and the reserve; the term of service in it is five years. Very rare exemptions are granted from this service. The officers of this force are appointed by the Emperor. Its duties are to garrison the fortresses of the interior and sea-coast, and to preserve order within the Empire in war-time. It can only be called out by a special law. With these fundamental modifications of its military organization, the claim is made for France that, without demanding as great sacrifices from the private citizen as that of Prussia, and less rigid in its requirements, it still approaches the latter in its best points, giving, like it, an efficient military training and organization to the whole of the arms-bearing population, and, in case of need, being able to avail of their services in time of war; whilst it avoids assembling under the colors or calling out the married men in time of peace.

Such, in brief, are the antecedents and the present conditions of the military systems of the two great powers now face to face. The one has been long tried, and has become a part of the national being. The other is upon trial, and, like all new machinery, has hardly had time for all its parts to work smoothly and without friction. That this and the other military defects alluded to in the French system have had a preponderating influence in favor of Prussia in the contest now going on, there can be no question. Speculation as to the final result would be here out of place.

D. H. M.

West Point, August 9, 1870.

THE PRUSSIAN LOSSES—FIELD MAIL SERVICE.

Berlin, August 30, 1870.

You remember old Frederick William I., the father of Frederic the Great, that economical King of Prussia, who even to preserve his coat took it off when he worked, who smoked tobacco and drank beer in the evening, and, in spite of his royalty, declared Holland the greatest country in the world on account of the industry, cleanliness, and thrift of her inhabitants. This same King, who has been so admirably sketched by Carlyle, one fine morning walked through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, which he was just then laying out. The first man he met was a little Jew, who timidly tried to steal away. Old Frederick William stopped him, and grimly asked him, "Why do you run away?" "Because I am afraid of your Majesty," replied the terror-stricken Jew. "Infernal scoundrel that you are," cried the King, "I want you to love me, but not to fear me;" and, to inculcate love in the poor fellow, *manu propria* inflicted a sound thrashing on him.

What Frederick William did by royal prerogative, the German people now performs at the invitation of the French. They are whipped first, will respect us next, and, I trust, will finally live on good terms with us, as sensible neighbors ought to do. Prussia, which is the undisputed leader of Germany in this national struggle, has never learned the art of making herself beloved; on the contrary, in a quite unusual degree she possesses the art of making herself hated without any reason. She is rough, often even coarse, and generally shabby; but solid, healthy, energetic, and full of vitality. From the beginning of her history she had every hour to be prepared for battle, to fight her way, and to gain ground inch by inch and foot by foot. She had always first to beat those by whom she wanted to be respected and loved, and, by a good administration, cheap justice, careful education, and manly deeds, she has finally succeeded in winning the affections of even those who by wars or intrigues became a part of her. There is now, for instance, no more Prussian province in sentiment and feeling than Silesia. The Southern German States have just been going through the same process, and the French, I hope, will follow suit. As we Germans do not claim anything from them which does not belong to us by right, and as we whip them at their own request, they will in time learn to respect if not to love us.

It is, however, a hard and a cruel thing for a nation to be compelled to beat and kick, to wound and kill, for the sole purpose of maintaining its independence. We have a better work in store for the next century, there are nobler aims for our ambition, there are more glorious laurels to be reaped in civil life than on the battle-field. The war business is too bloody, too full of misery and heart-rending even for the victors, not to enjoin a speedy termination. There is hardly a family all over Germany which has not to mourn the loss of one of its members, so fearfully have destruction and death raged in our ranks. The reason for these enormous losses is as obvious as the result. For the first time in military history we see two warlike nations in a desperate struggle with arms which science and technical improvements have brought to a wonderful perfection. Our most competent judges say that the chassepot is decidedly superior to our needle gun, and that the former in the hands of our soldiers would already have ended the war. The French are too inexperienced and too quick in the handling of this tremendous weapon. As when used it "kicks" badly and hurts, they fire too high or at random. The mitrailleuse is not as dangerous as it has been represented by the French, but its value has been underrated by us, for its wounds are fearful, and the appearance of the soldiers killed by the mitrailleuse is ghastly. Its efficiency is in some way limited, as its bullets do not spread. For this reason it was rejected by our military men when offered to them some years ago. Some of our men had five or six bullets in their breast, running parallel with each other. If our soldiers are inferior in point of arms, they are superior in cool bravery and exact aiming. In the battles round Metz we have lost as many men, if not more, as in the two battles of Leipzig and Waterloo together. We must lose more, as we have always to attack in the open field, while the enemy generally only defends his fortified positions. In the whole Bohemian campaign of 1866 we lost 13,000 men—about 6,000 by cholera and 7,000 killed and wounded. In this campaign, the battle of Vionville, on August 16, alone cost us more than 15,000 men. Some battalions were almost annihilated, two and even three cavalry regiments were reduced to one, and the death of one-third of the officers seemed the general rule. In order to detain and to retain the enemy on his retreat from Metz, the cavalry of the Guards had for hours to bear the brunt of the battle. As sure death was before them, and as they had to spare their numbers, the single companies drew lots which should first attack the enemy. Not the six hundred—"into the valley of death rode" the six thousand. Light and heavy brigades were reduced to one-fourth of their original number. Not less bravely fought the infantry of the Guards at St. Privat, which was the key to the enemy's position on the 18th of August. The riflemen (Schützen) lost all their officers, the majority of them killed, and the remaining four hundred men, of originally one thousand, were led back by an ensign. Among the killed at the same place was Prince Felix Salm-Salm, Major of the Fourth Grenadier Regiment of the Guards, the same officer who served during the last war in the United States, and whom President Lincoln encouraged with the words that his quality as prince would not prevent his promotion if he behaved well. He afterwards did well under and towards poor Maximilian. At St. Privat he fought and fell like a hero. Salm's wife, well known to the former Army of the Potomac, is one of the most efficient nurses in the field, and nobly works in the hospitals. Of Berlin boys, the son of Secretary Count Itzenputz was killed, while Bismarck's son was severely wounded near Metz, both serving as privates in a cavalry regiment. Sons of men of science, like young Langenbeck and young Grimm, were also killed in that battle. The officers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry announce the death of fourteen of their comrades killed in the battle of the 16th, where the Seventy-second likewise lost thirteen of their officers. In short, every day, every newspaper brings us the sad news of a fearful havoc among our troops. The loss of rank and file is always in proportion to the above numbers, and, still worse, we lose in our privates the flower of the nation, while on the French side the educated classes do not serve in the army. Our young men are not the proper opponents to Zouaves and Turcos.

It is a blessing for humanity that seven-eighths of these Africans have been extirpated. The favor which other French prisoners regularly ask from our keepers, is to be kept separate from the Zouaves and Turcos. In the beginning, the latter were received in the private hospitals, but they have committed such outrages that they now are sent to the royal hospitals. They attacked the stewards in a most cowardly manner, and grossly insulted the nurses whe tended them. Here in Berlin, and in a neighboring town, two sick Turcos tried to violate two Sisters of Mercy. For these reasons they must now be watched like wild beasts by armed sentries.

The French officers taken prisoners generally behave well. During daylight they are allowed to go free. When they first arrived they put on airs, but since they have been threatened that they would be confined to their rooms, they strictly obey every order. Our soldiers even have to salute them first when they meet them in the streets. It strikes our officers that the superiors of these French prisoners care so little for their subordinates that they rarely ask for the condition of the wounded, do not assist or advise their men, or show them any sympathy. As a significant illustration, I record the fact that, out of one hundred and thirty French officers—I say *officers*—who are confined at Königsberg, seventeen cannot write their names. Their special business of marching at the head of civilization has evidently prevented these seventeen officers from learning to write. I copy this fact from an official statement. As another illustration of the standard of the school education of the two armies, I will mention the extent of the correspondence of some of our troops in the field. According to a publication made by the General Post-Office Department, there are in Berlin alone forty-five clerks working exclusively for the field service. They receive from and send to the army 200,000 letters per day, and daily forward, besides, 40,000 thalers, consisting in great part of money letters of one or two thalers each. The mail matter for our soldiers is daily sent from Berlin in two lots, containing 238 mail-bags altogether. Since the mobilization of the army, ten million corresponding cards have been distributed. These cards are about six inches by four, of stiff, good paper, and have the blank of the address printed in front, while on the back there is room for a short letter, which may be written in pencil or ink. They do not require an envelope, and are especially adapted for short communications. On the whole, the field post service is admirably organized and conducted. It is performed by the active field post-offices. Every one of the thirteen corps has a general field post-office and four field-post expeditions, viz., one for the general and staff command of the corps, two for the infantry divisions, and one for the reserve. Besides, there are special offices for the headquarters of the King and for the chief commands of the three great armies, for the six cavalry divisions, and for the four landwehr divisions. All the field post-offices, amounting to seventy-one, and the whole *personnel* of about 1,000 men, besides many hundred wagons and horses, march along with their respective divisions, conducting their post department. They receive the letters from home for the soldiers, assort and prepare the field post correspondence for distribution, which must take place in regular order, beginning with the battalion and so on downward. They likewise receive and regularly collect the letters which the soldiers write home, and assort them for the different routes they have to take. To keep up the communication between the troops in the enemy's land and home, there are field post-offices along the military roads. Each of the three armies has one field post-master for the military roads and two inspectors; they are under the chief command of the military roads, which has to secure the connection of an operating army with its base of operations and with the territory to which the latter belongs. The chief command of the military roads is charged with providing the means and expenses of the transport of the mails. While no letter has been lost which was written home by the soldiers in the field, it has happened here and there that, on account of the inaccurateness of the address, a letter written to the soldier has been lost or miscarried. As a rule, it can be said that every letter which, besides the name of the soldier, had the number of his regiment, has been delivered. Owing to the bad state of the partly destroyed roads, a letter from Berlin to Nancy requires four days.

For those of your readers who, during your war, were members of Union Leagues or Defence Committees, it may be interesting to learn what victuals and drinks were collected here by private contributions and distributed among our soldiers by ladies and gentlemen, acting as volunteers. From July 23 to August 12, or within 20 days, 151,000 men left or passed through Berlin. They received from the committee formed for the purpose of refreshing them 5,100 bottles of wine, 110,000 large glasses (Seidels) of beer, 2,300 bottles of selters water and three casks per day, 4 casks of brandy, 430 bottles of lemonade, 64 bottles of Jamaica rum, 250 pounds of coffee and 150 pounds of sugar, 75,620 sandwiches, 950 large breads for sandwiches, 650 pounds of butter, 50 pounds of lard, 228,600 cigars, 20,500 packages of tobacco, 2,700 pounds of sausages, 550 pounds of ham, and 150 pounds of cheese. For the benefit of those who object to the free use of alcoholic drinks, I will add that our Government considers brandy an excellent drink for the army in the field, and that it even compels every soldier to fill his flask before he leaves camp. The flasks of the privates are not small, and hold a little more than the contents of a claret bottle. As far as I have learned, brandy has not yet done any harm among our men, and probably never will.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

NEWPORT.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1870.

THE season at Newport has an obstinate life. September has fairly begun, but as yet there is small visible diminution in the steady stream—the splendid, stupid stream—of carriages which rolls in the afternoon along the Avenue. There is, I think, a far more intimate fondness between Newport and its frequenters than that which in most American watering-places consecrates the somewhat mechanical relation between the visitors and the visited. This relation here is for the most part slightly sentimental. I am very far from professing a cynical contempt for the gaieties and vanities of Newport life: they are, as a spectacle, extremely amusing; they are full of a certain warmth of social color which charms alike the eye and the fancy; they are worth observing, if only to conclude against them; they possess at least the dignity of all extreme and emphatic expressions of a social tendency; but they are not so far from "*was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine*" that I do not seem to overhear at times the still, small voice of this tender sense of the sweet, superior beauty of the local influences that surround them, pleading gently in their favor to the fastidious critic. I feel almost warranted in saying that here this exquisite natural background has sunk less in relative value and suffered less from the encroachments of pleasure-seeking man than the scenic properties of any other great watering-place. For this, perhaps, we may thank rather the modest, incorruptible integrity of the Newport landscape than any very intelligent forbearance on the part of the summer colony. The beauty of this landscape is so subtle, so essential, so humble, so much a thing of character and impression, so little a thing of feature and pretension, that it cunningly eludes the grasp of the destroyer or the reformer, and triumphs in impalpable purity even when it seems to condescend. I have sometimes wondered in sternly rational moods why it is that Newport is so loved of the votaries of idleness and pleasure. Its resources are few in number. It is emphatically circumscribed. It has few drives, few walks, little variety of scenery. Its charms and its interest are confined to a narrow circle. It has of course the unlimited ocean, but seafaring idlers are of necessity the fortunate few. Last evening, it seemed to me, as I drove along the Avenue, that my wonderment was quenched for ever. The atmospheric tone, the exquisite, rich simplicity of the landscape, gave mild, enchanting sense of positive climate—these are the real charm of Newport, and the secret of her supremacy. You are melted by the admirable art of the landscape, by seeing so much that is lovely and impressive achieved with such a masterly frugality of means—with so little parade of the vast, the various, or the rare, with so narrow a range of color and form. I could not help thinking, as I turned from the great harmony of elegance and the unfathomable mystery of purity which lay deepening on the breast of nature with the various shades of twilight, to the motley discord and lavish wholesale splendor of the flowing stream of gentility on the Avenue, that, quite in their own line of effect, these money-made social heroes and heroines might learn a few good lessons from the daily prospect of the great western expanse of rock and ocean in its relations with the declining sun. But this is a rather fantastic demand. Many persons of course come to Newport simply because others come, and in this way the present brilliant colony has grown up. Let me not be suspected, when I speak of Newport, of the untasteful heresy of meaning primarily rocks and waves rather than ladies and gentlemen.

The ladies and gentlemen are in great force—the ladies, of course, especially. It is true everywhere, I suppose, that women are the central animating element of "society;" but you feel this to be especially true as you pass along the Newport Avenue. I doubt whether anywhere else women enjoy so largely what is called a "good time" with so small a sacrifice, that is, of the luxury of self-respect. I heard a lady yesterday tell another, with a quiet ecstasy of tone, that she had been having a "most perfect time." This is the very poetry of pleasure. In England, if our impression is correct, women hold the second fiddle in the great social harmony. You will never, at the sight of a carriage-load of mild-browed English maidens, with a presiding matron, plump and passive, in the midst of them, suspect their countrywomen of enjoying in the conventional world anything more than a fictitious and deputed dignity. They neither speak nor act from themselves, but from their husbands and brothers and lovers. On the Continent, women are proclaimed supreme; but we fancy them, with more or less justice, as maintaining their empire by various clandestine and reprehensible arts. With us—we may say it without bravado—they are both free and unsophisticated. You feel it most gratefully as you receive a confident bow from a pretty young girl in her basket-phaeton. She is very young and very pretty, but she has a certain delicate breadth of movement which seems to you a pure gain, without imaginable taint of loss. She combines, you reflect with respectful tenderness, the utmost of modesty with the least possible shyness. Shyness is certainly very pretty—when it is not very ugly; but shyness may often darken the bloom of genuine modesty, and a certain feminine frankness and confidence may often incline it toward the light. Let us assume, then, that all the young ladies whom you may meet here are the correctest of all possible young ladies. In the course of time, they ripen into the delightful women who divide your admiration. It is easy to see that Newport must be a most agreeable sojourn for the male sex. The gentlemen, indeed, look wonderfully prosperous and well-conditioned. They gallop on shining horses or recline in a sort of coaxing Herculean submission beside the lovely mistress of a phaeton. Young men—and young old men—I have occasion to observe, are far more numerous than at Saratoga, and of vastly superior quality. There is, indeed, in all things a striking difference in tone and aspect between these two great cities of pleasure. After Saratoga, Newport seems really substantial and civilized. Æsthetically speaking, you may remain at Newport with a fairly good conscience; at Saratoga, you linger on under passionate protest. At Newport, life is public, if you will; at Saratoga, it is absolutely common. The difference, in a word, is the difference between a group of three or four hotels and a series of cottages and villas. Saratoga perhaps deserves our greater homage, as being characteristically democratic and American; let us, then, make Saratoga the heaven of our aspiration, but let us yet awhile content ourselves with Newport as the lordly earth of our residence.

The villas and cottages, the beautiful idle women, the beautiful idle men, the brilliant pleasure-fraught days and evenings, impart, perhaps, to Newport life a faintly European expression, in so far as they suggest the somewhat alien presence of leisure—"fine old Leisure," as George Eliot calls it. Nothing, it seems to me, however, can take place in America without straightway seeming very American; and, after a week at Newport, you begin to fancy that, to live for amusement simply, beyond the noise of commerce or of care, is a distinctively national trait. Nowhere else in this country—nowhere, of course, within the range of our better civilization—does business seem so remote, so vague and unreal. Here a positive organic system of idleness or of active pleasure-taking has grown up and matured. If there is any poetry in the ignorance of trade and turmoil and the hard processes of fortune, Newport may claim her share of it. She knows—or at least appears to know—for the most part, nothing but results. Individuals here, of course, have private cares and burdens, to preserve the balance and the dignity of life; but these collective society conspires to forget. It is a singular fact that a society that does nothing is decidedly more picturesque, more interesting to the eye of sentiment, than a society which is hard at work. Newport, in this way, is infinitely more picturesque than Saratoga. There you feel that idleness is occasional, empirical. Most of the people you see are asking themselves, you imagine, whether the game is worth the candle, and work is not better than such toilsome play. But here, obviously, the habit of pleasure is formed, and (within the limits of a generous morality) many of the secrets of pleasure are known. Do what we will, on certain lines Europe is ahead of us yet. Newport falls altogether short of Baden-Baden in her presentment of the improprieties. They are altogether absent from the picture, which is therefore signally destitute of those shades of color produced by the mysteries and fascinations of vice. But idleness *per se* is vicious, and of course you may imagine what you please. For my own part, I prefer to imagine nothing but the graceful and the pure; and, with the help of such imaginings, you may construct a very pretty sentimental counterpart to the superficial movement of society. This I lately found very difficult to do at Saratoga. Sentiment there is pitifully shy and elusive. Here, the multiplied relations of men and women, under the permanent pressure of luxury and idleness, give it a very fair chance. Sentiment, indeed, of masterly force and interest, springs up in every soil, with a sovereign disregard of occasion. People love and hate and aspire with the greatest intensity when they have to make their time and privilege. I should hardly come to Newport for the materials of a tragedy. Even in their own kind, the social elements are as yet too light and thin. But I can fancy finding here the plot of many a pleasant sentimental comedy. I can almost imagine, indeed, a transient observer of the Newport spectacle dreaming momentarily of a great American novel, in which the heroine shall be infinitely realistic, and yet neither a schoolmistress nor an outcast. I say intentionally the "transient" observer, because I fancy that here the suspicion only is friendly to dramatic peace; the knowledge is hostile. The observer would discover, on a nearer view, I rather fear, that his possible heroines have too unexceptionally a perpetual "good time."

This will remind the reader of what he must already have heard affirmed, that to speak of a place with abundance you must know it, but not too well. I feel as if I knew the natural elements of Newport too well to attempt to describe them. I have known them so long that I hardly know what I think of them. I have little more than a simple consciousness of vastly enjoying them. Even this consciousness at times lies dumb and inert. I wonder at such times whether, to appeal fairly to the general human sense, the prospect here has not something too much of the extra-terrestrial element. Life seems too short, space too narrow, to warrant you in giving in an unqualified adhesion to a *paysage* which is two-thirds ocean. For the most part, however, I am willing to take the landscape as it stands, and to think that, without its native complement of sea, the land would lose much of its beauty. It is, in fact, a land exquisitely modified by marine influences. Indeed, in spite of all the evil it has done me, I could find it in my soul to love the sea when I consider how it co-operates with the Newport promontories to the delight of the eye. Give it up altogether, and you can thus enjoy it still, reflected and immobilized—like the Prussian army a month hence.

Newport consists, as the reader will know, of an ancient and honorable town, a goodly harbor, and a long, broad neck of land, stretching southward into the sea, and forming the chief habitation of the summer colony. Along the greater part of its eastward length, this projecting coast is bordered with lordly cliffs and dotted with seaward-gazing villas. At the head of the promontory the villas enjoy a magnificent reach of prospect. The pure Atlantic—the Old World westward tides—expire directly at their feet. Behind the line of villas runs the Avenue, with more villas yet—of which there is nothing at all to say, but that those built recently are a hundred times prettier than those built fifteen years ago, offering a modest contribution to our modern architectural Renaissance. Some years ago, when I first knew Newport, the town proper was considered extremely "picturesque." If an antique shabbiness that amounts almost to squalor is a pertinent element, as I believe it is, of the picturesque, the little main street at least—Thames Street by name—still deserves the praise. Here, in their crooked and dwarfish wooden mansions, are the shops that minister to the daily needs of the expanded city; and here of a summer morning, jolting over the cobble-stones of the narrow roadway, you may see a hundred superfine ladies seeking with languid eagerness what they may buy—to "buy something," I believe, being a diurnal necessity of the American woman of substance. This busy region gradually melts away into the grass-grown stillness of the Point, in the eyes of many persons the pleasantest quarter in Newport. It has superficially the advantage of being as yet uninvaded by fashion. When I first knew it, however, its peculiar charm was even more undisturbed than at present. The Point may be called the old residential, as distinguished from the commercial, town. It is meagre, shallow, and scanty—a mere pinch of antiquity—but, as far as it goes, it retains an exquisite tone. It leaves the shops and the little wharves, and wanders close to the harbor, where the breeze-borne rattle of shifted sails and spars alone intrudes upon its stillness, till its mouldy-timbered quiet subsides into the low, tame rocks and beaches which edge the bay. Several fine modern houses have recently been erected on the water-side, absorbing the sober, primitive tenements which used to maintain the picturesque character of the place. They improve it, of course, as a residence, but they injure it as a spectacle. Enough of early architecture still remains, however, to suggest a multitude of thoughts as to the severe simplicity of the generation which produced it. It is picturesque in a way, but with a paucity of elements which seems to defy all effect. The plain gray nudity of these little warped and shingled boxes seems utterly to repudiate the slightest curiosity. But here, as elsewhere, the magical Newport atmosphere wins half the battle. It aims at no mystery. It clothes them in a garment of absolute light. Their homely notches and splinters twinkle in the sun. Their steep gray roofs, barnacled with lichens, remind you of old scows, overturned on the beach to dry. They show for what they are—simple houses by the sea. Overdarkened by no wealth of inland shade, without show or elegance or finish, they patiently partake of the fortunes of the era—of the vast blue glare which rises from the bay, and the storms which sweep inward from the ocean. They have been blown free of all needless accretion of detail—scorched clean of all graceful superfluities. Most of the population of this part of Newport is, I believe, of Quaker lineage. This double-salted Quakerism is abundant motive for this soundless and colorless simplicity.

One of the more recent movements of fashion is the so-called "New Drive"—the beautiful drive by the sea. The Avenue, where the Neck abruptly terminates, has been made to prolong itself to the west, and to wander for a couple of miles over a lovely region of beach and lowly down and sandy meadow and salt brown sheep-grass. This region was formerly the most beautiful part of Newport—the least frequented and the most untamed by fashion. I by no means regret the creation of the new road, however. A walker may very soon isolate himself, and the occupants of carriages stand a chance of benefit quite superior to their power of injury. The peculiar charm of this great westward expanse is very difficult to define. It is in an especial degree the charm of Newport in general—the combined lowness of tone, as painters call it, in all the earthy elements, and the extraordinary elevation of tone in the air. For miles and miles you see at your feet, in mingled shades of yellow and gray, a desolate waste of moss-clad rock and sand-starved grass. At your left surges and shines the mighty presence of the vast immediate sea. Above the broken and composite level of this double-featured plain, the great heavens ascend in innumerable stages of light. In spite of the bare simplicity of this prospect, its beauty is far more a beauty of detail than that of the average American landscape. Descend into a hollow of the rocks, into one of the little warm climates of five feet square which you may find there, beside the grateful ocean glare, and you will be struck quite as much by their fineness as by their roughness. From time to time, as you wander, you will meet a lonely, stunted tree, into the storm-twisted multiplicity of whose branches all the possible grace and grotesqueness of the growth of trees seem to have been finely concentrated. The region of which I speak is perhaps best seen in the late afternoon, from the high seat of a carriage on the Avenue. You seem to stand just without the threshold of the west. At its opposite extremity sinks the sun, with such a splendor, perhaps, as I lately saw—a splendor of the deepest blue, more luminous and fiery than the fiercest of our common vespertinal crimsons, all streaked and barred with blown and drifted gold. The whole vast interval, with its rocks and marshes and ponds, seems bedimmed into a troubled monotone of glorious purple. The near Atlantic is fading slowly into the unborrowed darkness of its deep, essential life. In the foreground, a short distance from the road, an old orchard uplifts its tangled stems and branches against the violet mists of the west. It seems strangely grotesque and enchanted. No ancient olive grove of Italy or Provence was ever more hoarily romantic. This is what people commonly behold on the last homeward bend of the drive. For such of them as are happy enough to occupy one of the villas on the cliffs, the beauty of the day has even yet not expired. The present summer has been emphatically the summer of moonlights. Not the nights, however, but the long days, in these agreeable homes, are what specially appeal to my fancy. Here you find a solution of the insoluble problem—to combine an abundance of society with an abundance of solitude. In their charming broad-windowed drawing-rooms, on their great seaward piazzas, within sight of the serious Atlantic horizon, which is so familiar to the eye and so mysterious to the heart, caressed by the gentle breeze which makes all but simple, social, delightful *then* and *there* seem unreal and untasteful—the sweet fruit of the lotus grows more than ever succulent and magical. You feel here not more a man, perhaps, but more a passive gentleman and worldling. How sensible they ought to be, the denizens of these pleasant places, of their peculiar felicity and distinction! How it should purify their tempers and refine their intellects! How delicate, how wise, how discriminating they should become! What excellent manners and fancies their situation should generate! How it should purge them of vulgarity! Happy *villegianti* of Newport!

Correspondence.

THE SPOLIATION OF BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussions which have grown out of the denial by the Emperor Napoleon that he authorized Benedetti's proposition for the absorption of Belgium by France, I do not know that attention has been called to the following extract from the "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen," published in 1869. It is a part of a letter from Bunsen to Baron Stockmar, and may be found on page 185 of the second volume:

"20th January, 1852.

"X. related to him that, when he was away at Vienna, Schwarzenberg sent for him one day, and said, 'The President offers, through Persigny (in exchange for the Rhine frontier and Belgium), to Prussia, Hanover and Oldenburg; to Austria, Moldavia and Wallachia; to Russia, Constantinople.' The Emperor Nicholas said the same to Lamoricière. They both shrugged their shoulders."

It would seem from the above that the Emperor's contemplated spoliation of a peaceful and unoffending neighbor has been a plan cherished for many years, and the events of the last month show that the continued prosecution of it in another form has finally brought him to destruction.

G. T. D.

PORTLAND, September 5, 1870.

UNITED GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sympathies of the *Nation*, in common, I suppose, with all who favor liberal institutions, have been with Prussia and Germany in the war so wickedly and foolishly provoked by Napoleon. Yet our detestation of Cæsarism, and our hopes for the advancement of intellectual emancipation, as represented by Germany, should not blind us to the dangers attendant upon the domination of the united Teutonic race under the guidance of so unscrupulous a leader as Bismarck.

It is the fashion just now to represent the Germans as an inoffensive race, anxious only to pursue the peaceful arts of industry within the territory that belongs to them, and only to be provoked to arms by aggression from without. No one who has the slightest familiarity with the career of the race, since the days of Clovis and Charlemagne, can observe without a smile these idyllic eulogies of our Teutonic friends. In fact, no more warlike and aggressive people can be found anywhere; and if they have been forced to remain within the boundaries assigned to them by the treaty of Verdun in 843, it has only been because of the anarchic constitution of the Empire rendering them, as a general rule, powerless for foreign conquest in consequence of home dissension. Whenever they could be persuaded to abstain from cutting each other's throats, their swords have always been ready to draw against their neighbors. Barbarossa's destruction of Milan, Otho's battle of Bouveries, and Edward III.'s appointment as Vicar of the Empire, are sufficient illustrations of their habitually peaceful mood: nor are the aspirations of Charles V. for the universal monarchy, which kept Europe in confusion for thirty years, a whit more reassuring.

In this bad eminence, Prussia unquestionably occupies the highest place. The mark of Brandenburg was founded by the unwearied swords of the Teutonic Knights, and the kingdom sprung from it has grown to its present portentous size by continuous acts of spoliation, more audacious, if possible, than any which marked the career of even Napoleon I. Silesia, Poland, and the Duchies are the examples in the past by which we can forecast the future; nor is there anything in the history of the Prussian nation to lead us to believe that it will prove an exception to the general rule—that the greater the power, the greater will be its abuse.

While respecting the aspirations of the race for German unity, and feeling that the defeat of Napoleon has saved Europe from the calamity of French domination, it therefore seems to me impossible for any reflecting and impartial mind not to fear that the complete triumph of the Germans, and the re-establishment of the Empire under the Hohenzollerns, bode ill for the interests of peace and civilization. That the rest of Europe can long submit to the domineering arrogance sure to attend upon the astounding success of the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 would seem to be impossible. The insolence of Von Thiele's recent note to England on the neutrality question is an earnest of what is to follow; and however much we, as Americans, may like just now to see England snubbed for taking advantage of her position as a neutral, our natural feelings of resentment towards her should not blind us to the rights of the matter nor to the meaning of the portent.

There are still outlying fragments of the Teutonic race which the craving for Germanic union will render fit objects for the exercise of "manifest destiny." The German populations of Austria, the Germanic provinces of Russia, as well as Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland, are all tempting morsels, whose absorption can readily be justified by arguments as cogent as those which are so liberally applied to Alsace and Lorraine. Nor will the intoxication of success long delay the practical application of such arguments. The natural dread of the powers interested will probably seek to anticipate further aggression, and we may look forward to some tremendous coalition to crush Germany, such as finally destroyed Napoleon I., plunging Europe once more into the horrors of a contest equal in magnitude to those which marked the opening of the century.

To avert this, the only thing would appear to be that Germany, once united, may recognize the political power lying latent in forty or fifty millions of intelligent, educated human beings, and may refuse longer to be the sport of feudal knights like King William or audacious adventurers like Bismarck. The latter may find that, like Frankenstein, he has created a giant whom he cannot control, and that united Germany may reject the trappings of the worn-out Empire. If it should seek, in the peaceful evolution of liberal institutions, the true fields for displaying its energies, the world may possibly have cause to rejoice at the birth of a new nation. Even this, however, is doubtful; for republics, like monarchies, are liable to the "earth-hunger," and popular passions are as easily aroused and as reckless as the ambitions of kings.

H. C. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1870.

[From the foundation of the monarchy to the present day—one hundred and fifty years, including the reign of Frederick the Great and the war of the French Revolution—Prussia has enjoyed one hundred and twenty-five years of peace. We doubt if either France, England, Austria, or Russia have within the same period enjoyed twenty-five years of peace all told. With her present military organization, it is safe to say her peaceableness will be greatly increased. The "earth-hunger" is rarely found to be very strong among people who have themselves to do the fighting necessary to gratify it. It is fiercest where the "expansion" has to be worked by hired soldiers. There is nothing like putting a man in a regiment, and then letting him stay with his family till war is declared, for taking the fight out of him. The peace of the world, too, would be greatly promoted, we feel sure, if newspaper editors had to serve in a separate battalion for desperate enterprises, such as assaults on fortified positions, the cutting-out of ships in the enemy's harbor, and the occupation of exposed points for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and no military organization under a popular government will be perfect which does not include this.—ED. NATION.]

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You and your correspondent "M. A." are to be congratulated on being at last distinctly told just what is Young Yale's complaint: "Ministers are, as a rule, inferior men." To know just what the disease is, is half the cure.

I, sir, belong to the party of "Young Yalensians," so far as years go, for I graduated in the same class with the self constituted champion of the rights of that party. But I do not sympathize with him in all respects in this matter. Nor do I believe that the majority of the graduates of these later years stand with him and with "Alumnus." We all want to see our Alma Mater making the utmost progress. We don't believe in holding on to things of the past, simply because they are of the past. We are not at all anxious, in view of their eminent (!) services, to retain the "Six Senior Senators" in the corporation of Yale College. We would like to see the alumni have more voice than at present in the management of the college.

And yet it does seem to me—and I cannot but think that many, even of "Young Yale" men, will agree with me—that the method of improvement proposed by "Alumnus" utterly breaks down. (1.) It is sheer folly, even if it is not false—(I claim that it is false)—to say that "ministers are, as a class, inferior men," to say that "there are few of them who are not inefficient in thought, narrow-minded, and in the true sense of the word uncultivated." This is a mere assertion that could be uttered just as well as regards any other class of men. The truth is that there are men of all grades in every profession. Young Yale must try stronger weapons than mere wholesale assertion without foundation in fact, if he expects to carry his point.

(2.) Your correspondent "believes that if trial could be made of an equal number of Yale laymen as managers of the university, in ten years the truly liberalizing effect of a graduate's education on his mind would be five times that which his education under the present clerical system gives him." What is the "belief" of "Alumnus" worth against the actual facts in the case? When the college has been growing steadily into a complete university; when it has kept fully up with the best progress—though not the hollow, empty, merely boasted progress—of the age; when Yale graduates all the land over are leading in their various callings, and these are the simple facts in the case—it is certainly fair to conclude that the management has, on the whole, been good, even though it has been the "clerical system."

The Young Yale party is doubtless sincere and well-meaning. If they can show good arguments—not mere assertions and beliefs—why changes should be made I for one will give my vote on their side. But the remedies they have thus far proposed for real or imagined evils seem to be simply these:

Oust the ministers from the government of the university.

Secure the son of the President of the United States for his college course to Yale.

Bring some man with a big name—whether his brains correspond or not—to sit on the commencement platform.

I confess, Mr. Editor, that in view of these weighty suggestions, I have no hesitation in subscribing myself

ONE OF THE (SO-CALLED) "INFERIOR CLASS."

[We have been requested to say that the correspondent who signed himself "Alumnus," in the *Nation* of August 11, is not the same person as the "Alumnus" who also spoke for "Young Yale" two weeks since.—ED. NATION.]

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In what purports to be a criticism of the *Modern Thinker*, you call Mrs. Croly's essay "a novel." You say the short paragraph about Universology is an "article." You declare that Noyes's contribution is "on flesh-colored paper and red ink," when it is printed in blue upon blue; and are so inaccurate (to use no harsher term) in other matters of fact that I am forced to believe that you flippantly passed judgment upon an important work after reading the title-page and "flirting" the leaves with your fingers. Is this honest? Is it fair to yourself or just to

D. GOODMAN,
19 Bank Street?

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1870.

[We are in contrition about the flesh-colored paper and the red ink. Mr. J. H. Noyes does indeed, as Mr. Goodman points out, appear in a dark-blue ink on a light-blue ground, and to deny it would be mendacity. The flesh-colored paper with red ink is matter that has nothing to do with the Oneida communist, except that it refers at some length to some of the pleasing practices of the Noyes confraternity. And as for Mrs. Croly's "Love-Life of Auguste Comte," we were wrong again there. The last part of it is a "novelette," translated by Mrs. Croly, but the first part, we confess, is an essay. We confess further that we have not perused the *Modern Thinker;* that we had not perused it when we made the notice of it; and that, when we wrote the notice in question, we had not a copy of the book in this office. Such are some of the exigencies of the reviewer. But we are not going to admit that a short article is not an article; and we stand by all that we ever said about the remarks on the Universology of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Seriously, we had given an examination to the *Modern Thinker;* and we had pondered a notice of it; but somebody made off with our copy of it, and the notice which we published was based on our recollection of its contents; and that, we are afflicted to say, failed miserably as to the flesh-color and the light-blue, and the dark-blue and the red or carmine, and the novelette. As to the real merits of the magazine, however, our memory served us so well, as we find after a renewed examination of the contents of the *Modern Thinker*, that we have no disposition to find the least fault with it.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE large public in this country whom Japanese art has interested in the Japanese people, will be glad to learn of a book soon to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It is entitled "Tales of Old Japan," and the translation is the work of Captain A. B. Mitford, formerly an attaché of the British Embassy at Yeddo. The publishers say that the tales are as attractive as the "Arabian Nights," and that, besides the interest belonging to them intrinsically as stories, they throw a good deal of light on the civilization of the singular people among whom their scenes are laid. Additional light of this kind will be got, it is promised, from Captain Mitford's copious annotations. An interesting feature of this interesting work will be the forty full-page illustrations, of which the blocks were drawn and engraved for Capt. Mitford by native artists, and which are said to be of a humorous character.——The complete edition of the late Mr. F. S. Cozzens's works contains "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker;" "The Débardeur," a novel; "Acadia: a Month with the Bluenoses;" "The History of New Plymouth;" and, better known than any of the others, "The Sparrowgrass Papers." Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are the publishers of this edition, which will be complete in five volumes. The same house will publish at an early day these other works: In the last volume of their Household Edition of Dickens they will give us "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," with an illustration by Darley. Lucretia Maria Davidson's poems, edited by her kinsman, M. O. Davidson, are to be published in an illustrated volume, with designs by Darley, and two portraits on steel. Some time ago, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton began a series of volumes of famous English sermonizers. We believe the announced fourth volume of South's sermons—the last of which will come in a fifth volume—is also the fourth of the series. "Black Peter" is partly a translation of the rhymes of "Der schwarze Peter," but it is also twenty pictures in silhouette by Paul Konewka, whose "Midsummer-Night's Dream," in a series of extremely graceful silhouettes, gave the public so much pleasure last year. "Suburban Sketches" is to be the title of a volume containing Mr. W. D. Howells's excellent essays, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* within the past two or three years. "A Hand-book of Legendary and Mythological Art," by Clara Erskine Clement, gives in alphabetical order, and in a concise and intelligible form, the myths and legends, Christian and Pagan, with which plastic art so largely deals. Other legends have not been neglected—as those of the Rhine, for instance—and the various symbols employed in art get attention. Finally, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will this fall issue the fifth and last of the famous reports issued by the Sanitary Commission since the close of the war. The first division of the new volume will contain an analysis of four hundred and thirty-nine "Recovered Amputations in the Contiguity of the Lower Extremity;" the second treats of "Amputation at the Ankle-joint;" and the third, which is the work of an ex-Confederate surgeon, of "Hospital Gangrene as it prevailed in the Confederate Armies."——Mr. Carleton announces a new book by "Fanny Fern," called "Ginger-snaps;" a novel, "Chris and Otho," by Mrs. Julie P. Smith, written as a sequel to "The Widow Goldsmith's Daughter;" and, in due time, "Josh Billings's Farmer's Alminax" for the coming year.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in preparation: "Tent-Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koracks and other Tribes in Kamtchatka and Northern Asia," by George Kennan, a young American who has travelled the entire distance from Behring's Straits to St. Petersburg. In October, "The Heavens," an illustrated table-book of popular astronomy. In November, two reprints—from the *Atlantic*, "Joseph and his Friend," by Bayard Taylor; from *Putnam's*, "Eirene: A Woman's Right," by Mary Clemmer Ames—stories of American and New England life respectively. Another work announced by the same house is "The Sunnyside Book," to consist of writings by Bryant, Curtis, Irving, Howells, etc., illustrated by well-known artists. They will also publish economical and handsome editions of Irving's "Washington" and of Gibbon's "Roman Empire."——Messrs. Harper & Bros. are about to publish several novels whose titles we append: "The Heir Expectant," by the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc.; "In Duty Bound," by the author of "Mark Warren," etc.; "Which is the Heroine?" "A Dangerous Guest," by the author of "Gilbert Rugge," etc.; "Estelle Russell," by the author of "The Life of Galileo." To the foregoing announcements they add a number of text-books, a new edition of "Tom Brown at Oxford," and—*magnum opus*—an Index to *Harper's Monthly* for the first forty volumes, which ought to have the effect of bringing the whole series into request. Country newspaper-offices and country libraries, in particular, would do well to procure it, and when one remembers how much the *Monthly* has consisted of extracts from books (especially works of travel and adventure), the Index, it is clear, will be highly valuable as a guide to the bibliography of the past twenty years within the *Monthly's* range of selection.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press these works: The Second Part of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Belief"; "The Conservative Reformation and its Theology, as represented in the Augsburg Confession and in the History and Literature of the Evangelical Protestant Church" (the Lutheran), by the Reverend Professor C. P. Krauth, of Pennsylvania; "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," by Anthony Trollope; "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," by George MacDonald; "Mark Logan, the Bourgeois," a novel, by Mrs. J. H. Kinzie; "Fernyhurst Court," by the clever author of "Lettice Lisle"; and, finally, "Stories from Waverley for Children." The business of crumbing up great authors seems to be a good deal overdone.

—It is proper to call the attention of teachers, superintendents of education, and all other buyers of school-books to the "educational number" (July) of Leypoldt & Holt's *Trade Circular*. It begins with a very large and complete list—occupying twenty-five pages—of school-books published by American houses. We find under the head of "Algebra," which opens the list, no less than thirty-five titles, accompanied in each case by a statement of the price of the work and the publishers' names. Every other branch of educational literature is treated with the same fulness, from "Zoölogy" to "Bible History," "Chaldee," "Punctuation," "Perspective," and "Phonographic Short-hand." Following this valuable list are thirty or forty pages of advertisements, which are themselves of considerable value as an index, and which supplement the list by adding many titles of school-books published abroad and sold here in the importers' stores. There is, for instance, a page filled with the titles and prices of the Teubner editions of classical authors. On the whole, in spite of the fact that some few of the smaller houses appear to have been careless about giving information to the compiler of this work, he has succeeded in getting together a mass of facts in regard to American educational literature such as has never before been gathered, and he has so arranged it as to make it perfectly easy of access.

—It may well be asked whether there is any glory of the French nation during the past twenty years that will compare with the peaceful mud-dredging at the Isthmus of Suez. The Emperor, whose encouragement rendered the canal a success, had long been possessed with the notion of cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Nicaragua; and it is altogether probable that the Emperor Maximilian was a sacrifice to this "idée Napoléonienne" evolved at Ham. To plant a powerful Latin state, under the patronage and control of France, at the two points on the globe which offered the shortest communication between the two hemispheres, was a project which may be praised for its audacity. The failure of it in Mexico leaves the question of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific to be solved by this country, if it covets the undertaking. The history of the numerous unsuccessful experiments to determine the line of this canal points to the necessity of a thorough survey of Central America, there being few parts of the globe as to which the maps and the narratives of explorers are so much in error. A pamphlet, discussing the practicability of a ship canal across the Isthmus, has been prepared by Mr. S. T. Abert, C.E., and published by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati. The author appears not to be practised in writing, but he has evidently made a careful study of his subject, and furnishes a great quantity of statistics relating not only to his immediate enquiry, but to the Suez Canal, the Mt. Cenis and Hoosac Tunnels, etc., with diagrams of each.

—The late Mr. Kennedy left behind him a number of manuscript volumes which are to be stored in Baltimore until the year 1900, when they are to become the property of the Peabody Institute. Meantime, before they are boxed up, there is to be published such part of his correspondence and his reminiscences as may seem good to his literary executors, who are the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, Mr. Josiah Remington, and Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, the well-known writer, upon whom will probably fall the preparation of the work for the press.

—The winter promises to be unusually rich in dramatic and musical entertainment, and among its sources we have to number Mrs. E. S. Dallas, who, as Miss Glyn, has won on the English stage such fame as only few actresses have ever achieved. More recently, she has been giving, in England, Shakspearean readings, with a success which, perhaps, nobody but Mrs. Kemble has equalled, drawing and holding large audiences in London night after night. She has just arrived for the purpose of giving a series in this country, beginning with New York, and will probably open with *Macbeth*, as the best known of her plays, but will eventually read *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which she has achieved most distinction. Her *Cleopatra*—a part of which Mrs. Siddons is said to have been afraid—is pronounced by the best English critics to have been in London a striking success.

—Yale College has, we trust, made a very valuable acquisition—indeed, we can hardly think of one of its kind more valuable—in the purchase, for the extraordinarily low price of $1,200 in gold, of the library of the late Professor Rau, of Heidelberg. It contains 4,400 volumes and 2,000 pamphlets, all on politico-economical subjects, and we doubt if there are many, if any, better collections in this field in Europe; there is certainly nothing like it here, and it will furnish students of economical science in America with facilities they have never had before. The college has telegraphed, closing with the offer of the professor's representatives, and it is to be hoped has not been anticipated. It is as well to say, for the benefit of colleges and public libraries and private book-collectors, that the coming year is likely to be an unusually favorable season for making purchases in Germany. What with deaths in the army, and the impoverishment of families, and the interruption to lines of study wrought in various ways by the war, a considerable number of libraries of special value will probably be thrown on the market.

—An odd feature of the present war in Europe is the large number of prophecies that the German booksellers are publishing. Old "parsons," old "shepherds," old hermits and monks, to say nothing of Nostradamus and other authorities, who in times of peace are looked on as exploded prophets, are now coming to the surface in great numbers, and all of them, it appears, long ago predicted the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon at or about this time. Of Antichrist and the infallibility dogma we hear less; the war prophets have as effectually overslaughed their brethren of peace as the war news has put out of sight news from Rome and the Council; but by-and-by Dr. Cumming will no doubt make a new count of the times and half-times in the Book of Daniel, and with Bismarck, instead of Napoleon, for the he-goat with a notable horn between his eyes, or the ram with two horns pushing westward and northward and southward, we shall have a revised view of the Scarlet Woman, as interesting and profitable as the old one. More curious than any of the prognostications that we have seen—except one of Nostradamus's which is an excellent specimen of the humbug that lies in oracular ambiguity and obscurity—is one concerning Louis Philippe and Napoleon, which has, to be sure, gone the rounds of the press several times since the *coup d'état*, but which most of our readers will have forgotten. Louis Philippe, this prophetic calculation goes, was born in 1773; his queen was born in 1782; they were married in 1809; they began their reign in 1830. Now, if we add to 1830 the sum of the figures composing the year of Louis Philippe's birth, we get 1848, the year of his downfall. One, seven, seven, and three are eighteen, and 1830 and 18 are 1848. Again, if we treat the figures making up the year of his queen's birth as we treated those making up the year of his own, we get 1848. So, too, if we add to 1830 the sum of the figures composing 1809, the year of the marriage, we get again 1848. In the case of Napoleon and Eugénie, the same process produces the same curious effect of always bringing us to 1870, the year of his downfall.

Louis Napoleon was born in	1808
Eugénie was born in	1826
The pair were married in	1853
They two ascended the imperial throne in	1853

Using these figures as before, we arrive in each case at 1870—

1853	1853	1853
1	1	1
8	8	8
0	2	5
8	6	3
1870	1870	1870

It is true that it was in 1852, and not in 1853, that Napoleon got into the throne as Emperor, and that if we were to take that date instead of the year when Eugénie joined him there we should have his downfall twice predicted for 1869, and in the case standing third as above given, we should have 1868 for the year. But good prophecy is so scarce that a prophet who hits the target at all is not to be blamed if he does it by taking every advantage of the ground before making his shot.

—M. "Azamat-Batuk," of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was arrested as a Prussian spy in the employ of a paper subsidized by Bismarck, having returned to London, has been delivering a lecture in which he sets forth what were his opinions of the chances of France after Wörth and Gravelotte. They were very good, it seemed to him; the English and other people were altogether too fast in thinking that France's case was hopeless. Sedan has happened since his lecture, which, of course, needs now a good deal of revision. It is, however, not violently French, though sufficiently so to make it evident that the writer is so much a lover of France as not to weigh with necessary coolness the probabilities of Prussian success. He has little that is new to tell us. Previous to Weissenburg and Wörth he found the French standing idle, not, as people thought, because the Emperor is of a vacillating disposition, but because his soldiers came in slowly, and food more slowly still. He intended an offensive war, and spread out his front to a length of a hundred miles, expecting that as they entered the Palatinate, and passed through a country which would in that case be devastated, the soldiers would the more readily procure supplies. Metz and Strasbourg, which were to be the main points of the French base, were found by M. Azamat-Batuk to be ill supplied and incapable of serving as a base of offensive operations. While the Emperor thus waited, out of temper with his marshals, his état-major, and everybody eels whose business it had been to keep the army efficient, and while the troops, officered by men ignorant of the country and destitute of maps, were getting demoralized on half-rations, down came the Prussians, converted the war into a defensive campaign, for which France was still worse prepared than for the offensive campaign projected, and there was nothing but ruin. But the country would at once rouse itself, the lecturer thought, and the disasters of the beginning would be speedily atoned for. So he goes on, misunderstanding, with as thorough a blindness as that of any French journalist of a month since, the perfection of the Prussian plans. All rested with France. France had but to do so and so. But we speak of his lecture, not to note this feature of it, nor to get facts from it, but for the sake of citing an example or two of M. Azamat-Batuk's method of dealing with his audiences and his subject. His peculiar humor does not fail him under any circumstances. He apologizes for his broken English by saying that he wishes to get money for the peasants of Lorraine and Alsace, whom he knows to need it, and he adds a little remark as to a peculiarity which he has observed in the English nation:

> "This is the chief reason why I took the liberty of appearing with my bad English before Englishmen, who, as a rule, do not themselves excel in pronouncing foreign languages, but, at the same time, often object when their own language is not properly pronounced. . . . . A secondary stimulus acting in me was of a more practical nature. When I have paid over the money raised with your gracious aid into the hands of the French ambassador, I shall ask him for a receipt. This receipt I will put in my pocket, and start to-morrow back to the Continent to fulfil the duties which the *Pall Mall Gazette* entrusted to me; and if I am again arrested as a Prussian spy, or as a correspondent of an English paper in the pay of Prussia, I shall show this receipt of the French ambassador to every blessed gendarme who may intend to arrest me."

Here is how he pays his respects to the ladies:

> "I am sorry that in the picture I attempt to sketch of the state of France I must give a very bad part to the fair sex. Not only all the habits of my Turkish nationality, but all the tendencies of my heart and soul, are strongly inclined toward the ladies. But all my thoughts are against them, for, notwithstanding all the achievements the ladies attribute to themselves, and all the rights they claim, I have seldom seen yet that they should, as a body, anywhere conduct themselves properly."

He declares that, although Marshal MacMahon was bred to his business in Algeria, where fighting is not conducted in anything like a gentle manner, he was, nevertheless, far too delicate in his method for the ladies. They reproached him for superfluous gentleness because, although there were about forty thousand Bavarians in a forest not far from Hagenau, or somewhere close by Wörth, he marched away, and did not set the forest on fire, and so destroy this concealed body of enemies:

> "How was the wood to be set on fire? How long would it take to burn? How were the Prussians to be kept in it? Nothing of this was enquired into, but the ladies of France wished the wood to be burned and the Prussians to be roasted in it. And they talked so long on the subject, that a great part of the male population of Eastern France began to repeat the same thing."

The women spread all manner of fabulous tales, M. Amazat-Batuk reports, magnifying an ordinary wound into some impossible mutilation, and multiplying fables as to outrages, mountains of slain, conflagrations; and as to spies, they went crazy over them, demanding the immediate and total destruction of every accused person immediately on suspicion attaching itself to him:

> "With reference to spies, again, the men have never attempted to arrest so great a number of English and even French citizens as the women have done; and, while the former have invariably insisted upon a suspicious person being examined as to his personality, or ejected from the country, the latter have constantly excited the mob by demanding that the person should be immediately torn to pieces."

—In the last forty years, what European city has grown in population in the highest ratio? The capital of what is now the foremost power on the Continent. In 1832, Berlin was less peopled than Boston or Chicago now is, having but 250,000 inhabitants. In 1869 it rivalled New York, having 800,000—that is to say, an increase of 220 per cent. Paris, on the other hand, which has grown from 890,000 to 1,950,000 in the same interval, shows only 118 per cent. increase, and London (1,624,000–3,214,000) only 98 per cent. All the great cities are proved by similar statistics to have multiplied their population at a rate considerably higher than that of the country at large—Paris outstripping France, for instance, by five to one in this respect. Madrid (190,000–390,000) has increased since 1832 by 105 per cent.; Liverpool (190,000–520,000) 174 per cent.; Glasgow (202,000–401,000), 99 per cent.; Vienna (310,000–640,000), 107 per cent.; Naples (358,000–600,000), 67 per cent.; Moscow (280,000–420,000), 50 per cent. Dublin, Lisbon, Manchester, and Amsterdam show an increase of less than 50 per cent. The authority for these figures is *Les Annales de Voyages* for June.

LEGGE'S CHINESE CLASSICS.[*]

BEGINNING with the "Confucius Sinarum Philosophus" of Intorcetta and others (Paris, 1687), the Chinese canonical books have all, with perhaps one exception, been translated into some one or other of the European languages, and some of them more than once. But Dr. Legge has undertaken to give us a translation of the whole canon, the Five Classics and Four Books, with introductions, notes, and indexes, on a scale not hitherto attempted, and the work is now so far advanced that we may hope to see it completed. After many years of preparation, the first two volumes, containing the Four Books, which are chiefly occupied with the sayings and opinions of Confucius and Mencius, were published in 1861; four years later, the "Shu King," the "Book of History," appeared in two volumes; and now, after a still longer interval, the "Book of Poetry" is understood to be nearly ready for publication. Dr. Legge's translation may safely be pronounced the most faithful yet produced, though falling far short, as any translation must, of the brevity and force of the original. Sometimes this marked quality of the Chinese classical style seems to us unnecessarily sacrificed, and we should be inclined here and there to transfer to the text of Dr. Legge's translation the more liberal rendering given in the notes. The following extreme example is taken from the "Doctrine of the Mean," chap. xiii. 3: "*When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity*, he is not far from the path." What we have put in italics is expressed in the Chinese simply by two words, *chung shu*, meaning, the first, "faithfulness;" the second, "consideration for the feelings of others." Setting aside the question of the correctness of Dr. Legge's translation, it were certainly better to lose, if need be, some shade of meaning, rather than, by such a paraphrase, all the force of the original. Again, Confucius ("Analects," book vi., chap. i. 1) says of one of his disciples, Yung, as translated in the note, "He might be employed with his face to the south," *i. e.*, sit as the princes in the time of Confucius did, and as the Emperor still does, facing the south; but in the text of Dr. Legge's translation we have the colorless rendering, "He might occupy the place of a prince." But the value of Dr. Legge's edition, at least to scholars, lies not so much in the translation as in the introductions, which are full of learning, the notes, drawn largely but with independent judgment from native commentaries, and the full indexes, especially the index of Chinese characters and phrases, serving as a dictionary and concordance to each classic. These ensure to the work a high and permanent value, even if the translation should in some cases, as perhaps in the "Book of Poetry," prove, from its great obscurity, unsatisfactory. To students of Chinese, especially, the work is in the highest degree useful; they will hardly find a better help. We have serious apprehensions, however, that it will be generally regarded as a dispensation from the study of the language rather than a help to it. The number of those who will wish to go back of the translation is not large.

The danger to which Dr. Legge is most exposed is not the common one of exaggerating the importance of his subject, but rather the opposite—want of sympathy with it. His estimate of Confucius in particular, which is briefly given in the following extract, seems to us unjust:

> "But I must now leave the sage. I hope I have not done him injustice; but, after long study of his character and opinions, I am unable to regard him as a great man. He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of the officers and scholars of his time. He threw no new light on any of the questions which have a world-wide interest. He gave no impulse to religion. He had no sympathy with progress. His influence has been wonderful, but it will henceforth wane."

Dr. Legge is not alone in the opinion that Confucius was less religious than his countrymen before him. Some even charge him with putting an impersonal law in the place of a personal God. It is true that he uniformly speaks of "Heaven," but the "Shu King" also, the document of most weight in the question, uses this term far oftener than "Supreme Ruler." Dr. Legge assumes that the latter was, in the faith of the Chinese, the original name for God, and "Heaven" only a synonym; but the reverse is far more likely to have been the real order, and "Heaven," at first in a more material, afterwards in a more spiritual, sense, the earlier as it is still the highest, object of worship. If so, the greater antiquity of the term would recommend it strongly to the choice of Confucius. From his silence on certain subjects, we may not conclude that he disbelieved concerning them, but only that he did not consider them profitable for discussion. To one of his disciples, who asked about death, he replied: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" To another: "You need not wish to know whether the dead have knowledge or not. There is no present urgency about the point. Hereafter you shall know it for yourself." "Spiritual beings" are enumerated among the subjects on which he did not talk, and his definition of wisdom was "to give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them." Such language we do not find, with Dr. Legge, unworthy of the sage, but, taking into account the tendencies of his age, quite the contrary. That the national religion, Confucianism, as it is often incorrectly called, has escaped in great measure the degrading superstitions into which Buddhism and Tauism have fallen, is due largely to the influence of Confucius.

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[*] "The Chinese Classics. With a translation, critical and exegetical notes, prolegomena, and copious indexes. By James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. Hong Kong and London." In seven volumes. Vol. I. "Confucian Analects, the Great Learning, and the Doctrine of the Mean." 1861.—Vol. II. "Mencius." 1861.—Vol. III. (In two parts.) "The Book of History." 1865.

"The Chinese Classics: A Translation. By James Legge, D.D." "Confucius and Mencius." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. 1870.

Little better foundation has the other charge, that he was "no friend of progress." He describes himself, it is true, as "a transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the Ancients." But in his political philosophy, which combines with much practical wisdom a clear insight into the conditions of social and political well-being, in his admiration for Yau and Shun, the first superiors, and the attempt to apply the lessons which he had learned, or persuaded himself that he had learned, from them to the cure of the disorders of his own time, Dr. Legge will probably find little ground of objection. The implication is, rather, that he is in some way responsible for the obstinate conservatism which now governs China, but which, we conceive, is due to other causes. Chinese civilization had worked out its problems centuries ago, and has since been travelling over the same ground, clinging to its old forms with the instinct of self-preservation. That, unlike other ancient civilizations, it has come down to us by an unbroken, living tradition is due above all to the wonderful conservative force of the Chinese character. With one phase of this character, the opposition to foreign intercourse, we are only too familiar, and we shall be less impatient with it if we reflect that we owe to the conservatism from which it springs all that makes the intercourse of value to us. The extravagant worship which the Chinese pay to the name of Confucius too often forces the Christian missionary into a position of antagonism to him, and Dr. Legge has thus been led, quite unconsciously, to do him less than justice. Mencius arouses no such opposition, and consequently meets with fairer treatment at his hands. No suppression or distortion of facts can, however, be laid to the charge of Dr. Legge, and, with the abundant materials which he has provided, it ought not to be difficult for any one to make the needful correction.

Dr. Legge's edition, though the expense of publication was generously assumed by an English resident in China, Mr. Joseph Jardine, is still too costly for general use, and a considerable portion of each volume, the Chinese text and notes bearing upon it, of little value except to the Chinese scholar. Messrs. Trübner & Co., Dr. Legge's English publisher, issued in 1867 an edition of the "Confucius" for the general reader, containing, besides the translation, so much of the introduction and notes as are needed to make it properly intelligible. We hope to see similar editions of some, at least, of the remaining volumes. But a bare reprint of the translation, like the volume which has recently come from the Riverside Press, containing the "Confucius" and "Mencius," without notes and without other introduction than short sketches of the two philosophers, is undesirable. The prospect which is held out when Dr. Legge's work is completed (and the reprint likewise) of an additional volume, to contain the necessary introductions, is too remote to be considered here. Even the translation seems not to have been printed with extraordinary care. By an oversight the last chapter of the first book of the "Confucian Analects" (chap. xvi.) is omitted, though the reference to it in the index is retained. It is this, and it were a pity to lose it: "The Master said, 'I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me; I will be afflicted that I do not know men.'" We must confess, also, that, if we had reprinted Dr. Legge's translation, even without his permission, we should have thought him entitled to a more respectful treatment than he receives from the anonymous editor of this edition; but this is perhaps only a foolish weakness on our part.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S "MAN AND WIFE."*

FORMERLY Mr. Collins made mere stories, he said—narratives readable not because they taught some lesson, nor, primarily at least, because they contained lifelike personages, but mere stories interesting in virtue only of their incidents. He even used to make prefaces avowing in so many words this faith of his, and defending and commending it. As a matter of fact, however, it was a faith which he seldom and imperfectly put in practice, and which in this last story he openly abandons. If, as their author asserted, his earlier works were in no sense "novels of purpose," and if they depended but little upon their personages, there is, nevertheless, almost none of them that is not as little a mere story pure and simple as if it had been written by the author of "Alton Locke" or the creator of Becky Sharp. They hold the reader's attention, not as an Arabian Night's tale, for instance, by the straightforward flow of incidents more or less novel and agreeable, but rather as it is held by a chess-problem or a rebus. It is doubtful if any of Mr. Collins's readers ever cared to read one of his stories twice, any more than one cares to turn again to a riddle one has already guessed. To construct a puzzle, to involve the personages of his tales in an elaborate complication seemingly inextricable, or intended to seem inextricable, and then to extricate them with an ingenuity usually too ostentatious and with such degree of probability as may be—this has always been Mr. Collins's method. And as his efforts to do simple story-telling have never come to much; so his effort in this novel to do something as a social reformer gives additional proof that he is essentially and always a constructor of elaborate plots. In these are involved personages who look something like humanity, and who would really look not unlike living beings if they were involved in events less improbable; and there is always in the books, together with the plots which are their substance, and the personages, who sometimes give evidence of the author's abilities as an observer, some thoughtful writing which at least shows his willingness to philosophize upon what he sees. Still, whether he is writing "The Woman in White," or formally marches into Mr. Charles Reade's and Mr. Dickens's territory, and sets himself to the task of demolishing muscular Christianity and the Scottish law of marriage, as his predecessors had attacked the circumlocution office, or the cruelties of private mad-houses, he is, after all, seen to have little liking for anything but the old puzzle business.

"Man and Wife" is confessedly a novel of purpose. It has in view two purposes, of which the one that Mr. Collins professes to have most at heart, and the one which does indeed best serve his turn as a novelist—the one which is of value in making the tangle—is not the one which really he has most at heart. He is utterly disgusted—almost, one would say, with the disgust that a feeble man may be supposed to feel at the strength which is as much beyond his reach as the moon—he is angry and disgusted with the prevalent worship of athleticism in England. The rising generation of English gentlemen, he asserts, are in process of being ruined by the admiration given to physical strength. To row well, to box well, to be swift-footed, to jump well, to develop the biceps, is the degrading and brutifying ambition of Young England. The result, he maintains, is that Young England has a beast's strength, but also a beast's weakness: it is without mind, soul, or morals. It has more than a beast's weakness; the muscular power of a man is no measure or guaranty of his vital power, and the typical athlete sacrifices to the surface life of the muscles the inner life of the heart, lungs, and brain. And as these organs are physically feeble, so are those powers of the man's higher nature which the words heart and brain express. Morally and mentally uncultivated Young England is not civilized, it is savage; it is not enlightened, but full of ignorance, pride, cruelty, perverted will, and gross stupidity. The young Prussian is training for command or for scholarship, is preparing himself to make his country great or to push forward still further the boundaries of human knowledge, while the young Englishman is training for a foot-race or a rowing match—all his efforts ending in and with himself, and having no higher object than to make him a match for a waterman on the water and for a sparring-master on land. In short, Mr. Collins would probably say, without hesitation, that if English gentlemen lashed innocent negresses and ferociously murdered innocent negroes in Jamaica, under Eyre, and if they blew Sepoy soldiers into fragments in India, they did no more than give free expression to the characters which athletic England tends to form and does form.

In all this there is doubtless some truth; and much exaggeration. At all events, Geoffrey Delamayn, the villain and athlete of the story, is a mere monster, who may exist, but who, we imagine, is about as fair a specimen of the young Etonian or the Oxford rowing man as the "Girl of the Period" is of the average British young lady. He is gigantic in strength; he is gigantically stupid; he is remorselessly cruel and selfish; he is rudeness personified; he drinks beer when he is in training, and quantities of brandy when he is not; he talks, when he does talk, slang or monosyllables; he is unequal to the society of ladies; he "goes stale" when he runs the great foot-race and loses it on account of his defective vital power, diminished by excessive muscular development; he seduces a beautiful and very refined, clever, and good governess; he begs his best friend (reminding him at the moment that once his petitioner saved his life) to carry a message to the girl, and then, discovering that he can betray him, he deliberately asserts that his friend is married to his mistress; forced to take back the heroine and acknowledge her as Mrs. Delamayn, his brutish mind seeks a safe way of murdering her, and to find it he has recourse to a set of the Newgate Calendar; he is by this time "gone stale" to the extent of having paralytic strokes because of his four or five years of violent sports, and just as his athleticism is coming to an appropriate ending in homicide, the book closes—everything coming out happily of course.

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* "Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins." New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

As we have said, Mr. Collins puts more feeling into this one of the two sermons that he preaches in "Man and Wife" than into the other. That, however, is the one on which his plot depends, and, in consideration of the fact that his protest against athletic pursuits is so overcharged as to be nearly worthless, and of the further fact that the plot does depend on it and that the plot is the novel, the second sermon, which is on the uncertainty of the Scotch law of marriage, is the more important. Miss Anne Silvester is the daughter of Mrs. Vanborough, whose husband, being an ambitious man, and having become, after his marriage, an immensely wealthy man, desired to rid himself of his wife, whom he thought beneath his station. She had been a singer on the stage. He discovers that there is an old Georgian act which renders his marriage invalid, and, without remorse for the mother of his child, he casts her off. She dies, leaving her daughter, who bears her mother's maiden name, to the charge of Lady Lundie, who receives her, while the mother says, "She is Anne Silvester as I was. *Will she end like Me?*" Now, the lawyer who discovered the flaw in the marriage of Mrs. Vanborough was a Mr. Delamayn, and thus Geoffrey Delamayn, the villain of "Man and Wife" and the seducer of the second Anne Silvester, is the son of the man who, not so directly, broke the heart of Anne Silvester the first. Having narrated these facts in a "Prologue," and thus obtained an appearance on the boards of that brummagem Destiny, or Fatality, or Iron Necessity he is so fond of, and having made some severe remarks upon the infamous character of the English law which Mr. Delamayn expounded, Mr. Collins proceeds to his real business, and narrates the trials of the heroine, and the miseries which, by means of the infamous Scottish laws, Geoffrey was able to work on her and all her friends. And the English law as at present existing also comes in for a further attack, one of the minor characters—one of Mr. Collins's regular deaf and dumb, mopping and mowing mysteries, with a blighted life—is a middle-aged murderess, who was compelled to smother her husband because, in virtue of the authority which the English law gives the *baron* over his *feme couverte,* he made her life disastrous and an intolerable burden to her. It is of no consequence, but this personage kills her husband in so ingenious a way as never to have been suspected, and would never have been found out if she had not written "My confession, to be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die," and kept it in her stays. This document, we may add, Geoffrey gets hold of, and, by operating on the fears of the old woman, he causes her to arrange matters for the murder of Anne in the same way in which she had arranged them for the successful murder of Joel Dethridge. As we have spoken of this minor matter, we may say that, in other small things, he is much the same as usual—such touches as that of "My confession, to be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die," reminding one of Dickens when he is at almost his worst, are about as frequent in this as in any of the former books, and there are here, as there, other indications of Dickens's influence. We do not know if the necessary suggestion of Mr. Reade in the notion of making an attack on a social abuse the basis of a novel may not be the reason why we noticed, or thought we did, an attempt at following Mr. Reade in other particulars, and being familiarly philosophic in an epigrammatic way when the reader is to be enlightened as to the true explanation of certain anomalies to which the novelist calls his attention.

The novel has rather more than we had expected of the power—which we had been thinking Mr. Collins would not exert again in our own case—of securing the attention of the reader. This we attribute in part, but only in part, to the likableness of one or two of the characters, and to the amusingness of another—an old rascal of a Scotch waiter, whom our author hits off more than fairly well, though certainly he is worth a little more careful handling than he gets from Mr. Collins. Here is his first though not altogether his best appearance:

> "Anne made no reply. She watched the landlady out of the room—and then struggled to control herself no longer. In her position, suspicion was doubly insult. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes; and the heartache wrung her, poor soul—wrung her without mercy.
>
> "A trifling noise in the room startled her. She looked up and detected a man in the corner, dusting the furniture, and apparently acting in the capacity of attendant at the inn. He had shown her into the parlor on her arrival; but he had remained so quietly in the room that she had never noticed him since, until that moment.
>
> "He was an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry. His head was bald; his feet were gouty; his nose was justly celebrated as the largest nose and the reddest nose in that part of Scotland. The mild wisdom of years was expressed mysteriously in his mellow smile. In contact with this wicked world, his manner revealed that happy mixture of two extremes—the servility which just touches independence, and the independence which just touches servility—attained by no men in existence but Scotchmen. Enormous native impudence, which amused but never offended; immeasurable cunning, masquerading habitually under the double disguise of quaint prejudice and dry humor, were the solid moral foundations on which the character of this elderly person was built. No amount of whiskey ever made him drunk; and no violence of bell-ringing ever hurried his movements. Such was the head waiter at the Craig Fernie Inn; known far and wide, to local fame, as 'Maister Bishopriggs, Mistress Inchbare's right-hand man.'
>
> "'What are you doing there?' Anne asked sharply.
>
> "Mr. Bishopriggs turned himself about on his gouty feet, waved his duster gently in the air, and looked at Anne with a mild, paternal smile.
>
> "'Eh! Am just doostin' the things, and settin' the room in decent order for ye.'
>
> "'For *me?* Did you hear what the landlady said?'
>
> "Mr. Bishopriggs advanced confidentially, and pointed with a very unsteady forefinger to the purse which Anne still held in her hand.
>
> "'Never fash yersel' aboot the landleddy!' said the sage chief of the Craig Fernie waiters. 'Your purse speaks for you, my lassie. Pet it up!' cried Mr. Bishopriggs, waving temptation away from him with the duster. 'In wi' it into yer pocket! Sae long as the warld's the warld, I'll uphaud it anywhere—while there's siller in the purse, there's gude in the woman!'
>
> "Anne's patience, which had resisted harder trials, gave way at this.
>
> "'What do you mean by speaking to me in that familiar manner?' she asked, rising angrily to her feet again.
>
> "Mr. Bishopriggs tucked his duster under his arm, and proceeded to satisfy Anne that he shared the landlady's view of her position, without sharing the severity of the landlady's principles. 'There's nae man livin',' said Mr. Bishopriggs, 'looks with mair indulgence at human frailty than my ain sel'. Am I no' to be familiar wi' ye—when I'm auld eneugh and ready to be a fether to ye till farther notice? Hech! hech! Order yer bit dinner, lassie. Husband or no husband, ye've got a stomach, and ye must e'en eat. There's fesh and there's fowl—or, maybe, ye'll be for the sheep's head singit, when they've done with it at the tabble dot!'
>
> "There was but one way of getting rid of him: 'Order what you like,' Anne said, 'and leave the room.' Mr. Bishopriggs highly approved of the first half of the sentence, and totally overlooked the second.
>
> "'Ay, ay—just pet a' yer little interests in my hands, it's the wisest thing ye can do. Ask for Maister Bishopriggs (that's me) when ye want a decent, 'sponsible man to gi' ye a word of advice. Set ye doon again—set ye doon, and don't tak' the arm-chair. Hech! hech! yer husband will be coming, ye know, and he's sure to want it.' With that seasonable pleasantry, the venerable Bishopriggs winked, and went out."

Besides Mr. Bishopriggs, there is the pleasant figure, more conventional, however, of Sir Patrick Lundie, who does the representing of "the old school"—the times when gentlemen were polite, and when snuff and social conversation had not been superseded by croquet and briar-wood pipes. The niece, Miss Blanche, also, who is one of Mr. Reade's young ladies, is agreeable like her prototypes; and there are one or two sketches of figures that are workmanlike and clever. We may add that the picture of the foot-race, though labored, is anything but effective, and shows an entire want of sympathy with the sort of struggle which the author is describing. The murdering scenes, also, we failed to be impressed by.

**** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
A Lost Piece of Silver	(Pott & Amery)	
Cheyne (T. K,), The Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Church (Rev. R. W.), Saint Anselm	" "	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 42, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Feuillet (O.), Camors: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Harsha (Rev. J. W.), The Song of the Redeemed	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Mason (Rev. F.), The Story of a Working-Man's Life	(Oakley, Mason & Co.).	2 00
O'Reilly (Eleanor), Children of the Church, 4th ed	(Pott & Amery)	
Oxenden (Rev. A.), Words of Peace	" "	
Oliphant (Mrs.), The Three Brothers: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	1 00
"Quirinus," Letters from Rome on the Council, swd	(Pott & Amery)	
Tappan (L.), Life of Arthur Tappan	(Hurd & Houghton)	
Von Liaño (H. St. A.), The Church of God and the Bishops	(Pott & Amery)	

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

The Week.

JULES FAVRE and his colleagues seem to be gradually awakening to an exact sense of their situation, and to the absurdity of asking the Germans, after all that has happened, to treat half-a-dozen gentlemen, made into a "Provisional Government" by a "crowd in the streets," in place of a dynasty solemnly confirmed in possession of the throne by a popular vote less than six months ago, as beyond doubt or question representatives of France, and competent to cede territory and promise to pay money in her behalf. "Provisional governments," as their very name indicates, exist simply for the purpose of preserving order until a more regular and permanent machinery can be set up; it is preposterous to claim for them the right to declare war and make peace without consulting the nation at large. Whether a republic exists in France at this moment, we do not know; and one would not be wanting in respect to the powers who have "recognized the French Republic" who should assert that nobody knows. There are a certain number of persons in Paris who call themselves a republic, and whose orders the army thus far has obeyed; but as to what extent their authority is acknowledged by the country we have no information. In some of the great towns it is quite certain the Reds have full swing. Of course it is very inconvenient to have no government at this juncture competent to treat, but it is hardly incumbent on the Prussians to offer to share this inconvenience with the persons who created it by suspending their operations and thus endangering their final success.

It must be remembered, too, in judging of the conduct of the Germans, that the great body of the French people, and especially the Parisians, applauded the war; hardly anybody raised his voice against it, and the Emperor has been dethroned simply and solely because he did not succeed in invading and ravaging Prussia. To ask Prussia, under these circumstances, as the Provisional Government has done, to evacuate French territory after having fought half-a-dozen bloody battles in order to effect a lodgment in it, and as a preliminary to all negotiations for peace, is hardly the way to lead Bismarck to believe that he is dealing with serious and responsible men. It sounds more like the request of a slightly intoxicated *ouvrier* than that of sober statesmen. However, reflection seems to be bringing wisdom, and the hastening of the election of the Constituent Assembly by fixing it for the second of October, shows that Paris is losing confidence in fine words and songs as means of deliverance. We have given elsewhere some reasons for believing that the talk of exterminating the Prussians by means of a popular rising is mere declamation. It is eight years since the Duc d'Aumale, in a celebrated pamphlet, asked the Bonapartes, "What have you done with France?" On seeing the debauched and materialized capital, and the cowed and indifferent peasants who now talk of "'92," the question assumes a terrible significance.

Dr. Von Holtzendorff, the German publicist, has published a pamphlet on the terms of peace, which undoubtedly expresses the general feeling in Germany, and will do a great deal to mould opinion into definiteness where it is not already formulated. They are, the annexation of German-speaking Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, not to Prussia; the conversion of Metz and Strasbourg into federal fortresses; and the solemn renunciation, on the part of France, of all claim to meddle, in any way, in German affairs, or to dispute the validity of any arrangement of them already made, or that may hereafter be made, and a promise from her, also, to recognize any title that may hereafter be bestowed on the King—meaning, of course, Emperor of Germany. France will, to all appearance, have to make up its mind to the loss of territory.

There appears to be little or no doubt that Bismarck, though very willing "to talk matters over" with Jules Favre, or anybody else who can find a fair excuse for approaching him, is determined not to treat with the Provisional Government until it can show better credentials than it has now, or give some proof that France is a republic. Ordinarily, it might be held that the election of a constituent assembly by a popular vote would meet the difficulty, and furnish a body with which Germany might safely negotiate; but even after the election is held on the second of October, it will still be open to Bismarck, if he is disposed to go to extremities, to dispute the validity of an election held under the present circumstances, with one-half the country devastated by war, and the other half under martial law, or no law at all, and with all the great lines of communication broken and the capital besieged. Should he take this view, there would be nothing for it but to bring back the last product of universal suffrage, the old Emperor himself, and make him sign what was wanted. But our belief is that Bismarck will not stand long either on ceremony or forms, and that as soon as he finds somebody able to support its pretensions to be the government of France by the delivery of the Alsatian fortresses and the payment of a handsome sum of money, he will make peace. In the meantime, the French have made no offer whatever, and continue their ridiculous appeals to the King to withdraw his troops and desist from his "wicked war." The usual invader's announcement, made in his proclamation on entering France, that he warred only with the army, and that civilians if they kept quiet had nothing to fear, has been distorted both here and in France into an admission that he only made war against Louis Napoleon. Hence, it is argued that, Louis Napoleon being overthrown, the Prussians ought to go home, and support their own widows and orphans and wounded, pay their own costs, and keep ready for another fight whenever another French "Saviour of Society" said the time has come to "chastise Prussian insolence."

The war is vigorously carried on by the Prussians, but merely by marches, investments, and sieges; for no battles take place, the French forces in the field, wherever and whatever they may be, being still paralyzed by the stunning effects of the disasters which terminated the Empire. No Army of the Loire, no Army of Lyons, has as yet made its appearance in the neighborhood of the Prussian camps. No flying detachments, no partisan bodies, have anywhere attempted to pierce the enemy's extended lines of communication, or even to harass his flanks. Even the isolated German army corps which carries on the siege of Strasbourg is left entirely unmolested by any attempt at a rescue or a diversion, which the gallant defenders of that fortress would so well deserve; and the most important cities of the Upper Rhine, Colmar, Mulhouse, and Belfort, have been abandoned without a blow to an insignificant force of Baden troops. Thus almost the whole of Alsace is now in the hands of the Germans. Of the towns mentioned, Belfort is the most strategically important, forming, as it does, a kind of gate to the province, from the side of Besançon and Vesoul. The reports about Schletstadt are conflicting.

The siege of Strasbourg seems to be pushed forward with the utmost vigor, which renders its obstinate defence the more worthy of praise. Metz, too, withstands with gallant firmness, though the hostile circle around it is tightening from day to day, and gradual exhaustion within must be getting no less alarming. Sickness thins the ranks of both besieged and besiegers. The Prussian grip appears to be the strongest on the south-west and south, on both sides of the Moselle, from Gravelotte, by Ars, to Courcelles; which is quite natural, as a breaking through of French forces on the north could only lead to their surrender on this side or the other of the Belgian frontier, while an escape south, were it possible, might prove both ultimately successful and destructive to the Prussian position between Toul and Strasbourg. No attempt of this kind, however, has been made by Bazaine since his repulse at the close of last month, and the reported escape of Canrobert, with six thousand men, marching straight on Paris, was but a foolish piece of fiction. A small balloon with soldiers' letters from Metz is announced in Paris to have been caught near Neufchâtel (*sic*, probably for Neufchâteau, in the Department of Vosges), conveying among encouraging expressions the surest evidence of the complete investment of that fortress. The Prussians are also making great efforts to reduce Toul, in spite of which this little stronghold continues its brave resistance. Its example is imitated by Soissons, which the Prussians seem to have completely invested. Against Verdun no new attempt has been made. Were there any active French forces left in the field, the position of the invading armies would be greatly endangered by the garrisons in their flank and rear.

But the only considerable force of combatants besides Bazaine's, in Metz, which is still to be encountered in the northern half of France—the southern is now a kind of *terra incognita*, much fabled about—is now enclosed within the fortifications of the capital, and almost entirely surrounded by the main forces of the invasion; for the Associated Press telegram from Paris, of the 16th, according to which "all the regular troops, as well as the Francs-Tireurs, have left" the city, to fight in the field, seems as little deserving of credit as the statements accompanying it—that "all non-combatants" have been ordered to leave; that "the forests around the city have been entirely consumed;" that a number of vagrants, lately expelled, "endeavored forcibly to re-enter Paris, but were driven away by the troops;" and that Trochu received "the advance-guard of a corps of 10,000 American volunteers." And the coil of the Prussian armies which is to encircle those fortifications—of course, not without considerable gaps, which might prove fatal to the enterprise were Trochu's troops of the right mettle—and to menace their weak sides, is hourly drawing closer and closer. Fighting—on a small scale, it is true—is already going on in the very suburbs of the city, to which nearly all approaches by rail have been cut by the enemy, the bridges around being blown up by the French themselves. Cannonading and skirmishing have taken place around Villeneuve, Ablon, Athis-Mons, and Juvisy, on both sides of the Seine, the Prussians evidently endeavoring to occupy the hills south of Paris, on which batteries can be planted against the forts of Bicêtre, Ivry, and Charenton. They have also appeared in force at Creteil, near the Marne, about three miles to the south-east from the last-named fort, while the fort of Vincennes, to the north-east of Charenton, is reported blown up as untenable. The gap thus created between the forts on the south-east and the forts on the east—Rosny, Romainville, and Noisy—Trochu seems to intend to defend by the strongest portion of his army, while other portions will have to be detached to the opposite side, where the fortifications between Forts Issy and Mt. Valérien have, from the beginning, been defective. Nor can the woods of Clamart and Meudon, adjoining Forts Issy and Vanves, which heavy rains prevented from being burned, definitively be abandoned, for they would offer a shelter to the enemy, whose advance-guard has already appeared in that vicinity, as well as at Versailles and various adjoining places. The northern line of fortifications is regarded as the safest. Trochu, in public, speaks with confidence of his ability to hold Paris, and his hands are strengthened by the orderly, tranquil behavior of the inhabitants, though there are indications of a Red Republican undercurrent of sentiment, which threatens fatal consequences. Red Republicanism is said to be rampant at Lyons in defiance of the new Government.

Bordeaux, Marseilles, and various other towns of the south and west are reported to evince much patriotic zeal in voting subsidies and equipping contingents for the defence of the country. These cities are, of course, themselves perfectly safe, and their action is therefore untrammelled by pressing anxiety. Much paralyzing perturbation seems to reign, on the other hand, in the rich commercial towns of the North and Northwest; which, should the war be protracted, would certainly be exposed to capture by flying columns of the enemy, as no French army, supposing new armies to be formed, would be inclined to venture north of Paris, where defeat is most likely to involve destruction or surrender. The fleet, which has ended its inglorious cruise with the raising of the blockade, is therefore summoned to defend Havre, Dieppe, and other maritime towns, from which stores of merchandise are even hastily shipped to England for safe-keeping. The report, which perhaps lacks confirmation, that in Tours itself, the partial seat of the republican Government, collections of value are packed up for removal, is a still more alarming sign of the prostration pervading the French provinces, and a striking refutation of the frequent announcements of armaments going on south of the Loire.

The London *Spectator* has an interesting speculation as to the cause which led the principal Paris papers to propagate and pretend to believe, week after week, all the outrageous fictions about the progress of the war which were set agoing by the Ministry, in the closing days of the Empire, and deduces from it some melancholy conclusions as to the moral condition of the editors and writers. But there is nothing new about this. During the Italian war, the French newspaper correspondents openly avowed not only that they avoided making any revelations which would injure their own army, but that they published lies to deceive the enemy, and it may fairly be questioned whether the press in any country has yet reached such a lofty notion of its vocation as would prevent its spreading falsehoods, in a time of great national peril, when it was of the last importance to keep up the popular morale. We doubt very much whether, if a battle had been lost at Hastings, and an invading army were marching on London, and twenty-four hours' tranquillity in the city was absolutely essential to the completion of the defensive preparations, the leaders of the London press would not be willing to say that after giving the enemy a terrible thrashing the British forces were falling back on the capital, and "drawing him on," so as to make sure that after the next fight none escaped. The editorial comments of the leading American papers were, during the rebellion, wonderfully candid, but the correspondents were allowed to supply the public with comforting intelligence to an extraordinary degree. But this was part of the American system of editing, which differs from the English in surrendering to reporters and correspondents as much space as they require, and letting them put almost anything they please into it that will make interesting reading. This makes a good deal of American correspondence, both morally and intellectually, much below the editorial level of the papers in which it appears—so that the curious phenomenon is often presented of a statesman gravely commenting before the public, in the editorial columns, on news furnished on the next page by persons with the mental characteristics of a strolling minstrel.

As is not wonderful, the "campaign stories" continue to circulate and are curiosities in their way. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that a good many of the most comical have been invented by Americans in that city, and set afloat for their own amusement, thus taking a mean advantage of the ridiculous condition of the French mind. The tale of "the discontented old Huguenots" of the Cevennes rising up to mob the Catholic Bishop of Nismes, by way of avenging the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, looks as if it were of Fenian origin, perhaps the composition of Head-centre James Stephens. The stories of the Prussian desecration of Catholic churches, and insults to images of the Virgin, and the intrusion of Lutheran ministers into Catholic pulpits, have also a Fenian air, and to those who know anything of the Prussian army, and that there are nearly as many Catholics as Protestants under King William's lead, they have all that outrageous improbability in which Celtic chroniclers delight. We are glad to say, too, that that beautiful story, clearly of French origin, of the young Comte de Leusse, who went down burning with ardor to his chateau in Alsace, and, arming his servants, defended it against the Prussian advance, and was with his beautiful young wife killed dead, and his house devastated, is all a fiction. The Count is alive, and so is the Countess. There has been no fight or thought of fighting; and the Count, being sane and humane, has given up his chateau to the wounded. It appears pretty certain, too, that the Empress did want Trochu to fight for the dynasty, and never said "she preferred pity to hatred," or not till she found that pity was all that was to be had.

On the 19th of August, Visconti-Venosta was explaining to the Chamber of Deputies at Florence that the Convention of September, 1864, remained in full force, and was indeed the basis of Italian liberty of action in regard to the Roman question, as it had been of previous demands for the withdrawal of the French troops. On the 20th, by a fair majority, the Government's foreign policy was sustained against a dozen "orders of the day," more or less explicitly insisting upon the immediate occupation of Rome. In three weeks, the Italian forces which had been concentrated on the Papal frontier began to cross it on all sides, Gen. Cadorna from the north, and Gen. Bixio from the north-west, by way of the coast; while other forces, under leadership not stated, occupied Terracina, where there had been a "demonstration," and successively Frosinone, Velletri, Valmontone, etc. The former met with little resistance from the Papal troops, except at Civita Castellana, where an hour's fighting sufficed to reduce and capture the garrison. On Saturday last, his headquarters were Monte Rotondo, and on representations from the Pope through the Prussian ambassador that he was powerless to prevent resistance by the troops in Rome, a delay of twenty-four hours was granted before proceeding to invest the city. On Tuesday, Rome had not been occupied, nor had Gen. Bixio, as last reported, taken Civita Vecchia, possibly waiting at Corneto till the fleet should arrive off the port to assist in its capture. The King made a proclamation on the 13th of his purpose to bring peace, order, and self-government to the Romans, and to maintain the Holy See inviolate. It is supposed the form of a plebiscitum will be gone through with to confirm the occupation of the States. It is not the Pope who has any doubts of the result of the voting.

The way in which our city politicians pay the reverence to virtue which after all most men do somehow or other pay, is a way of their own, certainly. We say nothing about some of the Republican managers, whose performances are not so obvious to the public eye, but here are half-a-dozen or so of leading Democrats, whom everybody who knows New York knows to be—what it is tiresome and almost disgusting to say, so strong has the language to be, and yet so devoid of effect. They are thieves; they have murders done in their interest; if they are on the bench, they send their agents to suitors and ask bribes; when they are public prosecutors, some murderers and burglars they hang and with some they are in league; they are liars, who are constantly perjuring themselves; they regularly override the vote of the largest State in the Union by means of fraudulent votes; of the kind of men whom they set over the rest of us to rob us, the late Alderman Florence Scannell is a not very bad specimen—an Irish shoulder-hitter, hardly come to his majority, who could not write his name, who was killed in a riot of his own making, and whose brother has just shot a man who is said to have killed the Alderman. In short, we have here, as everybody knows, half-a-dozen men enormously wealthy, and of such character that it is impossible not to regard them as public enemies. However, as we say, they too pay, after their fashion, tribute to virtue: occasionally, with the gravest face, as if they expected anybody to believe them, and with an air of believing themselves which alone would justify a vigilance committee, they parade before us the most impudent inventions by way of excuse for their other rascalities. It is, for instance, as sure as that the earth moves that it was intended in 1868 to carry this State for Mr. Hoffman by means of cheating at the polls, and we all know perfectly well that it was so carried, and that he is Governor to-day, not because the voters chose him, but because certain men here in the city wanted him. But we all recollect the proclamation which the Mayor issued on that occasion—the most impudent document since General McClellan's Harrison's Landing letter to Lincoln. It charged the Republicans of the city with meditating the rascality which its own people have made a trade, and at which they worked then, as always, "electing" their candidate. They are out now with a proclamation which demands that the Common Council, seeing that the census of this city has not been fairly taken by the Federal marshals, should order it taken over again by agents of the municipality. A delightful compilation a census would be which should be taken by Mr. James Scannell at the instance of Mr. Florence Scannell and his colleagues.

It is probable that there is not one word of truth in the whole of the proclamation, and that the Mayor was perfectly aware of that fact at the time of its composition. At all events, out of all his charges, there is none of which the Marshal, General Sharpe, and the Superintendent, General Walker, do not dispose with apparent conclusiveness. For example, the Mayor alleges that there is evidence in his office which goes to show that the Superintendent, when he made out his list of questions to be asked by the assistant-marshals, omitted one question, the answer to which he afterwards had to get the New York police to procure for him. This the force did, and did well, thus showing, according to Hall, that the Census Bureau is ill-managed, and that the policemen are better than the marshals. The facts are, that the law under which the census is taken—and under which, by the way, Whigs, Democrats, and Republicans have taken it, and at the same time of the year, for many years—is a law not in all respects what it ought to be; and statisticians being disappointed in their efforts to have it amended last winter, the Superintendent followed the practice of his predecessors, and begged mayors of cities to secure for him, if they could, an enumeration of the horses within corporate limits. As the law stands, horses not on farms are not asked for. There was, then, no failure on the part of the Census Bureau in this instance, but rather there was zeal and faithfulness that outwent requirement. It is just as satisfactorily proved that some at least of the letters which have been printed, containing charges of inefficiency on the part of the assistant-marshals, the books of the marshal show to have been false, and the statements of the real owners of the names show to have been forgeries. There is no evidence that the census is not being taken honestly, whether perfectly or not; and there is little belief, notwithstanding the disappointment of the queer sort of pride—the pride in living in a city of ten thousand more inhabitants, instead of one with ten thousand less—that the outcries we hear are anything else than the clamor of our rascally makers of fraudulent majorities.

We have spoken elsewhere of Mr. Phillips's appearance on the political stage, but the particularly nice political mess he would seem to have got into we have not there pointed out. But, for that matter, a fatality has always dogged the footsteps of our reformers, when they turn "practical" politicians, of getting at once and all over into the most malodorous pools, and in company with the unsavoriest of companions. In old days, it was not by might nor by power that the thing was to be done, we used to hear, but by my spirit, saith the Lord; so there was always some poor devil of an anti-slavery man up for punishment for holding the heresy that testimony might be borne by means of primary meetings as well as by other means. To-day, appearances are deceitful if Mr. Phillips, at the head of the Labor Reformers, who would narrow the sphere of woman; and of the Woman's Rights women, who would learn trades and get men's wages; and of the Prohibitionists, who hold St. Paul's views about woman, and would cut off the Labor Reformers' whiskey—appearances are deceitful if he, and Doctor George B. Loring, and Mr. James M. Usher—an ex-clergyman, who edits a prohibition journal—appearances are deceitful if these three former "war-horses" are not pulling like wheel-horses for the purpose of giving control of the Massachusetts Legislature to B. F. Butler. That, at any rate, is held to be the not improbable result of the movements now going on in Massachusetts. Senator Wilson is to leave the Senate; Doctor Loring is to be Governor after all; some one yet to be designated is to go to the Senate—possibly Butler, possibly Phillips, possibly Dawes—but whoever goes anywhere, Butler is to be the general patron and manager. We cannot say that we object to a "new deal" in Massachusetts, but what about the spirit of the Lord in these rearrangements? That the proposed combinations were ever projected, or that they will ever be made, is more than we could make oath to; but it is so said. Mr. Butler, however, informs the Boston *Advertiser* that anybody who says he wants to go to the United States in anybody's place is "a liar." This ought to be conclusive; but somehow people still wait.

WILL "THE MIRACLE OF 1792" REPEAT ITSELF?

In the summer of 1792, France was partly invaded and partly threatened by armies of an extensive coalition. Prussia and Austria were marching against her; the Empire and the King of Sardinia were ready to join them; Spain, Rome, and Naples were expected to follow suit; Russia promised aid to the invaders; the English Parliament rang with thundering appeals against the invaded. In one word, the whole of Europe seemed to enter upon a crusade against an isolated state, and that a state convulsed and shaken to its very foundations by an unparalleled revolution, a state whose ruler was a captive in his own blood-deluged capital, whose army was demoralized and half-disbanded, and whose legislature was dictated to by frenzied mobs. Revolutionary France seemed to be lost, her leaders doomed to terrible vengeance. But revolutionary France, instead of sinking upon her knees before Europe in arms, only redoubled the inner fury which seemed to consume her, and by dint of that fury drove the foe beyond the frontier, and carried war, convulsion, and freedom into the lands of the invaders. The world was astounded by this extraordinary phenomenon, and even posterity calls it still "the miracle of 1792." And at the time of our writing, seeing France again invaded, convulsed, and menaced in her integrity and with but slight chances of an ordinary escape from the terrible consequences of folly and disaster, the observer, led by a more or less sympathetic curiosity, anxiously asks himself and history, Is there much probability of the miracle of 1792 repeating itself? Can France, the ensnared giant, once more arise like a Samson, and by one grand exertion shake off the foes? The answer of history, if studied with candor in connection with the present, is—we must state it—sadly discouraging to the friend of France, and that on various grounds.

First, the invasion of 1792, compared with the one which last month laid low the armies of Napoleon III., was far from being in any degree powerful, in spite of the vast dimensions it apparently assumed. The armies sent against France were neither numerous nor brought up in the school of victory; their movements were slow and vacillating; their commanders pedantic or imbecile followers of an old traditional strategy, which became entirely worthless when the genius of revolution created its own in the French camps; the monarchies which sent them were as hostile to each other as they were to the common enemy. The stupid intermeddling of the French refugees, who were so influential in bringing about the coalition, the intrigues of the wretched statesmen—Thugut, Haugwitz, Lucchesini, and others—who at that time managed affairs at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, the secret plottings of the allies against each other, and the rivalries of the respective commanders, made all harmonious action by the Prussian and Austrian armies impossible. The mere resistance of Kellerman to the cannonade at Valmy sufficed to cause the retreat of the Prussians under the Duke of Brunswick; and Dumouriez's indecisive fight at Jemappes, to throw the Austrians, under Clairfait, upon the defensive. The first—endangered minor members of the Empire—the clerical electors of Mentz and Treves, and the Palatine—afraid of their own plundered and outraged subjects no less than of the French republicans, abandoned their territories without daring to strike a blow. The troops of the Sardinian despot were driven from Savoy by his own revolted subjects. Spain engaged in the war only when victory had declared in favor of the Republic, and then under the auspices of Godoy, a queen's favorite, of whom it was believed—Lord Holland relates it—that, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he did not know the difference between Russia and Prussia. Rome and Naples hesitated, as became their impotence, and, when Spain was beaten, wisely preferred to do nothing. Catharine was too much engaged in fighting and dismembering Poland to keep her promise on Western battle-fields; and England, when she resolved on war, could do little more than waste her treasures on worthless allies, who finally betrayed and deserted each other. And is it necessary, in order to show the vast difference between the invasion of 1792 and that of 1870, to draw parallels between that tool of charlatans and mistresses, Frederic William II., and William I.; between the Prince of Coburg and Moltke; between Lucchesini and Bismarck; or between Valmy and Jemappes and Gravelotte and Sedan?

And then, in fighting the ill-commanded, scattered, and disunited forces of the then degenerate, womanish, and generally priest-ridden courts of Vienna, Berlin, Turin, and Madrid, revolutionary France drew her courage, inspiration, and boldness not only from her first, almost unexpected military successes, but from deeper and mightier sources. These were—the necessity of conquering or perishing, of destroying or being destroyed; the fanaticism of new ideas, more powerful than any that had ever agitated Europe, ideas which acted with the magic of a world-regenerating revelation; the intoxication with which the recent victories, in the name of equality and fraternity, over caste, the throne, and the altar had filled the masses of the self-disfranchised people; the concentrated power of volcanic forces which an all-crushing terrorism knew how to elicit from the scattered members of a nation suddenly aroused to terrible self-consciousness; and, finally, the certainty of meeting with allies burning with equal passions wherever a breach could be made in the ramparts of effete tyranny. At the moment when Ferdinand of Brunswick began his retreat, retiring like a lamb after having roared like a lion, the Convention met, and decreed a new era for France and the world. France believed in it, and her hosts carried their faith triumphantly far beyond her borders, as the followers of Islam had carried theirs from Mecca to the Pyrenees.

Now, all these sources of inspiration and success are wanting to the menaced France of to-day. She has not only to fight well-organized and well-led armies, flushed with patriotic enthusiasm and the pride of wonted victory; she has not only met with crushing and humbling reverses at the very opening of the contest; but, what is worse, she is devoid of even a spark of that fanaticism which saved here in 1792, and made Paris a world-shaking volcano in the following years. She entered the lists with a bad conscience, and debauched and enervated by twenty years of the most degrading of tyrannies, and that a tyranny based on mere materialism, and accepted from political apathy and cynical unbelief in ideas; and she has now, in this supreme crisis, no other moral resource to fall back upon but ordinary patriotism, a sentiment capable of great sacrifices, but not of miracles. The grand ideas which by turns inspired or agitated France after 1789 have all sadly spent their force. The republic, instead of founding fraternity and freedom, led, in the first instance, through the massacres of Paris, the *noyades* of Nantes, the *mitraillades* of Lyons, and the like, to the 18th Brumaire; in the second, through the 10th of December, 1848, and the 2d of December, 1851, to the ignominious self-abdication of the sovereign people in 1852. Bonapartism—that is, "la Gloire"—ended, in the first instance, after the sacrifice by France of millions of her sons to that idol, with the surrender of Paris and the captivity at St. Helena; and, in the second, with the more humiliating surrender at Sedan and the farcical captivity at Wilhelmshöhe. Revived Bourbon legitimism killed itself, in July, 1830, by its own stupidity. Orleanism, which replaced it, showed its inherent want of vitality by being swept away by a slight revolutionary blast, in February, 1848. Socialism made itself hateful by leading to the carnage of June, 1848, in which it was stifled; and universal suffrage lost all its sanctity by sanctioning every act and demand of triumphant usurpation. And, to make the case worse, while France is without faith and without enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of her foes, the Germans, and their proud belief in their own intellectual and military superiority, have risen to a pitch never before reached, and are productive of astounding displays of energy.

At the moment, too, when France has to make her supreme effort, her organism, as of late constituted, finds itself almost fatally deranged, not to say destroyed. Paris, which has become both her head and heart, is, so to say, severed from the trunk of the country, and its other disjointed members, from which the effort is expected, are left palpitating, but without sufficient life of their own. This condition is owing to the stupendous centralization which the Revolution created, the First Empire developed, and all subsequent reigns strengthened, and which, radically transforming the organism of the nation, has finally almost entirely drained the provinces of brains, impulse, and self-directing power. All authority—military, judicial, or administrative—all political or intellectual leadership—all higher talent, in whatever branch of mental activity—has been turned into that one grand reservoir, Paris. All French men of eminence in the ruling spheres of national life are Parisians by education or in consequence of their public career. The country is accustomed to receive from that all-directing centre its administration, its guidance, its convictions, its intelligence, its impulses, its very life-blood. All this, again, was vastly different at the time when revolutionary France was invaded and menaced. There was life, independent vitality, and animation in all her limbs, and the common focus, Paris, served to unite and regulate the national forces without anywhere exhausting them. Nay, Paris at that time received its inspiration, its greatest intelligence, its violent impulses, in main part, from the country, which teemed with talent and passion. The first armed resistance to the absolutism of Louis XVI. came from Dauphiné and Bretagne. Provence sent to Paris the most powerful orator of the time, Mirabeau, and the almost equally eloquent Girondists, Isnard and Barbaroux. Vergniaud, Guadet, and Gensonné, the foremost leaders of the Girondist party, came from the department from which it derived its name; their able and noble-hearted associate, Lanjuinais, from Rennes; Buzot, from Evreux; Pétion, from Chartres; Roland, from Lyons. Bretons formed the club out of which that of the Jacobins was developed, and the most terrible of terrorists, Barère, Merlin de Thionville, Billaud-Varennes, Fabre d'Églantine, and Robespierre himself, with his two nearest associates, St. Just and Couthon, were provincials, as were also the most conspicuous clerical revolutionists—men widely different in character—the Abbé Grégoire, Bishop Talleyrand, and the Capucin Chabot. Mme. Roland and Charlotte Corday came from the provinces, and so also "the organizer of victory," Carnot, and its great promoter, the Marseillaise. For such abilities and passions it is vain to look to the country districts of the France of to-day, while Paris is isolated, paralyzed, and perhaps on the eve of a surrender. Patriotic endurance, blunders on the part of Prussia, and the intervention of disease or of foreign powers, may still restore France in her integrity; but salvation through a repetition of "the miracle of 1792" seems to us as little possible as salvation through the appearance of another Joan d'Arc.

WHY THE WAR HAS NOT BEEN MORE DISASTROUS TO TRADE.

Probably no one topic connected with the war now pending excites more general remark in American business circles, or leads to more frequent enquiry, than the fact that, financially and commercially, this gigantic war has been productive of so little disturbance. With the exception of a sharp but very temporary panic in Frankfort, of a similar but far more circumscribed panic in London, some trouble in the English cotton markets, a momentary flare in gold in New York, and minor disturbances in all the countries largely engaged in trade with the combatants, the effects so far have been insignificant, compared to what was anticipated from a war that five years ago would have convulsed the financial and commercial worlds from centre to circumference. In seeking to ascertain the reasons why this particular war has been so unproductive of disturbance, we must necessarily first ascertain the reasons why other wars have, on the contrary, been eminently productive of the very disturbances whose absence we now hail with a satisfaction not altogether unmingled with doubt and hesitation.

Attentive readers of the *Nation* need not be reminded that the foreign trade of even the most commercial peoples of modern times is utterly insignificant in amount compared with their domestic trade. The people of the United States possess in their decennial census, imperfect as it is, better means than any other nation of establishing with some degree of accuracy the relative proportions of these two classes of trades. In 1860, the United States, according to their census of that year, produced commodities of the aggregate value of 8,000 millions of dollars. The best statisticians, knowing the method of obtaining these figures, consider them very largely below the true value. We will, for convenience' sake, assume what is indeed far more nearly correct, that the total value of the products of that year was 10,000 millions of dollars. In the same year, our imports from foreign countries were, in round numbers, 300 millions of dollars, or really only *three per cent.* of the value of our domestic product. Our domestic product changes hands, in the course of remanufacture and distribution, probably oftener than the articles imported from abroad, so that the actual amount of domestic trade is far larger in proportion than what we have stated. But enough is shown to give a clear understanding of the fact that the amount of the foreign trade of a nation is insignificant compared to its domestic trade, amounting in our case to only two or three per cent. This fact once established, we immediately recognize the important distinction between wars that affect the domestic trade of a nation and those that affect its foreign trade. Our war of secession temporarily destroyed our entire domestic trade, and it was this that made its outbreak so disastrous to ourselves and, *in consequence*, so ruinous to all nations dealing with us. Our entire foreign commerce might have been swept away, and the loss to ourselves, and consequently to friendly nations, would not have been great; while the destruction of our domestic trade involved us all in ruin, and thereby prevented us from fulfilling our engagements with foreign nations, who suffered accordingly. Prussia's foreign commerce is almost entirely destroyed, yet the consequences are comparatively insignificant, for her domestic trade is unharmed. France, with her foreign trade untouched, is commercially disorganized, through the destruction of her domestic trade by invasion. We shall see further on why the ruin of French domestic commerce has been less injurious to other nations than might seem natural.

The destruction of the foreign commerce of a nation by a war of its own or of other nations may, however, be very disastrous, if it involves the inability of procuring certain articles of food, or certain raw materials, on which any large portion of its domestic trade is essentially dependent. The cutting-off of England's cotton supply through our war worked incalculable injury to millions of people in England, and would have been tenfold more injurious if the enormous crops of the two preceding years had not caused such an accumulation of this important staple of English industry as to enable her gradually and measurably to accommodate herself to the deficiency, or to supply it from other sources. Nothing of this kind has taken place in the present war. Prussia's cotton industry is comparatively unimportant, while that of France, of much greater magnitude, is not in danger of deficient supplies, owing to her superiority at sea. In this way another very important element of commercial disturbance is eliminated from this war. Again, both nations are large producers of food. France, a moderate buyer of foreign cereals and meats, is not interfered with in her obtaining her supplies from abroad; while Germany, who produces a surplus for export, suffers only to the extent of not being able to dispose of her excess.

The ever-widening area of commerce tends in itself to diminish the violence of the effects produced by war. Where all nations are trading in all the markets of the world, the temporary loss of one market is less severely felt than it would be were any nation dependent on that market alone. And the extraordinarily rapid increase of means of conveyance and communication between nations tends still further to modify the evil. French goods destined for the German markets, German goods destined for France, which ten years ago, on the outbreak of war, would have been stopped in their course, and remained unsalable and valueless in the hands of manufacturers, have now, in hundreds of cases, thanks to railroads, steamships, and telegraphs, been with lightning speed placed beyond reach, forwarded to England or here, and frequently been paid for by telegraph before the ink on the declaration of war was fairly dry. Orders for merchandise from the antipodes, which might not have been paid for on arrival, were stopped by the silent messengers under the sea, and vessels in the most distant oceans were taught to seek the shelter of neutral ports or hasten home. Scarcely a Prussian vessel has been seized by French cruisers. In the same way, moneys due or about to become due to merchants of either belligerent nation were forwarded by telegraphic order from the four corners of the globe, and thus thousands of solvent and responsible houses saved from the bankruptcy that would otherwise have become inevitable. The ocean cable has done more to mitigate the commercial and financial evils of war than a dozen Treaties of Paris.

But more than by all these circumstances combined has been done by a single fact to limit the commercial and financial disturbances of the present war, a fact repeatedly referred to in these columns—*the great* *diminution of speculation everywhere.* Whatever demagogues or country newspapers may say to the contrary, speculation is an effect, not a cause. Half-a-dozen gambling sharpers in Wall Street, or in the Chicago grain-market, or on the race-course, may sometimes combine to raise or depress an article artificially, and may accomplish their object, although in nine cases out of ten they fail. But, with these rare exceptions, speculation does not cause the fluctuations in prices—it is the fluctuations in prices that cause the speculation. Now, since the Napoleonic wars, there has not been a destruction of property, a disturbance of production and of commerce, equal to that resulting from our war of secession. These causes inevitably produced the most violent fluctuations in values all over the world, and just as inevitably resulted in a fever for gigantic speculations, from which no corner of the globe seemed free. It took three or four years after the close of the war to restore the equilibrium between production and consumption the world over, and to bring back regularity to the ebb and flow of commerce, which is nothing but an unconscious effort to maintain this equilibrium at all times and at all places. This equilibrium has been restored; for two years past, the violent fluctuations in price of almost all articles of trade have been naturally diminishing, and have gradually ceased, until during the last year, and especially since this spring, the temptation, the motive, the very opportunity to speculate, have been wanting in Europe as well as here. Now, the practical course of speculation is this: One speculator buys an article which is not wanted at the moment, in the expectation that it will be wanted shortly, and that he can then sell it at a profit; this speculator, then, has goods on hand which may be very valuable at some future time, but which for the moment are unsalable. Another speculator agrees to deliver an article which is in active demand at the time, in the expectation that, before he is called upon to deliver it, the demand will be less or the supply greater, so that he can then buy it at a profit; this speculator, then, has agreed to deliver goods which at some future day may be abundant to excess, but which for the moment are scarcely obtainable at any price. When war breaks out during the prevalence of such speculation, in many cases the holder of the momentarily undesirable goods is forced to sell, the price rapidly declines, the article becomes entirely unsalable in one market, the stock on hand is rapidly sent elsewhere and forced on sale, the extra supply overstocks that market too, prices there decline likewise and the article becomes unsalable, and this will continue, and has repeatedly continued, so far that the forced realization of one article speculatively held in one market has involved all the markets of the civilized world in common panic and ruin. The reverse action takes place with articles sold speculatively. The enormous advance creates as great loss in one case as the fall in the other. On the outbreak of war, the natural tendency everywhere is to close up such speculative contracts. Where speculation has been large and general, the number of contracts, and the consequent confusion and loss, will be correspondingly great. In fact, the worst losses and panics on the outbreak of war result precisely from the closing up of such speculative transactions; and this explains why the recent cessation or diminution of speculation everywhere has prevented the present war from causing as much disturbance and confusion as everybody had anticipated.

There is another important element tending to diminish the evil effects of this war on commerce and finance. When war breaks out, and trade is interrupted, and prices fluctuate, and merchants lose money, then credit suffers. No one knows how long he may be able to command the same credit facilities as he has had heretofore in the transaction of his business. Every one, therefore, tries to possess himself of all the cash that he can get. Every one collects his debts and sells property, so as to have plenty of cash. The effect of this is, that all countries owing money immediately have to send away money to pay their debts. Heretofore, the only way people had of paying their debts was to send gold coin, the circulating medium of the country. This shipping away coin always led to making coin scarce, to making money tight, and of itself created the most violent disturbances in the money and merchandise markets of the world. During the last few years, so great has become the confidence of the three principal nations of Europe in the safety and value of the United States bonds, that they have become more readily salable in all their markets than any other kind of movable property whatsoever. Being easily transported, indeed far more easily and more safely than coin, they have, throughout the earlier stages of the war, been very largely used for the purpose of paying debts between the three countries, and have thus in a measure obviated the necessity of shipping coin backward and forward, and thus disturbing the circulating medium of the country, with all its attendant evils. Strange as it may seem, the holding of a thousand million dollars of our bonds in Europe has had the same effect, as far as the war is concerned, as an addition of that amount to the coin circulation of the countries holding them.

In summing up, then, the causes why this gigantic war has not been more injurious to trade, we find that Prussia is not to any extent dependent on her foreign trade, and that her domestic trade is comparatively unharmed; that France maintains her foreign trade, but suffers seriously at home; that the losses of all nations in their foreign trade are very much mitigated by the extension of the telegraph and of steam communication; that the losses of France especially, and of all other nations with her, are comparatively light, owing to the absence of speculation; and, finally, that the war has not interfered as much as formerly with the coin circulation of the nations, owing to their possession of a large amount of United States bonds, which have been substituted for coin in payment of international balances. What effect the war may have in the future, if not speedily ended, lies hidden from the sight of even the shrewdest financial authorities.

TERTULLIAN AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

EVERYBODY possessing even a slight acquaintance with ecclesiastical history knows with what energy Tertullian thundered against the circus and its sports, and with what awful earnestness he warned believers of the danger, as well as the sin, of even a single visit of curiosity. He tells of one pious young man who, going for the mere purpose of satisfying himself as to the nature of its horrors, speedily fell a victim to its unholy fascinations. "*Spectavit, clamavit, exarsit,*" says the Father. The youth, as he looked on, soon joined in the pitiless roar of applause which rewarded the victor and sent the vanquished to his death, and glowed with the diabolical excitement of the heathen about him. Tertullian's language was not of the choicest, and modern theologians smile over the striking resemblance which some of his denunciations of heretics bear to the editorial articles of the Knoxville *Whig* or the Louisville *Journal* in the days when Parson Brownlow and George D. Prentice gave to the world through these journals their opinions of their country's enemies and of their own. But his preachings had no little part not only in the overthrow of the amphitheatre, but in the creation of that horror of theatrical amusements which the church, in all denominations, has preserved down to our time as a sacred tradition. Many a New York or Boston Christian who abstains from theatre-going has little idea how much the thunders of this long-deceased doctor against the *spectacula* of ancient Rome have had to do with the rule which keeps him at home from Wallack's or the Globe. We may imagine, therefore, what the sensations of an early Christian would have been if, on entering the amphitheatre, he had seen Tertullian standing up among the knights, and frantically applauding the quick throws of the net, or the steady thrusts of the sword. Or, to use modern illustration, suppose, on entering a travelling circus, we were to recognize a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church engaged in the performance of the hoop-trick from the backs of three horses, clothed in flesh-colored tights, and wearing a garland of artificial flowers on his head, which of us could restrain his indignation, and whose indignation would long stand in the way of his amusement?

And yet, there is a spectacle not very unlike Tertullian's appearance in the Flavian Amphitheatre at a gladiatorial show, or Bishop Potter's engagement as a champion acrobat—we ask his pardon for this use of his name, even in jest—by the managers of the Continental Circus and Menagerie, to be witnessed at this moment in Massachusetts, in the appearance of Mr. Wendell Phillips as the candidate for the governorship, nominated by two political parties—the Prohibitionists and "Labor Reformers"—with a powerful support, it is said, in the shape of campaign speeches from the friends of woman's suffrage. Indeed, the whole combination irresistibly recalls the circus and its feats. It is neither more nor less than the well-known pyramid trick performed in the political arena, the floor covered with the rhetorical "soft sawder," and a good anti-slavery "record" spread out under the athlete's feet, in lieu of the drugget which keeps the dust from the tumblers in the actual circus of our childhood. These little arrangements made, the strong man takes his stand, firmly planted on his legs, and his arms akimbo. Up one side of him lightly skips the Prohibitionist, and up the other side lightly trips the Labor Reformer; each perches himself on one of his shoulders, amidst thunders of applause. And now, when the audience is already well satisfied, appears Lovely Woman, kisses the tips of her fingers to the crowd, and, smiling, dashes up the champion also, and, with a lift from the Prohibitionist and a counter-lift from the Labor Reformer, plants herself over all, and forms the apex.

There are people who think this very fine, and there are others who think it simply funny. We do not agree with either, and we propose, in all seriousness, to give the reason why. It makes but little difference, on the whole, who is Governor of Massachusetts; and Mr. Phillips, if elected—which we suppose there is no chance of his being—would, perhaps, make quite as good a governor as most of his predecessors, and better than a great many. But it makes a great difference to us all whether men who go into politics, and have secured—no matter how—enough of popular confidence to get the support of any body of persons sufficiently large to be called "a party," bear themselves like charlatans or like honest men. Mr. Phillips has spent a considerable portion of his waking hours, for thirty years, fiercely abusing people who thought good might be accomplished in this country by remaining connected with political organizations. On this, or on any question of expediency or tactics, of course it is permitted to every man to change his mind or his course of action; but decency requires that anybody who has made himself for half a lifetime a railing and vituperative supporter of one view, should go over to the other, if not gradually, at least in silence and without *éclat*. It is possible, we suppose, for a bishop to become an acrobat; but a bishop who had familiarized a whole generation with his denunciations of the spectacular drama, and who finally became satisfied that it was his duty to figure on the tight-rope or in the ballet himself, would owe it, we will not say to his office or to the church, but to the dignity of human nature—to the regard that everybody born of woman has, or ought to have, for at least the appearance of reasonableness and consistency in human conduct—either to put an interval of considerable length between his preaching and his degradation, or to enter on his new calling in a strange place. It would not be possible for the men whose characters he had defamed and vilified, and whose motives he had traduced, and whose views of duty he had ridiculed, because they chose to attend the theatre, to see him appear as a mountebank on their own stage without feeling their gorge rise.

But this is not all, and is not the worst. We suppose that there is no doubt amongst rational men that it is the duty of anybody who has got influence—no matter how—over any number of his fellow-men, no matter how small, to avoid rousing feelings of bitter hostility between class and class, on the ground of alleged wrongs committed by one against the other, unless he is sure they are wrongs, and is *prepared to suggest a remedy*. The mark of the "demagogue," indeed, that which enables people to distinguish him from the reformer, is that he never has any cure to propose for the evils he denounces. The set of people called Labor Reformers in Massachusetts, as well as elsewhere, as well as can be made out from their proceedings, complain of two things—the lowness of their wages and the length of their hours of work. They propose to remedy these evils by compelling all workingmen to work for eight hours only, and all employers to pay as much for the eight as for the ten hours' labor, and seem to have vague ideas also about legislation in aid of loans of money at low rates of interest and about the equal division of the soil. We are not aware, however, that Mr. Phillips has on the whole labor question more than one rational idea—namely, that leisure is a good thing, and that poverty is a bad thing. His letters and speeches convey the impression that long indulgence in epigrammatic and vituperative rhetoric has deprived him of the power of consecutive thought on any subject; and his itinerant habits can hardly have left him much time for study, even if he had still the power to study with profit. At the close of a rhapsody about labor delivered a few months ago in Boston, he cited, as proof that he was "treading on solid ground," the example of Mrs. Flint, the Boston dressmaker, who, in her treatment of her workers, had, he said, solved the labor problem. Within a few days, a notorious trial revealed the fact that she was a very ordinary specimen of her class. During the Reconstruction agitation he screamed for confiscation, and entertained his disciples with the affirmation, in support of this view, that all that was valuable in the French Revolution was due to the confiscation of the land of the nobles for the benefit of the peasantry. An hour's reading would have shown him that it had no foundation in fact, and would have led his disciples to suspect that, like a good many of his "historical" illustrations, it was manufactured on the spot. Nevertheless, though without any plan for the reorganization of the relations between labor and capital, without ever having uttered one thought on the subject of the slightest value either to the legislator or to the philanthropist, and he himself living, and having always lived, on the interest of capital accumulated, kept, and used in the ordinary way, he has no hesitation in informing his labor reformers that "it is a shame to our Christianity and civilization for our social system to provide and expect that one man at seventy years of age should be lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men who have made as good use of their talents and opportunities lean on charity for their daily bread."

This, if it means anything, means that Christianity teaches and the law ought to provide that those who, through talent, energy, industry, or self-denial have accumulated thousands of dollars, ought not to be permitted at seventy years of age to enjoy them, but ought to be forced to divide with everybody who would like a share of them, and who says he has "made a good use of his talents and opportunities." And this pernicious nonsense is uttered in the presence and hearing of hundreds of thousands of ignorant laborers all over the country, who are thirsting for a life without toil, and whose efforts in pursuit of it are disorganizing nearly every branch of industry, are marked by every variety of crime and outrage, and are exercising a markedly deteriorating influence on the arts.

But his performances on the question of Chinese immigration, though part and parcel of the labor-reform exhibition, deserve a separate mention, the more particularly as we have in our drawer one or two letters, from friends and admirers of his, trying to persuade us that, in laughing over him recently, we have been pulling the beard of a prophet. We might travel far and wait long before we could light on a finer specimen of political legerdemain. The way in which he and his confederates cover up their refusal to apply to the Chinese "the principles of the Declaration of Independence" is, first, by calling Chinamen brought to the United States under contract "coolies"—a question-begging epithet, which at once gives them the benefit of all the horror excited by the history of the coolie trade in the Spanish and French colonies. Nevertheless, they know perfectly well that the "coolie trade" cannot be carried on with any country in which there exists no penal machinery for the enforcement of the contract; and that as long as Mr. Sampson, at North Adams, for instance, cannot put his Chinamen in prison, or have them flogged, if they leave his service, there is no more of the "coolie" about them than about the German or Irish laborers. He has no more control over them than he has over his cook. Mr. Phillips, feeling probably that the "coolie" device would not work, produced in his organ a prodigious cloud of declamation on the justice and expediency and humanity of welcoming to these shores men of every race and color, and declared that we should all be the better for the mixture. Thus far, he stood on the old humanitarian ground, and the Irish Crispins, who compose so much of his following, must have looked horror-stricken. But here he gave them the wink, and produced the qualification, which was, that the more Chinamen came among us the better, provided they came "spontaneously"—that is, he explained, did not have their passage paid by a capitalist. Now, the real meaning of this is—and we feel sure the Massachusetts Crispins have got hold of it as well as we, and have ere this many a time laughed about it over their illicit whiskey—that he is ready to receive all Chinamen into this temple of liberty, with open arms and open heart, provided very few Chinamen come. He will valiantly defend their "rights" as long as they don't seek to exercise them; maintain their "equality" as long as they don't claim it; and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the desirableness of every Chinaman who can get here coming here, as long as hardly any mind what he says. The voyage from China to the United States is long and expensive; none but the very poor seek employment away from home, and are willing to make it; they are, therefore, sure not to make it if you forbid those who want their labor to advance them part of their wages to pay their passage, or, what is the same thing, forbid employers to enter into any contract binding the laborers to repay the money after they get here. Make the most stringent contract you please, and the capitalist cannot bind them effectually; but if you prohibit any contract at all, the capitalist will "import" no Chinamen, and therefore no Chinamen will come, and the labor reformers and their chief will have the credit of being first-class humanitarians and spread-eagle democrats and at the same time keep the labor-market to themselves. On similar terms, the Irish Crispins would never have got here. Had they been six thousand miles away instead of three, comparatively few would have made their way over; if "spontaneously" means paying their own passage, and not paying it with money sent from here, next to none; and the flag would have waved and Mr. Phillips have opened his eloquent bosom to the oppressed and downtrodden of the universe in vain. The truth is, the Irish and Germans, whom Mr. Phillips welcomes, are, to a large extent, "imported by the concerted action of capitalists." Capitalists build emigrant ships, organize emigrant associations, establish emigrant car-lines, form land companies for emigrants, send out agents to Europe, and for their own especial profit import Germans, Irish, and others, including not a few very low in the scale of humanity, in "overwhelming masses." "Native American" demagogues, as will be remembered, had no objections to a small number of Irish or Germans, provided they came in a "natural" way; but the "artificial" process and the stimulus given and the facilities afforded by "concerted capital," this it was that threatened danger and made combination necessary to prevent it. Mr. Phillips's watchword is: "When rich men conspire, let poor men combine." Strike out "poor men" and insert *Protestants*, and the epigram would have suited the Know-Nothing orator of 1855 to a nicety.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

II.

MUCH has been said of the unprepared condition in which France found herself for a great war; of the corrupt channels into which money appropriated for military purposes had found its way; and of the ignorance both of the nation and of the Emperor of the true condition of things. That there was no efficient directing head, the results have fully shown. In the place of such able war ministers as Marshal Vaillant and Marshal Niel had shown themselves to be, there were only a Lebœuf and a Palikao to take their places in the Emperor's estimation—the one who had shown himself more apt at gathering treasury pap at home, and the other loot in China, than in organizing and administering the forces of a great nation. That the Emperor should have been ignorant of this state of the army seems hardly credible; for it could not have been of very recent date, as Marshal Niel, who was placed in charge of the War Office in 1868, and died in this position in 1869, was too honest a man to have concealed it from him. As to what has been said as to recent remarks of Louis Napoleon, that the war had been forced upon him by public opinion, although it cannot relieve the French people from their mad eagerness for it, the question may be fairly put, Who had been most instrumental in forming this public opinion, and in taking advantage of characteristic national traits and weaknesses? Was it not the Emperor himself? With a muzzled press and a muzzled legislative body, with every attempt at honest investigation into matters that concerned the public interests stopped at once, whenever the authorities thought it was to their interest that they ought not to see the light, public opinion was what the head of the state might choose to make it—particularly on all points where the national vanity could be played upon.

That no inconsiderable share in the failure of the French armies in the present contest is due to the very training and the overweening confidence acquired by the soldiers in their African schooling, was stated in my last article (Sept. 15). This opinion, which had been previously expressed by the writer (Aug. 13) in a daily evening contemporary, in these words, "Had the French people any solid grounds for their confident expectations of success? Was the African service, in which her army has had its principal practice, the best for training the private soldier or for forming the great strategist for a great war? Was not the African service better calculated to make good partisan officers than great generals?"—was held, as it appears, by the highest military authority in Prussia, General Von Moltke, who, in a letter published in the *Salut Public* of Lyons—a translation of which appeared in the New York *Times*, Sept. 13—is reported to have said to a French officer who visited him at Berlin: "Do not talk to me of your military education in Africa. If you have never been there, so much the better; when you become general, you will be glad of it. The war you have been carrying on against the Arabs for forty years is a guérillerie of an inferior order. With that school, you will do no more than form other schools like it. The first great war will demonstrate your inefficiency." These remarks, from a most accomplished scientific theorist of his profession, who has seen war on its grandest scale, are of more than mere passing interest. They are true of all times and of all nations, and are worthy of the consideration of any nation in organizing and carrying into effect its military policy. The difference in the one pointed out by Von Moltke and that pursued by the French is that between the jobber who caters for some local market and the importer who supplies a country's wants.

This is no ideal view of the case. The first great war in which France has been engaged since the fall of the First Empire has demonstrated its truth. It has demonstrated most fearfully the inefficiency of her generals and her soldiers, though both classes teem with men splendidly brave and skilful, so far as their training went. Beyond the massing of MacMahon's, Bazaine's, and Frossard's armies on the frontier line, from Metz to Strasbourg, with an apparent intention of an offensive campaign, was there any clear evidence of a well-considered plan on the part of the higher French military authorities? None, thus far, has come to light. The movement appears almost an impromptu one. War had been declared, and something had to be done, and that something could only be done in the direction of the enemy, *et voilà tout*. The line occupied by the French forces has been spoken of as a long thin one, weak at all its points. This is not so. The French corps immediately in front of the Prussians, on the 1st of August, and holding the positions of Thionville, Metz, St. Avold, Saarguemines, Bitsch, and Strasbourg, numbered about 250,000. Besides these there were two corps of 30,000 men each, one at Châlons, the other at Belfort and Besançon. These, with artillery and reserve cavalry, made up a total force estimated at 350,000 men. Between Metz and Strasbourg there are only about one hundred miles, with good communications between the two places, several fortified points on this front, as Pfalzburg and Bitsch, and others, as Thionville, on the flanks. When Bonaparte made his first brilliant campaign in Italy, in 1796, his army, consisting of but forty or fifty thousand men, occupied a front of about eighty miles; and in the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, the Prussian corps that invaded Bohemia were fully ninety miles apart when they were passing through the difficult defiles of the Erz-Gebirge and Riesen-Gebirge ranges, which form the north-western and north-eastern boundaries of Bohemia, and had no means of mutual support until they reached the battle-field of Sadowa. These are not cited as strategical models, but as showing what may be done with good troops in skilful hands. In fact, if the French acted at all offensively, they could not well have made any other dispositions than were made at the outset. The blunders were subsequent.

After making the movement on Saarbrück, in which the Prince Imperial received his *baptême de feu*, as described in the farcical despatch of the Emperor to the Empress, the French suddenly commenced a retrograde movement from there, according to the official account of the immediate subsequent movements of the Prussians, in which it is stated that, "on the 6th of August, the First Prussian Army found itself between Saarbrücken and Saar Louis, facing the French Second Corps occupying Spichern Heights, near Saarbrücken. The Fourteenth Division attacked as the French were preparing to leave on their trains. . . . Frossard retired from Forbach to Metz." MacMahon, at the same time, who had previously been driven from Weissenburg, and had fallen back towards Nancy, was forced to give way, and finally continued his retreat to Reims. Bazaine's army, during these events, was in the vicinity of Metz; and from all that we have learned from the confused accounts up to this time, there seemed to be no head that could say, as Napoleon I. is reported to have said on a memorable occasion of like confusion: "The military chess-board is in a very confused condition. I alone can see my way clearly in it." As the official report referred to tells us: "Meanwhile, the First Corps moved on Metz, waiting for the Second Army, which had to lay a railway track as it moved along. On the 14th of August the First Army was placed thus," etc. Here commenced that series of engagements which enabled the Prussian army to cross the Moselle, plant itself between Bazaine's army and Paris, and drive that general under the walls of Metz.

The Prussians here repeated the strategy of Napoleon I. against the Austrians, which led to the surrender of General Mack and his army of 80,000 men at Munich, and which was the opening blow of the memorable campaign of 1805. But, in this case, Mack was surprised, however blamable his want of vigilance may have been, which left Napoleon I. to cut him off completely from his base, and close every avenue to his escape. This, however, could not have been the case with Bazaine. He must have been fully informed of the events that had occurred, have had data enough to guess with some accuracy the strength of the Prussians, and to infer his own inability to cope with them in the open field, before these movements, so disastrous to him in the subsequent bloody battles of the 17th and 18th of August, took place; and yet we find him holding his position nearly a week after MacMahon with the remnant of his army had got beyond the reach of immediate pursuit. Under the existing circumstances, there was clearly but one prudent course for him to take, so far as the safety of his own army, and the equally imperative steps to cover Paris before all else, and at the same time form a junction with MacMahon and with such new forces as could be sent to join him, were concerned. Metz, with its strong fortifications, might, as Strasbourg and other fortified points, have been left with an adequate garrison, which would have weakened his own army but little, to take care of itself. Why this obvious course was not adopted, we have only surmises to help us to an answer. As a general, at however low an order he may be rated, Bazaine could hardly have missed this conclusion, whatever confidence he may have had in his own abilities as a tactician and the fighting qualities of his troops. We are forced, then, to conclude that he was overruled by the Emperor, who, above all things, would be naturally averse to place himself in any position that would necessarily lead him back to Paris, and who, to avoid this humiliating position, cared not what sacrifices, that held out any hopeful results, he might be called upon to make.

Against MacMahon's course, from the time of his retreat up to his destroying the entrenched camp at Châlons, and moving towards Montmédy to endeavor to form a junction with Bazaine, nothing can be objected. At Châlons, with the *débris* of his own army, and receiving daily accessions to its strength, he was in a position to fall back upon Paris whenever necessary, and to force the Prussians to great circumspection in their movements towards it. The Prussians having to leave a large force to blockade Metz and keep Bazaine's army from escaping, he might have looked forward, in a short time, to seeing himself so strong as to be enabled to play a similar game towards them to the one which Napoleon I. adopted in the campaign of 1815 against the Allied armies, advancing along the Marne and Seine upon Paris. Such a defence, vigorously made, as it would have called for renewed efforts on the part of the Prussians, was also the best policy for the relief of Bazaine's army from the pressure upon it, as every day, the more that he could hold his own, must see some diminution of the enemy before Metz.

Why some such course was not adopted by MacMahon, we can only attribute to the same untoward influences that marred Bazaine's action. Looking at the positions that the contesting forces occupied at the commencement of his movement from Châlons, and supposing ordinary vigilance and promptness of movement on the part of the Prussians—military qualities of which they had given the most conclusive evidence—there was no chance of success for the end proposed by this movement but in gaining several marches in advance, and moving with a celerity that supposed the throwing aside of all *impedimenta*. What the result has been we know. Another memorable example of the Caudine Forks has been added to the pages of history, in the surrender of an entire army; whilst Bazaine and his army will, in all probability, undergo the fate of the unfortunate Mack. So history repeats itself. D. H. M.

West Point, Sept. 16, 1870.

Correspondence.

THE TIENTSIN MASSACRE.

Tientsin, July 23, 1870.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Notices of the Tientsin massacre have reached you already, doubtless; but you may not be in possession of the facts relating to it. Little more will be attempted now than to bring before your readers the main features of an event so horrible in its details that no one can think of it but with a shudder. Some reference will also be made to the conduct of diplomats in connection with this important and sad event.

For many months rumors were in circulation that the Catholics were guilty of taking out the eyes and hearts of children for medicinal purposes, which, though false, created much excitement. A contemplated uprising, having for its object the extermination of all foreigners, was also matter of common remark. These rumors increased in virulence till they burst forth in an infuriated mob, on the 21st of June, causing great destruction of life and property. Twenty-two foreigners, occupying various positions in life, were the victims of one of the most brutal massacres which history records, viz., the French Consul and assistant; Secretary of French Legation and wife (*en route* to Peking); three Catholic priests; ten Sisters of Charity; one French merchant and wife; and one Russian lady and two gentlemen. One of the Sisters was an English subject; the rest were subjects of France or other smaller Continental powers. The outrages inflicted on these persons before death released them from suffering, beggar description. In addition, some sixty or seventy natives, in some way connected with foreigners, were murdered in cold blood. There was also a very great destruction of property, viz., the French consulate; cathedral, with extensive premises, belonging to the Lazarists; the small premises of the Jesuits; large premises of the Sisters, containing a chapel, foreign and native hospital, and buildings for the accommodation of over 200 children; these buildings were burned. All the Protestant chapels, eight in number, were also destroyed. Two of these belonged to the mission of the American Board. The compound in which one of them was situated was large. The premises were purchased and repaired by the Society at an expense of about $6,000 gold, and were formerly occupied as residences by the representatives of the Society till health considerations rendered a removal from the city necessary. These are a mass of ruins. Fortunate, indeed, is it that they were unoccupied at the time of the riot, else a similar fate to that of the unfortunate dead would have befallen their inmates. The other chapel was a rented building, and of comparatively small value; it is also in ruins.

Reliable evidence of a most convincing character has been obtained, establishing the following points, viz.:

1. The plot has been maturing for weeks, if not months, and the time for its consummation had been arranged and known for days previous—viz., the 21st of June for the slaughter of those in or near the city, and the 24th for the attack on the residents of the foreign settlement. A heavy rain fell day and night of the 24th, which apparently saved us.

2. The plan embraced the destruction of every foreigner in Tientsin (those in Peking would then have fallen an easy prey), without distinction of nationality.

3. The plot was known, approved, and aided in execution by two, at least, of the leading city officials and some of the military officers, one of whom led foreign drilled troops to the attack, and encouraged the people in the work of destruction and death.

The recent Greek tragedy, which has excited so much sympathy and attention, is insignificant in comparison with this, when we consider the number of lives lost and nations insulted; and the mind naturally asks, what is doing by the representatives of foreign powers in Peking, and the Chinese Government, towards a proper adjustment of this terrible affair, so as to ensure the future safety of foreign residents here? For the latter, true to its native immobility when "outside barbarians" are concerned, we can only say *nothing*—absolutely NOTHING. Promises and demonstrations we have had in abundance; but except that extensive war-preparations are making, and tens of thousands of troops are collecting around Tientsin, nothing has been done. Of the representatives of France and Russia we know little; they keep their own counsels; but there are indications that they are quietly working out a policy which will ere long burst forth in a terrible, but merited, retribution on the heads of a corrupt and deceitful government, unless it does its duty in punishing the guilty. For the English-speaking Legations, judging from certain facts and indications, we can only reiterate a sad "*nothing*" as we think of the fate which would have befallen us but for the interposing hand of Providence.

More than a month has elapsed since the enactment of this fearful deed of blood and suffering, and yet no proof can be adduced to show that our representative in Peking has attained even an approximately adequate conception of the magnitude of the crisis which has overtaken us. The only *positive* information we have is that the members of the U. S. Legation are rusticating "at the hills," enjoying in undisturbed tranquillity the countless charms of their summer retreat. Report speaks of them as "calm and grand" in deportment, and so philosophically superior to what is occurring about them that they receive with a smiling suspicion all our notices of this sad catastrophe as the fanciful narrations of an excited brain. And what wonder, when we remember that their official adviser, our consular agent at Tientsin, is an alien whose *interests* are wholly with the Chinese Government, in whose employ he receives about $5,000 per annum?

"The Chinese Government," say they, "is most amicably disposed towards the treaty powers, and is ready to compensate fully those injured by the recent outrages." Indeed, in reading our recent advices from the capital, we are driven to the conclusion that some of the members of the *corps diplomatique* desire nothing more earnestly than that we cheerfully grant the pardon of these awful crimes by the reception of "hush-money" from these grievously criminal offenders. They would have us gloss over the fact that great and honorable nations have been grossly insulted by brutal acts, accredited only to uncivilized and barbarous tribes, and view as a matter of secondary importance the butchery of their unoffending representatives, because, forsooth, *we* escaped the fate intended for us. And they ask that we will precipitately settle this nefarious business by receiving gratefully the money by which they would buy the privilege of once more, ere long, imbruing their hands in innocent blood. They invite us to complicity in a compromise as dishonorable and dangerous in its character as the late massacre was perfidious and murderous.

That the above is not overdrawn may be gathered from the following facts:

The foreign ministers were informed that, for a considerable period previous to the fatal day, the anti-foreign feeling in Tientsin and the surrounding country had been deepening and intensifying; that it had been increasingly manifested in the conduct of the official classes; and that, in manifold and specious ways, it was gradually permeating all classes of society. The same facts were often referred to by those resident in Peking. The expulsion of the hated foreigner was known to be matter of common desire and expectation.

It was known to them that this general feeling throughout China had found expression, during the last three or four years, in a series of attacks on foreigners, all emanating from the same sources, aiming at the same end, and, in degree, following an ascending scale of gradation; and that innocent blood of a preceding year remained still unavenged. They were at last informed that the climax had been reached in fearful deeds of violence and blood. The terrible events of that never-to-be-forgotten day were minutely described to them, and of the dire results they were fully apprised. They were told that a score of foreigners—the most of whom were unoffending, delicate women—were horribly murdered in broad daylight—that they were subjected to the most cruel barbarities that fiendish ingenuity could invent; that, when death had at last ended their sufferings, their remains were treated with every possible indignity—haggled, cut in pieces, and cast some into the water and some into the flames. They were told how the corpses were rescued from the river at the foreign settlement, hacked, mutilated, almost beyond recognition—such spectacles of ghastly horror that the stoutest hearts, in gazing, were terror-stricken and bowed down in grief.

They were told that when the coffins sent by the mandarins, and said to contain the bodies of the Sisters of Charity, were opened, there were found only a few ashes and a melancholy collection of charred bones. They know that several score of natives, Christians and others in foreign employ, were robbed, beaten, tortured, and not a few murdered, for no other crime but that of connection with us. They have been informed that many buildings in more than a dozen localities—some of them imposing structures erected at great cost, others the houses of Christians and friendly natives—were looted, torn in pieces, or consigned to the flames.

They have had ample information of the fact that this event was not the result of a sudden outburst of popular feeling, but has been a matter of gradual and extensive preparation. They have been distinctly acquainted with the fact that this movement was openly directed against all foreigners without distinction, and that the plan, as related to us, was not abandoned, but only delayed in execution. Of greater importance than all this, an overwhelming amount of incontestable evidence has been laid before them, criminating many native officials in these savage proceedings, and fully confirming the opinion of many thoughtful men, that this massacre is only a part of a matured determination and gigantic plan to overthrow all the foundations on which foreign intercourse with China is based. Increasing and convincing proofs of this are daily becoming manifest here, and reaching us from other places.

That such an event was soon to occur, and was known many hundreds of *li* from here before it actually took place—even to the day and general plan—has been amply set before them. Many facts of minor importance have also been brought to their notice, all bearing, in their connections, but one interpretation. Yet with all this astounding and incontrovertible evidence of the barbarous violation of treaty rights in the murder of many innocent victims and the destruction of much valuable property; knowing that there is no decrease of excitement, but a continuous demand on the part of thousands of the infatuated people for the complete extermination of the hated "barbarian;" that warlike preparations are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible; and that, to the present time, not an arrest has been made; knowing that if such a calamity had befallen Chinese subjects not connected with foreigners, hundreds of heads would have paid the penalty in less than a week's time, and that yet, in *this* instance, only promises have been made—with all this knowledge in possession, yet the evidence collected by those on the spot is treated with a scepticism bordering on disdain. Only a glimpse can be had of their policy in such utterances as these: "The Chinese are sorry—they are ready to pay indemnity; prepare your claims—the sooner settled, the better for all concerned—*we* are not politically involved—exercise control—excitement will soon pass by—be patient—*don't* excite THEM"—only this, and nothing more.

Some may think this an overdrawn picture; but I assert it to be given on credible evidence. It is substantiated by documents in our possession; it is borne out by competent judges in the capital; it is proved by the demand already made on Tientsin residents to prepare estimates of losses sustained, in order to the immediate payment by the Chinese Government. And all this, while the villains—who tore down our chapels, searched in them for the missionaries with avowed intent to kill them; beat and killed the native Christians; cut in pieces foreign officials, and cut off the breasts, run spears *up* through, and ripped open the bodies of innocent and defenceless women—are still running at large, vaunting their blood-stained booty, boasting of their valor in perpetrating these diabolical deeds of crime and shame, and stirring up the people to commit further outrages.

S. A.

ANOTHER NOSTRADAMUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The arithmetical and prophetical calculations in reference to Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, which you have copied from the newspapers, are interesting and truly very odd. It is a pity, therefore, that they fail so materially as to be based upon the mistake of a year in the case of Napoleon III. Here are other additions which, taken out of the *Almanac de Gotha*, are all correct:

Napoleon III. was proclaimed Emperor December, 1852, and dethroned September, 1870. He reigned, then, 17 years. Now, he was born in 1808, and $1+8+0+8$ is 17 years. He was married and crowned in 1853, and $1+8+5+3$ is 17 years. Eugenie was born in 1826, was crowned in 1853, and reigned 17 years. Now, $1+8+2+6=17$ years, and $1+8+5+3$ is 17 years. Again, Louis Napoleon was made President in 1848, December 2, and expelled September 5, 1870. He was, then, in power 21 years. Add $1+8+4+8=21$ years. He was raised to royalty from ordinary rank in 1852, and driven out of it again in 1870. And $1+8+5+2=1+8+7+0$. Or, again, his father died in 1846, his mother in 1837, and $1+8+4+6=1+8+3+7$. So himself and wife were born 1808 and 1826, and $1+8+0+8=1+8+2+6$.

A. N.

Notes.

LITERARY.

AFTER a revival lasting nearly three years, *Putnam's Magazine*, it is announced, will shortly be merged in the transformed *Hours at Home*, known as *Scribner's Monthly*. The news is doubtless a surprise to the public, but the magazine's want of support has for some time been privately conjectured. Its disappearance for a second, and, we presume, the last time, will be regretted by many, including not only those whose favorite it was but those who, without giving it a high rank among other periodicals, nevertheless wished it well; by none more than those ingenious gentlemen of letters, whom the multiplicity of magazines has made a remarkable phenomenon, who "board round," as it were—now appearing in an article in the *Atlantic*, next month in *Lippincott's*, again in the *Galaxy*, by turns in all the rest, and not seldom simultaneously in two or three. The reviewer whose monthly task it is monthly to read all the magazines is the only person, perhaps, who is delighted at the cutting off of any one of them. As for the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons, they at least return to their main business with one less care than formerly. Their fall announcements we noted last week. Some foreign agencies which they have undertaken remain to be mentioned: first, of the new periodical called "Art," published by Sampson Low, and embellished with photographs of a high order; and next, of two series of art publications, from, we believe, the same English house, viz., autotype reproductions of drawings by the great masters preserved in English collections, and "oleographs"—*i. e.*, fac-simile reproductions in color in a style quite superior to the best results of chromo-lithography. Of the two last we shall probably have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter.——Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co. announce a number of law publications, of which we cite two as not wholly of a technical character: "A Comparison of the Common and Civil Law Systems as embraced in the Jurisprudence of the United States," by Judge William Archer Cocke; and the "Law of Insanity," being a digest with the leading cases in full, by John J. Elwell, M.D.——Messrs. Macmillan & Co. add to their announcements "The Iliad of the East," which is a translation of legends selected from Valmiki's "Ramayana;" Julia Wedgwood's "John Wesley, and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century;" "The Beginnings of Life"—including an account of the present state of the spontaneous generation question—by H. C. Bastian; "A Treatise on Magnetism," by the Astronomer-Royal, Airy; "Fine Art: A Sketch of its History, Theory, Practice, and Application to Industry"—lectures delivered at Cambridge University—by Sir M. Digby Wyatt; a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. James Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire;" a Life, by Mr. W. D. Christie, of the First Earl of Shaftesbury, for which the materials are new papers from the French archives and others in the possession of the present Earl.

—The *Hearth and Home*, an illustrated journal of family reading, from which politics and controversial religion are excluded, and to which its editor, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, has given a pretty decided horticultural and agricultural and landscape-gardening bias, was founded some year or two ago by Mr. S. M. Pettengill, the well-known advertising agent. We believe it has had very fair success in all ways. It now changes hands, having been bought by Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., the publishers of the *American Agriculturist*, whose name has for many years been a household word in almost every American farm-house. Doubtless, *Hearth and Home* will now be made a little more agricultural still; but it will not cease to deal, after its own fashion, with the right conduct of life inside the farm-house as well as outside. It will still have recipes for the housekeeper; riddles and stories for boys and girls; stories, essays, and poetry for young ladies; and a "News Supplement" for the head of the house, and, in general, will be, as it has been, a very good journal for home reading as home reading goes in this country of newspapers. *Hearth and Home* will not be merged in the *American Agriculturist*, but will remain entirely distinct.

—The library of the late Jared Sparks, biographer of Washington, Franklin, and many other of our worthies, is to be sold during the coming winter. It is said to be an excellent working library for an American historian, very rich in works on the Revolution, well supplied with State histories and early State laws, and containing not a few of the rarities of our early history, which, nowadays, fall to the lot only of the rich collector. It would be a good nucleus for a new college or city library; and we do not see why Americans should always go to Germany to buy libraries in the lump, and permit collections made here, and, of course, much better adapted to our wants, to be dispersed by auction. Mr. Sparks's historical MSS., consisting chiefly of copies made at the London State Paper Office, at Paris, Salamanca, and elsewhere, which are especially valuable in relation to the Spanish colonies, were deposited in the library of Harvard College some years ago.

—The number of rich men who return their accumulated wealth, by their wills, to the public, would appear to be unmistakably on the increase. The bequest of the late Mr. John Simmons, of Boston, is remarkable not only for its munificence—it amounts to nearly two millions of dollars—but for the direction which it has taken. The Simmons Female College to be endowed by it is not an addition to the perhaps too numerous small institutions of learning similarly founded, but has an entirely original purpose: to teach "medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood." It is curious to note the circumstances which led the testator to conceive of this form of benefaction, and to devote to the realization of it the last sixteen years of his life, during which, retired from active business, he invested his fortune in real estate, and built those elegant stores and residences which are, of themselves, an evidence of public spirit, and among the finest by which Boston is adorned. Mr. Simmons was a native of Rhode Island, in the last century, but removed early to Boston, where he subsequently became the pioneer dealer in ready-made clothing, a business in which the city continues pre-eminent. As a manufacturer of these goods, says a writer in the Boston *Advertiser*, he naturally had a wide and painful experience of the needs and incapacity of workingwomen—of needlewomen especially—and his charitable feeling for them doubtless prompted him to devise the remedy which has just been revealed to the public. It will be tried most appropriately in a State notorious for having a surplus of women.

—Very likely, by the time the fund has sufficiently accumulated to warrant starting this college, instruction in medicine, at least except in the rudiments of anatomy and physiology and botany and chemistry, will be so easily obtainable by women at professional schools, as to make it scarcely advisable for the college to compete with them. And probably some other branches will be as well provided for elsewhere. On the other hand, we may trust that the common-school education will have so much improved as to send a higher grade of pupils to the college than it could now muster if instituted at once. In art instruction particularly, it is clear great progress will have been made. Last May the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act requiring every town of more than ten thousand inhabitants to furnish free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age, either in day or evening schools. Boston proposes not only to fulfil those requirements, but to elevate the standard of instruction in drawing in every grade of school, and to import an instructor from England for the express purpose of training the teachers in this branch, Mr. Charles C. Perkins having generously offered to procure the necessary models, such as are supplied to Art Schools from South Kensington, and to give them to the School Committee. A hall in the new Girls' High and Normal School has been, by private liberality also, set apart for the exhibition of casts and photographs illustrative of ancient art. Casts to the value of $1,087 have been subscribed for, chiefly by the ladies of Boston, and are expected to arrive shortly. They embrace the frieze of the Parthenon, and a number of mythological and portrait statues, busts, bas-reliefs, etc., etc.

—Professor Whitney's "German Reader" appeared originally without its notes and vocabulary, which fill a supplementary volume. The publishers, however, have now put reading matter, notes, and vocabulary together in a single volume, which intending purchasers will find handier than the other form of the work. We speak of it here as containing, in the vocabulary, one of the best pieces of lexicographical work of its kind that need be desired. Makers of vocabularies, and printers of them after they are made, may both study it with profit for its clearness to the mind of the student and its clearness to the eye of the examiner. Six kinds of type are used. First there is the large German type, in which appears the word to be translated. There is the English type, in which appears the word of translation. There is, however, in case the German word to be translated and the English word translating it be from the same root, a small-capital type used in the words of translation. But again, in case the German word and the English be derived from different roots, but yet are the same in composition, then there is used still a different English type. We have not in our fonts types with which to give with exactness the appearance of the vocabulary, for which, indeed, types were expressly cast; but the reader will understand this last-mentioned point when we say that the English rendering of "mitleid" being "compassion," "sympathy," and the composition of all these words being the same, while yet there is not identity of roots, the fact of this like use of different materials the vocabulary indicates by a type different from any used for its other purposes. Finally, there is some italic type and some smaller German. The execution thus admirable in its technically typographical aspect is also, as is evident, helpful to the eye of one using the vocabulary, and, of course, the learner reaps benefit from the philological thoroughness and the insistence upon certain philological points to which all this typographical skilfulness helps to give expression. We should add that references to the author's grammar are frequent.

—The *Christian Union*, criticising what we said recently about Prussian culture, acknowledges that it is all true; but maintained that the end achieved by the Prussians—that of making good soldiers, scholars, artists, and philosophers—is after all (comparatively) a poor one; that the truly "successful man is he whose first aim is not to gratify himself, but to serve others, who lives as in God's sight." With this we heartily agree; but after taking as good a survey as our means will permit of the other nations of the earth, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that there is in Prussia on the whole as "much living for others," as "much purity in body and soul," and as much practical recognition of the Divine government of the world, as in any other country. If the *Christian Union* finds reason to be satisfied with the spirituality of life amongst the mass of people either in the United States or in England—we mention these as the two countries whose moral condition it probably puts above that of Prussia on religious grounds—all we can say is that its mode of measuring these things must be different from ours. We are far from holding Prussia up to view as a perfect national organization; but we have no hesitation in assuring American Christians that its culture wouldn't do them any harm; and that, if they try it, they will find themselves as acceptable as ever in the eyes of the Almighty. It is often very amusing to find what a dread of "culture" there is among some reformers and politicians. One would think sometimes, to hear them talk, that no real purity of character or earnestness of life was to be attained except by keeping as ignorant and uncouth as possible—that is, that the more of a brute or a savage you were, the nearer you were to God. Yet the difference between the eleventh century and the nineteenth, and between the New England farmer and the Irish peasant, is simply one of culture. And it is hard to see what force the *Christian Union's* objections to the Prussians can have, unless it means us to draw the conclusion that it is their culture which prevents them from attaining the true end of existence. This argument would, however, prove a little too much, for it would prove that the more civilized man grows, the less likely he is to exhibit the highest type of character—a position which the *Union* will hardly take up. The ordinary reformer's and religious man's horror of "culture" indeed differs only in degree from the Pope's, and is based on equal forgetfulness of the fact that men of culture differ from others simply in being more civilized—that is, in having got a little further along the road on which the best portion of the human race is painfully toiling.

—The *Woman's Journal* says it has "private reasons" for believing that Florence Nightingale is the writer of the letter which recently appeared in the *Nation* on the Englishwomen and the "Contagious Diseases Acts." An ordinary guess at the authorship we should let go for what it was worth, but the mention of "private reasons" makes it proper to say that the *Woman's Journal* is mistaken. Miss Nightingale did not write the letter in question.

—One of the most striking and instructive portions of Maine's treatise on "Ancient Law" is that in which the author, after pointing out the wide prevalence of patriarchal institutions in primitive times, proceeds to show "that it is more than likely that joint-ownership, and not separate ownership, is the really archaic institution." He draws his proofs from the village communities of India, Russia, and the Danubian provinces, in which the patriarchal character is clearly distinguishable in different degrees of completeness. These views have been further supported by the discovery of analogous institutions in other communities, and one is interested to find the latest piece of evidence brought to light in regard to Mr. Maine's own country. It is a learned German that has detected an order of things which English students appear to have overlooked. A late number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains a review of a monograph by Nasse—"Ueber die mittelalterliche Feldgemeinschaft, etc., in England"—which proves the existence of a village community in early times, lacking, it is true, the patriarchal elements, which it may be supposed to have outgrown. "It is still possible to reconstruct a complete picture of the dwelling and court-yard, with little grass-plot fenced in near by, of arable land and meadow, in separate possession, it is true, but with common rules of management (*Benutzung*), and of the common pasture-land." When manors were formed, even after the Norman conquest, they were forced by the nature of things to adapt themselves to the village system, and even to form a part of it; and it was not until the time of the Tudors that the system was outgrown—although even to this day it has not wholly disappeared. It would be worth while to examine how far the early settlers in this country were influenced by the traditions and surviving remnants of this system, and how far, on the other hand, similar causes led to similar results. For the first colonists of New England had a free field before them, like the Saxon conquerors of Britain; and many points in the early land-tenure of New England are strikingly like those described in this article. When a town was organized, the process was that "the General Court granted a tract of land to a company of persons. . . . The land was held at first by the company as property in common" (Palfrey, ii. p. 13). This company of proprietors then proceeded to divide the lands by assigning first house-lots (in Marlborough varying from fifteen to fifty acres), then tracts of meadow-land, and in some cases "mineral land;" that is, where bog-iron ore was found. Pasture and wood-land remained in common, as the property of the company. New persons admitted as freemen would appear for a time to have become members of the company; but a law of the General Court, in 1660, provided "that hereafter no cottage or dwelling-place shall be admitted to the priviledge of commonage for wood, timber, or herbage, or any other the priviledges that lye in any towne or peculiar, but such as are already in being, or hereafter shall be erected by consent of the towne." From this time the "commoners" appear as a kind of aristocracy among the inhabitants. Sometimes new members were admitted by special vote, and the commons were gradually divided up. The right of the proprietors to do this was challenged sometimes by the non-proprietors (as in Woburn, in 1741); but was maintained by the law of 1660. In Ipswich, the rights of the commoners continued in existence until after the Revolutionary war, when (in 1788) they granted their rights to the town for the purpose of helping to pay the debts of the town.

—Few persons not librarians will get any notion from them, the faculty of attaching any definite value to large numbers being a rare one; but these figures about the British Museum will interest some of our readers Besides, we doubt if there are many ways in which a man who writes can be of more service in our day and country than he can be by calling attention, as often as possible, to the existence elsewhere of the great libraries, the makers and furnishers of scholars and students, which as yet we lack. Last year there were added to the Museum's library 32,013 volumes and pamphlets, 26,331 parts of volumes or separate numbers of serials and works in progress, 2,582 pieces of music, 1,181 complete files of newspapers, and 5,783 "sundries"—making in all nearly 68,000 articles added to the treasures of this great institution. On an average, there were each day in the reading-rooms 356 students, each consulting 13 books during his visits. The total number of readers was 103,884, and the number of visitors to the general collections was 460,635.

—In spite of the restrictions imposed upon correspondents, the large number of men of ability representing the British press at or near the seat of war cannot but succeed in making some very good and interesting reading. In letters in the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there has been a good deal of really excellent writing—work as effective and nearly as well done as if the man writing had been carefully finishing a chapter of a novel, or elaborating an essay which he was to acknowledge as his, and on which he intended to abide judgment. We might, if it were worth while, quote a good many proofs of the truth of this statement, which was suggested at the moment by a *News* correspondent's description of the rendering of the "Marseillaise" by the somewhat celebrated Mademoiselle Agar. Those who have heard the most declamatory of national songs, delivered with proper energy of leg and arm gesticulation by a good Frenchman, will understand how decidedly exciting Mlle. Agar's performance must be—especially when some thousands of Frenchmen in a state of patriotic exaltation unite to give the chorus. Mlle. Agar is an actress, with a reasonably good voice, which she knows how to manage, and with a person which serves her fairly well upon the stage, and excellently for her new *rôle* of embodying the genius of France when France is full of tigerish energy. As she comes forward, the spectator notices that her bare arms are muscular and well shaped; her hair hangs loose, and is black in color; her forehead is low and broad; her eyes are full of excited light; she is clothed in a white dress or robe, which allows the free play of her figure, none of whose movements is concealed.

She advances in a half-crouching attitude, suggesting the movement of the tiger, and her voice, as she begins, is suppressed and hoarse as though she were choking with rage and passion. When her chant commences, says the correspondent, she reminds one of a Brocken witch murmuring an evil incantation. As she goes on, every line is dwelt upon with an exaggerated emphasis, which, however, does not produce the effect of grotesqueness, because the vast assemblage listens with terrible and oppressive earnestness to every word, and almost to every syllable. When the climax is reached the tricolor is unfurled, mademoiselle kneels down, the audience rises, and the chorus is sung by everybody. As one reads this description, one thinks of the Spartan phalanxes advancing

> . . . "to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders;"

and thinks also of the character of the air of the song now heard whenever Germans get together—

> "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

It is at first almost plaintive, and never makes a nearer approach to the rage and exhausting fury of the "Marseillaise" than in being, as it goes on, firm and valiant music—

> . . . . "such as raised
> To height of noblest temper heroes old
> Arming to battle; and instead of rage
> Deliberate valor breathed."

In fact, the German patriotic poetry, as has been well observed, is far oftener tender, pathetic, domestic, and romantic than it is warlike or military; and furious or cruel it never is.

—Students, and teachers also, we may say, of the French language will find a desideratum in M. Auguste Brachet's "Dictionnaire étymologique de la Langue française," to which M. Egger, of the Institute, supplies a preface (Paris: Hetzel.) The work is divided into two parts. The introduction states, concisely and methodically, the principles of French etymology, and the vocabulary, which contains nearly all the words in the Academy's dictionary, indicates the certain or probable derivation of each. Doubtful etymologies are supported by adducing the laws of phonetic changes, with illustrative examples. Where a number of words exhibit the same transformation, it is fully explained in the first instance that arises, to which afterwards a simple reference suffices. Such a dictionary enables a most instructive and fascinating comparison to be instituted between the Latin, French, and English languages, and ought to make the way smooth for learning all three together, not to speak of the philological training by which one may easily become a more general linguist.

THE SECOND EMPIRE IN ITS BLOOM.*

We have given our readers a brief review of the first volume of Taxile Delord's "History of the Second Empire," warmly recommending this work to their attention. On perusing the second volume, we not only find no reason to retract our favorable opinion of that comprehensive production, but, on the contrary, are impelled to declare it the most valuable as well as the most interesting contribution to the history of our times which has come under our notice. Unaffected and unadorned, and everywhere displaying a most amiable candor and independence of judgment, it presents us with a precise and detailed account of the doings and workings of the neo-Napoleonic Empire, and a lively and comprehensive picture of the political and social life of France under it. It generalizes little, philosophizes little, and neither exhorts nor perorates; but it gives such an abundance of incontrovertible facts from which generalizations and lessons for the future can be drawn, and gives them so well grouped and so well illumined, that the reader cannot fail to form the most important conclusions concerning the past and the future. And those conclusions cannot vary much from the following: The Second Empire has been the sum of all villany; if continued as it was in its palmiest period, it must eat the vitals out of the French nation and render it a reproach to mankind.

Such is the richness of matter contained in the second volume that it would by far exceed the limits of a review in this paper merely to specify all the topics which would be of interest even to a non-French reader. Briefly, however, we must mention the most interesting: the *agiotage* fever, with its effects on society, industry, and commerce; the rise of prices and rents, and the advent of M. Haussmann; "Cæsarian Paris" with its "courtesans and bankers;" the baptism of the Prince Imperial, and the presentation by the Pope of a golden rose to the Empress; the Senate chastised by an *avertissement* for a slight fit of independence; debates on the Law of Regency; persecutions of the republicans; proscriptions and dungeons in the departments; the horrors of deportation; the funerals of Armand Marrast and Lamennais; conspiracies, infernal machines, and attempted assassinations of the Emperor; the execution of Pianori; royalist manœuvres; activity and decline of legitimism; Berryer and others at work for the Comte de Chambord; defection of Larochjacquelein; futile attempts to bring about a fusion of Orleanism and legitimism; meeting of Chambord and the Duc de Nemours at Vienna; the decadence and debasement of journalism; the cheap press, the feuilleton, and the advertisements; the gagging and falsification of public opinion; subsidization and semi-officialism; journalistic metamorphoses operated by De Morny, Véron, Mirès, Émile de Girardin, and others; transmutations of the religious press; the church in active league with Bonapartism; a crusade against philosophy; the Archbishop of Paris, Sibour, humbled by the Ultramontanes under the lead of Veuillot; coronation of Napoleon III.; proclamation of the dogma of Immaculate Conception; the revival of miracles; superstition fostered by the Government; opposition of the Academy; reception, as members, of Montalembert, Dupanloup, Berryer, and De Broglie; Imperial measures to curb the Academy, to reform the University, and to curtail higher instruction; opposition of the salons; Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, and Gauthier surrendering to the Empire; assassination of the Archbishop of Paris; legislation concerning commerce, banking, and railroads; deaths of Béranger and General Cavaignac; attempt and death of Orsini; a new reign of terror under General Espinasse, as Minister of the Interior; fresh deportations; election of Jules Favre and Picard; opposition of Montalembert; the Italian war of 1859; the proscribed in Belgium, England, Switzerland, and Spain; granting of a partial amnesty; loosening of the dictatorial sway. With the opening of the year 1860 the second volume closes, and the third will probably bring us both the decline and the fall of the Second Empire.

Of the thirteen chapters into which the second volume is divided, none is more interesting than the one devoted to "Journalism," though the two following, which treat of "The Clergy" and of "The Academy, the University, and Literature," are hardly of less merit. The characters, practices, and juggler-like mutations of some of the principal representatives and managers of the press are depicted in most curious traits. The history of almost all Parisian organs of importance is sketched. But the history of no other organ is so characteristic of the baser sides of the period as that of the *Univers*, the chief Ultramontane journal, and no man who ever wielded the journalist's pen in Paris—not excluding even Véron, the Cassagnacs, and De la Guéronnière—has shown himself under more repulsive chameleon colors than its leading editor, Louis Veuillot. To trace the changing course of the *Univers* during the Revolution of 1848 and a number of subsequent years—a course which, throughout that period, ran parallel with that of the *Constitutionnel* and a number of other non-clerical journals, ultimately the main propagators of Bonapartism—is to show the depth of self-degradation of which journalistic demagogism is capable. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

In February, 1848, the *Univers*, ultra-conservative though it had been, hailed with shouts of delight the downfall of monarchy in France. "Immoral under Louis XIV.," these were its words, "scandalous under Louis XV., despotic under Napoleon, unintelligent till 1830, astute—to say no more—till 1848—monarchy succumbs under the weight of its faults." The *Univers* was not satisfied with the republic in France, it preached universal republicanism. That pious Catholic paper mocked at Catholic Austria, the last crumbling prop of royalism, and accused bigoted Ferdinand II. of Naples of attempting to introduce the pest into Sicily. After the bloody conflict of June, it mourned with the republicans, and only expressed a fear "lest liberty should be made to expiate the crimes of faction." The socialists, it charitably believed, had been led into error by purely Christian impulses. It advocated the spending of some millions by the state for the purpose of trying by practical experiments the value of some of the communistic theories; "France is generous, she pays willingly for the glory and folly of her children." The right of instruction it said was, under certain circumstances, "the most sacred of duties;" every illiberal principle it branded as "anti-Christian;" the refusal of the freedom of the press it considered "a scandal;" free association and freedom of conscience were its "rallying words." It demanded free worship for all dissident sects no less than for Catholics. Democracy, to hear the *Univers*, was a child of Rome, where it received its baptism from the hands of Pius IX.; the church was free only in "the glorious republic of the United States." Bonapartism beginning to raise its head, the *Univers* became indignant: "It is not the Committee of Public Safety but the Code Napoléon which has destroyed France." "The Empire was no monarchy, it was a despotism; despotism is only a form of anarchy." Louis Bonaparte appeared to it "running after a dictatorship which could be nothing else but a parody." In 1850, the *Univers* turned legitimist. It could expect for France no return to order except through monarchy with the elder branch of the Bourbons. It advocated the fusion of the two branches. A year or two later it was on its knees before imperialism made triumphant by the *coup d'état*. It glorified Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., and spoke with detestation of the enemies of the latter, the revolutionists, "whose doctrines inspired horror," and the parliamentarians, "whose obstinacy elicited pity." Against these demoralized foes it saw two armies clasping hands, "the one composed of four hundred thousand warriors, in all the vigor of discipline and youth, ... the other . . . . the army of charity, numbering forty thousand priests and fifty thousand nuns." It then entered upon a crusade against philosophy, classical studies, and liberalism under all its forms.

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* "Histoire du Second Empire. Par Taxile Delord." Vol. II. Paris: 1870.

Such were the chief allies of the Second Empire in the arena of public discussion. The Empire amply reciprocated their favors; but it did much more in the way of watching and disarming all opposition in the same field. An *avertissement* was sent to a journal on account of "an acrid criticism of the law of March 29, 1852, on sugar;" another was decreed for an article representing Napoleon I. as an apostle of the revolution; another, for a comparison of the downfalls of Charles X. and Louis Philippe with that of Napoleon I.; another, for the following statement in a Protestant religious paper: "Five persons have recently abjured in Edinburgh the errors of Roman Catholicism;" another, for a severe criticism on an act of the municipal authority in the dramatic feuilleton of a provincial paper; another, for polemical acrimony "exceeding the limits of good taste," according to the æsthetic sense of the prefect of the Lower Loire; another, for the publication, during the Crimean war, of news from Constantinople, "probable but not official;" another, for an article "in opposition to the national sentiment;" another, for "attacks on the allies of France;" another, for passages offensive to the Pope in a feuilleton by George Sand; another, for a doubt in the veracity of a note in the *Moniteur*. The *Phare de la Loire* having said in its report of the opening of the parliamentary session: "The Emperor then delivered the speech which we have published, and which, *according to the Agence Havas*, elicited repeated cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*" etc., it received an *avertissement* "in consideration of this dubitative form of expression being so unbecoming in face of the striking enthusiasm with which the words of the Emperor have inspired the great bodies of the state, as well as all good citizens." And all this is but the milder side of the late Napoleonic despotism. The accounts of the more serious persecutions of its enemies by military and civil authorities are quite differently startling. But we have no room to follow our author further.

ORTON'S AMAZON.*

AMERICAN literature is probably more deficient in works of travel than in any other records of human effort. We are not without ambitious chronicles of journeyings on most of the continents, but beyond half-a-dozen works we have nothing to show which deserves to live to mark the restlessness of our people. To the discoveries of Africa and Australia, we have contributed nothing except a very little, and that long ago, by the surveying expedition which carried Dana to the latter region. In Asia, Pumpelly's geological work may claim for us a place in the history of the discovery of the greatest continent—if we may use the word *discovery* in reference to the continent which is the mother of races. Our great expeditions which have explored the broad and difficult country between the easternmost borders of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific with a rapidity and thoroughness unequalled in the history of geographical discovery, show very plainly that there is no want of talent for this sort of work among our people. But though the names of our travellers are not to be linked with the history of the explorations of the continents of the Old World, there is a good prospect that we may secure a fair place in the history of the discovery of our twin continent of the New World. The government explorers, Herndon and Gibbon, Hassaurek, Agassiz, and (to a certain extent) Fletcher, have done good work as travellers in that region.

Mr. Orton is clearly entitled to a fair place among the explorers of South America. His journey, although for a part over the pretty well-beaten paths of South American travel, carried him over some hundreds of miles of country which has rarely been traversed by modern explorers. From the uplands of Ecuador to the main stream of the Amazon, Mr. Orton's journey was through a region which has never before been adequately described in our language.

The main motive of our traveller was that which has led so many intelligent naturalists to South America; and although his book does not treat us to a large amount of special scientific information, we get through the whole the sort of information which the professedly scientific traveller is most apt to obtain. The structure of the great chains of the Andes, the history of their great volcanoes, the character of the relics of the aboriginal peoples, all are treated in an intelligent manner. The three hundred and fifty pages of the book contain a remarkable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. The copious note-books of the author have poured their treasures into his pages with a lavish profusion. Generally, the observations show the trained traveller; sometimes, indeed, comparisons of what he saw with things seen in other lands are almost unnecessarily introduced to show that he is not on his first journey. This parade of knowledge sometimes takes a more objectionable shape. Who cares to be told that "the same year which saw Shakespeare carried to his grave beside Avon witnessed the founding of Pará"? But the genius of indirection does not always possess our traveller; the very chapter so inauspiciously begun gives us a very good, succinct description of Pará.

When Mr. Orton reports the results of his own observation, he generally gives some trustworthy information; when, however, he collects the statements of others, he sometimes shows a wild credulity worthy of Herodotus. Speaking of the Napo women, he says: "They render their husbands idiotic by giving them an infusion of *floripondio*, and then choose another consort. We saw a sad example of this near Reobamba, and heard of one husband who, after being thus treated, unconsciously served his wife and her new man like a slave." This is worthy to go with the stories of the "succession powders" and other medical chimeras of former centuries. The same capacity for the appropriation of questionable statements is still more evident where our traveller pauses in his journey to treat us to general discourses on the geological history of the region he is traversing. The chapter on the "Geological History of South America," containing a vast amount of poetically rendered misinformation, is indeed a sad defacement of the clear, simple narrative which it cuts in twain. We take from the first paragraph: "Long protracted eons elapsed without adding a page to the geology of South America. The Creator seems to have been busy elsewhere. Decorating the north with the gorgeous flora of the carboniferous period, till, in the language of Hugh Miller, 'to distant planets our earth must have shone with a green and delicate ray,' he rubbed the picture out, and ushered in the hideous reptilian age, when monstrous saurians, footed, paddled, and winged, were the lords of this lower world. All the great mountain chains were at this time slumbering beneath the ocean. The city of New York was sure of its site, but huge dinotheria wallowed in the mire where now stand the palaces of Paris, London, and Vienna." The worst balderdash which has afflicted our language during the last ten years has come from amateur geologists. No sooner does a man become possessed of a few of the great conceptions which the science affords than he begins to break all linguistic bounds. As soon as he enters into the illimitable past, his gambols lead one to suppose that he must be possessed of the spirit of a pterodactyl, or some other vagarious creature. What else could lead a discreet man to assert that, in the lifting of the Andes, "a man's life would be too short to count the centuries consumed in the operation"? Allowing the extreme time that the calculations of the most indulgent physicists have granted to the physical history of the crust, we have but two millions of centuries; to count this number would occupy an active man about a month.

But these faults, though it is the critic's duty to point them out, are more than outweighed by the many good qualities of the book. We can pardon a good deal of fine writing in a traveller who has the courage to give us, without any of the palliation of false delicacy, the following picture: "We found the governor, one day, taking lice for his lunch. Sitting behind his little boy, he picked out the little parasites with his nails, and crushed them between his teeth with a look of satisfaction. Eating lice is an old Indian custom, and universal in the Andes. In Inca times, it was considered an infallible remedy against sore eyes. We have seen a dozen women sitting on the ground in a row, picking out vermin from each other's heads." The honesty which causes our author to represent things just as he saw them leads him to a most commendable care in crediting to the works of other travellers in the same region all that he has gleaned from them—we are sorry to say, not a very common virtue in travellers.

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* "The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

The closing chapter gives clear and full directions as to the methods and cost of travel in South America. Having taken the reader with him by his most interesting narrative, he offers him a chance to make the journey himself for six hundred dollars in gold. The book is well got up. The map, despite the wretched way in which the mountains are misrepresented, gives the route very well, and the index is a sufficient guide to the contents.

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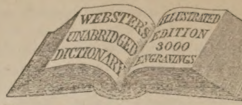

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The Week.

THE Prussians push the siege of Paris with their wonted energy, though hardly any shelling has as yet been attempted, and very little fighting has taken place since the engagement of the 19th. The reports which reached us from Orléans and Beauvais, respectively, about heavy fighting in the field south and north of Paris, turn out to have been idle fictions. The engagement of the 19th, or, as it is called, the battle of Châtillon—from the small village opposite Forts Vanves and Montrouge, near which the main part of the contest took place—was a disastrous affair to the arms of General Trochu. It is said to have been fought against his better judgment, silenced by the persuasion of General Ducrot, who had just escaped in disguise from Sedan. Preceded by a reconnoissance on the 18th, which revealed the advance of the Prussians towards Versailles, and their half-accomplished occupation of the woods of Verières, Clamart, and Meudon, the assault by the three divisions under Ducrot was made about daybreak, but portions of his troops incautiously advanced too far, and came under a destructive fire; others—inexperienced Gardes Mobiles—fired into the ranks of a regiment of regulars who preceded them, which caused confusion and a retreat; while the troops on the left, on the heights of Villejuif and Vitry, were thrown back still more precipitately towards Paris, the streets of which, south of the Seine, were thronged with fugitive Zouaves. Ducrot was compelled to abandon a redoubt in front of Forts Vanves and Montrouge, and to retire behind the line of the regular fortifications, and the plan of fighting the enemy outside of them seems to have been definitively given up. Seven or eight position guns and several thousand prisoners were captured by the Germans, who are said to have on this occasion again displayed that wonderful familiarity with the battle-ground to which many of their late successes may in part be attributed, while the French seem, on the whole, to have proceeded with the carelessness and that confidence in mere *élan* which have so often proved fatal to their operations in this campaign. The Gardes Mobiles are extolled in the Parisian reports for having exhibited that *élan*, but the cowardice of the Zouaves is an unmistakable sign of increasing demoralization in the remnants of the old army. This demoralization paralyzes Trochu to a degree which makes "a defensive without an offensive" a necessity. Another cause of paralysis is the enemy within gates, Red-republicanism. However, Gambetta and Ferry announce to France and the world that Paris is undivided in sentiment, and determined to stand or fall fighting.

Toul, after a very strenuous resistance, has finally surrendered, yielding to a terrific and relentless bombardment. Its garrison obtained the conditions that were granted the army at Sedan. The capture of Strasbourg is reported, as we go to press, to have taken place on Monday. The reduction of Metz seems to be expected more from the operation of time, which must gradually exhaust the scanty resources of the large army there invested, than from active siege operations. Yet Bazaine continues to show himself defiant. The report, however, which comes from Saarbrück, of his having again—and again to his grievous loss—attempted to escape north—to Thionville—deserves no credit, as it refers to a rather old date, and the authorities in Berlin would certainly not have hesitated in making an official announcement of this new success of the German arms. Thionville is reported assailed and vigorously defended. Nothing further is heard about Soissons. Orléans has been evacuated. Chartres disbands its defenders, and resignedly awaits the enemy. Common fear, more than anything else, characterizes the resolutions and doings of most of the French towns more or less remotely threatened by the now almost unresisted advance of the invaders. Lille and Cherbourg, Lyons and Bourges, make preparations for defence, instead of pushing forward their men to assail or harass the exposed wings of the German army; and it is saddening to the friends of the French nation to read of *defensive* measures resorted to by the cities of the extreme south, Marseilles and Toulon. Nor is it less saddening to hear that some importance is attributed to the offer of a battalion of Spanish volunteers by Orense; to the attempted formation of Spanish guerilla bands in Languedoc; to the arrival of some volunteers from Italy, though without the red-shirted "liberator," who is guarded in Caprera; or to the offer by Mieroslawski of his rusty Polish sword—a sword which, in its brightest days—in 1848 and 1849—proved of very little use to either Poland, Sicily, or Baden, whose revolutionary causes it in turns engaged to serve.

The letter of our Paris Correspondent, written three weeks ago, which appears on another page, has been borne out very remarkably by the telegrams which have reached us within the last week. The Provisional Government are plainly afraid to do the only thing that is left for France to do—make peace on the best attainable terms. Thus far, although the whole French army—horse, foot, and dragoons—has been put *hors de combat*, and the capital is besieged, they have actually made no offer of terms to the invader. Jules Favre has gone to the Prussian camp and had a conference with Bismarck, but actually seems to have had nothing to propose, except that the Prussians should stop fighting and go home. Of course, on this basis negotiation was useless, and Favre has accordingly come back, and the Government has committed the almost incredible folly of postponing indefinitely the summoning of the Constituent Assembly, and a proclamation, signed by Crémieux, Glais-Bizoin, and Fourichon, announces in the usual fustian "that Paris is exasperated, and will rather bury herself beneath her ruins"—whatever that may mean—and that the Government is going "to respond to the insolent pretensions of the Prussians by resistance to the last extremity." Are these pretensions "insolent?" Let us see. France asks for an armistice in order that a government may be set up capable of making a valid treaty of peace. Prussia agrees, on condition that her military position shall not be worsened by the delay, or, rather, that it shall be worsened as little as possible. We need only point to the constitution of the Prussian army, and to the condition in which the war leaves Prussian industry at home, to show that, no matter what military precautions she may take, Prussia must suffer seriously from any delay. The shortness of her wars is an essential condition of her military system. France, on the other hand, must inevitably, no matter what she cedes in the shape of position or fortresses, gain by delay. She has chosen to swap horses while crossing the stream; and what she needs now, of all things, is time to recover her scattered senses, collect stores and munitions, and arm and drill her population. Therefore, a month is just now worth more to her than Strasbourg or Metz. The retention of these cannot save her; but a new army with a good leader might. Moltke therefore demanded, as compensation for the delay involved in the armistice, Strasbourg, Toul, and Verdun (Toul has since fallen), so as to keep his communications free. No military man will say this was unreasonable, and no intelligent civilian.

Next, as to the terms of peace, Bismarck has issued a circular in which he insists on the surrender of Metz and Strasbourg as necessary to the defence of Germany against French aggression. Are these exorbitant demands? We must judge them partly by reference to the German military position, and to the French means of resistance, and partly by the usages of civilized belligerents. Now, when we say that the French regular army has been either destroyed or shut up in besieged fortresses, which have no hope of relief; that what is left of it in Paris is so demoralized that, in the recent action at Châtillon, a regiment of the Zouaves, who have with the Guard formed the *corps d'élite*, threw away their arms and ran in wild disorder; and that the Prussians are around Paris 400,000 strong, under the leadership of the greatest living strategist; and that the campaign only began in August, and that France has no organized government—we present a state of facts on which it is impossible any set of men, rational enough to carry on a war, can base expectation of anything short of the subjugation of France within a very few months. As far, therefore, as the mere preponderance of force can justify pretensions, it is safe to say that no pretensions Prussia could put forward short of the total destruction of the French nationality could fairly be called "insolent." If, on the other hand, we judge Prussian demands by precedent, we find that no similar set of successes in the field has ever been followed by claims less exorbitant. No treaty of peace made by France with a conquered enemy since the Revolution has, considering the relative strength of the belligerents, let the vanquished off nearly so easily. The campaign of Jena cost the King of Prussia half his dominions, and compelled him to reduce his army to 40,000 men. To come down still later, the treaty of Paris deprived Russia of a great fortress and compelled her to abstain from keeping any fleet in the Black Sea; and the treaty of Villafranca deprived Austria of a great province, though her army was still capable of protracted resistance. In fact, if we look at the Prussian demands in the light of usage, and remember that war is not a mere game of skill, but a means of determining national rights and duties, and fixing international relations, we must admit that they are on the whole moderate.

What makes the French position all the more absurd is that that Government which has succeeded the Emperor, and which asks Prussia to treat the downfall of the Empire as the close of the conflict, does not contain a single man who can go to the Prussian camp and say: "I never was opposed to German unity; I never doubted the legitimacy of your longing for it; I never saw in it anything at which France could justly take offence; I never thought German weakness and discord necessary to French glory; and I never placed French glory in anything but liberty and industry. I never wanted France to annex the Rhine Provinces by force; and the reason why I opposed the present war was, that I thought all attacks on you unjustifiable, and not that it was simply inopportune and unlikely to catch you at a disadvantage." If there was a party in France which could use this language, which had opposed this war on its merits, which could show that a considerable body of the people shared its sentiments, and which had now obtained possession of power, it might indeed fairly claim the utmost indulgence and confidence from Prussia. But, we say it with great regret, there is not one public man in France at this moment—we do not except the members of the Provisional Government—whose position with regard to the foreign policy of France ever since 1866 does not render his talk of Prussian "arrogance" or unreasonableness positively ludicrous. It is a lamentable fact that the failure of the Empire to attack Prussia in 1866 contributed powerfully to strengthen the Liberal party, and enabled it to wring from the Empire the concessions of last January.

As to the chances of the Republic, the events of every day go far to justify the caution we took the liberty of addressing to our readers about it when the news of it first arrived. The plain truth is that there is only one class in France—the workingmen of the great towns—who desire a republic. To these we may add a few lawyers and literary men; but the republic the workingmen desire is a socialist republic; for such an one as Gambetta or Favre had in his mind they have, as was seen in 1848, as hearty a detestation as for monarchy. On the other hand, the peasantry, who form the great bulk of the French population, hate and fear the Republic, and will always help any one who undertakes to overthrow it, because in their eyes it threatens property. The *bourgeoisie* share their feeling. In fact, we believe there is not now in France a tithe of the republican sentiment there was in 1848. The events of that year went far towards killing it. The proclamation of the Republic in Paris is due partly to the hope of the Reds that they will have their way under it, and partly to the inability of the Moderates to suggest anything else. But the end is not yet; and though we dislike prediction, we are not afraid to express our belief that there is still a strong chance of a constitutional monarchy, or of something else than a democratic republic; or that if a republic is set up, it will be by no means the thing over which some Americans are waving their hats. Those who have gone crazy over it would, therefore, do well to put on their clothes and return to their homes.

The *Tribune* has, on all this matter of the European war, been so sensible and able, and given so many indications of a healthy brain, that we hate to inform against it—and yet duty is duty. On Tuesday, discoursing of the French Republic, it acknowledged that the Republic was hateful to the "ignorant and priest-ridden peasantry," but declared boldly that this did not matter much as long as it had "the ardent support of liberal and enlightened France;" and evidently hopes the Republic may be set up, whether the peasantry—that is, nine-tenths of the French people—like it or not. So it appears that, after all, a majority ought not to count for so much as an intelligent minority in fixing the form of government! Fie for shame! Does the *Tribune* seriously suppose that people don't read its annual article against college education, and that other annual article against the silly "educated American" who distrusts universal suffrage, and the numerous articles which have made it plain as a pikestaff that, with a good pair of legs and of arms, a good stomach and eyesight, a man is fit not only to be a citizen of anything in the way of state ever set up, but knows far better than either the bench or the bar or the clergy what laws ought to be passed? This is really awful. We would save the *Tribune* if we could, but it is too well known to make any disguise successful.

Rome was occupied by the Italians on Tuesday week, the 20th, after a resistance of very brief duration, and which inflicted no great loss on either party. Some little effervescence of the populace—the Roman inertness scarcely rose above that—was promptly suppressed by General Cadorna. Next Sunday is the day fixed for taking the plebiscitum. The various ways in which the conservative Italian press has accommodated itself to the abrogation of the September convention are quite amusing. According to one view, the Emperor personally was the second party to the treaty, and so long as he retained a shred of his sovereignty Italy was bound in honor to him. To this it was objected that it seemed like taking a mean advantage of Napoleon's misfortunes to repudiate the contract with him; whereas it was only necessary to assume that the engagement was with the Imperial Government, and this having been superseded by an Opposition that had always denounced the convention, there was an end of constraint on one side and obligation on the other. After all, Italy has entered Rome not only because she was compelled to, but because she could; and she could merely because neither France, nor any government of France, was able to interfere with her.

The *à priori* politicians have been coming in, surrendering, and begging for their lives in large numbers during the last four or five months, and, although mercy to them is cruelty to the state, we fear most of them have got off easily. Some, however, have actually of late been trying to make their escape, by disguising themselves as rationalists and experimentalists, and these certainly should have no quarter. A good many of them who were most insolent and abusive towards the opponents of the Chinese treaty, have actually since then had the impudence to come forward and refuse to admit the Chinese laborers to the American markets—their humanity notwithstanding—on simple grounds of expediency, and expediency of a very base sort, too—namely, the desirableness of keeping all the work there was to be had for the Aryan branch of the human family; and have discoursed with great fluency on the advantages of their arrangement to the nation; and, when you mention "natural rights" to them, put on a stupid, ignorant air, as if they had never heard of these things, and ask you where they grow. For these impostors, we trust there will be no compunction.

The State Convention of the New York Democrats was held in Rochester Wednesday week, and did nothing that was not expected, except, perhaps, that there was rather more tameness of submission to Tammany than some people had been anticipating. The so-called Young Democracy hardly put in an appearance, and made no attempt to contest the seats of the Tammany delegation. The country Democracy also was perfectly quiet, and the Tammany delegation was the convention, as, indeed, was no more than fair, if Mr. Tweed can keep his promise that this city and Brooklyn shall give Hoffman from fifty-five to sixty-five thousand majority. The platform is well enough made for party purposes, and there is one resolution which possesses national interest: "Our tariff of duties," it says, "should have the one only lawful purpose of obtaining necessary revenue . . . the present system of favoritism, miscalled protection, is simple robbery; . . . except in so far as the legitimate expenses of the Government may require, free trade is the policy of the country." The other resolutions declared, in substance, that a license law is more favorable to temperance than a law of prohibition; that Fenian raiders in jail have been there long enough, and should be let out; that Cuba, Ireland, France, and Germany have a claim on American sympathy—France for her bravery and for having set up a republic; Germany for having shown her overwhelming power and established her unity; Ireland for lying under hostile domination; and Cuba for the same reason, and because the United States Government has "actively aided Cuba's enemies;" that useless and vexatious taxes should be abolished, and the entire volume of taxation should be reduced; that, as "many of the issues which have divided good citizens in the past are now settled," conservative men of all parties should join in restoring ascendency in the Government to the principle on which it was established, but which is not stated, though no doubt it is Mr. Samuel Tilden's system of decentralization which is referred to. Mr. Tilden's hand it is, too, we suppose, which framed the eulogy on Governor Hoffman and the opening resolution which arraigns "the present Federal Administration."

Grant's administration, the Convention asserted, "has come short of the expectations of its own friends," which, we suppose, is true of all administrations since Solon's. It has "shown its inability to devise an intelligent financial policy," but the Democratic party has shown no ability to do better than Mr. Boutwell, while intelligent condemnation of Mr. Boutwell's policy, and effective modifications of it, have all come from Republicans; it "has failed to relieve our internal revenue of oppressive complications and intricacies;" but it has to some extent afforded such relief, and the Republican majority in Congress has had such pointed reproof from the Republican majority at home, that the next Congress will go still further on the road entered upon by the last. The administration has given "large grants of public lands to great corporations," but so have all administrations for many years, and with the popular approval, and with great good result, while to the popular belief that the system has been carried far enough the Republican majority in Congress last spring gave full effect. The administration has a "feeble foreign policy;" but no one can assert and prove, say before President Woolsey, that the administration has not shown exact justice to Cuban and Fenian, or that the country at large is not itself responsible for the condition of the *Alabama* business. The administration "hinders foreign immigrants from assuming the obligations of citizens;" but as thereby a very great number of fraudulent votes may probably be kept out of the ballot-box in this city, everybody but rogues might be tender and look on this error with lenity. The administration "retains in office unworthy men"—which is true, but what are the Democracy going to do about it? The Democrat is not alive, so far as we have heard, who favors a Civil Service bill, and as for having all officials good men under our present system, a guileless Sister of Charity would never think it—unless, indeed, Mr. Sweeny or Mr. Tweed were to tell her so. As for the other count in Mr. Tilden's indictment, that relating to the interposition of Federal troops in North Carolina affairs, it is enough to say that the blame of it rests with Holden, the Governor of the State, who made requisition for them. It was, as we think, a piece of roguery, but it was not Grant's, or Sherman's, or Belknap's.

The treatment of "the boys" was the only unexpected or particularly interesting thing about the Convention. Free tickets to the number of two thousand were given them by the Tammany managers, in the expectation, seemingly, that there might be need of their services to repel the assaults of Sheriff O'Brien's friends and deputies. But "the boys"—among whom, remarks the *Sun*, was "probably the undiscovered Nathan murderer"—are gentlemen whom for various reasons no city of the size of Rochester fancies as inhabitants or even very transient visitors, for which cause they were put upon a milk train instead of the fast express, and were landed in Rochester only an hour or so before it was presumed they would be wanted. There was exceedingly loud lament among them at having been kept on the rail about twenty-one hours, during which time, however, they "cleaned out" the eating-houses, bar-rooms, orchards, and bake-shops of such towns as the train stopped at, and, while the train was running, fought each other, picked each other's pockets, and got violently drunk. The people of Rochester, however, as they saw the debarkation in the morning, and observed the alacrity with which the boys "went through" restaurants and liquor-saloons, rose up and blessed Mr. Tweed that the rank and file had not arrived at ten the night before when the palace-cars brought up the officers. Hostilities not being necessary, the choicest of the army occupied advantageous positions in and about the hall of the Convention, and operated on the pocket-books and watches of delegates and visitors. Mr. Samuel Tilden, among others, got, we hope, a realizing sense of the company he keeps when he opens conventions and the like for Mr. Tweed, and Mr. Hall, and Mr. Hoffman. He had his pocket picked by a gentleman in attendance. To add to their wrongs, "the boys" were withdrawn from Rochester—the authorities of the place being, it is said, urgent with the magnates—at six o'clock in the evening, before dark; and on their arrival at Jersey City the local police made indiscriminate arrests and locked up large batches of them, including a Commissioner of Charities and Correction.

While no one knows what the President wanted a new Minister to England for, nor why Mr. Motley could not do what might be wanted, there is some satisfaction felt that the place is at last filled. Of course, there is no doubt of Mr. Morton's confirmation by the Senate, as he is in good and regular standing with his party, and in close communion with its leading counsellors, one of whom, in fact, he is. Perhaps there are few more influential civilians in its ranks. His authority, however, is rather that of a man who follows the drift of public opinion than of a man of great abilities—though he has very good abilities—or a man of ideas. He has, for example, enough of the mere politician in him to put himself, as he did a couple of years since, at the head of a repudiation movement in the West, as General Butler did in the East, because he thought the Republican rank and file intended to repudiate. He is not of the class of public men who have higher conceptions than that of their duty to party and people. He knows, however, when to lean to one side and when to straighten himself, and has never lost his place in the party, though the aberration above-mentioned, and certain other indications, have caused the pretty general persuasion that future presidential elections cause him some of his anxieties. His national reputation Mr. Morton first acquired when the rebellion broke out. He made as efficient a War Governor in Indiana as Governor Andrew in Massachusetts, and had far more than Governor Andrew's difficulties to contend against. He was surrounded by treasonable organizations; his State bordered more than half on Kentucky, whose loyal people, indeed, soon looked upon him as their Governor; his State legislature was so treasonable that it was only by a species of trick (advised by him)—the withdrawal of the Republican members, leaving the house without a quorum—that the Governor could free his hands so as to be of any service to the Union. His energy, readiness of resource, and resolute facing of all kinds of responsibilities, made him, during the four years of the war, one of the most valuable citizens in the country. Elected to the Senate in 1867, he has been, as we say, an influential member, though he has not there increased his reputation. Beyond the fact that he is a man of fair education, and a lawyer known in the West as being of more than average ability—a man of good natural parts, and a politician conversant with the feelings and wishes of the governing party in this country—his qualifications for the business of diplomacy are not known to us; but he will probably have nothing to do in London.

POLITICS.

There are only two of the States in which the canvass for the fall elections possesses features of much interest—Missouri and Massachusetts—and in both of these the interest is due to the rise of new questions which neither of the great parties has as yet definitively taken up. In Missouri, we have amnesty, civil service reform, and the reform of the tariff; in Massachusetts, prohibition, labor reform, with a slight dash of woman's rights, besides an underhand struggle for the United States Senatorship, and some old scores arising out of the great Hartford and Erie imbroglio. Alongside of all these there are, of course, the old issues between the Democrats and Republicans; but it must be admitted the greater part of them have greatly faded, and now seem to possess comparatively little exciting influence. That the principal one—negro suffrage—has lost most of its old power on the Democratic temper, it is easy to see from the rare mention made of it in the Democratic papers, and the admission of negro delegates to the Democratic Convention in Louisiana. Even reconstruction and the debt are only languidly assailed, and indeed it may be still said that the question which will be submitted to the people at the coming elections is generally which of the two parties has the most respectable antecedents. Neither has much to display in the way of intentions. The Democrats have stopped saying they are going to reinstate the States in possession of their "rights," and the Republicans have done so much already that they are unable to say what they will do hereafter, and content themselves mainly with pointing to the value of the acquisitions over which they stand guard, and to the suspicious appearance of their opponents.

It must be said, however, that, on the question of free trade or protection, or revenue reform, as it is more generally called, the Democrats have grown bold. Most of their platforms declare unequivocally in favor of duties for revenue simply. The Republican utterances on this point are much less decided, but there are, nevertheless, signs of advance. A year ago, the *Tribune* would hardly admit that a free-trader was anything but a Copperhead in disguise; but it now proclaims that, with regard to the tariff, the majority in each district should lay down the law for the party, and the minority should abide by it. *Harper's Weekly* claims, *apropos* of the split in Missouri, complete liberty of opinion, and uses that incident as a warning against a too rigid adherence to the protectionist doctrine. But about the nature of the incident there is a great deal of discussion. The bolt is ascribed by Mr. Schurz, who heads it, to a desire for tariff reform, and for an amnesty for the ex-rebels, while the regulars maintain that they are as much in favor of an amnesty as anybody (they qualify their desire for it, however, by saying that they are ready for it whenever "the safety of the State" will admit of it), and that the secession is due to the free-trade love of disorganization and to the evil nature of the St. Louis *Democrat*, whose heart seems wholly given up to iniquity. The whole affair is important, as the first open manifestation on the part of a powerful section of the party of a desire to insist on a positive policy with regard to new questions, and to refuse to rest any longer on its laurels. There can be no doubt this tendency will spread.

Both parties have naturally declared themselves on the events of the European war, which has really furnished the public mind with its only subject of interest since the 1st of July. The Republicans—certainly the most intelligent and zealous portion of them—sympathize strongly with the Germans, for all sorts of reasons, religious, social, and political. Indeed, the ideas which lie at the bases of Republican policy may be said to be those which the growth of German influence in Europe is helping to spread, and the Republican party has found amongst Germans in this country some of its ablest and most enthusiastic supporters. No hands bore the banner of free-soil on this continent earlier or more enthusiastically than German hands, and no portion of the population furnished the cause with a greater number of martyrs than the German portion. The Democrats, on the other hand, not only do not take kindly to German ideas, but have a strong sympathy with Bonapartist democracy, and, in addition to this, have to keep the Irish, who are all French partisans, in good humor. The Republicans, accordingly, have been plunged in difficulty by the overthrow of the Empire and proclamation of a republic in Paris, inasmuch as it apparently gave France a claim on them she did not previously possess, while the Democrats have by the same event been, in some degree, helped out of a bad scrape. But it must be admitted that the platforms of both of them wear on this theme a somewhat cloudy aspect. They are glad King William has conquered, and yet sorry that it should have been France which he conquered; while, on the other hand, they feel that his conquering France is the very best thing that could have happened her, inasmuch as it has turned her into a republic, which it is to be hoped will drive the Prussians over the Rhine, and yet without leaving Germany any worse off than she is now. The gist of the matter, indeed, seems to be that whichever wins it is all for the best, and not only for the victor but the vanquished. For Ireland, we see the Democrats desire the establishment of a republic, on the model of that of New York City, which is the first Irish republic ever established and possesses many novel governmental contrivances.

The great heat of the past summer has undoubtedly had much to do with the prevailing political languor; the course of the administration has had more. General Grant has certainly redeemed his promise not to have a policy of his own, and to confine himself rigidly to the execution of the laws. His only departure from this rule was in the St. Domingo affair, an incident which has never been satisfactorily explained. Nothing that is known of his character, or relations with other people, will fully account for the passionate way in which he pursued the acquisition of that island. But, with this exception, he has said or done nothing to light any flames of discord or to supply ammunition to party orators. He has given the Republicans little or nothing to defend, and the Democrats little or nothing to assail, and we think we may safely say that for this the country is sincerely grateful to him, and, if his appointments had been better, it would have had little or nothing to complain of. But on this last point—the only one on which the President is bound to have a policy—he does not seem to have had one at all, and it would puzzle anybody to say on what principle his selections or dismissals were made, or even under what influences they were made. Why Judge Hoar was removed we make bold to say nobody but General Grant knows to this hour; and Mr. Motley's dismissal is equally inexplicable. Both have been replaced by far inferior men, and, of course, to the injury of the Government. It is notorious that the *Alabama* matter will not be again brought up in London, and, this being the case, any objection there might have been to Mr. Motley on the score of legal qualifications falls to the ground. His successor is certainly no better diplomatist for purposes of negotiations; and for the duties of acquiring information or strengthening American influence in such a place as London, it is casting no real slur on Mr. Morton to say that a worse selection could hardly have been made.

THE CÆSARISTS AND SENTIMENTALISTS.

It has been very interesting and instructive to watch the flow of opinion, both at home and abroad, as affected by the events now occurring in France. While the Empire was still in existence, the course of the French was vehemently supported by all that class of politicians and social philosophers who hold what may be called the Carlyle theory of government—that is, that the masses should be ruled resolutely by one strong man; but who have modified their system, in order to calm and control the democratic fervor of the day, by the introduction into it of a "regulated" universal suffrage. They are willing people should vote, but they believe they ought to be told how to vote—the voting being a kind of anodyne. The New York *Tribune* published the other day a striking explanation of the way this system works in Europe, in an account of the manner in which the *plébiscite* was taken in Savoy, on its proposed annexation to France. The way it works in this country is well known to all who possess any acquaintance with the operations of Tammany Hall in this city. But it may be said with safety, that professional politicians of all parties and countries are more or less in sympathy with it. In the eyes of all of them, the people is not so much a judge to be persuaded as a simpleton to be coaxed or cajoled. Consequently, it would probably have been found, if the truth could have been got at, that this class all in their secret hearts sorrowed over the downfall of Louis Napoleon as the greatest "Manager" or "Man inside Politics" ever seen. His successes and splendors were all so many proofs of the value of shrewdness and dexterity, and of the imbecility and nothingness of the "theorists," and "philosophers," and professors. His "Council of State" was simply a caucus with a fine name, and his wars and rumors of wars, and heavy outlays in public works, were simply the devices, and, as it seemed, successful devices, of a prolonged "campaign" called "his reign." His overthrow is therefore regarded, and justly, as a heavy blow and great discouragement to the rapidly growing art of absolute government under constitutional forms, to which growing numbers both of political adventurers and of great capitalists in all countries looked forward as the best means of escape from that rising tide of democracy which, it has universally been acknowledged since 1848, cannot be stayed.

In his downfall, another school of politicians, whom we may call the Sentimentalists, have been, and are still, quite confident they see their own triumph. To this school, the principal seats of which are France and the United States, politics is not an art at all, much less a science, but simply the expression in legal phraseology of the nobler emotions of the human soul. It would quell a riot by reading an original poem, and, as the last resort, by publicly pronouncing the rioters disgraced men. (This last device was actually proposed by one of its members in the National Assembly of the first Revolution.) It would treat crime solely as a disease, and the criminal as an invalid, to be tenderly nursed and caressed. It has great distrust of the higher forms of culture, and indeed of the higher education, and would not carry education much further than would be necessary to enable a man to earn a living and to enjoy popular lectures and magazines. It is, at this writing, in considerable doubt about the institution of property, owing to its unequal distribution, and shows strong symptoms of hostility to all contracts, as being restraints on individual freedom. The Jeffersonian idea, that no nation can bind itself for more than nineteen years, it has nearly worked out into a theory that no man can bind himself more than one year, and has serious doubts whether this ought not to do away with marriage. To have a man restrained from doing a thing because he last year agreed not to do it, or *e converso*, seems to it a form of bondage. It looks on "honor," or the more delicate form of self-respect, as a feudal relic, and suspects anybody who shows signs of it of Epicureanism. But it may be said itself to discard the morality of rule altogether, and to live solely by the morality of happiness. It asks a man, not "Have you done your duty?" but "Have you got what you want?" Character, as something meaning a collection of virtues, and including especially truthfulness and honesty, it treats as a fiction. It has a great horror of all *machinery* of government, or, if it be shown that some machinery of government must exist, insists on its being as flimsy and simple as possible. It has strong suspicions even of representation, and would, as far as possible, have laws passed in assemblies of the people—three cheers and the "acclamation" of a crowd being the highest form of ratification. It looks on the past as inexpressibly gloomy, and denies that it contains any lessons. All our ancestors, it thinks, were either knaves or fools, and their sayings and doings, so far from being sources of instruction, as pieces of human endeavor after a better life, it treats as the cries of children or the struggles of lunatics. Its deductions, both in morals and politics, are all made from sentiments uttered at public meetings or in poems or lectures by some of its own members, and it would have little hesitation in founding a state, or remodelling a whole system of jurisprudence, on a suggestion thrown out by a popular orator. Of study, or prolonged reflection, as a preliminary to action, it has the strongest dislike, and looks on nearly all hesitancy or doubt, or regard for remote results, as a sign of a bad heart. We ought to mention, as the last but not least striking of its characteristics, what we may call its intense anthropomorphism. The admiration of its members for each other's physical traits almost approaches worship, and descriptions of their eyes, mouths, noses, hair, and figure, their smiles and expression of face, are a very prominent feature in its literature. This sketch may all seem exaggerated, but we are satisfied that it will not seem so to anybody who has made an attentive study of the school either here or in France, and there is not a word of it which we could not support with evidence.

It has not unnaturally looked on the overthrow of Louis Napoleon as the signal for its entry on power, and kept silence or feigned sympathy with the Germans as long as they were engaged, or appeared to be engaged, simply in the destruction of the Imperial régime. For Germany, *per se*, as the representative of rationalism in sociology, and as the great champion of culture, it has, as might be expected, the bitterest antipathy, and the news that the march of the Prussians would not be stayed at Sedan, and that Bismarck was carrying his cold legal ideas into the negotiations for peace, and had asked Jules Favre for some proof of his being "the French Republic," has thrown some of the leaders almost into convulsions of rage. One of them in this country raved over it last week like a lunatic, prayed that the German army might be swept away by disease, and called the German people a "horde of brigands"—the mere name of "republic" being, as it would appear, enough to unhinge whatever reason our Sentimentalist may naturally possess.

There is every reason to believe, however, that the great majority of people, and the better portion of the press in this country, see quite clearly the true state of affairs, and are not misled by names and sounds. The leading part which France has played in modern civilization, owing to the utter prostration of Germany by the Thirty Years' War, despite the brilliancy and value of many of her contributions, has been in many ways a great misfortune for the world. Upon no department of human activity has French influence been more injurious than politics, and we look on her decline, terrible and full of suffering as the process is, and the rise of Germany and of German habits of thought into supremacy, as one of the greatest gains humanity has made. There is nothing of importance to mankind for which human reason has thus far done so little as for the art of living in society. We have gone on from age to age under the influence of one dream or phantom after another, passing through one delusion only to fall into a fresh one, setting up and casting down prophets every year, and trying drugs innumerable in rapid succession, without finding our condition any more tolerable—there being in our possession all the while an instrument of admirable power and precision—the human reason, namely—by which alone can be undone those knots of existence whose undoing in this world Providence permits. The rise of Germany is not going to bring in the millennium or sensibly abate human misery all at once; but German skill in the use of this instrument, and confidence in it, is certainly going to render valuable aid in the clearing of some of those tangled brakes of human society from which so many unclean beasts now issue, and in which, for aught we know, the secret of our happiness lies hidden.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

III.

THE DEFENCES OF PARIS.

THE closing of the Prussians around Paris will, for some time at least, concentrate public interest on the coming military events at that point. Since the surrender at Sedan, the Prussian movements have been simply marches of concentration on Paris, unobstructed thus far by anything like a serious resistance, except what we learn by to-day's telegrams, Sept. 21, of the fighting occasioned by their advance from Corbeil, about twenty miles east of south from Paris, for the purpose of destroying the railroad to Lyons and Orleans, which, passing out of the city at its southeast corner, runs south to the two cities just named. Other telegrams tell us that there had been fighting in the wood of Meudon, and around the heights of Clamart, which are two miles and a half, to the southwest of Paris, from the two nearest forts, Issy and Vanves, near the villages of the same name; and also that the Prussians had been repulsed in open assaults made upon the fortress of Mont Valérien, which lies on the opposite side of the Seine to the Bois de Boulogne, and nearly due west on a line through the gardens of the Luxembourg; and upon Fort Ivry, near the junction of the Seine and Marne.

From all of these accounts, some of which are probable, and others, like the open assaults upon the forts, not at all so, we only gather that the besieging force is going through the usual necessary operations to *invest* the city, or to cut off all means of communication with it from without; and when we come to consider the great circumference over which the Prussian forces must be spread to do this, and leave no loophole of escape, in so large a city, in the centre of a deeply excited nation, the mind begins to have some inkling of the gigantic task they have undertaken.

Paris is fortified after what may be termed German ideas; that is, by an unbroken line of fortifications enclosing the city; and a line, at some distance exterior to this, of detached forts, each strong enough to force an assailant to the operations of a siege to reduce it; whilst the interior line is also of such strength as to secure it from an open assault. The leading idea being to prevent the city from being taken by a sudden, bold dash of an assailant, and thus forcing him into regular siege operations against the forts, which, with earthworks connecting them, would not only prolong the defence for the time necessary to capture these, but would give an army, covered by them and holding positions outside of the city walls, those favorable opportunities for action which seldom fail to occur to an active and vigilant beleaguered force. In terming this a German idea, we do not mean that detached forts, as they are termed, were not used for defence long before the present methods of fortification, whenever the locality, as a commanding height within cannon-shot of the city, demanded its military occupation; but that the Germans, since the peace of 1815, have been the advocates of this system, and have applied it to the defences of their cities; in which they have been followed by the French, notably in the fortifications of Paris and Lyons. The present, should the siege of Paris be regularly gone through with, will be the first test of the value of this system.

Of the fortified line immediately enclosing Paris, but little further need be said than that it is what engineers term a bastioned line: a system of fortification, as adopted by the two most eminent French engineers, Vauban and Cormontaigne, to which the French school of the present day still clings as the best. With nothing but open defences—that is, the armament and troops on the ramparts having no other shelters than the earthen parapet, or mask, in front of them—the line is comparatively a weak one, except the security it gives, by a high wall, from any open assault; but when we consider the part that mere earthen works, and those in many points weak and badly planned, played at Sebastopol in the hands of determined troops and a skilful engineer, we have a right to look for a prolonged and vigorous defence of Paris under anything like as favorable military circumstances.

As to the detached forts, as they are intended to bear the brunt of the attack, they are provided with all the best defensive means for their garrisons. They are what are termed bastioned pentagons, or bastioned squares; the former class being the larger and stronger. A few of them only, on the east side of the city, have any defences, or *outworks*, as they are termed, exterior to their ditches, except a comparatively narrow roadway, termed a *covered way*, bordering the ditches on the outside, which is covered from an enemy's fire in front by an earthen mask. Such are, in brief, the defences of Paris; admitting of a prolonged and vigorous defence in the hands of well-trained troops skilfully handled, and supposing the city itself to bear up under a bombardment.

As public interest, for the moment, is more directly centred on the operations of the Prussians on the south and west of Paris, some little detail of the topography and of the defences of these portions may help in understanding subsequent operations. The southern defences of Paris consist of an outer line of six detached forts, named, as we go from east to west, Charenton, Ivry, Bicêtre, Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy, from the villages near which they are placed. They are nearly in a right line, extending from Fort Charenton, in the angle formed by the junction of the Seine and Marne, to Fort Issy, at the extremity of the southern bend of the Seine, on the west of Paris. This line, which is the chord of the arc that the Seine makes in its course from the junction of the Marne through Paris to Issy, is about 10,000 yards in length, or nearly six miles. The forts vary from 3,300 yards, that between Forts Charenton and Ivry, to 1,800 yards, that between Forts Vanves and Issy, apart. They occupy the commanding points along this line; Fort Bicêtre, which is the highest, being about 270 feet above the level of the Seine, and Fort Charenton, the lowest, about 120 feet above the same level. The fortified line that encloses the city in the rear of forts lies from a mile and a third to nearly a mile from them—the nearest being Fort Bicêtre, from which the fortified line runs nearly west to the Seine, and from the same point about north-east to the river; the westerly portion being nearly four miles in length, the north-easterly less than one mile and a half.

The country in front of and to the south of the forts is undulating, the highest points being on the plateau between the villages of Clamart and Fontenay-aux-Roses, and about 450 feet above the level of the Seine. Profiting by their experience at the siege of Sebastopol, the French ought to have occupied these heights by earthworks; and it is possible that some of the fighting that is said to have taken place near Clamart and Meudon may have had some connection with the occupation of this point, which, by the way, is somewhat over 9,000 yards from Fort Ivry on the east, and somewhat over 3,000 yards from Fort Issy on the west of the line; and thus within the focus of fire of most of the forts and the fortified line behind.

On the west of Paris there is but one fort, known as the fortress of Mont Valérien, taking its name from that of the hill on which it is placed, and which is about the same level as the plateau near Clamart, or about 450 feet above the Seine. This fort commands all the ground within the range of its guns. It lies about one mile back from the Seine, and about two miles and a half in front of the fortified line, which here runs to the east of north, for about three miles from its southern point, through the Bois de Boulogne. The ground gradually falls away from it to the Seine at its north bend, and with more or less steepness to the two branches which form this bend. The best engineering talent of France was, of course, called into requisition to construct these works; and among other names of celebrity known to the military world were those of Vaillant, Niel, and Noizet—the two first well known to the public for their services in Italy and the Crimea. D. H. M.

West Point, September 21, 1870.

THE PROSPECT IN FRANCE.

Paris, September 9, 1870.

Now at last has the really great crisis come—the turning-point at which we shall see what France can do for herself. The miserable despot who, for twenty years, has not only been crushing the national life out of France, but has been pressing all his own vices and corruptions into the enslaved nation, has fallen a victim to his weakness and immorality; for the man's nature was so much more weak than it was anything else, that one cannot find it in one's heart to dignify his crimes with the name of ambition. He was a dreamer without poetry, a plotter without ability, a perturbator without courage, and whose one sole genuine conviction was that of the absolute vileness of human nature. Once only has Louis Napoleon's portrait been truly and fully painted, with no detail omitted; and that is in the first volume of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," in that famous "Chapter XIV." which the whole civilized world has read, and which the few impartial spirits whom circumstances drew into governmental spheres in Paris were obliged in bated breath to admit as the true and perfect picture of the man France has just cast off.

He is cast off at last; and so thoroughly did he feel that he dared no more affront an injured, outraged country that he preferred captivity among the Germans to any possible reappearance in Paris; and you will later find, as a fact in history, the report of Louis Napoleon having delivered himself willingly to his victors. Those who knew the man to his secret core have never ceased foretelling that when the great crisis of his fate should come (which they mostly saw in the form of revolution at home), he would be found under a table or in a cellar. When it was the fortune of war that decided against him, he was found huddled up in the rear of the active combatants, keeping himself safe among the camp baggage, and professing the opinion that "as he was prevented dying for his country at the head of his army, he would rather give up his sword to his enemy."

Now, as we all know, it never was forbidden him to "die" for France—quite the reverse: though he was pitilessly sentenced not to meddle with commanding the French troops, he was not for a moment desired to abstain from sharing their dangers. He might have "died" any day with so many brave men who did so, and those who knew nothing at all of his true nature had a kind of notion that he would do so too; but he had no idea of that kind, and, having for twenty years sacrificed a nation to his luxuries and enjoyments, he determined to skulk away when the time came for a possible reckoning.

Well, Louis Napoleon has gone to his fate; but what of the country to which he and his race have been so fatal? Does any student of history believe that a nation, or a race, can be for twenty years bent down beneath the stupidly crushing rule under which France has existed, and rise therefrom whole-hearted and able-bodied? This sort of process numbs, whether individual or nation, and when the weight is lifted, the limbs that bore it have mostly lost their elasticity and power. The men who have come into activity naturally upon the collapse of the Empire are, all of them, honest, upright men, from Trochu, Favre, and Gambetta down to Rochefort; but as for their being equally modern-minded or civilly courageous, equally fit for the real exigencies of the hour, I somewhat doubt. All who now belong to the Provisional Government of the country—to the new-born Republic—are members of that patriotic band of "eighty-three" who voted against the war in July; but is there amongst them one who will have the civil courage to save the nation by peace? There is the terrible doubt. France obeys fear too easily in all she does. Not having been soundly educated, and taught to look at her faults and shortcomings honestly, she has grown to fancy that whosoever dissents from her is her foe, and is plotting harm against her. She has always some phantom standing before her and frightening her into insanity.

In 1851 the "Reds" were this phantom; and had it not been for that, Louis Napoleon could never have crushed her as he did. During the last stage of the Second Empire and of this war, the phantom was Bismarck and the "Prussian spy," and there is no saying to what depths of misery France may not even yet be driven by the want of courage of the first Republican leaders, who, instead of breasting the popular fury by preparing an honorable peace, may be led into pandering to it through vanity, weakness, and want of modern-mindedness. There is in this unfortunate country no love of truth for its own sake, no admiration of the performance of plain, simple, everyday duty. The plain, simple, everyday duty which the present hour points out is the framing of an honorable, practical peace. All Europe will back the French nation now that Louis Napoleon is got rid of, and that the unity and power of Germany are more than amply secured; all Europe, north and south, will combine to advise Germany not to drive matters to (now) useless extremes; greater glory than France has already won by her splendid bravery in the field she can never win were the war to endure for ever; therefore, perfectly unhumiliated as the nation at present is, in the hour of her first severance from her infamous despot, it would be the wisest, the most politic, the most humane, and the most fitting thing now to allow the band of friendly neutrals to propose some of the first rough outlines of a possible future peace. But, as I said before, this is the line that plain, untheatrical duty points out, and hitherto it is more in accordance with the feelings of a French public to hear an orator exclaim that he will "expire under the ruins of the edifice in which he stands rather than surrender." Here it is that this gifted nation proves itself so antiquated, and, to use its own word, so *rococo*. It has no notion of what the progress of civilization has been; of what are the intellectual conquests of the mind of our age—in reality, it believes in brute force, in the defeat of a man or an army by another man or by another army just as it did in the days of Francis I. or even of Charlemagne.

From letters received by high-placed, influential persons from Germany and Holland, Belgium and England, there ought to be far less difficulty than might be supposed in obtaining from the Prussian Government very honorable terms. In the first place, it would probably be easy to stay the advance of the German army on Paris. None of the intelligent and responsible leaders of that army look with any particular satisfaction upon the vicissitudes of a long and weary siege in the beginning of the autumn and at so great a distance from home. If King William or Count Bismarck was the least in the world assured that a reliable peace could be attained without marching into Paris, depend upon it he would prefer such an alternative. If Count Bismarck or the King saw his way to a well-guaranteed peace with the French nation, enabling the Prussians to retire to their own homes and remain there pursuing their daily avocations and rearing their children securely, depend upon it he would be persuaded to forego all notion of "annexing" either Alsace or Lorraine. Count Bismarck is far too genuine a statesman to saddle Germany with a Poland or a Venetia out of "*gaîté de cœur*."

But in what temper are the French and their new rulers to listen to reasonable proposals? There is a senseless, childish cry of "victories" to come, of the necessity for "driving out the invader," which will probably provoke still further disasters. At the same time, however, there are in the new Republic one or two men of real and solid capacity and of genuine political value: General Trochu is perhaps *the* "man of the situation," and he is a moderate and large-minded man, who knows that what is possible must be taken into account; Picard is also a capable man, and not prone to exaggeration; Admiral Fourichon takes place by their side; Jules Simon is a bright intellectual star, and out-and-out the best Minister of Instruction France has ever had; Gambetta, I hope, is a thoroughly modern-minded man and a statesman. With him and with Trochu will rest much—but will any one of them all have the courage to breast the noisy mob and say: "Peace is the first duty"? Will any one dare to say: "It is no use to talk about saving country if you first make of it a heap of charred ruins with scant, starving populations hovering round them—therefore, *peace must be made* and the lessons profited by"? Will any one do this? If any one does, France will probably not lose Alsace or Lorraine, but if no one does she may lose a great deal.

THE FEELING IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, September 6.

"*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*," says Schiller. This monumental sentence cannot be translated into good English, but I will try to paraphrase it. There is a moral order, there is justice in the development of human affairs, there is a higher law, as your abolitionists used to say, there is a Nemesis in history, a logic of events, which connects the results with the motives of men's deeds. The destiny of the French adventurer has at last been fulfilled. One short month of fighting has finished the man who provoked this nefarious war. Since the establishment of the present law of nations, nay, since the battle of Pavia in 1525, where Francis I. of France was made a prisoner by Charles V., this is the first instance of a beaten sovereign surrendering himself to the mercy of the victor. In a corner of Eastern France, Napoleon delivered himself up to the same King to whom he had boastingly threatened to dictate the peace at Königsberg, in Eastern Prussia.

At Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, he has time to think over the desertion of his friends and the vanity of all things earthly. He is now at the same beautiful spot which was laid out and embellished by the old Landgraves of Cassel with the money they received from England for the sale of their troops; it is the same beautiful place where, in the palmy days of his Westphalian kingdom, Uncle Jerome celebrated his orgies; it was the residence of the Electors of Hesse-Cassel and of the last remnant of that fine concern, virtuous Diedrich, who a few years ago implored the assistance of its present inhabitant. Louis came to reinstate Diedrich, to undo all the war of 1866 had done, but, foiled in this attempt at philanthropy, the would-be protector now occupies, by the mercy and order of King William, the identical rooms of his protégé.

Grand as may be the result which our arms have achieved round Sedan, enormous as may be the harvest we have gathered on the battlefield, bright as may be the prospect that there will be no organized opposition to the march of our troops to Paris, all these fruits are small and insignificant with the moral consequences which have been gained on that glorious day. Modern Cæsarism lies defeated in the dust, and the Teutonic world resumes its work of peace and progress, in which it was stopped by the wars of the Reformation.

The claims of the French to superiority were exclusively based on the invincibility of her warlike legions, while in the departments of peace, of knowledge, science, and inventions, they had long ago been marching in the second line. Their productive period ended with the First Revolution, by which the nation had exhausted her mental powers as early as 1794. If they, nevertheless, afterwards appeared great on one and another occasion, it was only because other countries were then so insignificant. But now, since their armies have been defeated and annihilated in a manner thus far unknown in history, what remains of that superiority?

You cannot form an adequate idea of the enthusiasm exhibited by our people on the receipt of the news of the surrender of Napoleon and of his army. I have seen civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous nations in their holiday attire, but I do not think that I exaggerate in saying that the Germans know best how to enjoy themselves and to do honor to the occasion. I cannot describe the popular demonstrations in Berlin, but let me select only one scene—Unter den Linden, near the King's palace. There stands the colossal monument of Frederic the Great, forty-three feet high, and to its right, a little more east, the statues of Blücher with his compeers, York and Gneisenau, while opposite to them we see Kleist and Bülow. All these statues were covered with flowers and wreaths. The old King, eighteen feet high, held a German flag in his hand and was crowned with an oak wreath. Boys had climbed on his saddle and were seated on the neck of his horse; even his stirrups were hidden by flowers. In the same way, the haut-reliefs (illustrious life-size contemporaries of Frederic) under his horse were profusely decorated. I saw a boy who kissed Lessing, and another who put a Prussian helmet on bare-headed, immortal Kant. You see we are in military Prussia; the philosopher even must have something of the soldier; the one lays down the categoric imperative, and the other obeys it. Noble old Blücher seemed to salute the King with his sword, covered with flowers, while his foot rested on roses and lilies instead of on his bronze cannon. It seemed as if even their features were animated with joy. Grave Gneisenau, the great planner of battles, alone stood imperturbable, well satisfied with so great a successor as Moltke. There was no end of singing, cheering, and frolicking. In the evening the city was illuminated; hundreds of thousands moved through the streets, and, there being no Irishman among them, not the least disturbance took place. On the banners carried by some processions I saw the inscription: "He (Napoleon) has been caught. William, Emperor of Germany!"

The proclamation of the Republic in Paris cannot affect us. The present form of the French Government can only be a transitory one. Its leading men are just as guilty of the provocation of this war as Louis Napoleon and his abettors. It was Crémieux, Favre, Gambetta, and *tutti quanti* who incessantly cried for vengeance for Sadowa, and blamed Napoleon for suffering our consolidation and unification. To us it is indifferent whether we have to fight Ollivier and Palikao or Favre and Gambetta, who, in their first proclamation to the people, still incite the popular passions, and, as the Roman law says, assume the imperial inheritance without even the benefit of the inventory. We are not in arms against a constitutional form of government, but against France and the French, and we are not so foolish as to discontinue suit against the old bankrupt concern. We will and must teach them, under heavy penalties, never to dare again to play the reckless game of 1870. Therefore, we shall not stop the march of our armies to Paris, and will there dictate the peace. If there be no legitimate power to treat with, we have time to wait until the French get sober.

We are not moved by the threat that the present Republic will, like her predecessor of 1792, drive the invaders from French soil. At that time, the Prussians and Austrians that had actually got into France were not quite 40,000 strong, but even that number would have been sufficient, if they had not weakened themselves by mutual jealousies. Each of the two belligerents tried to outwit the other; the real bone of contention was Poland, of which Prussia wanted to obtain a better slice than Austria. It is the merit of modern German historians, such as Sybel and L. Häusser, to have demonstrated that the Eastern and Polish policy of the two German powers at that time did more to paralyze their efforts against France than the heroism of her inhabitants. It took just two years before the Republic created brave soldiers and good generals. The mistakes and faults of the German leaders helped the French more than their own enthusiasm and bravery. The old Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was the model of a cautious general, who shrank from personal responsibility, and consequently carried on a lame diplomatic war. Think of McClellan, and imagine him seventy-five instead of thirty-five years old, and you have the commander-in-chief of the German forces in 1792 and 1793. Besides, he threatened France with the loss of every right and advantage she had gained through her revolution. Consequently, every honest citizen felt it his most sacred duty to conquer the foreign ally of her domestic aristocracy and clergy.

At present, affairs have quite a different aspect. Whatever a vile press may say to mislead the masses, every intelligent Frenchman knows that we did not come uninvited. Their Republic does not represent any principle, and is simply the result of the failure of the old government, but not a rule of civil order and liberty, which alone can give it vitality. Besides, the peasants and the rich classes are not at all in favor of a Republic. Forty thousand men may be driven out of the country by an infuriated mob, but I doubt very much whether, without an army in the field, even a million or two of an unorganized mass can seriously hurt a well-disciplined and victorious army of about 700,000 invaders. If the French are in need of more German boarders, we can help them to another quarter of a million. Very soon the French must learn by their defeats that it is their interest to make peace on our terms.

The feelings of the German people, North and South, in relation to profitable conditions of peace, are best expressed in the following resolutions, which were passed by a large mass-meeting at Stuttgart on Sept. 4, and which are concurred in by similar addresses adopted in other cities:

> "The German people reject any attempt at mediation or intervention on the part of the neutral powers in negotiations for the conclusion of peace. The restoration of Alsace and Lorraine is for the German Empire the only possible guarantee against French ambition, and the natural reward of our national struggle and victory. With the adhesion of the South German States and the reconquest of the long-lost German provinces, the North German Confederation must be converted into a German Federal State. One single people, one army, one parliament, one German national system, are for Germany and for Europe pledges of a sure and lasting peace."

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE believe we have not before mentioned, as among the autumn publications of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., the following works: "The English Governess at the Siamese Court"—a work of much interest, which will contain more than double the matter which has appeared from the author's hand in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and will be illustrated with sixteen full-page illustrations after photographs of Siamese idols, temples, street scenes, and so forth; "The Atlantic Almanac for 1871;" "Miriam, and Other Poems," by Mr. Whittier; "William Henry's Letters," by Mrs. Diaz, a writer for *Our Young Folks;* "Pussy Willow," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; "A Child's Dream of a Star," by Dickens; Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" into English verse; "Vagabond Adventures," by Mr. Ralph Keeler; a "red-line" edition of all Mr. Lowell's poetical works; "Talks about People's Stomachs," by Dr. Dio Lewis; and, finally, an illustrated book for the holidays called "Winter Poems," and containing poems, new and old, by Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant.——Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co. announce for sale at an early day the library of the Hon. G. H. Holliday, of Illinois, which, among many expensive fine-art books got together at great expense, contains a very complete set of manuscript orderly-books of the Revolutionary war; complete sets of the publications of the English Record Commission and of the Shakespeare, Hakluyt, and Early English Text and Ballad Societies; a number of "mounted" books; and these original manuscripts: Dickens's "Hunted Down;" Fitz Greene Halleck's "Young America;" William Godwin's "Cloudsley," a novel; Mr. George H. Boker's "Podesta's Daughter;" Béranger's "Chansons" (the author's copy, with suppressed chansons in the poet's handwriting); Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Sommers;" and 153 pp. of Cotton's Mather's MS. addressed to his son. Half-dollar catalogues may be had of the auctioneers.——Dr. John S. Hart, principal of the New Jersey State Normal School, and author of a number of popular works on secular and Sunday schools, is preparing another, to be called "The Sunday-school Idea," an exposition of the principles underlying the Sunday-school system, together with its objects, organization, methods, and capabilities. Messrs. J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia, are to be the publishers. ——Next to showing people what to believe, to show them how to believe must be considered a service in matters of religion. The Pope undertakes the first, and the author of the really excellent little work called "Ecce Cœlum" has undertaken the second, say his publishers, Messrs. Noyes, Holmes & Co., in a new book called "Ad Fidem; or, Parish Evidences," which will be ready in October, and may perhaps be as fortunate as its predecessor in reaching a tenth edition.

—"We have always cherished with intense satisfaction," says the Chicago *Examiner*—which is the Rev. E. C. Towne's new magazine—"the sentiment of Christian fellowship. The illusion never forsakes us that church relations must be at bottom fraternal." This, we suppose, is true; but it sounds oddly afterwards to hear how some of the brethren seem to the editor of the *Examiner*. One prominent clergyman is, "to use plain terms, a TIME-SERVER." Theodore Parker said of him, "So-and-So showed in the John Brown affair that part of him which is Jesuitical—not so small a part as I wish it was." Mr. Fulton, who doubted if Dickens was a professing believer, and had been converted at the time of his death, is called "Believe-or-be-damned Fulton." So-and-So's evasion of the question, Is Dickens saved? was a falsehood—was hesitation, timidity, and faithlessness. A certain Congregationalist brother is "this disgusting Calcraft of preachers, with his blood-reeking gospel of pious ferocity." Doctor J. F. Clarke adopts a "confusedly sentimental method," and shows ignorance. Another Unitarian clergyman is "stupidly insolent," "a prodigious egotist," and "an ecclesiastical charlatan." Of still another pair of brethren—one "lends his support to a palpable iniquity," and the second disregards his pledges "as recklessly as if honor were but a name." Another "is the most positive and dismal of Pharisees." A well-known female lecturer, whom the *Tribune* of this city thought just the person—in virtue of her being "a deep thinker, an uncommon scholar, and a courageous woman"—to tackle a well-known orthodox doctor of divinity, the *Examiner* remorselessly pronounces a timid conservative as regards departure from tradition, a dogmatizer on insufficient study, and a person of opinions neither obtained by profound meditation nor expressed with the spirit of real thought—in short, not at all adapted to be a light of the Radical Club if the members of that body only knew the things that make for their good. But, then, she ought to be capable enough of handling the doctor of divinity; as for him, if you come to that, he is "a rude schoolman, who knows no better than to assault the truth with paving-stones," and "a tremendous blusterer." "A certain massive and portentous ignorance, a hopeless failure of perception," are what characterize the mental state of the brother in question; while as for his external and physical signs and marks, "his voice is the blind roar of a son of Anak." These proofs of the editor's cherishing always with intense satisfaction the sentiment of Christian fellowship and brotherly love, we have found scattered through all the pages of the *Examiner*, most of them occurring in the following articles: "Charles Dickens and his Christian Critics;" "The Woman and the Trial" (MacFarland case); "The Unitarian Situation;" and "Dr. McCosh in Boston." There are besides in this first number a long article translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "The History of the Devil;" and a novel called "Crazy Chicago"—in which apparently some one or two popular clergymen sit for the portrait of Mr. Athanasius Channing Blowman—a picture anything but flattering. All these, and various other articles, long and short, are devoted to the general purpose of preaching rationalism—with what coolness of temper we have seen. The magazine is well printed.

—A sudden blow has fallen on the cause of education in Boston. The training-school, established in 1864, under the charge of two lady graduates from the central institution at Oswego, has been deprived of its individuality and character by being transferred to the same building with the Girls' High School, and therefore placed under the management of the master of that school, an accomplished teacher, but who has had no opportunity of knowing the Pestalozzian philosophy of teaching upon which the Oswego school is based, and who, therefore, will not be able to harmonize with its aims and methods. The Boston training department will perhaps retain its name, and be of some advantage, but it cannot be what it was hoped to be. Its friends were forewarned a year ago that the majority of the school committee had ceased to understand what they had in charge, when, on the occasion of the removal of the Assistant Principal to the charge of the Cincinnati Training School, they refused to supply her place from the parent school at Oswego, "patriotically" preferring to advance a Boston grammar-school assistant.

—Miss Elizabeth Garrett, M.D., is now, we presume, the most famous of her sex who has adopted medicine as a pursuit. Her passing successfully the examination for the Paris doctorate of medicine is fresh in everybody's recollection. The thesis by which she obtained her degree has lately been published in Paris, and treats of megrim—"Sur la Migraine." The London *Practitioner*, a journal as candid as it is conservative and eminently able, says of it that it "as well deserves the impartial study of the profession as any monograph on nervous disease which has appeared of late years." "We shall not," the editor continues, "pronounce any opinion as to the probability of lady doctors, in any considerable numbers, acquiring such a genuine knowledge of medical science as is displayed in Dr. Garrett's inaugural treatise; but we may at least say that we should personally be delighted to welcome as colleagues any number of ladies who should prove themselves to have mastered their profession as she has done." Then, he examines her views of the disease in question, pronounces them sound and in general agreement with his own—both holding, we remark for whoever may be interested to know, that megrim is primarily an affection of the brain and not of the stomach—and concludes by praising "the clear and fluent style" in which the treatise is written, "and the excellence of its French diction; these are remarkable and add much to the pleasure of the reader."

—There being nothing about which the average reader knows less than he knows accurately about science, it would seem as if his very liability to error, well known to him as it is, would itself be a safeguard against error, as leading him to shun all teachers except those who have the approval of scientific authorities. What men are authorities in science he may easily know quite well; but every day furnishes proof that the sciolists and wild theorizers have a clear field and plenty of favor, and admonishes us to look with distrust and incredulity on more than half the writing about scientific matters that constantly employs the press. For one sound scientific work which reaches the general reader, there are twenty journals with scientific departments managed by incompetents; a dozen school-books full of blunders and obsolete or premature and erratic theories; and a dozen or more pseudo-scientific works for popular use, which are the products of mere book-making, or of a sort of anti-religious zeal which is the reverse of any useful and fruitful scientific spirit. Dr. P. Austin Nuttall, a somewhat voluminous English author, who has just fallen under the notice of *Nature*, is the latest specimen we have met with of the misleading class of writers on natural science whom the popular interest in such researches breeds in such numbers. "A Dictionary of Scientific Terms" is his latest addition to the numerous educational works that bear his name on their title-pages, and a valuable contribution it seems to be. "A few of the principal metals," he says, "are black-lead, brass, magnet, ochre, pewter, and steel." The nitrogen of p. 230 "is unrespirable," although the nitrogen of p. 12 "forms about eighty parts of atmospheric air." "Alum is an earthy chalk, a sulphate of alumina *or* potash." "Oxygen generates acid." Edentatæ are an order of mammalia which violate the tenth commandment—"wanting some of the teeth of other animals." "Anacathartics are medicines that operate upward; a cough attended with expectoration." "All the Latin and Greek parts of him," as the Irishman said, of any of Dr. Nuttall's patients can be appropriately afflicted, for he knows of this list of complaints, and more besides, under the letter A alone: Acatharsia, acratia, acrisy, acropathy, acropy, acroteriasm, acrothymion, adenopharyngitis, aerophobia, agalaxy, agennesia, agrypnocoma, anagogy, anopsy, antispasis, antritis, apagma, apolepsy, apolysis, apotrepis, or arthropnosis. There are remedies, however, for this tale of woes. Still under the letter A, Doctor Nuttall knows of acidulum, acopicæ, adipson, alborga ("a kind of sandal-wood made of matweed"), aldehydic acid, alloxan ("the action of nitric with uric acid"), amylum ("a preparation of starch"), "antephiatic medicine, or arrow-root (consisting of starch, albumen, volatile oil, chloride of calcium and water)," and a number of others. How a respectable publisher consents to put his imprint on such works as this is something of a mystery; but the one in question bears the names of Strahan & Co. and other names as respectable. They are as numerous as quack medicines, and must be of the greatest comfort to the hearts of the Pope of Rome and Pastor Knak, of Berlin, who may easily feed fat their grudge against "science falsely so called."

—The Dutch Society of Sciences, of Haarlem, instituted last year, offers, says *Nature*, two large gold medals—one bearing the name and effigy of Huyghens, the other of Boerhave—each of the value of five hundred florins, which are to be awarded alternately, once in two years, to the man of science who shall have contributed the most during the previous twenty years to the advancement of one particular designated branch of natural science or of mathematical physics. One medal, the Huyghens, has this year been awarded. It was given to M. Clausius for his discoveries in thermo-dynamics. In 1874, it will be bestowed on some chemist; in 1878, on some astronomer; in 1882, on some meteorologist; in 1886, on some mathematician. The Boerhave medal will in 1872 be devoted to mineralogy and geology; in 1876, to botany; in 1882, to zoölogy; in 1884, to physiology; in 1888, to anthropology. In 1890, the Huyghens medal will again be devoted to thermo-dynamics, and in 1892, the Boerhave to mineralogy and geology, the series of subjects recurring. The medals will be given not alone to Dutch *savans*, but to Dutchmen and foreigners alike.

—Attention has recently been drawn to Pauthier's edition of the Travels of Marco Polo, published in Paris in two volumes, 1865. It is by far the completest of any ever attempted, and preserves all that is valuable in the commentaries of previous editors. M. Pauthier has endeavored to prove that the original narrative was written in French—a matter which has been somewhat open to question, inasmuch as forty-seven manuscripts exist, in French, Latin, Italian, and German, not to speak of printed editions, of the adventures. We at all events owe to the great traveller's nativity his adoption of Italian phonetics for representing Mongolian names of places, in which respect he has been imitated by scholars of the present day. These names are quite inconstant and frequently exchanged, so that it is not easy to identify all Marco Polo's nomenclature. Where it is possible to do so, however, his accuracy and veracity, now well established, are still further confirmed. A fine map of Asia accompanies M. Pauthier's work, and gives the route of Marco Polo, with all the contemporary names in red and the modern geographical names in black. There is an introduction, of great learning, and an appendix, containing the will of Marco Polo and other curious documents.

—"Zadkiel," the best known of the British watchers of the stars, has had bad luck with his prophecies this year, as his almanac for 1870 predicts for the Emperor Napoleon great prosperity. Nevertheless, he who holds to modern prophecy need not lose faith; the astrologers employed by "Moore's Almanac" might be Doctor Dee himself. The chief cut illustrating the work in question displays two eagles fighting in the air, of which the one may well be the black Prussian eagle and the other the imperial eagle of France. They overshadow with their wings vast hosts of armed men, "in decidedly foreign uniforms," engaged in bloody struggles. More specific is the text, which distinctly asserts that in 1870 there is to be war between France and Prussia, and that the month of July—nothing being said of August and Gravelotte, and September and Sedan—will be especially disastrous to Napoleon. Still the declaration of war, the beginning of French troubles, was made in July. But the *World* and the *Spirit of the Times*, and Mr. Wendell Phillips, with his "horde of brigands," and his Bismarck who has proved himself so great an ass, may wait in hope for next month: in October, "King William, if living, will meet with defeat," and the Ex-King of Hanover "will recover some of his prestige, if not his throne."

—The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war found Laboulaye under a cloud. He had been hissed down in his lecture-room; the city of Strasbourg had demanded back from its favorite candidate the honorable gifts it had once made him. His offence lay in his having consented to work with the Imperial Government in developing what seemed to be its irrevocable concessions to constitutional liberty. The mistake, if Laboulaye erred, was akin to that which allied many well-meaning men in this country to Andrew Johnson. The result was similar—forfeiture of public confidence and then obscurity. Since blood began to flow, we have not heard a word from Laboulaye till recently, in extracts published from a private letter of his to an Italian friend, criticising severely the letter of Mommsen's with which we have already acquainted our readers. He has not more difficulty than had the editor of the *Perseveranza* in refuting the historian's claims of natural sympathy between Germany and Italy; but neither has he a word of reprobation for the war begun by Napoleon without justice and without provocation. Two years ago, in his "Prince-Caniche," he could satirize the habitual jealousy of France towards Prussia. "Si ces drôles-là," says the General of the Gobemouches, referring to their neighbors the Cocqsigrues, "sont les maîtres chez eux, alors nous ne sommes plus la grand nation. Ce ne sont plus les Gobemouches qui font trembler la terre; nous sommes diminués." Then, too, he could make Aristotle ask the Prince: "Is every citizen in your country a soldier?" and when answered, "No, we have a standing army," pronounce such a people barbarians. "Ce sont des Barbares." Now he asks of the Italians: "And what liberty will Prussia give you? . . . She has never known liberty; she has never been anything but an army"—*i.e.*, Aristotle's beau ideal of "chaque citoyen soldat." He is filled with apprehensions of what will happen "if Prussia crushes France," and sees, among other horrors, such as the restoration of the Germanic Empire (in other words, "ces drôles là maîtres chez eux"), the end of the Latin and Catholic races, and the sovereignty of the world assumed by the "virtuous Protestants of Germany." There is in this a degree of disingenuousness unworthy of Laboulaye's reputation, while his appeal to the two animosities—of race and of religion—which more than any other obstruct human progress, is entirely worthy of the Second Empire.

—The division of sentiment in Italy in regard to the Franco-Prussian war has been happily embodied in an individual citizen. Signor Edoardo Sonzogno, of Milan, is the proprietor of a radical paper called *Il Secolo*, which has lavished abuse with a free hand on all journalists professing French sympathies, and has even gone so far as to call them men without faith and without a country. Signor Sonzogno, it will be understood, holds two opposite faiths at once, and could be loyal on either side of the Rhine. He is also the publisher of a paper which appears simultaneously in Paris and at Milan, and is known at the one place as *L'Esprit Follet*, at the other as *Lo Spirito Folletto*. The former is French and imperialist (or was till the overthrow at Sedan), the latter is Prussian and republican—each according to its latitude. These papers are illustrated with designs for the times, borrowed chiefly from French artists, the same cut being used in each, but the legend being ingeniously altered for cis- or transalpine approval. Thus, in one such, a Turk is seen on his way to the field, accompanied by his odalisks, and the comment of *L'Esprit Follet* is "Abd-el-Kader, junior, enlisting as a Turco. Fine fellows, these sons of the Prophet!" *Lo Spirito Folletto* interprets the same in this wise: "All hope of succor from Italy, Denmark, and Austria having vanished, the Grank Turk alone is left to run to the aid of France." But it is as an impartial historiographer that Signor Sonzogno is especially to be envied. He publishes in duplicate a current record of the war, styled *L'Album de la Guerre* and *L'Album della Guerra*. One does not naturally look for two points of view in such a publication, but there is nothing which daunts the proprietor. In setting forth the causes of the war in French, he finds the Prussians to have brought it upon themselves, and that the French grievances were perfectly legitimate; in Italian, he disregards consistency, but comes nearer the truth, in throwing the blame altogether on France and the dynasty. For so accommodating a spirit no reward would seem too great; and perhaps a more friendly mediator between Paris and its besiegers would be hard to find.

THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

THE *Atlantic* for October opens with a good article by Mr. James Parton, in which he gives a readable, pleasant, and, on the whole, trustworthy account of "Our Israelitish Brethren." Mr. Parton does not go very deep, but he falls into few errors, and they small and of little consequence—as, for instance—and this is very charateristic—when he puts into the mouth of the pious Jew, whenever he eats a peach, the prayer of thanksgiving which the pious Jew does indeed offer after eating a peach, but not unless it is his first peach of the season. It is worth while, too, when accounting for the fact that Jews are almost never agriculturists, to remember that, whatever may once have been their skilfulness in agriculture, it is many hundreds of years since they had any practice at it, and that it is likely that, even were all the world to adopt the Jewish faith and deduct only Jewish holidays from the working days of the year, it would nevertheless be some hundreds of years before our Israelitish brethren would divert their attention from trade and go to tilling the ground. In short, they have, naturally enough, lost what innate aptitude for farming they ever had. And one reason for this is, that a man who lives in contempt in a community will not, if he can help it, attach himself to the soil and root his family in one place. Even to-day and in this country there still remains in the minds of Jews, the most respectable and respected, a sort of consciousness or sub-consciousness of being despised, which operates to indispose them to establish themselves firmly among us as inheritors of lands; and that this reason operates more strongly in most other countries we may well believe. A most disgraceful and shameful confession this should be felt to be by every man who pretends to religion or liberality, but there is no doubt of its being a confession that all Christendom has to make.

The most important paper in the *Atlantic* is Senator Wilson's reply to Mr. Jeremiah Black's attack on Mr. Wilson, made in the *Galaxy* for July. Mr. Stanton's character is the matter in question; and while, as it appears to us, Mr. Wilson disposes very well indeed of Mr. Black's assault and appears to great advantage in the controversy, we do not see that either he or his antagonist has said anything that will change the general verdict on Mr. Stanton. That he was very fearless and patriotic is hardly more certain than that he could on occasions do a little double-dealing; if he was a war-secretary of gigantic energy, he also could be arbitrary, hasty, overbearing, and unjust to his subordinates; if it must be admitted and asserted that he turned out a statesman, it is true, too, that he had been a politician and knew something of a politician's ways. But there is no doubt that the people to-day recognize the fact that they owe him a very great debt of gratitude, nor that he fairly earned it all; and there is little doubt that posterity will confirm this judgment. Mr. Wilson's article, which is forcibly written and not intemperate, contains original letters, confirmatory of his positions, from Mr. Chase, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Howard, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Seward, and others in public life, and has some historical value.

One of the pleasantest sketches that has been seen for a long time is an excellent portrait, by "H. H.," of a German landlady of hers. People who do not usually read magazines may look at this with expectations of pleasure, nothing so good of its kind having been done for a long time. For the rest, the *Atlantic* has "Speckled Trout," by Mr. John Burroughs, a writer whom we commend to people who really know the woods, and also to people who think that the popular writers on the Adirondacks, for example, know anything about them; "Irony," by Dr. Hedge; an "Oldtown Fireside Story," by Mrs. Stowe's "Sam Lawson;" some reminiscences of Dickens; some book-notices; our curious and amused "Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago;" and some other articles, make up the October number of the magazine, which is one of the best numbers we have had for some time.

The *Galaxy's* serial novel of "Overland" its readers will find spirited and exciting in this instalment, which continues its account of an attack by Apaches on Lieutenant Thurstane's wagon-train. But perhaps the description is too hurried and has too little of the element of suspense and uncertainty in it. We suspect, indeed, that there is no novelist living who would dare to expose a wagon-train, with his heroines and heroes and such low-comedy men as he has in his company, to capture by any of the Great Father's children. The catastrophe would necessarily be too complete, resultless, and nakedly horrible; so the reader makes himself perfectly comfortable while Little Bear and his friends whoop round the wagons, feeling assured that a greaser or two may have his hair lifted, and four or five Apaches get a bullet apiece sent through them, but that the train and the heroine will at last come off clear. The story-teller's only resource in such cases is, we suppose, to give us a vivid combat or two, that his materials be not lost; or, if he wants something more than the military glitter of the fight, he might give even his heaviest and hatefulest villain a sufficiently tragic end in an ambuscade of the kind where the white man, no matter how hard pressed and furious, saves the last barrel in his revolver for himself.

"In and about Peking," by Mr. N. B. Dennys, is apparently instructive and is amusing, though it is a little confused and is in places horrible. "L'Amour ou la Mort" is a translation from the Spanish, or rather an adaptation from the Spanish, by Mr. Antony Armstrong, and is perhaps not quite family reading, though clever enough. "Does it Pay to Visit Yo-Semite?" is a slapdash article, coarse in tone, but clever enough, too, in its way, and supposed to be "magaziny" and taking, though one might perhaps doubt it. "Will Murder Out?" is about the Nathan murder, and is interesting as containing copies of some of the letters that were sent to the detectives when they were working up the case. It is curious to note the malignity manifested in some of these communications, and the cruel willingness to trifle with reputation and personal safety for the sake of getting malicious pleasure. Our friends the Spiritualists also put in an appearance on that occasion, and, of course, so did great numbers of amateur detectives. Apparently, nothing whatever has come of all the exertions made for the purpose of discovering the murder, and our detective force has again afforded proof that, without the preliminary surveillance of all citizens and strangers which makes the French police system so effective, we are unjust to blame our police for its seeming inefficiency. Then, too, there is the matter of numbers to be thought of; the Frenchman is not so absolutely fabulous who came to New York for freedom and went back to Paris by the next steamer because of his lonesomeness—so few policemen dogging him about. "James Buchanan" is an article by the Hon. Horatio King, in which he argues that much injustice has been done Mr. Buchanan by the belief that he was a traitor in 1861 and a cool friend to the Union during the progress of the war. Mr. King gives us private letters, written by the Ex-President to him and to other gentlemen, which seem to bear out fully all that he states; and there is, we imagine, little inclination on the part of anybody nowadays to say all the hard things about Mr. Buchanan that we used to say. But neither Mr. King nor anybody else has ever shown that Mr. Buchanan was not a feeble and timid man, surrounded by traitorous counsellors, who did him and the country harm. We may admit, with Mr. King, that the temporizing and delay which brought it about that the South fired on Sumter, instead of being fired on by Sumter, may have been very advantageous to the Union. But to say that it was necessary for the Union, and that the North would not have roused itself had the first gun been fired by the Federal troops, instead of at them, is more than any one can say, or than many, we fancy, could at all believe. But let that be as it may, President Buchanan's course is not relieved of discredit by any such considerations. "The King of Prussia" is what seems a fair article, by Mr. Justin McCarthy; Mr. George Ward Nichols writes of the "Private Picture Galleries of Cincinnati;" and these, with Mr. Mark Twain's "Memoranda," some good book-notices, and two or three other articles, make up the number.

"Prussia the German Nation" is a sharp little essay in *Lippincott's* which does not spare hard words against Germany. Some of them the writer quotes, as this from Bismarck: "The disposition of mind which causes men to grow enthusiastic in support of foreign nationalities, even when their own fatherland suffers thereby, is a form of political disease which, alas! is found in Germany alone." Or this, which the same statesman said on one occasion to Lord Lyons: "My lord, you do not know the Germans yet. I can assure you that, if the people had enough money, every one of them would have his own king." Under both these utterances, as our essayist points out, may be discerned a perception of the individualism which, if it is political Germany's weakness, is the strength of Germany considered otherwise than politically. Thus it is that J. J. Döllinger can say: "The Germans have written better about Shakespeare than the English, and better about Dante than the Italians;" that Count Cesare Balbo can say: "These wonderful and conscientious Germans are step by step usurping to themselves all our learning;" that they teach English scholars how to study Anglo-Saxon and Old English; that they reconstruct Greece and Rome for the scholars of all other lands; that they are everywhere amalgamating themselves with other people, yet without, after all, losing their distinctive virtues and powers; that they are French in Alsace; Americans in Missouri; in Hungary Magyars, with Magyar names; in the Tyrol and Trieste, Italians. But Prussia, according to our author, and according to all appearances, is to do as much to cure this spirit as was done to protect it by the thirty-odd little principalities and duchies and kingdoms which the Confederation has displaced; and Germany is to be firmly welded together and be a political entity and power, as hitherto Germans have made the German name respected in the arts, sciences, philosophy, literature, and scholarship.

Other articles in *Lippincott's* is one about a tyrannical, pugnacious, and drunken Irish girl, named Mary Anne, and how she was superseded in the kitchen by the laborious, civil, and sober Chyng Loo, a Chinaman, and possibly not a fictitious and imaginary Chinaman. Another readable article in *Lippincott's* is about Gustavè Flaubert, the French novelist; and there is, besides, a portion of Trollope's newest novel, "Sir Harry Hotspur," a paper on our telegraph companies, headed "The Great Monopoly," some "Monthly Gossip," and various other matters.

There is nothing, we believe, in this month's *Harper's* which calls for the attention of others than the magazine's regular circle of readers. *Putnam's* has a good paper, giving a digest of the "Shakespeare Studies of a Realist," by Gustav Rümelin, which was published some four years since, and which still is an offence in the nostrils of all German worshippers of Shakespeare. Yet it no doubt contains things profitable to hear. But, though to those who see in Shakespeare the deepest discerner of the hearts of men, all these charges of careless construction, deficiency of sympathy with the national life, want of moral purpose, will seem of no great moment, it may easily be imagined that to "Shakespeare-high-churchism" they may seem nothing less than sacrilege; and, furthermore, that in time there may be a reaction, both in Germany and nearer home, against the sort of idolatry which no doubt binds too many of us. Of the other articles in *Putnam's*, "The Fox," by Mr. Burroughs, is good reading in natural history; for those who care to know, there is a description of Mr. M. O. Roberts's picture gallery by Mr. Eugene Benson; and there is a pleasant record of a visit to the Ammergau play.

Hours at Home has one more month of life, or, rather, one more month of life under its present name; for in December it swallows up *Putnam's*, puts itself into the hands of Doctor Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") as editor-in-chief, fills itself with illustrations, and calls itself *Scribner's Monthly*. *Hours at Home* has always been an honest magazine, with good sound reading for evangelical families of not too much rigidity and of some taste; and, while it has never risen above a certain level of merit or of interest, it has been always in all ways respectable, and will be missed by a good many readers who will find *Scribner's Monthly* not just the same thing. This month it opens with a eulogistic review of Mr. Bryant's "Iliad;" Jane Austen is very well criticised by the author of Mary Powell; "Hero," by Miss Craik, is concluded; Prof. Burt G. Wilder's talk about the fingers and toes comes to an end; and, among other articles, there is a strangely insufficient notice of Wierz, the Belgian painter, whose most remarkable pictures, if not his greatest, are such horrifying fantasies.

The Life of John Kalb, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. (New York: Privately printed. 1870.)—This work was written and translated into English in the early part of 1862, and the publication of it now we owe not only to the restoration of peace in this country, but to the author's return to his native land, and his desire to leave behind him an agreeable souvenir of his sojourn among us. Together with the "Life of Steuben," he says, it completes his design of recording the participation of German generals in the establishment of American independence. On the face of it, then, it furnishes a rejoinder to the partisans of France who ask us, amid her present misfortunes, to remember what generous and indispensable aid she afforded us during our Revolution. In reality, De Kalb came over here not as a German, but as a French citizen and officer, and with the secret encouragement of the French Government. He came in the same ship as Lafayette, and united more or less closely his own fortune with the latter's, and it is probable that, with different degrees of enthusiasm, the one was as much a lover of freedom as the other. Nevertheless, De Kalb, if he chose our service because of a decided sympathy with our cause, entered it above all for his own advancement; for, having been disappointed in his promotions and employment at home, he hoped that on his return he might claim the military grade which he should have won in America—or, rather, which was, without sufficient authority, assured him by Silas Deane. He came, too, as the confidential promoter of the designs of the Comte de Broglie, who aspired, with the most amusing ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon character, to "the position of a general and president of the council of war, with the title of generalissimo, field-marshal, etc.," and the control of political negotiations with foreign powers. The selfishness of these ends probably was not so striking to Kalb as the futility of them, and he did not concern himself about them when once arrived in the colonies. They illustrate, however, the general character of all the French interest in our revolt, the aggrandizement of France and the crippling of England being far more dear to Louis XV.'s ministers than the security of American liberties. Kalb came over to join our army in 1777, but he had been sent by Choiseul ten years previously to inspect the state of public feeling in the colonies, with the result of confirming the Duke in his designs on Corsica, since to England's disposition to interfere he had only to oppose threats of fostering the disaffection in America. Mr. Kapp, by the way, in praising Kalb's wonderful industry, on this mission, in translating articles from the public journals, seems to fall into the error of judging the importance of Salem and Newport at that time by their present rank as commercial or political centres. He speaks of them as "little towns," and implies that their opinions were not worth regarding; but this was as far as possible from being the case.

By singular good luck as well as assiduous research, Mr. Kapp has removed the obscurity of Kalb's birth and early life, and, with the exception of the period in which, having abandoned his Bavarian home, he is lost to view till he reappears as a lieutenant in the French service, leaves no part of his career unaccounted for. One may read this narrative with unqualified satisfaction as a piece of clear and vigorous historical writing, as a study of character, and for the light it throws on the French alliance with the colonies. It is particularly interesting, however, in its portrayal of the service in which Kalb was trained as a soldier, under Loewendal, Saxe, and Broglie, and in the account which he has left of the troops, leaders, and operations in the American service during the three years of his connection with it. For the former, we must refer the reader to the work itself. The France of Kalb was soon changed, but the Germany which made him a French soldier of fortune is but just leaving the state in which, as Mr. Kapp says, the troops she hired out to other powers were never encouraged with the name of Germans, but always: "Forward, brave Waldeckers! Hessians, show yourselves worthy of your ancient fame! Down with the rebels, my doughty Brunswickers!"

As a critic of American soldiery, Kalb must be thought of as "the most experienced, the most calculating, and the most circumspect commander of all the foreign officers who lent their swords to the struggling Republic." His views in regard to the system of drafting the militia in classes for two months' service only, may be imagined. He recommended that Congress should extend the term to three years, and enforce it. "The moneyed militiaman," he remarked—"and the majority are of this description—does not march himself, but hires a substitute, whom he pays from $200 to $1,000 for two months' service." Officers he saw leave their command on the eve of an engagement, with or without making an excuse to their superiors, "remain away till the action is over, and then return, and nobody refers to the subject." "Contractors, I have no doubt, make fifty per cent. on every contract, not to speak of the other defraudations, the mere enumeration of which would be endless." "The idea of wintering in this desert," he says, speaking of the camp at Valley Forge, "can only have been put into the head of the commanding general by an interested speculator or a disaffected man." And, amid all the hardships of these winter quarters, the officers were for ever ordering parades. It must have been a weakness of officers, for Kalb speaks in general of the soldier being "worried with parades—and such parades—three times longer than is necessary, and on marching days as well as others." Of Washington's personal character, Kalb always speaks with respect and even with affection; "but as a general," he writes, judging from first impressions, "he is too slow, too indolent, and far too weak; besides, he has a tinge of vanity in his composition, and overestimates himself. In my opinion, whatever success he may have will be owing to good luck and to the blunders of his adversaries, rather than to his abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to improve upon the grossest blunders of the enemy." "It is unfortunate," he subsequently says, "that he is so easily led. . . . I am convinced that he would accomplish substantial results, if he would only act more upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and has the worst of advisers in the men who enjoy his confidence."

The Decline of the Roman Republic. By George Long. Vol. III. (London: Bell & Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden. 1869. 8vo, pp. 482.)—Mr. Long's third volume presents the same characteristics as the earlier ones (see the *Nation*, No. 97). It is purely a *pragmatical* history, to use the convenient German term, aiming at nothing but a bare and accurate relation of events, with whatever discussion of the evidence may be found desirable. This latter feature is naturally the most prominent in the period treated—from the beginning of the Third Mithridatic War to Cicero's banishment; for almost our whole information with regard to this period is incidental rather than direct. Apart from the brief narrative of Velleius, and a few other abridgments, we have hardly anything but allusions and fragments of information scattered in speeches, correspondence, and other works. In sifting and piecing together these fragmentary scraps of evidence, Mr. Long is quite at home; and his accurate and extensive knowledge of Roman literature and antiquities makes him a most serviceable guide.

It is, however, rather as a negative critic than as a constructive historian that he will be found serviceable. He compares and weighs evidence with great sagacity; but, after all, the conclusion he arrives at is usually that there is very little to be known with certainty upon the subject. Meantime, the reader has probably lost the thread of the narrative, and is rather bewildered at the end of the chapter to find not only that he has come to no result, but that he has forgotten what he knew before, and must go back and take a fresh start. We repeat what we said three years ago, that this history is not to be read, but to be studied in detail, and that with a view to negative rather than positive results. For Mr. Long has not the kind of mind that discerns truth hidden under a mass of rubbish or of falsehood. He knows nothing which he cannot prove by evidence. We may therefore get invaluable aid from him; but, if we wish really to understand this epoch, we must have recourse to writers like Mommsen and Merivale, who possess the historical sense, which Mr. Long wholly lacks.

The omission of references is a serious defect, bad enough in a book like Mommsen's, but unaccountable and unpardonable in one of this character. If we could regard this work as a history, we would complain also of the practice of giving a detailed analysis of Cicero's speeches; but those analyses are so good that we should not be willing to lose them. Take the following (p. 288), with regard to the first oration against Catiline:

> "After making such a charge against Catilina, a charge of having planned a massacre, what does the consul do? So far from arresting this daring conspirator, he bids him go, leave the city, join Manlius (c. 5). Though he tells Catilina that he is openly conspiring against the state and the lives of all the citizens, he makes no offer to produce any evidence. But if he did know what he said that he knew, why could he not convince the Senate of Catilina's guilt and get rid of him, as he aftewards did in the case of the conspirators? We conclude that Cicero was afraid to touch the man, and that he could not prove what he said."

We should be glad to have every teacher and editor of Cicero's Orations read Mr. Long's shrewd comments upon them, that he might learn to appreciate the orator's buncombe. But why insist on *Catilina, Pompeius*, and *Antonius*, when he says without hesitation *Livy* and *Sallust?*

Pioneer Life in Kentucky. A Series of Reminiscential Letters from Daniel Drake, M.D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited, with notes and a biographical sketch, by his son, Charles D. Drake. Ohio Valley Historical Series. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1870.)—These letters relate entirely to the first fifteen years of the life of the writer—a period when, as Senator Drake observes, it was a longer and more arduous journey from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) than it now is from Maine to Oregon. The great material changes wrought during the short interval of threescore years and ten scarcely surpass, however, the development of population which has kept pace with them. Dr. Drake, for instance, was born in 1785, of parents who had been two years married, and who, when he was three years old, removed from Plainfield, New Jersey, to Mayslick, Kentucky. They were common farm laborers, with Quaker blood in them, could read and write, but were ignorant of grammar, geography, and arithmetic. Nevertheless they felt keenly the advantage of education, and supported to the utmost of their ability the teachers whom their fellow-colonists engaged in the new settlement. The boy Daniel, being the oldest, was selected to be the scholar of the family. Of his leaving home for Cincinnati (in 1800), there to become the first medical student the city had ever known, he observes feelingly:

> "The *caste* to which I belonged was to be changed; and in the arrangements of Providence I was made, unconsciously, the instrument by which that change was to be effected. The conception of this change was less my own than my father's. He was a gentleman by nature, and a Christian from convictions produced by a simple and unassisted study of the Word of

God. His poverty he regretted; his ignorance he deplored. His natural instincts were to knowledge, refinement, and honorable influence in the affairs of the world. In consulting the traditions of the family, he found no higher condition than his own as their lot in past times; but he had formed a conception of something more elevated, and resolved on its attainment; not for himself and mother, nor for *all* his children—for either would have been impossible—but for some member of the family. He would make a beginning; he would set his face towards the land of promise, although, like Moses, he himself should never enter it. Imperfectly as I have fulfilled the destiny which, under the arrangements of Providence, he assigned to me, I cannot doubt that, if he and mother should be permitted to look down upon the family group to whom you will read this epistle, they would gratefully exclaim, 'The cherished desire of our hearts will at last be gratified!'"

Dr. Drake's career in Cincinnati was honorable and prominent; his son, the United States Senator, has risen to distinction in St. Louis, the city of his residence; and the third generation issued from the farm laborers in Eastern New Jersey may very probably, before the close of the century, add to the good fame of the family as leaders of opinion or of public affairs in San Francisco.

We can neither dwell as we should like upon the character of Dr. Drake as briefly sketched by his son, nor upon his own reminiscences with which the volume is chiefly occupied. Of the former, it is enough to say that he was remarkable for public spirit, took broad views of the future of his adopted State and city, and was, as his works testify, a student of many things outside of his profession, though more or less related with it. He seems to have been always sensible of his defective education, and took every occasion to impress upon those who destined their sons to medicine the importance of early intellectual discipline. The account of his boyhood is well worth reading and re-reading, in order to realize accurately the pioneer backwoods life of his day. It is singularly minute in its details and yet comprehensive, and at the close one has scarcely a question to ask concerning the manners and customs, farm operations, rustic festivals, religious observances, institutions of the neighborhood in which Dr. Drake was reared. The incidents in his own experience he freely discusses for their effect on his character, and his reflections are always sensible. We take leave of the book, in which we only regret the lack of an *index nominum*, by quotations which bear upon a question not unfamiliar to the thoughtful. In his sixth letter, he had written:

> "But you will perhaps ask, Are there not multitudes who spend their whole lives in new countries, and yet die uninstructed in mind, unelevated in feeling, by the scenery around them? The answer is, that this seems to be the case; but we know not, in their destitution of so many palpable sources of knowledge and refinement, how much that is good in their character would have been absent if this also had been wanting. Because they do not *speak* of the beauties, solemnities, and sublimities of nature, we are not to conclude that those attributes have exerted no effect upon them. They are grown-up children. They do not analyze their own character, nor that of the influences which surround them, and to which, indeed, they give little of conscious attention; but God provides that his works shall affect us, even while we neglect to examine and admire them."

In his eighth letter, he writes, referring to Mayslick:

> "On a calm survey in retrospect of the whole community, I am compelled to say that in purity and refinement it did not rank very high. I doubt the correctness of what is sometimes said in favor of country life among the laboring classes; and lean to the opinion that city people of a corresponding grade as to intelligence, property, and pursuits, have, on the whole, more virtue and chaster manners."

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Froude (J. A.), History of England, Library ed., Vols. XI., XII.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
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Willson's Intermediate Fifth Reader	(Harper & Bros.)	

MUSIC.

MLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

It is a true delight to the critic when at last he may let his good-nature have full sway and can rest assured that for once his enthusiasm will not outrun the truth. His is usually a most unenviable task. For nearly every singer or actor there are wide allowances to be made. He must shut his eyes to many obvious defects and pick his way carefully among the adjectives, balancing often in his mind whether the merits of the artist will warrant any encomium, and what is the utmost allowance that the facts will permit. For if the absolute truth were told by any critic concerning that mass of mediocrities and incompetents and shams who make up the stock companies of our theatres and put themselves forward in our concert-rooms, the paper that published it would be thought guilty of an outrage, and the writer little better than a gross calumniator. Truth is a very lovely thing, but no man has yet been found bold enough to tell it absolutely and without mitigation in the critical columns of any newspaper, nor would it be either generous or proper for him to do so even if he dared.

There are now in this city two artists who free the critic from all these prudential restraints; one of them is Mlle. Christine Nilsson, the other is Madame Marie Seebach. It is only of the first that we now propose to speak. Comparisons are not usually in good taste, and yet they furnish to the general mind the readiest standard of judgment. In looking back over the long roll of great singers that have come to this country, there are but few whose names stand out so brightly as this last. One has almost to go back to her sister Swede to find the equal of Nilsson. Among those who may challenge comparison are Jenny Lind, Grisi, Bosio, Alboni, Sontag, Patti, and Parepa. There was also Malibran, confessedly the greatest singer that ever visited us, but the recollections of scarcely any of us go back so far. Grisi came to us when her voice was greatly impaired. It was never an unalloyed pleasure to hear her sing. Alboni had a voice beyond praise, of perfect balance and evenness, but she was gross in person, and lacked the celestial fire without which no singer is truly great. Sontag was almost everything that a great artist should be, and yet Sontag came here somewhat past her prime. Parepa we all know to be Parepa the magnificent, and, in certain directions, the incomparable, but she won more upon the admiration than the sympathies of her audience. She always lacked warmth and passion. Both Patti and Bosio left us before their powers had reached their fullest limit. We refer to Adelina Patti, of course. Carlotta certainly does not belong to the first order of singers, and to these only we now refer. The cloud of humbug that was thrown around Jenny Lind when she came would have obscured the merit of any singer less truly great. As a concert singer there has been none to compare with her, nor in this direction can even Mlle. Nilsson be said to take so high a place. But Nilsson comes to us with no drawback save that she appears in the concert-room and not upon the operatic stage. That perhaps will happen later, when she returns from the West. She is in the absolute maturity of her powers, and in the fulness of her personal loveliness. She has all the charm of youth. Her eye is bright with hope. Trouble has not written a single line of care upon her brow; the flush of perfect health comes and goes upon her cheek, her sympathies are broad and kindly; she looks out upon her audience with radiant smiles, and draws them at once to her confidence; she gazes earnestly at them with the fearlessness and steadfastness of innocence and goodness. She is full of the vivacity of girlhood, and does a hundred odd and off-hand little things out of the mere exuberance of life and spirits. To see her as she stands upon the stage is to see a picture that delights the eye. Her form has the slender shapeliness of youth, but not the angularity of first youth, her face is fair and smiling, the blue eyes greet all with bright looks. She is at once on friendly terms with her audience, and takes a sisterly interest in her orchestra. If it does not play to suit her, she quickly but pleasantly lets it know the fact. When she sings, it is a pure delight to listen, the voice is so even and so refined. Purity itself breathes in every tone. We have heard scales more faultlessly executed, and better phrasing, but the essential points of her art, the power to charm, a just appreciation of the requirements of a song and the ability to give expression to them; a due sense of the dramatic weight of what she is singing, the sensitiveness of nature that makes her able to sing either humorous music or the weighty measures of Handel, all these she possesses. Mlle. Nilsson has not only a voice of singular beauty, but also of great fulness and power, and this she sometimes uses to the surprise of all who listen. There is not only sentiment, but a certain poetic method in her treatment of some of the arias that she sings, especially so in the case of Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair." Her coloring of this beautiful air is so varied and also so original, that it has been accepted with doubt by many of the admirers of Handel, though with entire satisfaction by others. Mlle. Nilsson has already made her triumph among us secure. There is no doubt that she will entirely command the admiration of her audiences wherever she goes in this country. We await with impatience the opportunity for her fully to show her great abilities in their proper field—the operatic stage. Concerts are but poor fragmentary bits of patchwork at best, and hamper the artist with every manner of limitation. In opera, her dramatic talent will come to the aid of her beautiful voice, and we shall at last hear a *prima donna* worthy of the name. In the meantime, we hope she will not judge of the taste or manners of the New York public by the way in which a portion of her audiences have distributed "encores" during the late concerts. As these calls are made indiscriminately on all the singers, and are made apparently without the slightest regard to their feelings, or convenience, or physical powers, it is impossible to see in them anything but a brutal determination to get the worth of "one's money," by having as much music as possible in the time. The worst of it is that in this, as in so many other things in New York, the refined and cultivated portion of the audience sits still, while the ignorant and ill-mannered drag the singers back to the stage, and wring the last note from their weary throats.

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The Week.

THE investment of Paris is most complete. Communication with the country and the extemporized second capital, Tours, takes place exclusively by means of balloons and carrier-pigeons—if the reports about the activity of the latter be true. Our doubt arises from the fact that we find these pigeons inclined to consume days in their flight where hours should suffice, and also to bring news otherwise unconfirmed, if not contradicted. Thus the news which the Prefect of the Department of the North telegraphs from Lille, under date of *September* 26, as "received by carrier-pigeon from Paris, dated Friday, *September* 23," enumerates a series of military successes, achieved by the besieged, on the 22d, in fights near Villejuif, at Droncy, and at Pierrefitte, of which later communications, received by balloon, make no mention whatever. The statements, too, contained in the despatch from Paris communicated by the same Prefect, as "received by carrier-pigeon, and dated *September* 30," tell the tale of the fighting on the last-mentioned day, with accompaniment of details as to positions occupied by the French, which cannot be made to agree with what we know from other sources. King William's despatch concerning the same affair, which announced a sortie by the French troops of the line against the Sixth Prussian Corps, accompanied by a less heavy attack on the Fifth, and a demonstration against the Eleventh, and repulsed after two hours of fighting—on the Prussian side, under command of the Crown Prince—seemed in its dry brevity to conceal some disagreeable facts, but later French accounts are apt to produce the opposite impression, to wit, that what the King omitted to state was the discomfiture of the assailants with considerable loss. The forts around Paris, from time to time, do some heavy firing to dislodge the Prussians from recently occupied positions, but with what effect our scanty information hardly allows us to state. The besiegers are busy throwing up earthworks while waiting for the arrival of heavy siege guns from Strasbourg. The authorities in Paris, both military and civil, work with energy; the citizens are quiet and orderly; and the *morale* of the troops, too, is said to be improving. The balloon men bring high-flown accounts of the number of the defenders, as well as of the resources in provisions and arms, of the isolated capital.

Detachments of the besieging armies are, in the meanwhile, active in making inroads into the surrounding and some more distant departments. Among the towns recently occupied by the Prussians we find Clermont and Beauvais, in Oise; Dourdan and Mantes, in Seine-et-Oise; Toury, in Eure-et-Loir; and Pithiviers and Patay, in Loiret. The three last-named places are at a small distance from Orléans, the occupation of which is thus again threatened. Patay, however, seems to point toward a further objective, Tours. At this partial capital of the Republic new measures of defence, some even breathing a spirit of terrorism, are daily improvised in decrees; but nothing goes to show that these decrees are followed by corresponding facts. No new army has as yet been stamped out of the ground. Perturbation, and even some discord, seems to reign in Tours, where old Crémieux, a lawyer, is obliged provisionally to act the part of War Minister. Lyons is believed to be menaced by a double advance of the Germans from Toul and the Upper Rhine, though only a portion of General Werder's forces, to which Strasbourg surrendered—on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 27, not on Monday, as we stated last week after the Darmstadt despatch—is said to have begun operations in a southerly direction. The Red Republican régime in Lyons is not yet ended, though General Cluseret, who works hard to refresh his withering notoriety by humbug imitations of the scenes of 1793, has been arrested with some of his followers, gentlemen of the "revolutionary mob." The half-insurrectionary condition of that city is very annoying to the rulers at Tours, whose authority, which so badly needs the sanction of "the consent of the governed," is necessarily shaken by every act of disobedience. If Paris holds out to the day of the opening of the Constituent Assembly, that authority may possibly receive a new and more orthodox sanction. The elections for the Assembly are to take place on the 16th inst., all Frenchmen of and above the age of twenty-one voting. The total number of representatives is to be seven hundred and fifty, exclusive of the representatives of Algeria and the other colonies, for which no provision is as yet made. Nothing is known concerning the disposition of the Prussians to allow or not to allow the elections in the districts under their sway.

This sway now extends from the Upper Rhine to the Lower Seine, and from the Moselle and Meuse to the Loire. It continues, however, to be defied and interrupted by the garrisons of Metz, Thionville, Montmédy, Verdun, Mézières, Bitsch, and Soissons, all of which places are more or less closely invested. Heavy, but unsuccessful, sorties were lately made by the defenders of Bitsch and Soissons. Bazaine, in Metz, seems to be constantly in a fighting mood, but his repeated endeavors to break through the coil of Frederic Charles's army have as yet all been baffled, though not without severe fighting. Both contending armies are still at work strengthening their positions. The Germans also now and then attempt some shelling, and many of the villages surrounding the great fortress have fallen a prey to the flames. The surroundings of Thionville are almost equally exposed to the horrors of war. But the despair of the unfortunate inhabitants is nowhere productive of acts of reckless resistance; such is the terror inspired by the forces, the success, and the vigor of the Prussians. The inhabitants of Strasbourg have escaped with less harm than was believed, and its conquerors evince a particular mildness in their changed relation to them—a relation which they expect to render permanent. A garrison of eight thousand Germans replaces the seventeen thousand French, including National Guards, who so gallantly defended the stronghold.

It seems, from all accounts, as if it was getting to be time for Mr. Washburne to come home. Most people were only reconciled to his appointment by the belief that he would have nothing to do, and needed a change of air. Unfortunately, however, duties of the most delicate kind have devolved on him, and, as might have been expected, he has broken down piteously under them. When the Republic was proclaimed, he went off over it at half-cock, like an old blunderbuss, and not only recognized it, in his official capacity, before he had heard whether the rest of France would accept the Government set up by the street-mob, but volunteered his individual opinion that the war was wicked and unnecessary, and that the Prussians ought to stop it—a piece of impertinence such as, coming from a foreign minister during our war, would have drawn down upon him a snub which would have subdued him for years. Mr. Washburne appears, since then, to have been sinking steadily into a street demagogue, and, according to the last reports, goes to the Hotel de Ville instead of the Foreign Office, transacts his diplomatic business with the crowd, and "shakes hands all round."

There is one piece of news from Paris which is really afflicting to anybody who has a proper love of justice and a proper sense of the fitness of things. It appears that M. Émile Girardin, the editor and proprietor of the *Liberté*, left Paris as soon as he found a siege was inevitable, going, as his paper coolly announced, "to a central town of that part of France which is not polluted by the presence of the enemy." Along with him went M. Villemessant, the editor and proprietor of the *Figaro*. Girardin has now for four years been hounding the Government to make war on Prussia, and lashing the public into fever in support of it in the most violent and unscrupulous way. It probably did more than any other paper to precipitate the crisis in July. The *Figaro* has been just as violent, but even more impudent and untrustworthy. Its lies and exaggerations have been the disgrace of journalism and the wonder of the world. Both editors have made large fortunes by working on popular passions and pandering to popular delusions. Their place now is in the most exposed of the outlying forts. Girardin, it is true, is old, but if he was not too old to send other men to be killed, he is not too old to fight. Villemessant is physically in fine condition for active service, and it is a disgrace to French civilization that he should have been permitted to sneak off on the approach of the Prussians. In view of these facts, we cannot help thinking that, in addition to the conscription of editors for duties of a desperate nature, which we suggested the other day as a necessary feature of all military organizations in free countries, there should be some provision for holding editors to bail, as soon as war articles begin to appear in their papers, as security for their appearance on the battle-field. Something of this kind would doubtless be necessary to overcome their natural horror of places "polluted by the enemy."

During the apparent pause in the hostilities caused by the Prussian preparation for the siege of Paris, the chances of peace through mediation, and, of course, the terms of peace, continue to undergo larger discussion. The public feeling in England in favor of moral intervention grows stronger and stronger, and has received a marked stimulus from a letter of Sir Henry Bulwer, published in the London *Times*, in which he treats the objections to mediation put forward by Mr. Lowe as merely fanciful. Both parties, he says, have been sobered by the preparations for the siege. The Prussians will take less, and the French yield more, than they would have done some weeks ago, and England is called upon on moral grounds, and without reference to her physical ability to enforce her advice, to try and bring the parties to terms, before such a seat of civilization as Paris is exposed to destruction. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly doubtful whether anything in the shape of mediation is possible, or will be attempted, until the French and Prussians have both grown less sanguine than they are now. The French, it is quite evident from their talk, do not yet realize their situation. They cannot believe they have fallen so far in so short a time, or they would not attempt what is on its face absurd, the defence of an immense city with raw levies, and without any hope of relief from the outside. It is curious, by the way, and helps, in some degree, to explain their state of mind, to see how rapidly some of our own newspapers begin to take hopeful views of the French position, when the Prussians let even a fortnight pass without striking a heavy blow. The latter are bringing up their siege guns, and it is well to remember that whenever one of the outlying forts is taken, Paris will be within range, and it will be possible in a single night to fill it with death and devastation.

We discussed the Prussian demands last week, and showed that they were justified by usage and by the military situation. From the higher political point of view, there remain two strong objections to the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine which we pointed out some weeks ago—viz., that it would create a respectable and powerful reason for a renewal of the war on the part of France at the earliest possible opportunity; and that it would introduce once more into European politics the practice, from which the world has suffered so much, of transferring people from one power to another without their consent. Once revive this, and we have material for endless wars. If it is permissible to go back two centuries for justifications of acts of this kind, the world would be plunged in confusion. The great rule of prescription to which we owe so much of our peace and comfort would disappear utterly. Herr Jacoby, the Prussian Democrat, has urged this view strongly in an able and temperate speech, for which he has been incontinently locked up—a foolish and outrageous proceeding, for which the Prussian Government, though it may have the public at its back just now, will suffer more than he.

Professor von Sybel replies to this that higher interests are involved in this matter than the inclinations of the people of Alsace and Lorraine; that, even if the Germans do not take these provinces, it is folly to suppose that the French will sit down under the humiliation of their late defeats one minute longer than they can help; that they are sure to try and avenge them in any event; and for this, which all experience justifies Germany in expecting, it is her solemn duty to prepare; and that no preparation will be effective which does not give her Alsace and the German-speaking part of Lorraine. The question is, it must be admitted, an exceedingly difficult one—nearly as difficult as that which presented itself to foreign advisers of the North during the late war. When a nation is bleeding at every pore, in a war not of her own seeking, with the field still strewn with her dead, nobody can be thoroughly competent to advise, because no looker-on can put himself in her place. At such moment she has to look for counsel in her own heart, and the nations are happy and rare whose moral training has been such as to make it certain that in looking they will find wisdom.

The plebiscitum taken on Sunday in the Papal territory was, as could only have been expected, unanimous in favor of union with Italy, and there now remains only the legislative sanction of this union and of the removal of the capital to Rome. The terms which the King has offered the Pope are enough to produce convulsions in a Red-shirt, but the offer of them, before the occupation, by San Martino, was met only with objurgation on the part of his Holiness. He was distinctly heard to exclaim "whited sepulchres!" in a way to leave no doubt that he referred to the Italian authorities. It is reported that, as the Leonine City voted against him, he is bent on removing to Malta; a step which would indicate no great faith in the permanence of the "fixed and tangible revenue" with which the Government pledges itself, in common with other Catholic powers, to endow the Holy See.

The *Tribune* has once more been thrown into raptures by the announcement of "military preparations of Russia proceeding on a gigantic scale," such as it was able to explain to its own satisfaction as meaning neither more nor less than a new crusade against Turkey. Scarcely had the news been flashed across from London, under date of Sept. 29, when it became convinced that all Russia's "great military strength, 1,135,975 men in the aggregate, had been called into the field." It had had "many indications of the movements and mobilization of the troops" before, but now it saw them all—the million, the thousands, and the 975—marching to make "a descent upon Constantinople;" it saw Europe thrown "into a terrible state of excitement," the English consols suffering, "and the Bourses of every other nation affected;" it saw in Turkey a doomed victim, in England an idle spectator, and in Austria—and this is certainly the most extraordinary part of its vision—an ally of Russia in this enterprise. What a pity that this bright vision was so soon to be dimmed by an evening telegram from St. Petersburg of the same date, bringing an authoritative denial of the whole story. Of course, we do not mean to say that the *Tribune* acknowledged that it had been laboring under a kind of optical delusion, or that it did not next day endeavor to defend the correctness in general of its observations; but it is evident that it could not escape the mortifying sensation of doubting whether actually all the "1,135,975 men" were already in motion in the "advance to the Bosphorus."

Without insisting too much on their indication of the future of the Republican party, the splits now observable in it in Massachusetts and elsewhere are decidedly the most noteworthy feature of the fall campaigns. In Missouri, the principal Democratic organ, the St. Louis *Republican*, has come out in favor of Gratz Brown, and will undoubtedly carry the party with it, though it cannot be confidently predicted that the coalition will carry the State. The grounds of union are abolition of test-oaths and restrictions on the suffrage, and a constitutional convention, which shall wipe out the last vestige of animosities based on the divisions caused by the rebellion. The President, whose San Domingo enterprise put him under obligations to the least scrupulous and most radical members of Congress, and who pays the carpet-bag interest for its fidelity by denouncing the so-called Reform Party in the South, is settling his account with Senator Schurz by removing officials in Missouri whose sympathies are known to be with Mr. Brown and opposed to the Drake and McClurg party. In Pennsylvania, there are several cases of bolting. Mr. Kelley, in the Fourth Congressional District, has become engaged in a very hot controversy with his "irregular" opponent, Mr. Wm. B. Thomas, and personalities have quite taken the place of arguments for civil service reform which we had hoped to hear from the former. In the Second District, O'Neill, the "regular" nominee, is opposed by a Mr. Creely, a stronger man, but connected with some of the most disreputable and powerful city rings. In neither of these two cases have the Democrats made any nomination. In the western part of the State, also, in Allegheny and Beaver Counties, there are splits in the Congressional nominations, the return of Gen. Negley from the former being resisted, although Mr. John Covode alleges that he has been a most useful representative for the Protectionists, and that his defeat would be "hailed with joy by the Free-traders, who seek to overrun and ruin our home industries." In the southeastern corner, Chester and Delaware Counties are quarrelling with Montgomery because, having already the Congressman and State representative, it claims also the State Senator for the district. This is of more consequence, inasmuch as, by a rare coincidence, the Legislature will have to redistrict the State, both for State and Congressional purposes, though the one is done only every ten, the other only every seven years. In Baltimore, however, Messrs. Stockett Matthews and Adam King, rival Republicans, have withdrawn in favor of Mr. Washington Booth, whose election in the Third Maryland District will be contested by the notorious Governor Swann.

Governor Hoffman, of this State, has cemented his alliance with the city "ring" by refusing to exercise the power given him by the judiciary article, lately added to the constitution, to redistribute the Justices of the Supreme Court. He might under it have transferred Cardozo and Barnard to districts where only small interests would come into litigation, and where their powers of mischief would be comparatively limited. His failure to do this, in the teeth of the scandals of the last three years, completes the work which was begun by the signing of the Erie bill, and we think may fairly be expected to make respectable Democrats ask themselves solemnly whether any Federal question now before the country is of importance enough to justify them in acting any longer for its settlement with the shameful gang who control this city and State. Mr. Tilden's appearance with Tweed at Rochester ought certainly to be the last exhibition the country is to witness of the alliance of decent men for any purpose with these wretched thieves and swindlers.

There is a movement going on now at Washington for the removal of Secretary Cox. Mr. Cox was one of the very best of the President's early appointments—in fact, a model government officer as regarded both character and acquirements. He took the earliest opportunity of introducing the principle of civil service reform into his department as far as circumstances would admit, dismissing only for incompetency, promoting for merit, and appointing only after examination. The result is, he has, for instance, in the Census Bureau a body of officers, selected in this way, such as has not been seen in the United States service, except in the Coast Survey, for many a long day. As might have been expected, he speedily became obnoxious to the political managers, and they are engaged at this moment in a vigorous effort to procure his removal. The immediate cause of the attack on him is his refusal to allow the poor clerks in his department to be levied on for the expenses of the Pennsylvania election. He is willing to have them asked for voluntary contributions, but "the Association" which has the extortion in charge insists on fixing the amount each clerk must pay out of his scanty wages, and asking for his dismissal in case he refuses. Mr. Cox's resistance has led the band to hold a meeting and pass resolutions denouncing him, and it now remains to be seen whether the President will stand by him. Judging only from what is happening in Missouri, we should not be sanguine as to the result; but Mr. Cox, if he falls, will fall just as much in the service of the country as if he had perished at the head of his troops in the war. We may add that not one of the Pennsylvania gang questions Mr. Cox's integrity or ability.

We had always supposed that what made the *Revolution* peculiarly offensive to the friends of woman suffrage who finally started the *Woman's Journal* in opposition, was its avowed purpose to take and solicit aid from any quarter, and its actual alliance with George Francis Train and attempted conjunction with the Democratic party. This was judged, and with good reason, to be an unscrupulous policy, calculated to damage immensely the pretensions that woman's accession to the suffrage would usher in political purity. The conductors of the *Woman's Journal*, however, who are also the leaders of the movement in Massachusetts, have lost their equipoise in calculating their possible influence in the coming election in that State. Their Association was convened in Boston last Thursday, "to consider their political duties in the coming campaign," though it very soon appeared that the callers of the meeting had framed a programme which they preferred should not be considered too vigorously. Resolutions were reported declaring that the time had come to refuse support to any political candidates not pledged to woman suffrage, and to substitute for them candidates who were thus pledged. The prohibition and labor-reform parties were reproached with having ignored the woman question; and the Republican and Democratic parties were warned that if they did likewise at their approaching conventions, a fifth party would either take the field or give its votes to Mr. Phillips. How to deal with this gentleman caused the Convention its greatest embarrassment. Some of the speakers wished to nominate him outright—Mr. Stephen Foster, that the Association might do a plain duty frankly; Rev. E. D. Winslow, that it might strengthen the prohibitory side. But though this confessedly met the views of the leaders, they were admonished to be prudent by the hope of winning over the Republicans, and they finally consented to withdraw the ambiguous resolution which held Mr. Phillips *in terrorem* over the Republicans and Democrats alike.

It was during the debate on this knotty point, in which Governor Claflin's interest was represented by Mr. W. S. Robinson, that Mrs. Lucy Stone, inheriting the mantle of Miss Susan B. Anthony, said, "If her house was on fire, she would take the engine and hose that could be most easily procured," and explained this to mean that in a certain contingency she could without scruple vote for a Democratic candidate for governor. She also showed the hand of herself and her associates by arguing that "if, by voting for Mr. Claflin, who was a woman's-rights man and gave them his money, they could get all the votes they needed, it would be better than to vote for Mr. Phillips, who was the nominee of a small party, by which act they could not, perhaps, get all the votes they needed." Mrs. Livermore took the same ground, but not without a considerable tussle with her "heart," which she had to tell to "be still," but which continued, nevertheless, to "tug" in favor of Mr. Phillips till the end of the evening session. She expressly stated that it was by Mr. Phillips's own advice that they refrained from nominating him. It is needless to wish that this worldly prudence may meet its own reward, and that the faith which could not wait to work out a change in the opinion of a majority of the voters of Massachusetts, may reap from its intriguing nothing but mortification. The arrangement reached was a perfect juggle. The women have no votes of their own, the number of votes they can influence is indefinitely small; Governor Claflin's favor cannot introduce their plank into the Republican platform on which, as we write, it is even doubtful if he himself will be allowed to stand as a candidate; and finally, Mr. Phillips himself, if elected by any remote possibility—such as the exhibition of political sense by the Democrats, whose first object it should be to break up the Republican succession—will by no means have a legislature at his heels on prohibition, labor reform, or woman suffrage. So that, altogether, the women could scarcely have made a more discouraging show of their actual or prospective capacity for politics. The hack politicians must grin with delight over their performances.

INTERNATIONAL IGNORANCE.

To rush at an enemy without having any knowledge of his actual strength is dog's work. Yet this is precisely what the French have been doing. International ignorance, as might be expected, has always been great. Nations have always had much difficulty in understanding each others' languages, wants, aspirations, and resources. And the greatest and mightiest nations have been those least gifted in this respect. Perhaps it was habitual ignoring that made them so ignorant. At all events, this supercilious ignoring and this ignorant superciliousness seem to act as a providential corrective for national greatnes, inasmuch as it causes those to stumble who carry their noses too high to see the stones on their path. Those nations, on the other hand, which have tasted most frequently the cup of adversity, not only show a livelier interest in other nations' concerns, but seem to have also greater facility in understanding them. In Germany, this national *altruism* was carried to an almost ludicrous and vicious extent. There was a time when the leading newspapers of Germany devoted their first pages to the discussion of Argentine or Peruvian politics. The *Augsburg Gazette* began invariably with La Plata, and wound up with Bavaria. Even now, no German atlas betrays its nationality (as American, French, and English atlases do) by the order and scale of the maps. They generally begin with Spain, and after Belgium and Holland, say the sixth or seventh page, comes the map of Germany. In the same spirit history and geography were taught in German schools. There are first-rate schools in Prussia where, twenty-five years ago, not one word of Prussian history was taught, although the boys were expected to be well versed in Athenian politics and in the genealogical maze that led to the Wars of the Roses. This is no longer so; but it is easy to see that, in a country where such things were possible, the people must have a natural and irrepressible disposition to look beyond their horizon. By special training, this power of what may be called intellectual sympathy has been developed into a distinctive national trait. It has never been very conspicuous, even among the Germans, but it is more so among them than in other nations. The Italians, too, possess it, notwithstanding their want of positive information. And it is not improbable that this curious disposition is one of the many reasons why the two nations most highly blessed with it have continued so long to be the political pariahs of Europe. The greatest and most powerful nations have always shown a certain incapacity when called upon to consider and to study the long-ignored affairs of other nations, but nowhere has this international ignorance been more successfully cultivated than in France. We say cultivated, because it is impossible to deny that the leading men of France, who seem to have a special talent for self-deception, have done all that mortal men can do to spread error, infatuation, and prejudice among those whom they were called upon to lead, to instruct, and to enlighten. It matters little whether we listen to Ollivier or to Favre, to Prévost-Paradol or to Rochefort, to Thiers or to Louis Blanc, to About or to Victor Hugo, we always meet with the same kind of brilliant incapacity, where common-sense shines by its absence—we meet with the same strange mixture of vanity and error, of conceit and deceit, of wit and wrath, of physical defiance and moral cowardice, with which the history of France has made us familiar, and which renders discussion in France so often appear as hopeless a task as ruling.

Look at French literature. The style is the man—and French style is splendid, indeed. But was it not Sir G. Cornewall Lewis who said that he never yet read a French book whose contents were as good as its style? This is a sweeping assertion. To American readers Tocqueville must at once occur as a brilliant exception. But there is truth in the saying, for all that. It is the same with the press. Take the leading articles of the leading Parisian journals. They lead, indeed; but whither? Compare them with the political reviews of even a third-rate Italian paper. These, too, may contain false views, but they are generally written with a candor and with a maturity of judgment such as you would seek in vain among the spirited rubbish that fills the "attic" columns of a Paris contemporary. The French press has sadly failed in its mission. It has become an instrument of error. It is the beak through which France crows. It lives on the lowest passions of the people, and feeds it, in return, with the silliest illusions. It cajoles, amuses, and flatters the people, but takes it for granted that ignorance is bliss to them—not to speak of the ignorance of the writers themselves. That a Parisian publicist, in borrowing from the English papers some information about the "Staff of the Third Prussian army" should entertain his readers about "le Général Staff," is bad enough; but that he should at once volunteer some further information concerning General Staff by adding the battles in which this personage distinguished himself in Bohemia, betrays an unprincipled as well as an uncultivated mind. Quite recently, the *Figaro* contained an effusion in which the German invaders were called hungry wolves coming from barren wildernesses and inhospitable forests, where art and literature, comfort and prosperity, were unknown. About the same time, a Prussian invader surprised a native by giving him some valuable information concerning his own province. Now, the latter performance may have been the result of some special cramming on the part of the officer. But why cannot French writers do a little cramming also? Any gazetteer would have informed the *Figaro* that the country which the French had wished to invade is, notwithstanding the "glorious vestiges" left there by their forefathers, one of the most fertile and prosperous regions of the earth.

One cannot reperuse the history of the present war, from Gramont's speech of the 6th of July to Jules Favre's circular of the 6th of September, without being forced to some very painful conclusions about "la grande nation." But a few months ago Jules Favre signed a programme reproaching the Emperor with not having "avenged Sadowa." To-day, Citizen Favre says he is not responsible for the war, and treats the Germans as aggressors. The Paris *gamins* who shouted '*à Berlin*" in July take probably the same view of the matter as Jules Favre.

But more remarkable than the looseness of thought in the Republican leader has been the blindness and incapacity shown by Imperial diplomatists before the outbreak of the war. There must have been at least six of them residing at the various courts of Germany, not to speak of their military *attachés* and the vast number of consular agents whom long residence and intimate connections ought to have made familiar with German opinion and its modes of utterance. Yet the joint acumen of all these gentlemen could see nothing but what any hasty tourist might have seen. That the Southern Germans did not like Prussia, and that the liberal Prussians did not like Bismarck, was known to every schoolboy. But diplomatists are supposed to have a special talent for looking round the corner or below the surface. If paid professionals can see nothing but what other people see *gratis*, their services might be dispensed with. In this case, it was their duty not only to report on the anti-Prussian feeling in the South or the anti-Bismarckian feeling in the North, but to find out how far these antagonisms were likely to go, and how far an invader might rely on these forces as anti-national agencies. "*On m'a trompé*," said the Emperor, after the battle of Wörth. But a personal ruler, being a would-be god, has no business to be deceived, not even by himself. By being deceived so easily, he has shown himself a true Frenchman, sharing almost all the prejudices, passions, and illusions of his countrymen.

These illusions are many, but, as far as they relate to the present war, they may be summed up in the following four: The first is a purely ethnographical one. That the French should claim the Rhine as their natural frontier, might be called cool or impudent. But that they claim it on the ground of nationality is an extraordinary piece of ignorance. Yet all the *élite* of French thinkers have been guilty of it—Favre and Crémieux, Thiers and About, Montalembert, and Chevalier the enlightened champion of free-trade, nay, even old Victor Hugo, who told us but the other day that international frontiers ought to be abolished, has invoked blessings on him who would snatch Rhineland from Prussia. Again, that the French should call the Alsatians their countrymen is not unreasonable, considering that they have succeeded, by their amiable manners and by the spread of bigotry and ignorance, in estranging the hearts of these people from their real fatherland. But when they go further, and call the Strasbourgers "blood of our blood" and "flesh of our flesh," the saying is as accurate, though not so witty, as M. Grousset's, who, in answer to the judge's question, said he *might*, for aught he knew, be a relative of Pierre Bonaparte. French writers call Landau "cette ancienne ville française." Why not Rome, too? It would be worth one's while to look into French school-books.

The second national fallacy of the French is the time-honored, old-fashioned principle that what is good for others must be bad for France. The union and power of France presuppose a divided Italy and a divided Germany. M. Thiers is the principal advocate of this doctrine, which is tacitly accepted by most Frenchmen, and therefore never discussed. If it were, it might possibly occur to some critical minds that such anxious desire for relative greatness betrays absolute smallness.

The third fallacy is the French belief in French invincibility. France has often been beaten, and even invaded; but it is, nevertheless, "invincible," and, more than that, it is the only nation that can conquer. Prussia defeated Austria in 1866; but that could never have happened had not Louis XIV. driven away the Huguenots, twenty thousand of whom emigrated into Prussia. No wonder if there is something good even in Prussian blood. Considering that France neither fought Russia nor Austria, nor even Mexico and China, without having the help of at least one ally, the faith in present French invincibility can rest on nothing but the military successes in Rome, Algiers, and Cochin China.

But by far the most incorrigible and most mischievous of all French fallacies is the belief that France is the apostle of civilization. Louis Blanc once said that France had a large heart and natural expansiveness, which caused her to impart to others the blessings of her civilization; and a French exile living among cold-blooded city merchants may well be pardoned for making such a home-sick remark. Yet, a learned historian ought to know that all extra-European attempts at spreading French civilization have been either failures or sterile successes. In fact, this French expansiveness is so feeble that it cannot even reach the rural districts of France itself, to which the blessings of the Boulevard civilization are all but unknown. France seems to be shrinking rather than expanding. It has its fits of world-embracing generosity, but they are morbid and transient, and often dangerous to bystanders. Is it ungracious to say that *beneficia non obtruduntur*, and that two parties are necessary even to an embrace, which otherwise would degenerate into garroting? The only French war that was waged for a truly grand idea and from truly generous motives (Nice and Savoy notwithstanding), was intensely unpopular in France. It is the one bright spot in the history of the Second Empire, and quite unique in the dark annals of the world. Yet France is very far from being proud of it, and her leading politicians rue it.

Unquestionably, we owe much to France and to the genius of French civilization. Above all, we are deeply indebted to her for her "French polish" and her revolutionary yeast. We shudder at the thought of what Europe would be without these refining and quickening agencies. But all this belongs to the past. France seems to have given us all she could afford. Her thinkers have nothing new to teach us. Her philosophical ideal, Comte's intellectual Papacy, is nobody else's ideal; and when, two months ago, she offered to carry a new batch of *idées civilisatrices* beyond her frontier, we had a right to decline the offer without thanks. The Second Empire has given us Italy, and womankind is indebted to it for the crinoline and the chignon. The church, too, is its debtor. But the Second Empire is not France. Napoleon has fallen, and even Rouher's famous "never" has proved to be a finite term. The little god in Rome, born under the auspices of French civilization, has to pack up his earthly insignia like his Imperial protector. If the Third Republic can evolve no better "ideas" than the Second Empire, France must make up her mind to renounce her long-lost leadership. Her capital may still continue to be a centre of levity, but the centre of gravity will have to be shifted eastward. And whatever else may happen, it will be a relief to know that Europe can again be "tranquil," even though France should be "dissatisfied."

HOW THE GREAT CHANGE AFFECTS THE NATIONS.

From Moscow to Madrid, the fall of Napoleon III. is felt and declared to be fully deserved, and that by crime, folly, and imbecility. Expressions of sympathy with the fallen "*Décembriseur*," outside of some official organs still awed by his shadow, are as rare as non-clerical approbations of the Infallibility dogma outside of Rome and Ireland. Entirely different, however, is the effect produced on the astounded nations of Europe by the sudden downfall of French leadership on that continent. This effect is most manifold, being in the various countries modified by national rivalry or affinity, hope or apprehension. Leading France—and we speak here chiefly of France as she was of late under the Napoleonic rule—was an enemy to Germany, a rival to England, a ready ally to Austria and Hungary, a friend—though an exacting and untrustworthy one—to Italy, a possible antagonist to Russia, a support to Turkey, a menace to Belgium and revolutionary Spain, a hope to Poland and Denmark. Her leadership being gone, and Prussia—or call it Germany—having suddenly risen to a more central, evidently more substantial, and more overshadowing hegemony, expressions of sentiment on the part of the various non-belligerent European nations, aside from an almost universal feeling of pity for prostrate and helpless France, are not only divided, but generally far from betraying satisfaction or a hopeful view of the probable consequences of the change.

Fighting Germany, of course, is jubilant, for hers is the victory, the glory, and the future; and England—Protestant, Teutonic, and sea-girt England—is quite glad to see the sceptre of Continental power transferred from the hands of her Catholic, semi-Celtic, and semi-maritime neighbor to those of a people to whom the thought of attempting a descent on Ireland or disputing the rule of the waves must ever remain foreign. But Spain, though now freed of all fear of French intervention in her affairs, and not in the least threatened by the growth and ambition of Prussia, is mainly affected by the common humiliation of the Latin race, and by the apprehension of its common decadence in face of the triumphantly advancing Teutonic powers, both in the Old World and in the New. The same feeling of deep humiliation and the same gloomy view of the future manifest themselves in Italy, in spite of the freedom now gained of independently settling the affairs of Rome; and, in addition to them, a pang of remorse for abandoning a sister nation, and that lately a benefactress, in her supreme need, and the fear lest the Hohenzollerns, seated on the throne of united Germany, may one day revive the aggressions of the Hohenstauffens. Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland felicitate themselves on their strict observance of neutrality; but they, too, are far from rejoicing at a change which has half-destroyed the equilibrium between Germany and France, on which rested their security and independence, and that in favor of the party whose expansive ambition may not become satisfied before it reaches the mediæval limits of the German Empire. Denmark mourns her blasted hope.

In the various provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the thunders of the Prussian victories have met with widely different echoes, and but few of these are purely sympathetic. The Germans, whose political supremacy in the councils of the Cisleithan division of the Empire was greatly shaken by the advent of the Potocki Cabinet, give full vent to the national pride to which the great deeds of their brethren entitle them, and thus create no small embarrassment to the policy of Beust, Andrássy, and Potocki, which is known to have been so little agreeable to the Court of Berlin; but those manifestations, whether made in the eloquent columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*, the old *Presse*, the *Fremdenblatt*, and other journals of Vienna, in the "Wacht am Rhein" choruses of the singing associations, or in political meetings, are not so much expressions of a decided leaning towards Prussia as of national self-consciousness, in opposition to the anti-German tendencies of the Slavic populations of the Empire, as well as to the anti-Prussian inclinations of the Imperial Court and its ministerial advisers. The Czechs, on the other hand, who but lately were so defiant in their deadly hostility to centralized Cisleithan Austria, have considerably lowered their tone, and, despairing of ever curbing the spirit of their German fellow-citizens by intimidation, have even stooped to negotiate publicly with them, although in vain. Greater still is the consternation and despondency of the Galician Poles, to whom the outbreak of the war opened the bright vista of a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia and Russia, in which they expected to form the vanguard of powerful armies marching to deliver Warsaw, Wilna, and Posen. Besides, the attachment of the Poles to their old allies and companions-in-arms, the French, is so deep-rooted that we find no exaggeration in the mournful words of the *Glos Wolny* (Free Voice), an independent Polish democratic paper, in which it gives utterance to grief at the French disasters such as only the news of Polish reverses ever inspired. In Hungary, the conservative press had, even before the day of Sedan, given loud expression to the fear that the Austro-Hungarian Empire would soon be entirely at the mercy of Prussia and Russia, but the liberal journals, like the *Hon* (Fatherland), which were in favor of a sincere neutrality, continue to look at the events from the standpoint of impartial observation, exulting at the fall of Napoleonism, and, while admiring the Prussians, warning them against arrogance in and after the hour of victory.

But what is most curious to observe is the attitude of the Russian press. Almost all the influential journals, both of St. Petersburg and Moscow, not only openly sympathize with France, but also betray a real fear of Prussia. She is expected to do with Russia after subduing France as she did with France after subduing Austria. She is expected everywhere to take the side of the German element against the Slavic. *Birzheviya Vyedomosti* ('Change News) trembles for Prague; *Moskovskiya Vyedomosti* (Moscow News) calls upon the Government to fortify Kiev and other towns in the Western provinces; *St. Peterburgskiya Vyedomosti* (St. Petersburg News) exerts itself to prove that the conquest by Prussia of the Russian Baltic Provinces is a much harder task than believed, and that, if conquered, they could not be kept by her; the *Golos* (Voice) alone has the courage to demand that Russia should dictate limits to Prussia's aggressions in France, or at least ask the rescinding of the anti-Russian stipulations of the Treaty of Paris as a compensation for her neutrality. The most sensible of these papers, *St. Peterburgskiya Vyedomosti*, illustrates the *Golos's* hatred of both belligerents by comparing its wishes with the wishes of the Jew who said: "May the Cossack"—the Russian journal changes this word into "German"—"swallow the Pole, and be suffocated in doing it." This bad temper of the Russian press is owing chiefly to its bad conscience concerning the affairs in the Baltic Provinces, against the German population of which it has so long carried on a kind of a crusade, which led the Government to more serious persecutions, and finally drove the Germans to an almost disloyal opposition. In part, however, it is the result of bitter envy; for never has the lameness and backwardness of illiterate and semi-barbarous Russia been as flagrantly conspicuous as it is now, in the light of the wonderful successes achieved by the intelligent and disciplined prowess of the Germans. Russia is now both afraid and angry, but we hope she may soon be in a mood to learn and imitate. And so may other nations—on both continents.

A NEUTRAL OPINION ON THE "ALABAMA" CASE.

If the *Alabama* case were referred to arbitration, it would have to be to some German Government, or to Switzerland, or to Italy. England would hardly agree to leave it to Russia, and there is no power outside these in which either of the parties to the controversy would have any confidence at all, either as regards intelligence or independence. Now, when a question of this kind is submitted to the arbitration of a government, what the government does is simply to refer it to one or more of its ablest jurists, and adopt their finding as its own. If this case were left to any German government, there are two men in Germany to whom it would almost certainly be referred, Drs. Von Holtzendorff and Bluntschli. They are both amongst the weightiest living authorities on questions of international law, and both enjoy a world-wide reputation. Both, too, have been importuned for an opinion on the *Alabama* case, and both have until now refrained, probably from a dislike to even the appearance of officiousness. Dr. Bluntschli has, however, at last broken silence, and publishes an elaborate opinion on all the points raised, taking Mr. Sumner's speech as his text, in the last number of the *Revue de Droit International.* Before giving his own summing up of his decision, we may be permitted to recall to the recollection of our readers that we have at various times in these columns, during the past year, taken the ground:

1. That the recognition of the South as a belligerent was a discretionary act, and that, although the United States might go to war about it, as it might about anything or nothing, all talk of making it the matter of complaint before a tribunal was simply absurd. General Grant wisely abandoned it, by implication, in his first message about Cuba, in spite of the labor expended on it by Messrs. Seward and Sumner.

2. That England had committed a breach of neutral duty in letting the *Alabama* escape, and for this was bound to atone to the United States, at least in damages; and that her concession of belligerent rights to the South only made this neutral duty all the plainer.

3. That although she ought to make some sort of moral as well as material satisfaction, it was useless, and, because useless, mischievous, to expect and insist upon a formal apology; that a formal apology from a first-class power, for things done or left undone by the Government itself, would be something unprecedented, and something to which no people of the standing and pretensions of Great Britain would submit, except as the crowning humiliation of a disastrous war.

Now hear Dr. Bluntschli. He lays down the following propositions, which we translate literally:

I. "The recognition of the Southern States as a belligerent power, and the declaration of neutrality on the part of Great Britain and France, did not constitute a violation of international law. In deciding to act thus, the European states only exercised a right, whatever the serious objections which might have been offered to the political opportuneness of its exercise. The United States, then, are not authorized, however calamitous for them the results of that recognition, to exact for it from Great Britain or France any satisfaction or reparation, as this could only be done by denying the right.

II. "Supposing the charges made against the English Government relative to the armament of the *Alabama*, and her unimpeded departure from an English port, to be well founded, we have before us a case of culpable non-performance (*inobservation fautive*) of the duties of a neutral and friendly state towards the Union, and the latter has a right to demand satisfaction and reparation from Great Britain.

III. "The owners of American ships and merchandise destroyed (by the *Alabama*) have no right of action in damages against the British Government, but the Government of the Union may watch over and protect their interests in settling the pending controversy with Great Britain.

IV. "The true solution of the difficulty consists in a combination of material reparation for the compensation of American property-owners with a moral guarantee, both for commercial and maritime relations, against the recurrence of similar injuries. The first of these objects would be attained by means of a fair pecuniary compensation, to be paid by Great Britain to the United States, for distribution amongst the persons injured; the second, by a new declaration of the duties devolving on neutral and friendly states, so as to hinder as far as possible the abuse of neutral territory for the organization of military expeditions."

In the argument by which Dr. Bluntschli prepares the way for these propositions, he lays it down that to the recognition of the South there was a *political* as well as a *juridical* side, and although it may have been an unfriendly act, as regarded the United States, this made it simply a "political error," but by no means necessarily an "injustice." For the first, a government is responsible only to its own people; for the second, to the foreign state which it injures. The recognition was justified, he holds, by the fact that the South had, when the proclamation was issued, all the required marks of belligerency, namely—(*a*) "in being *de facto* organized as a military force; (*b*) in observing in the conduct of hostilities the laws of war; and (*c*) in believing itself to be in good faith struggling, in the character and capacity of a state, in defence of its public right." Mr. Sumner's "pacific blockade" he disposes of, as President Woolsey did, by alleging that there is no such thing known to international law; there is such a thing as a blockade "without maritime war," but not "without war." The escape of the *Alabama* he treats as violation of international as well as of municipal law, and he denounces her mode of carrying on the war as "barbarous;" but Mr. Sumner's doctrine of "consequential damages" he sets aside, on the ground so often alleged against it, that no such damages are in a case of this kind capable of being ascertained, and the connection of England with them is too "vague" and "uncertain" to be made the subject of judicial enquiry. England's offence is not an *act*, but an *omission* in violation of law. She did not equip and send out cruisers, but failed to hinder their equipment and departure, and therefore her fault has only an indirect, and by no means a direct, relation to the depredations committed by the cruisers.

As regards the mode of reparation, he treats the idea of cession of territory, which has been talked of, as one which, whatever its merits, no arbitrator could for a moment entertain. If any such cession is made, it must be made voluntarily by Great Britain, or under compulsion through war. To a formal apology, there is no *juridical* objection. A judge might properly order it to be made, but there is a fatal *political* objection to it. "A formal confession of culpability," he says, "however praiseworthy in the eyes of morality and justice, is unconquerably resented by the nation in fault as an act of unworthy weakness. This alone is a sufficient reason for our being unable to exact it from the government of a great power." He therefore decides on "the payment of a sum of money," and a "renewed declaration of principles destined to assure in future respect for international law, and to guarantee the practice of justice throughout the civilized world."

Now, would it not be in the interest of all good causes for the Government at Washington, having given up the wearisome work of proving and enlarging upon, over and over again, the guilt of England, to settle down on this or on some view of its own rights or wrongs fortified by the opinion of neutral jurists, and then urge it persistently and firmly till the case is settled? What is gained by delay that can compensate for the gross injustice of letting the sufferers by the *Alabama* depredations die off without compensation?

RAILROAD SUBSIDIES.

Discussions on points of constitutional law would be far more interesting were they not well-nigh interminable. We now have so many constitutions and so many courts to expound them, that perhaps the wonder is rather that a recognized result is ever arrived at, than that the process is a long one. Here is the legal-tender law. Rather more than a score of tribunals, State and national, have, we believe, since 1862, affirmed the constitutionality of this act; and yet the last decision in 1870 has cast the gravest doubts upon the correctness of all those which preceded it. This instance of the uncertainty of the law is striking enough, but it is nothing to another and yet more recent one. Most persons have heard of the doubt entertained as to the constitutionality of the acts authorizing towns and cities to aid in the construction of railroads which were to belong to private companies. It was asserted that this was an appropriation of public funds to private uses, and was not within the legitimate taxing powers of legislatures. For nearly twenty years the question has been incessantly argued by lawyers and decided by judges. In 1853, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the Sharpless case, unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of this class of acts. That court was then a strong one, and State after State accepted the law laid down by it. For years the question was looked upon as settled. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

The law in the case is perfectly simple; as usual, the difficulty lies in its application. The point is not uninteresting, and the judicial discrepancy arrived at is edifying in the last degree. All authorities agree that, in the absence of constitutional restrictions, a very large discretion rests in the legislature as regards the objects for which money may be raised by taxation. No taxes can, however, legally be imposed, except for public purposes; for a legislature, under the name of taxation, to take the property of one portion of the community and give it to another would, the courts say, be robbery and not taxation. The judiciary, however, they add, will be very loth to interfere in a matter thus reposed in the discretion of a co-ordinate department—indeed, with one voice, judges all declare that not for worlds would they even seem to usurp an authority which does not belong to them. A tax to be declared unconstitutional must, therefore, be so plainly, palpably, and grossly an appropriation of public money to private uses as to be a mere cover for fraud—in fact, a breach of trust so glaring as to be but a single step removed from robbery. So far, all is clear; there is not even a single dissenting voice. The abstract law being thus established, it only remains to apply it to the particular facts. Are railroads, the property of individuals, but subject to regulation by law, public or private concerns? For years, court after court decided that the legislatures must settle this question; that if they declared railroads public uses they became so, and money raised by taxation might legally be applied to their construction. Practical evils ensued from this decision. Heavy municipal debts were everywhere incurred; certain towns and cities ruined themselves by building railways before they were needed; legislatures got lax and corrupt in parcelling out railroad subsidies; and so, finally, a change of popular feeling resulted, and this led to a great awakening of the judicial mind. The result, in a word, was that in certain of the States, of which Michigan is most noticeable, the reasoning of a score of courts and the decisions of twenty years were pronounced wholly fallacious and wrong. A system sanctioned no less by time than by the authority of court upon court, which the popular mind had accepted, and upon the faith of which millions had been invested, was thus constructively declared to be such a gross, plain, and palpable appropriation of public means to private uses that no one could fail to see at first glance that it was nothing less than legalized robbery.

Such a statement of a legal complication seems scarcely credible. Of course it was not put in this blunt way, but this is the undisputed logic of the decisions. No exercise of the taxing power by the legislature will be adjudged void by the courts unless it presents a clear, indisputable infraction of the Constitution. The municipal aid acts, say the recent decisions, are unconstitutional; he who can may escape the logical inference. In Iowa, the question has been decided both ways. In Michigan, it has been decided one way only. These States, however, occupy a position somewhat akin to that of the one reasonable juryman persecuted by his eleven intractable associates. It certainly does call for some courage in a court to decide that a question, which twenty similar courts had decided the other way, cannot admit of a doubt; but it is done, and, as the result of a discussion extending through half of the life of a generation, the question of the power of legislatures to authorize towns to aid in the construction of railroads is no more settled than is the authority of Congress to declare Government notes a legal tender.

So much for the legal aspect of the question. We had not intended to give so great a space to it, but the temptation to describe so curious a complication is not easy to resist. The practical, not the legal, solution of the question should be the real end in view. The popular feeling in regard to municipal aid to railroad construction is running as thoughtlessly in one direction now as it did in the other a few years ago. At present, the tendency is to cut the system up root and branch, just as not long ago it was to subsidize everything. The tide first turned in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The practice had there been pronounced constitutional. An amendment met the difficulty and put a stop to it, but not until one-half of each of those States was bankrupt. Iowa, less scrupulous, or perhaps more heavily burdened, next disgraced itself by a resort to judicial repudiation. The court which decided the law to be constitutional was turned out when the elections came round, and a new court was selected which declared the decisions of their predecessors to be no law at all. Illinois, following the example of Pennsylvania and Ohio, has engrafted inhibition into her new constitution, and Michigan has judicially arrived at the same result. Thus the case stands—the tendency being distinctly to a reaction from indiscriminate subsidizing to absolute inhibition.

After all, is this a practical way of dealing with a really important question? Every one concedes that the position of this country is exceptional—in fact, any reasoning being has but to look around to be forced to this concession. Railroads with us are an absolute necessity. In old-settled countries, of dense population, short distances, and good roads, they are comparatively matters of luxury. In Europe they are modern innovations—people always had got along without them, and could have continued to do so. It is wholly otherwise with us. The railway is our pioneer—it made the settlement of the country possible. Indeed, we may be said to have no other roads. Our distances are railroad distances; practically we have no other machinery of intercourse, absolutely no other conveyances to our markets. All over the world municipalities or governments have always been obliged to provide some means of intercommunication, and this is the one means adapted to our circumstances. Our political system, too, is based on the principle of local self-government; each subdivision is left to judge of its needs and to provide for them, instead of looking to the great central power for an initiative. For us, therefore, to say that, under no circumstances, shall town or city aid in railroad construction, is like saying that in Europe the highways should always have been built and kept in order by private enterprise. Railroads, then, must be had by our people; if the law of supply and demand will produce them, well and good; if unaided private capital will build them, better and better; but railroads there must be. One might as well talk of having a city without streets.

Will our people, then, permanently accept these constitutional limitations which render all localities absolutely dependent on private enterprise for a prime necessity of civilized life—if not for civilized life itself? For the present, undoubtedly they will. Many farms are still mortgaged, the town debts are not yet paid, population is moving away from excessive taxation, and not a few corner lots, once promising, are now valueless. The fathers have eaten grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge. Yet it by no means follows that grapes in moderation are a bad thing, or that moderation is impossible in one's consumption of grapes. The roads have been built, and the burden they have created may be one now heavy to bear; but the country has got them, and in time will grow up to them. The system, much as it has been abused, has been productive of more good than evil. It is the abuses, then, and not the system, which need to be reformed altogether. Nevertheless, we are now going through the regular slow process by which results are evolved from the action of large masses of men. Here, too, as in the temperance question, it is action and reaction, with each swing of the pendulum less violent than the one before.

The true medium, if any exists, is what the common good requires. An effort at this was last winter made in Massachusetts. The Board of Railroad Commissioners of that State initiated, and the legislature adopted, a policy which has at least the merit of being founded on experience and reflection. The system thus introduced is a simple one. Any town in the State, of less than 12,000 inhabitants, is authorized by a general law, and without the necessity of having recourse to the legislature, to subscribe in aid of railroad construction within its limits; all subscriptions of this nature, at any one time outstanding, must not exceed five per cent. of the valuation of the town, and no subscription can be made except by a vote of two-thirds of those present, and voting by ballot and under the registry law, at a town-meeting called for the purpose. This is all. There seems to be but one difficulty in the arrangement. It is a mere statute limitation on taxation, not incorporated into the constitution of the State; as such, it is subject to all the dangers incident to popular manias and to legislative log-rolling. Yet, if once incorporated into the fundamental law, why would it not cut off all dangers of abuse, and secure to localities a great public need? If such restrictions had existed in Pennsylvania or Iowa, could their railroad-bond difficulties ever have arisen? While indebtedness is limited to five per cent., bankruptcy is difficult; as long as a two-thirds vote is required, the exceptional character of the appropriation is recognized, and the rights of property are guaranteed.

No constitution is now complete without some sort of an article in relation to railways. The most elaborate attempt in this way, though a very crude one at the best, is found in the new constitution of Illinois. Michigan has already copied its provisions. In these articles, as we before remarked, absolute inhibition of municipal aid is laid down. This is hardly likely to last, and whenever it breaks down, it is to be hoped that regulation will next be attempted. Meanwhile, we would recommend the provisions of the Massachusetts law to the consideration of all legislators hesitating between the two extremes. It is necessary neither to be without a railroad system nor to plunge into the slough of bonded indebtedness. Upon the constitutional question we believe that the voice of the Supreme Court of Vermont is the next in order. This will, doubtless, add somewhat to the existing uncertainty, but will yet contribute to the grand result, if it forces the question on the popular mind for intelligent discussion and final settlement. On the whole, we decidedly hope that it will join itself to the minority, as by so doing it will in the most effectual way bring the question to an issue.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

IV.

THE DEFENCES OF PARIS.

Quite a wide unfortified gap exists between the fortress of Mont St. Valérien, on the west of Paris, and the forts around St. Denis on the north. The tongue of land on which Mont Valérien lies is between the two branches of the Seine, the one running northeast to St. Denis, and the other, from the bend near this place, southwest. This tongue of land is about seven miles in length, from Mont Valérien to its most northerly point, and about two miles and a third in breadth. Recent reports in the daily papers state that temporary defences with torpedo obstacles are now in course of erection there.

Around and in advance of St. Denis are three strong forts: Fort de la Briche, on the west; the Double Couronne du Nord, on the north; and Fort de l'Est, on the east. These are about three miles from the fortified line of Paris. On the northeast and east of Paris there are, first: Fort d'Aubervilliers, about two miles southeast of Fort de l'Est, and one mile northeast of the most northerly point of the fortified line; Fort de Romainville, two miles southeast of Fort d'Aubervilliers, and also one mile from the fortified line; Fort de Noisy, somewhat over a mile nearly east of Fort Romainville; Fort de Rosny, one mile and a half southeast of Fort de Noisy, and about three miles from the fortified line; lastly, Fort de Nogent, nearly two miles east of south from Fort de Rosny, three miles from the fortified line, and one mile north of the Marne. These three last forts have each a hornwork for an outwork. They are situated on the heights which extend on an arc from Belleville, through Romainville and Rosny, to Nogent. Between Fort de Nogent and Fort de Charenton, about three miles and a half to the southwest, there are no other works except some redoubts thrown across the narrow neck formed by a remarkable loop made by the Marne not far from its junction with the Seine.

Looking at any good topographical map of Paris and its environs, with the fortifications surrounding it, two points at once present themselves to the military eye as the most assailable by a besieging force: the one at the northeast angle of the fortified line, the other at the southwest angle; and these for very simple elementary principles by which engineers are guided in planning siege operations. An attack on the first point would involve the necessity of taking the forts around St. Denis, Fort d'Aubervilliers, and those, at least, of Romainville and Noisy, before the inner fortified line could be approached. With respect to the second point of attack, the writer, in a communication, Aug. 30, to one of the morning papers, anticipating a possible attack upon it, took occasion to remark: "This point, although behind the Seine, is a quite vulnerable one. By paralyzing the fire of Forts Mont Valérien, Issy, Vanves and Montrouge, the last three of which are comparatively weak works, by a heavy incessant fire, *un feu d'enfer*, the fortified fronts, running northeast and southeast, that form this angle, might be rendered untenable by a powerful enfilading and reverse fire, thus making an opening into the city here quite practicable."

From the information that has come to us within the past few days, it would seem that the Prussian movements look to making their approaches on the city at this point. If it be true that General Ducrot has been obliged to give up the plateau that runs back from between Clamart and Fontenay-aux-Roses, and which is about of the same height as Mont St. Valérien, spiking the guns of the works there that he was forced to abandon, this will give the Prussians a great advantage, if they are enabled to hold this point, which is about five miles and three-quarters from the Tuileries and Louvre; just about the same distance that Mont St. Valérien is from the same points. Why the French should have neglected to occupy earlier and more strongly this very commanding position is somewhat singular, as its bearing on their positions was so obvious. The lesson they received in the siege of Sebastopol, in the heavy losses they met with in assaulting the advanced positions taken up and fortified by the Russians during the siege, particularly that of the Mamelon Vert, seems to have been forgotten by them.

D. H. M.

WEST POINT, Sept. 30, 1870.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 16, 1870.

IN recommencing my letters to you, after a short interval, during which I have been absent from England, I find myself hampered by the same difficulty as on the last occasion of writing. If my remarks are to reflect in any degree the prevailing tone of conversation, they must be confined almost exclusively to the war. Our attention is occupied to an unparalleled degree with the incidents of the great drama now being performed in Europe, and yet you will hardly care to hear remarks upon that subject from this part of the world. We enjoy no opportunities of information which are not equally open to you. I will therefore content myself with noting that English sympathies appear to remain in substantially the same condition as before. Of course, the German victories have encouraged such of their partisans as like to be on the winning side; and the *Times* is more confident than ever in the justice of the German cause, and takes a still loftier tone of compassionate advice in addressing the French people. To read its articles, one would never suppose that it had ever said a civil word about that enemy of the human race—the Ex-Emperor—far less, that it had been one of his most steady eulogists, and had exhorted the French people, in season and out of season, to be thankful for the blessings which they derived from his rule. The *Times*, in fact, adopts its habitual tone as of one who has been faithful to a good cause through many years of depression, and now at length sees it crowned with victory. To people not blessed with very short memories, that is not precisely the tone to which it has earned a right. The *Telegraph* follows the *Times*, though with rather less regard, if anything, for the claims of consistency. Meanwhile, there is a certain reaction amongst people of more generous sympathies. Those who regard a war as they would regard a prize-fight, merely as a trial of pluck, without regard to ulterior consequences, are naturally beginning to wish for a French success. They feel for the weaker side, be it right or wrong, and join hands with the class who have a dislike to Bismarck's policy and a jealousy of German aggrandizement. A curious manifestation of this kind of sentiment has proceeded from the Positivist Church. As Paris was to be the Rome of the new dispensation, and the French are the chosen people of the religion of the future, Mr. Congreve and Professor Beesley naturally regard their overthrow by the Germans as a great evil. They call upon English workingmen to sympathize with the new republic, now purified from the imperial stain, and use language which looks very much like an appeal to a general revolutionary movement. Mr. Congreve has adopted the mode of publication which, as Comte tells us, is to supersede the anonymous press, and posts a large placard upon the walls of London. He calls upon the workingmen to force the Government immediately to make war upon Prussia, and drive back the barbarian Teutons from the sacred soil. Professor Beesley condescends to publish his views in a pamphlet called "A Word for France," and explains the motives for this appeal. France is the land where the working-class has produced the truest martyrs and heroes; it is the most thoroughly revolutionized country in Europe; the freest from the antiquated superstitions of theology; and the natural leader of the world. It is intolerable that it should be overrun by psalm-singing troops from a Protestant country—for a Comtist, as you know, hates Protestantism with a special hatred. I do not mention these manifestoes as possessing any particular importance, but as a quaint illustration of the mode in which these prophets, of an almost infinitesimal fraction of the people, are rehearsing their part for the time when they shall have converted the world. Both the gentlemen I have named are men of marked ability and sincerity; but they certainly seem to show that singular want of humor which is, perhaps, a desirable qualification for the missionaries of a new faith. In any case, their doctrine will not be of much weight. The republican spirit in England is not at present strong enough to be much moved by sympathy for the new rulers of France. Our strongest wish is to keep out of the war ourselves; and our next that peace, when it comes, may be of such a nature as to hinder wars for the future. We certainly should not object openly, though we may privately disapprove of the acquisition by Germany of Lorraine and Alsace. Our private disapproval will, of course, count for nothing. There has been a good deal of talk about mediation; but it is and can be nothing more than talk, for a very simple reason. No terms can be mentioned which both parties would be ready to accept, even if the terms received our "moral support." The French will not give up Alsace because Englishmen think they ought to give it up, nor will Prussians refrain from demanding the cession from deference to our views. At the same time, we have made up our minds not to bring any arguments to bear of a more forcible kind, and cannot therefore expect to exercise any influence on the solution of the question. The mission of M. Thiers seems to be of no great significance; and, in short, it is pretty plain that we shall look on quietly, and let the French and the Germans settle their own affairs in their own way.

The more practical lesson which we are deriving from the war concerns our own military system. The other nations of Europe will, it may be presumed, speedily employ themselves in adopting some of the principles of the Prussian organization. It is highly probable that the most important work of the next session will be an attempt to do something of the kind in this country. At present, we are in the merely preliminary stage when indignant patriots relieve their feelings by writing to the papers, and when articles are written in so desultory and perplexed a fashion that it is hard to draw the discussion to any given focus. It is therefore premature for me to say anything on the matter; and I am content to prophesy that, in a few months, we shall be discussing after our ordinary fashion whether a little more tinkering and patching will be sufficient, or whether a really radical change is to be introduced.

The mention of our warlike speculations reminds me that I should not pass without a word the fearful catastrophe which has just occurred to the *Captain*. She was supposed to be the greatest triumph of marine architecture hitherto accomplished; she was an ocean-going turret-ship, provided with every possible improvement, capable of fighting her guns under any circumstances, of weathering every storm, and, as was said, of knocking our whole iron-clad fleet to pieces, with one or two exceptions, with scarcely any risk to herself. And yet, during a gale of no unusual vehemence, she capsized and went to the bottom in a couple of minutes. I must leave to nautical critics the task of determining to what errors in her construction this calamity was primarily due. All that I know is that we have to lament the loss of some of the ablest officers of the British navy, and especially of poor Captain Cowper Coles, the great advocate of the system, who had after years of labor succeeded in inducing the Admiralty to adopt his plans, and has now become the victim of his own invention. Since the loss of the *Royal George*, immortalized by Cowper, nothing so melancholy has happened in the British navy. It is impossible to add anything to the notice of a catastrophe so complete and overwhelming.

Let us endeavor to diverge a little from these melancholy topics. There is one personal piece of news on which I must venture to say a few words. Professor Jowett was recently elected Master of Balliol College. I think that no appointment of its kind has ever given more general satisfaction. I may explain, for the benefit of your readers who may not understand the intricacies of our college system, that the headship of a college is about the most enviable piece of preferment to which an English clergyman can aspire. The income varies considerably, and I do not know what is the value of the Mastership of Balliol. In any case, however, it secures a dignified and permanent position to the fortunate holder, and (what will be no recommendation to Mr. Jowett) involves next to no duties. It is about the nearest approach to the comfortable sinecures of former times which survives in these degenerate days. This being so, and the appointment resting with a small body of fellows, masters are generally elected from motives of private friendship, without much reference to merit of any kind. Let me tell you a short anecdote, which will illustrate the system better than many words. Some ten years ago the headship of a college was vacant at Cambridge. Five fellows were the electors. Two of them, A and B, were candidates. A, being a gentleman of delicate feelings, did not like to vote for himself, and said to B (his intimate personal friend), "If you will vote for me, I will vote for you." The nature of B's reply is matter of dispute; but it is not disputed that A considered his proposal to have been accepted. On the day of election, the two first votes voted for A. If A had voted for himself, he would have had the necessary majority; but, in accordance with his pledge, he voted for B. The vote of the remaining fellow was already secured for B, and B, with great presence of mind, instantly voted for himself. Poor A said that he had been jockeyed out of his vote on false pretences, and remonstrated in the newspapers and elsewhere; but the deed was done, and remonstrances were in vain. B enjoys the dignified position thus adroitly won, and is now a highly respected gentleman and leader of a religious party in the town of Cambridge. I must add, however, that some puritans in the university continue to give him a cold shoulder. This story, I need hardly say, is told by way of contrast to the election of Mr. Jowett. The fellows of Balliol enjoy and deserve the reputation of being the *élite* of Oxford in an intellectual point of view. Their election of Mr. Jowett was creditable to them, but merely satisfied the general desire of every liberal-minded man in Oxford. No man has worked harder, been more heartily respected, and better deserved his good fortune than the new Master of Balliol; and if his antecedents justify the anticipation, he will give more reality and importance to his position than it has ever possessed of late years. It is pleasant, also, to observe that, in spite of theological hatreds, even the Conservative papers, such as the *Standard*, express their satisfaction at the election—showing how much a man of such high character can do in the way of living down opposition. I may notice that of the six clergymen who wrote in "Essays and Reviews" two are dead, and three have now received distinguished appointments. Dr. Temple is a bishop, and Dr. Pattison, like Mr. Jowett, is head of a college. After all, these writers have not suffered very severely for their crimes.

PRUSSIAN SANITARY EXPERIENCE.

BERLIN, September 17, 1870.

IT will be of special interest to your readers to learn that the present war has largely profited by your good example in all matters appertaining to the nursing of the wounded and the organization of private benevolence. The noble women and men who in 1861 created your Sanitary Commission may justly be proud of their success and influence, which have extended across the ocean to the European battle-fields. Business-men and men of science avail themselves of the progress which in sanitary matters the world owes to you, and even crowned heads have found it in their interest to study republican improvements and to apply them in their armies. The other day, the Queen of Prussia publicly expressed her admiration for the advantages which the American Sanitary Commission had conferred on the whole civilized world, and proved to be well-informed about its history and doings. The several committees for the choice and distribution of provisions, medicines, and refreshments are often ruled by American precedents. Professors Virchow and Esmarch—two first-class medical authorities—in spite of the most vehement objections of red-tapists, have finally succeeded in introducing into the German field-hospitals the American system of barracks, which, with their good air and ventilation, are far superior to the damp, ill-ventilated, malodorous rooms of German hospitals. Professor Esmarch told me that previously, in the war of 1866, he had tried to introduce this barrack system, but that at that time he could not overcome the difficulties which were thrown in his way. The general objection to the proposed reform was that the German climate was much colder than the American, which is a mistake. On the contrary, here the climate is steadier, and the transitions from cold to hot weather, and *vice versa*, are not so sudden. At last Professor Esmarch has triumphed, and all parties concerned are pleased with the reform. I hope it will extend its influence among all classes of the people. You have no idea of the German fear and even terror of a cool draft, or of a well-ventilated room. Even in midsummer the windows are closed, and fresh air is anxiously excluded. The atmosphere in the majority of railroad cars and public rooms is as suffocating as in a sleeping-car on the worst American railroad—say Camden and Amboy. All these stupid prejudices will, I trust, die out, in consequence of the lately adopted American reform.

After the close of the war I will send you a full synopsis of what has been done for the wounded soldiers by private associations; let me now state the difference between the American and German systems. With you, it was the absolute want of official organs which called the Sanitary Commission into life. You had to create a most important branch of public service, for the reason that it did not exist, or that it was so badly provided for as to injure the health and the lives of the soldiers. You had to fill the gap which the want of experience and foresight on the part of the Government had left. While this state of things was neither normal nor regular, we had at the opening of hostilities hospitals, as well as experienced Government officers, surgeons, physicians, apothecaries, and stewards to attend to the wounded; but their number was only adapted for a comparatively small army, and not for 600,000 men, who had to take the field within a fortnight, and who had to act in large masses in a succession of battles. Private citizens could thus best prove their patriotism by assisting the Government in its duties and by making up deficiencies. While, consequently, with you private persons obtained a kind of official position, the Government here has tried to impose its existing official organs upon the volunteers offering their aid and contributions. In this direction, the Prussian authorities went so far as even to appoint a royal commissioner for the voluntary nursing of the sick. It is in keeping with Prussian official shabbiness, first, to profit from private donations and exertions, and, next, not to allow these voluntary contributors to dispose of their presents, time, and money at their own discretion. As people, however, do not resent this unbecoming treatment as an outrage against their intellect and patriotism, patriarchal governmentalism reigns supreme. The royal commissioner and his immediate assistants must of course be noblemen. The chief is a certain Prince of Pless, whose pedigree, I suppose, is very old, but whose acquirements and experience at the head of the physicians, nurses, and stewards appear to be rather limited. His assistants are the Knights of St. John, a mediæval caricature, a resuscitated reminiscence of the Crusades. These so-called knights wear the fancy-dress-ball costume of a rich scarlet uniform with a white cross on the arm, and a white mantle with a red cross, big top-boots, and a heavy sword. Here a long line of ancestors is not so requisite as a heavy portemonnaie. Practical and experienced men, physicians, and surgeons are expected to report and submit their better judgment to gentlemen who may have the best intentions, but wholly lack capacity to do their work well. Wherever the Knights of St. John are, there is confusion, complaint, and disorder. Instead of conducting the medical department as their duty requires them to do, they prefer making a great noise, strolling through the streets, monopolizing public conveyances, drinking claret and champagne, and interfering where they are least wanted. The people call them the bottle bummers. Thus the most important places of private benevolence are filled by persons who have not the least qualification for their position. It was just the secret of the success of your Sanitary Commission that the most public-spirited and best-prepared persons left private life for a time to devote their entire energies and knowledge to the public service. But as it is here, and as it will be everywhere in emergencies like the present one, humbug and charlatanry are quickly and mercilessly put aside by the real worth and devotion of noble minds. The thorough training of the working members of private associations has, in the short space of two months, overcome the artificial difficulties created by the mistaken policy of the Government. Practically, the Knights are no longer of any account; earnest men laugh at them; and the general contempt of this mediæval farce is so great that we shall have seen the last of it in this war. Thus the inefficiency and inability of the officials are no longer in the way of a sound administration of the sanitary department; the Knights no longer dare to interfere with private citizens who are intelligent and practically prepared for their calling. This progress has been dearly bought, and has cost us hundreds of valuable lives; but I trust that, for all future wars, it has secured to Germany the initiative of her thinking and working men in sanitary matters.

For the last fortnight we have had no stirring news from the seat of war, which has its explanation in the onward march of our troops to Paris. To-morrow, that city will be encircled by our armies, and the next week will decide whether they will have to besiege the French capital or whether the war will be ended in a short time. Paris cannot hold out longer than three months;—that is the longest time our military men allow the doomed city. Our soldiers, of course, want to get home as soon as possible. After the surrender of Sedan, they were enthusiastic in the belief that with Napoleon's capture the war was over, and that they would at once march back to Germany. Their disappointment was great when they were told that they had first to make a military excursion to Paris, to settle our bills there. The King of Prussia will return to Berlin next week. The old gentleman has done his part of the work heroically. At his age, he does not wish again to enter triumphantly into Paris, which he first saw as a youth of eighteen when old Blücher took the city from the south. Now the Crown Prince and his generals can finish the campaign. I do not believe that King William is influenced by the apprehension of being shot by a Frenchman at his entry, but prudent men here think it better that he should not unnecessarily expose himself to danger.

The weather here, as well as in France, is horrid beyond description; it is as if we were in November or December. The state of health of our troops is comparatively good; fortunately, an epidemic has not yet made its appearance. The armies before Metz suffer most from moisture; the water stands, or at least stood, three to four feet high in the trenches, where they have partly to work and to rest.

The other day, September 9, a private festival took place here in honor of your minister. It was on that day fifty years that Mr. Bancroft had won his degree as Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen. In 1820, there were very few Americans who visited German universities, and, except Mr. Bancroft, I know only Messrs. Everett and Calvert who finished their studies in Germany. At that time, it was a distinction in Germany to be an American; he was looked at with a sort of naïve curiosity, common people wondering that the transatlantic cousin was not black. Men of science received him on an equal footing with their most distinguished countrymen—Goethe, for instance, always admitted Americans whenever they applied for an interview—and all doors were hospitably opened to them. An American who, in 1820, passed his examination in classic Latin to win a degree, was quite a phenomenon. Since then, matters have greatly changed. It would be impossible to count the Americans now sojourning in Germany. It is common with all our universities to renew the diploma of their graduates at the expiration of fifty years. Göttingen, therefore, on the 9th, as a mark of special respect, had sent two of its professors, Wartz and Zachariae, to present the new diploma to Mr. Bancroft. The Berlin University, by its rector, Professor Dubois-Raymond, and the Academy by its secretary, Professor Haupt, addressed him in splendid speeches. The Queen had sent an oil portrait of Frederic the Great, accompanied by some handsome sentences, and almost all the prominent men of letters had come to pay their respects to the American scholar. I noticed among others the historians Ranke and Mommsen; members of the Academy, such as Pertz, Lepsius, besides Weierstrass and Grimm; and the jurists Gneist and Beseler. Mr. Bancroft had to answer three speeches; he delivered his in unexceptionable German, and in an excellent, noble spirit. The brotherhood of the long United States and of now united Germany in their common efforts for humanity and science, was the idea which pervaded his remarks and those of the others. The university would have given a dinner to Mr. Bancroft if it had not been prevented by the war from doing so.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with the greatest interest all of your recent editorials on the Franco-German war, as well as the very valuable communications of your West Point contributor, "D. H. M." They have been to me full both of interest and of instruction. At the same time, I have seen neither in your columns nor anywhere else any reference to what seems to me the feature of this war most pregnant with future consequences—social, political, educational, and economical. This struggle marks the close of the old era of standing mercenary armies. The trained gladiators have gone hopelessly down before the organized militia. The test would seem to have been a crucial one. As "D. H. M." has shown us, the Prussian soldiery are nothing but a perfected militia. Their days of muster extend through three years; their liability to service over many years more. The militia system is, however, the basis; the regular army is but the militia in active service, scientifically officered. Not so the French army. That has, year by year, and more and more, tended to the gladiatorial element. The Zouaves, the Turcos, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, were made up of the material which twenty centuries ago peopled the arena. These were the *corps d'élite* of the French system. To this class—the savage refuse of civilization—the mercenary standing army was everywhere tending. It was at once the most expensive and the most politically dangerous army possible; with it fighting was a profession, not a duty; under the expense of sustaining it all Europe groaned. It came in with Louis XI.; it has gone out with Napoleon III.; for four centuries it has plundered and tyrannized over Europe.

What are we to hope from the system of organized militia destined to supplant it? Can we expect anything better? I am sanguine enough to hope great things from the change. It was my fortune to serve all through the late war, and to see, then and since, much of others who did the same. I have been led to think from this actual experience that, next to a college education, a generation of young men can go through no experience more beneficial than a couple of years of military service. It teaches them obedience and self-respect; it gives them self-reliance, and a taste of open-air life and physical development. I now speak, remember, of life in a strictly disciplined and thoroughly organized *popular* army, not of a life passed among brutal mercenaries. As a means of education alone, such an organization as the Prussian cannot but exercise an immense influence on the future of Europe. The schoolmaster must become a company-officer. It was Mr. Sumner, I think, who many years ago instituted a comparison between the annual cost of keeping up a sloop-of-war and of maintaining Harvard College. The college was proved to be unmistakably the less costly institution of the two. Already in Boston the sloop-of-war is converted into the "school-ship;" is made the college of the poor and depraved. My own personal experience tells me that an army might easily be made the great college of the poor, and the rough school of equality of both rich and poor. Army life is no more necessarily depraving than university life. The society of mercenaries and social refuse—unnecessary idleness and a brutal organization—have hitherto made it so; they need make it so no longer. Prussia has worked out the problem; in elevating her army morally and intellectually, she has made it invincible; the mercenary throughout Europe must now turn to honest labor or go to jail; the student and mechanic have thrashed him; Othello's occupation 's gone. Educationally, then, the armies of Europe, it may now be hoped, will prove the popular college of the future. They may cant about thus "throwing away two years of every man's life." Bah! Did I lose four of mine at the University? did I throw away yet other four in Virginia? I have sometimes feared since I was wasting more than four in making money.

So also, politically, the organized militia is an army of the people; it came from them, it returns to them; it sympathizes with them. It is no safe tool for the despot; it is no reliable support for Cæsarism. It will prove the best peace-society the world has yet invented. Wars are no longer the pleasant game of kings; they are the struggle of peoples. It is one thing to shout for war and sing the "Marseillaise," while you hound on the hired ruffian to go out and win or lose battles, of which you read in your newspaper; it is another and a very different thing to force war on, and then in the night to have the irresistible order come which takes you from occupation, from wife and child, to mobilize your regiment. The people will think twice before insisting on a repast of military glory which may, perchance, leave them food for worms. Those Prussian reserves cannot but be a great guarantee for peace except when, as now, the popular heart is stirred to its lowest depths.

For myself, I have seen enough—too much—of war. I hate it. I do not care for the combatants. They are men and take their chance, as I once took mine. My sympathy is, however, now deeply moved as I think of the poor peasantry of Alsace and Lorraine, of the helpless women and, more and most of all, of the poor little children; the thought recalls memories on which I do not like to dwell—memories of a dreary December, and of poor, houseless, pillaged women and little children in the Valley of the Shenandoah. It was war; it was necessary; but it was brutal. I want no more war; those who want to fight I would make fight themselves; if the people cry for war, the people—yes, every man of them, and no substitutes allowed—should go to war. If governments or kings drag them into wars, then they must suffer enough to make them teach governments and kings that they won't be dragged. Meanwhile, the present conflict is to me full of hope. Out of it the army may emerge, purified and exalted, into a great educational influence; no longer an engine of despotism, but a school in peace and a guarantee against war. Am I wholly oversanguine?

AN EX-COLONEL.

NEWPORT, R. I., September 25, 1870.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your very genial and complimentary notice of *Putnam's Magazine* in the *Nation* of September 22, you state that "it will shortly be merged in the transformed *Hours at Home*"—which statement is not warranted by any announcement of ours.

Whether *Putnam's Magazine* has or has not had a high rank among other periodicals, as the *Nation* questions, we think it is only just to ourselves and our friends to say that its circulation has always been larger than that of at least three of the "other periodicals" nearest the same character, and more than double that of a dozen of the English magazines of long-established reputation. This we are ready to show to any one interested.

The circulation of our magazine, for three years, has averaged more than 13,000; but even this sale has yielded better returns to the contributors (including those who "board round in the *Atlantic*," etc., as the *Nation* says) than it has to the publishers.

No one, perhaps, better appreciates the ability of the *Nation* than we do; and when this essential quality is united with integrity and candor and justice, to say nothing of magnanimity, the critic's vocation will be entitled to considerate respect.

THE PUBLISHERS OF "PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE."

TWENTY-THIRD STREET, September 27.

[In the notice complained of, we did not intend either to repeat or revise our opinion of *Putnam's Magazine*, as deliberately expressed from month to month for three years past, but simply to respond to a request that we should notice the approaching end of the magazine as an independent publication. We cannot see that we have in any way misrepresented the facts of the case. Whatever Messrs. Putnam & Sons may have announced, they were preceded by the announcement of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. that *Hours at Home* would be "enlarged, . . . improved, and its name changed to *Scribner's Monthly*;" and however the term "consolidation" may be preferred by Messrs. Putnam & Sons, it does not alter the fact that their magazine is practically "merged" in Messrs. Scribner's, which is "transformed" in name and, to some extent, in character, but which does not lose its continuity. For the rest, we must almost apologize for stating what is so evident as that "support" is measured not by circulation but by profits. Messrs. Putnam & Sons admit this when they say that "even this sale [of 13,000 copies] has yielded better returns to the contributors . . . than it has to the publishers." We supposed so. Had it been otherwise, the latter would hardly have sold out or consolidated.—ED. NATION.]

JOINT OWNERSHIP IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your remarks upon that portion of Maine's "Ancient Law" which treats of the origin of ownership, you say that Nasse "proves the existence of a village community (in England) in early times, lacking, it is true, the patriarchal elements, which it may be presumed to have outgrown." And again: "It would be worth while to examine how far the early settlers in this country were influenced by the traditions and surviving remnants of this system." To what extent the joint-ownership system prevailed among the English-speaking early settlers of this country I am unable to say, but the first settlements of the Spanish and French colonists in the Mississippi Valley were invariably formed upon the principle of joint-ownership of all the *realty* acquired by the colony. But their records afford the most convincing proof that they were influenced to do so through fear of the treacherous savages by whom they were surrounded, and not by "surviving remnants" of "patriarchal traditions which they had outgrown."

It may be asserted without fear of successful contradiction, that no instance of the joint-ownership principle can be given where the communists were not few in number and surrounded by comparative barbarians.

The history of the land titles of any of the old French settlements would be a complete illustration of the manner in which title in severalty (the natural aspiration of humanity) has always grown gradually out of the joint ownership originally established solely for purposes of mutual protection and convenience by communities isolated among a people of a lower order of civilization.

Now the historian of the Mississippi Valley, say 800 years hence, may "prove the existence of a village community in early times," but he will certainly be unwarranted in assuming it to have been the archaic institution or the outgrowth of patriarchal elements.

C. I. S.

ATCHISON, Sept. 26, 1870.

"THE RELIGION OF THE CHURCHES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three weeks ago I asked your attention (in a brief and courteous note) to a very serious charge in your paper of Sept. 1, p. 141, against "The Religion of the Churches," requesting the return of copy, if declined. Your entire suppression of the matter, both in and out of print, might naturally enough be taken as an admission that your statement was not defensible. But if so, it would seem to be due to very many of your readers, who are reasonably sensitive to such wholesale aspersions, to withdraw or modify the charge. Lest, in the pressure of editorial cares, you may have forgotten what this was, I will set it down again.

"Yet formal religion, the religion of the churches, takes no cognizance of this evil"—that "almost all the disorders of society arise about the domestic hearth and not far from the nuptial bed"—"except by general denunciation of adultery, prostitution, and abortion, for no one of which practices would it dare to put its professors to a searching test."

Are "the churches" to understand that they have no rights which the secular press that may choose to attack them is bound to respect? Even if this should be the case, they might be able to survive it; but a frank avowal of it would be manly.

JAY.

[We are sorry to say we have mislaid the letter to which the foregoing makes reference. It asked us, if we remember rightly, either to prove the charge which "Jay," who is a clergyman, quotes, or apologize for having made it. Having deliberately made up our minds not to do either, we declined to publish the letter. In selecting for publication letters which assail our position, we make a point, as well as the infirmities of human nature will allow, to select those which assail us most strongly and ably. Justice to our readers forces us, at the risk of appearing unfair, to suppress large numbers which have nothing to entitle them to notice but their dissatisfaction with things the *Nation* has said. "Jay's" letter we, perhaps erroneously, placed in this category. It belonged to a class which reaches us in considerable numbers, calling for proof of generalizations which are in their very nature incapable of proof, and which must derive all their value from the reputation for care and candor of the person who makes them, or from the extent to which they accord with the reader's own observation. For instance, if we say, "The French are a vivacious people," we are not at all unlikely to receive a demand that we shall prove it, from a writer who has known several Frenchmen of a taciturn and phlegmatic disposition. We are compelled in these cases to fall back on our character. We must do the same with regard to "Jay's" letter. We shall not attempt to prove what we have said, and shall not retract it. If he does not believe it, he has the luxury of disbelieving it always at his command.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

A POSITIVE want seems to have been supplied by Gen. Upton, author of our present system of infantry tactics, in a manual just issued by the Messrs. Appleton, called "Tactics for Non-military Bodies," and adapted to the instruction of political associations, police forces, fire organizations, masonic and other civic societies. As these tactics are closely assimilated to those in use in our service, the training they afford will not only conduce to public order on occasions of civic parades and processions, but will, as far as it goes, give to large numbers of men the character of militia. This is all the more desirable because it is certain that the absence of war and of all fears of war will soon tend to make a militia seem ridiculous, and militia training a foolish waste of time and money, as they did seem to us only ten years ago. These tactics would also have, we believe, a valuable influence upon school discipline, there being two things to recommend them, viz., that they may be practised without any expense for uniforms or arms, and without prejudice to the scruples of those who wish their aversion to all war to be shared by their children. Exercise of this sort may be viewed as an out-door gymnasium without apparatus, and whether performed in the field or in long excursions upon the roads would be always of advantage to health and *morale*. The mere marching to which the Prussians are accustomed in their summer campaigning has done as much as anything else to give them superiority in the present conflict.

—Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, having got hold of an exceedingly good subject—the physical degeneracy of the native Americans—seems very loth to let it go. But if he will allow us to say so, each time that he brings it up, what he has to say about it seems less satisfactory. We have endeavored in vain to find in his contribution to the October number of the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* a reasonable pretext for publishing it. On the contrary, we have either been wearied with the repetition of general statements unaccompanied by precise statistics, and in fact admitted to be incapable, as yet, of convincing proof; or annoyed by assumptions which a professional man should not have been guilty of. For instance, Dr. Allen says that "no one truth in vital statistics is better established than the fact that *city life* tends to reduce the physical energies of the body and shorten human life;" and that "the increasing migration of our people from the country to the city is decidedly unfavorable to physical stamina and life." We believe that neither position is tenable. The first is discredited by the frequent superiority of the city over the country in its health and mortality rates; and the sanitary statistics of our armies disprove the latter, by showing that in point of endurance the soldier from the farm was inferior to his comrade from the counting-room. Again, wishing to establish the greater robustness of our ancestors, he says "they required a great amount of venesection, and the use of powerful drugs, neither of which with us is often required or very well borne." It is something to the point that they did not die under this treatment, but the disuse of blood-letting is commonly and more naturally attributed to the same cause as the disuse of mercury—improvement in medical science, and not to a change in the constitution of successive generations. And is this a medical axiom, "that all imperfect developments, marked weaknesses, or strong predispositions to disease, are transmitted in an *intensified* form?" Dr. Allen denounces the prevailing modes of dress among women as contributing largely to their decline and weakness of organization. We believe that in every respect, from corsets to shoes, women are now more wholesomely clad than at any time since the settlement of this country, and that something else besides costume must be charged with causing the extraordinary consumption of iron tonics by women, alleged by this writer.

—Dr. Allen bases some important conclusions on the census of 1860. No objection can be made to his using this authority, but we may improve the occasion to express our hearty satisfaction that we shall soon be released from the necessity of trusting solely or much to so imperfect a body of statistics. The present superintendent of the Census Bureau has made numerous searching tests of the consistency of the last census with itself, and has seldom, if ever, found the agreement which would have resulted from faithful and accurate calculations. In organizing his present force of clerks, as they formed a new bureau, he had no difficulty in applying the competitive system which the Secretary of the Interior had instituted for his department. He has in consequence, probably, the best set of assistants employed in Washington, and is able to promise not only far greater accuracy than has ever been reached before, but that the summaries which he means to have ready by the meeting of Congress will be completed portions of the main work, the rest of which may be done more at leisure. For this unprecedented despatch we must make our acknowledgments to the civil service reform.

—So long as our civil service remains what it is, we are not, for our own part, anxious to see the telegraphs undertaken by the Government in connection with the post-office. Nevertheless, we have sometimes had occasion to wish that such a connection existed, for other reasons than that of rates. We will instance three cases, and doubtless more might be imagined. First, suppose it desirable to telegraph a person who is temporarily staying in Chicago or New Orleans, whose lodgings are unknown, but who probably or certainly calls for his letters at the general delivery of the post-office. Except through the post-office there is evidently no way of reaching him; and yet there is now no provision by which your telegram, after it arrives at its destination, can be put into an envelope, properly addressed, and dropped into the post-office. Again, there are hundreds of places, in out-of-the-way districts, which have no telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, but which could often be reached in time if the telegram, after being received at the nearest station, were thence carried forward by post. Lastly, take a town like Cambridge, Mass., the seat of a university, and containing at least 600 students from all parts of the country, and yet only connected with Boston by private wires. The charge for an ordinary telegram to Boston is thirty cents, to Cambridge at least fifty-five and by one line eighty, with no certainty of getting a reply. A message from this city which would answer its purpose if delivered any time in the course of the same day in Cambridge, might well be spared an excessive tax by being allowed, say for five cents additional, to be deposited in the Boston post-office, to go out with the first mail to Cambridge. In general, it may be said, we ought to be able to give any telegram both the start of the mail at the place of sending, and the benefit of the mail at any distributing office on the way to its destination. Nothing would be easier for the telegraph companies, under present arrangements, than to afford this accommodation to the public.

—In England, where consolidation has actually taken place, if a telegram is to be sent to a person not living in the limits of free delivery, the sender may, to avoid expense of special delivery, request to have it forwarded by the regular local post. Messages of this sort, say the Post-office rules, "may not only be tendered for transmission at postal-telegraph offices, but may be enclosed in envelopes addressed 'Telegraph Office,' and deposited in wall or pillar-boxes, or in the letter-boxes of ordinary receiving offices or sub post-offices. Telegrams so deposited will be sent on to the nearest postal-telegraph office by the first ordinary postal collection from the letter-box in which they are deposited, and will be sent on by wire from that nearest postal-telegraph office as soon as possible after they reach it, and will be delivered to the address free of extra charge, provided the proper charges for the number of words contained in them, and for porterage when they have to be delivered beyond the limits of the free delivery, have been prepaid by means of postage-stamps affixed to the message-forms." On the Continent, a telegram sent at random with an imperfect address stands the same chance of being delivered as a letter sent in the same way; and it is notorious that no pains are spared, and that extraordinary sagacity is exercised, to discover the rightful recipient. In a case that recently came to our knowledge, a telegram sent to a watering-place without particulars besides the name, was not deliverable after the most thorough search, though the person it was designed for happened to be in the place; but when he came to the post-office, on leaving, to give directions for his letters to follow him, he was recognized and the telegram handed him.

—In order to understand exactly how "insolent" the Prussian demands for possession of French territory are, it is necessary to recall not only the purpose of France in declaring the war, but the national aim for forty years to rectify the frontier—that is, in cool blood to annex all the countries and peoples lying between north-eastern France and the Rhine. But even this does not represent the programme in full. Théophile Lavallée has left in his "Physical, Historical, and Military Geography"—a work first published in 1836, and now translated and edited by the author's pupil, Captain Lendy—an account of what, following his other divisions of Europe on a primarily physical basis, he calls the "French Region." This region, according to him, if due regard were had to mountain systems and watersheds, would embrace, besides France itself, (1) Belgium, (2) the southern part of Holland, (3) the Prussian and Bavarian Provinces on the west bank of the Rhine, (4) part of Hesse-Darmstadt, (5) the Helvetic Republic. Lest this be thought the idle dream of an enthusiast, it is necessary to state that a treatise of Lavallée's on the frontiers of France, in which these ideas were powerfully set forth and their application advocated, was crowned by the Academy. Comparing such pretensions and such a purpose, in time of peace, with Prussia's most grasping terms of release for its fairly conquered assailant and would-be despoiler—terms, too, dictated simply by a desire to make another disturbance of German quiet impossible—to call the latter "insolent" requires, it must be confessed, an uncommon degree of effrontery. Lavallée's analysis, however, of the several French frontiers is well worth studying, even though the war has passed the stage in which a knowledge of the general configuration of France is likely to throw light on the progress of hostilities. He examines in detail the northern watershed of the Pyrenees, the watershed of the Bay of Biscay, of the English Channel, of the Mediterranean, and of the German Ocean—the last having most to do, of course, with the present war.

—The real delusion which France has cherished has been not so much in regard to her physical as to her moral frontiers. The thing which it now goes hardest with her to resign, but which Prussia is bent on wresting from her so far as Germany is concerned, is the ability to intermeddle at pleasure with the affairs of other nations—to maintain French influence with its centre at Paris and its circumference anywhere that it suits the temper or the interest of the French to extend it. France has arrogated to herself the propagation of all liberal ideas, the primacy in the world's advance. In the words of Lavallée, in the work just referred to, she seems "to have been for fifteen centuries providentially charged with the mission of progress. . . . France, the heart of the world. . . . . Movement and life issue forth from her; the various modes of civilization of other peoples are united in her; agricultural and commercial, warlike by land and by sea, artistic and scientific, she is not exclusive or special, but universal like her language." No one has more completely adopted this idea than Guizot, notably in his "History of Civilization in Europe," where he uses, indeed, almost the same phraseology. At the present juncture he, no more than Thiers or Laboulaye, is frank enough to admit that France has ceased to lead Europe in thought, in diplomacy, and in arms, and that it is for her an act of repentance as well as of necessity to put up with a second rank. As historians, recording accomplished facts, their reluctance to acknowledge the true state of the case would be pardonable; but as public leaders their part is a weak one. Guizot, by the way, it is known has consented to publish a history of France from the earliest times to the year 1789, composed originally for the younger members of his own family, and for them only. It has been translated into English by Mr. Robert Black, and Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are now issuing it in twenty-four parts, to be illustrated with a hundred full-page and many smaller engravings. It can hardly fail to be popular.

—There are few periodicals whose regular appearance gives us so much pleasure as that of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* and among the pleasantest reading in each number we have been accustomed to reckon Charles de Mazade's light and sprightly talk in its political "Chronique" of the fortnight. We have enjoyed this the more inasmuch as M. de Mazade unites, with the volubility, grace, and elegance so frequently met with in French political writers of the better class, the rarer merits of accurate information and unprejudiced judgment. No French mind, however, seems to have been sufficiently poised to observe and endure with philosophic calmness the events of the month of August; and, after making all due allowance for their effect on M. de Mazade, we are sorry to say that we find the last "Chronique" that has reached us (Sept. 1) worthier of the *Figaro* or of the *Rappel* than of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Dated the day before the surrender of Sedan, it not only mocks at the bulletins of King William as announcing triumphs which "the evident, palpable result" shows to mean little more than a useless and frightful waste of Prussian blood; it not only represents the condition of affairs as wonderfully improved for France since the surprises of Wörth and Saarbrück, but it also sneeringly contrasts the German movements with those of Bazaine and McMahon. "That army which boasts of being fully triumphant, of having broken the nerve of the French forces in three great battles, has made no new attempt since the 18th; it has no thought of profiting by its victory; it is reduced to immobility. If it has been so fortunate in its operations, why does it not push its success? The truth is that, without issuing bulletins, Marshal Bazaine, on his part, has done what he wanted." And in reference to this commander it exclaims: "A marshal of France at the head of 100,000 men to capitulate ever!" Bazaine, let us admit, has not disappointed this assumption, which, nevertheless, the very next day made ridiculous. But all this fades before the extraordinary assertion: "Certainly, if there be a notorious fact, it is that France, in entering on the struggle, had no idea but to wage a purely political war (*guerre toute politique*), entertained no hatred toward Germany, cherished no thought of devastation and depredation." But what about the mitrailleuses, and the Turcos? And would it really be a consolation to a German widow to know that her husband had been slain "politically" only, while personally the French wished him well?

—Two other articles of the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* have reference to the prevailing hostilities—one, by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, on "The Resources of France and of Prussia in the War;" and the other, by Xavier Raymond, on "The Fortifications of Paris and the Means of its Defence." Both are instructive reading, though naturally enough falling short of the usual standard of the *Revue.* French national vanity, or the design to flatter that foible, pervades both no less than patriotic confidence in the powers and defences of the country; but the first-mentioned concludes with some wholesome and fairly candid admissions. "It would be hard to find in all Europe," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "institutions so immovable and officials so inert. Our bureaux . . . . knowing nothing of foreign peoples, are incapable of availing themselves of the progress making around us; with a blindness allied to obstinacy they flatter themselves that all our customs and usages are an object of admiration and envy to the rest of Europe. It was time for us to be roused by a violent shock from this slumber. . . . . Hitherto we have lived ignorant, careless, disdainful of the languages, manners, and institutions of foreign countries. We knew neither our neighbors' strength nor resources, and they knew everything that was going on with us, appropriated all our discoveries, all our progress. . . . . Thus are explained all our errors, whether diplomatic or military; nor must they be exclusively imputed to the want of thoroughness or negligence of a few men. They proceed from a more general cause—from that species of intellectual isolation in which we have ended by shutting ourselves up. *The ignorance of the entire nation can alone bring about such deceptions.*" And here is more good sense: "In fact, a social *milieu* of peculiar fecundity and cultivation is required to produce the sum of faculties and acquirements necessary for the composition of a good modern army. We have relied with too much confidence on our native qualities; we have had too little regard for that intellectual preparation, for that theoretic development, for that scientific side of war, to which our enemies of to-day have given so much consideration. With us general instruction has neither sufficient extension nor sufficient depth. . . . . A few more millions inscribed in the budget of public instruction would increase in a great measure not only the peaceful development but also the military resources of our nation. . . . . There are two maxims serving to guide our conduct which we ought never to lose sight of: first, that the greatest scourge of a people is optimism; second, that, even in war, the principal strength of a nation consists in its moral and intellectual forces."

THE PASSION PLAY.*

THE general interest in the Ammergau "Passionspiel" has been very great this year. Its attractions have been made so well known by European tourists, and touring is now carried on upon a scale so much larger than ever before, that unexampled audiences were gathered to witness the spectacle, and the letters written in description of it would make a good-sized volume. Doubtless there would have been greater crowds and more letters had not the coming of the war forbidden the continuance of the performance. With a touch of "the irony of fate and circumstance," the chief actor in the play, Joseph Mair, the personator of the Saviour—who came into the world, Mair may have bethought himself, not to bring peace but a sword—was called away two months ago to take his place in the Bavarian army, and has been killing or been killed in Alsace and Lorraine. The correspondents, however, were early on the spot, and their letters have been very full and excellent. Perhaps as good as any for their expression of the feelings which the play excites in the case of a reverent and religiously-minded person have been those of a lady who wrote in the *Spectator.* Very good were those of a lady who wrote in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and who had the advantage of being accompanied to the theatre by the Baroness Tautphœus, who was, we think, the first writer to make the play known in England and America. Her novel called "Quits" has for one of the chapters of one of the pleasantest love stories ever written by an Englishwoman a very good description of the Ammergau festival. Of these two correspondents the latter is, perhaps, the better, as giving us an account more circumstantial than the other, and less subjective. The mere facts, if at all well set forth, are of themselves enough to impress the reader strongly, and to indispose him for listening to any account of how a spectator was affected. Still better, and better for the same reason, are the letters written to the London *Times* by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl and republished in the little volume before us.

Mr. MacColl's book opens with a few pages of introductory matter containing some easily accessible general information, not, however, unwelcome to most readers, about the theatre of the ancients and that of the Middle Ages, and about this Ammergau Passion Play in particular. In 1633, it appears, the neighborhood of the valley of the river Ammer, in Southern Bavaria, was devastated by an epidemic disease which had been exceedingly destructive, and which the Ammerthalers took every precaution to keep out of their valley. Their quarantine was, however, evaded; an infected peasant brought in the disease, and the valley speedily lost a great part of its inhabitants. In their extremity, the people made a public vow that if they should be spared they would, once in every ten years, "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, and by the help of the Almighty, represent the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world." This vow having been made, the plague ceased forthwith, if local tradition may be believed, nobody afterwards dying, although many were at the time sick; and in the following year the first fulfilment of the vow was made by the citizens of Ober-Ammergau. Ever since, every ten years, the play has been exhibited without intermission, although on three occasions—in 1780, 1790, and 1810—there has been danger that the royal permission to enact it would be refused. It has undergone many revisions, and apparently has always been improved by the alterations; the materialism and grossness of the earlier drafts having been to a great extent purged away, although a Protestant not, like the Tyrolese, accustomed to see everywhere, by the roadside, in the churches, in the houses, the pictured figure of the Christ on the Cross, might very probably still feel something of the revolt apprehended by the Baroness Tautphœus when she first was present at the spectacle. So realistic used the representations to be at some of these Passion plays that not only would they be disgusting to modern taste, but serious accidents arising from the zeal and earnestness of the performers were not infrequent. It is related that one priest who acted Judas in a Passion play exhibited at Metz, in 1437, all but succeeded in hanging himself; another who acted the part of the Saviour nearly died on the cross and had to be taken down; it was customary for the man who acted Judas to secrete a blackbird about him, which, at the moment of the traitor's suicide, was let loose, and, flying away, represented the polluted soul of the traitor on its way to perdition; sometimes a dummy was hanged instead of Judas, and, being caused to fall down from the tree, burst open as in the Scriptural account; and sometimes the dummy was let drop through a flaming aperture which served as the mouth of hell. It would be easy to multiply much more revolting instances than these, as every reader of the history of the European drama knows. In the Passion play now acted at Ammergau there is nothing of this crudity of conception and coarse vulgarity. The hell of the sinner, for instance, is there a fire within him, not a flame of fagots and tar-barrels; Cain and Judas, says Mr. MacColl, "flee from the haunts of men, and the latter 'flings from him in wild haste the intolerable burden of life.' But in vain. From the faces of his fellow-men and the scenes of his crime—from these he may escape, but he cannot escape from himself, and is therefore in hell wherever his local habitation may be." This emancipation of the play from the influence of mediæval theology and brutality is due to the lateness of the last recension, which was made between the rendition of 1840 and that of 1850. We may add that the music for the chorus—which the villagers will not publish, and of which they will suffer no one to take notes—is in great part no older than the date of the early part of the present century.

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* "The Ammergau Passion Play. Reprinted by permission from the *Times.* By Rev. Malcolm MacColl, D.D." London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1870.

Of the open-air theatre, the chorus, and the general manner of putting the play upon the stage, we have spoken on another occasion. We will add a little of the information which may be found *in extenso* in Mr. MacColl's letters, only reminding the reader that the play occupies the better part of a day in the representation, and that it consists, first, of scenes in the last day or two of Christ's life; secondly, of *tableaux vivants* presenting Old Testament occurrences believed to foreshadow events recorded in the New; and, thirdly, of singing by a chorus, who explain the tableaux. In the first tableau, Adam and Eve are driven out of Paradise by an angel who brandishes a flaming sword. In the second is a group of children clustered before a cross, which is clasped by a kneeling figure. The chorus, kneeling, sing a prayer, the words of which are these: "Eternal One! hear Thy children's stammering prayer (for a child can only stammer), who with holy awe assemble to worship before the great sacrifice." Then the audience are addressed, and told to "follow by the side of our great Redeemer until He has passed through His rough and stormy way, and through His hot and bloody agony has gained for us the victory." Next comes the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, the strewing of palm branches before him, and the driving of the mammon-worshippers out of the temple. The succeeding tableau shows Joseph's brethren plotting his death, and this is followed by the scene of the high-priests and Pharisees consulting how Jesus shall be got into their power. Then Tobias bidding farewell to his parents, and the forlorn bride in Solomon's Song asking after her Beloved, typify Christ taking leave of his mother in Bethany, where Mary anoints him and Judas murmurs at the waste. In the fourth representation Ahasuerus puts away Vashti and exalts Esther, and the chorus explains that Vashti's conduct is typical of the rejection of the Gospel by the Jews, who obstinately refused the summons to the royal feast, and that Esther's elevation signifies the call of the despised Gentiles. This is followed by Christ's lament for the fate of Jerusalem which rejects him, and the refrain "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," of the beautiful song which introduces the lament, is described as being very impressive, as also is the scenery depicting the city in the soft and melancholy sunset light. We have not space to go through the long list of scenes and tableaux, which cover a great portion of Biblical history, but will mention one or two more. The curtain, having dropped on the scene in which Judas is tempted by certain Pharisees to betray his master, rises upon a tableau which shows to the spectator the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness, and this is followed by another in which appear two men in the midst of a crowd bearing upon their shoulders a pole from which hang clusters of grapes of Eshcol. In front and to the right and left of this assemblage of almost three hundred figures, clothed in oriental dresses, stand the chorus in their white tunics and purple or red or blue mantles, singing verses which explain that the bread from heaven and the grapes from the Promised Land typify the mystical bread and wine of the sacrament. In the crucifixion scene, our correspondent could not discover, he says, though he closely examined Mair through an opera-glass, how it was that he was fastened to the cross. He seemed to be nailed there. That, of course, could not be; but it was plain that great muscular exertion must have been required on his part, because after he was taken down—he had hung there seventeen minutes—the limbs of the cross could be seen to be damp with his perspiration. Probably his nervous excitement and exhaustion had as much to do with this as his physical effort, for all the accounts agree that Mair threw himself into his part with great intensity.

They all agree, too, that he acted it with a dignity and power so great that he not only gave no shock to the spectators' sense of religious propriety, but even sent them away with religious feelings of increased reverence as well as vividness. Readers who may turn to "Quits" to refresh their memories of the play will, perhaps, be interested to hear that the Herr Pflunger, who took the part of Christ in 1850, when the Baroness Tautphœus saw the representation of which she speaks in that novel, now takes the part of Pontius Pilate, and plays it with great applause. It is worth mentioning, too, as illustrating the general carefulness with which the play is put upon the stage, and the peasant actors are trained, that, although it is now nearly two hundred and fifty years since the performances began, none of the other performers know how the Christ is fastened to the cross. It appears that the whole population of the village—men, women, and children—devote most of their thoughts to the fitting themselves for taking their parts in this unique observance. It is said, and may readily be believed, that its influence upon their minds and conduct is marked, and is markedly for good, as the people of Ober-Ammergau are noted for their honesty, intelligence, and religious earnestness. The play is, in short, a rustic university, so to speak, and gives to its performers a sort of liberal education. It is a university, too, which differs from most others in paying its expenses. In 1860, the number of visitors was sixty thousand, and the money taken for tickets of admission and *libretti* was fifty-four thousand florins, of which a part is devoted to charitable purposes, and a part constitutes a fund out of which the dresses and appointments are paid for. Mr. MacColl's letters, we may add, if any one is looking forward so far as to a visit to Europe in 1880, contains minute directions as to the intending visitors' routes of travel, and selection and securing of rooms.

John: A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Laird of Norlaw," "Katie Stewart," "Brownlows," etc. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.)—To people who remember "Madonna Mary," or that charming story, "Katie Stewart," "John" will seem a slight and marrowless production; but to those blessed with shorter memories or less experience, Mrs. Oliphant's delicate sympathies, nice observation, and refined manner will still suffice to make her books pleasant reading. It is with herself only that we are measuring her, when we find that her work betrays a sad falling off. She is paying the penalty paid by every one who forces production in literature—the penalty of inevitable deterioration and repetition. There was a time when she drew her figures so well that they had a real vitality, and it was possible in following their fortunes to forget their author; and even last year her "Minister's Wife," although it was much too long, had some vigorous and subtle work in it. But the characters of the present story are altogether too thin and unsubstantial, from John himself, with his lumbering stupidity and his undefined doubts about the Athanasian Creed, to Kate, who, with her pink cheeks and sapphire eyes and dainty clothes, is but the veriest of lay-figures, and one which repays but ill the pains Mrs. Oliphant has wasted on her outfit. And since it was always on the personages of her stories that the interest of Mrs. Oliphant's books depended—on how they felt, and thought, and spoke, and moved, and not at all, or but slightly, on the plots or incidents in which they were concerned, there is not much left of the old charm in this novel, except only the easy and graceful refinement of her manner of narration. That seems nearly as agreeable as ever; or it would seem so if it were not that even in a novel what is done is of so much more consequence than how it is done, that when the matter is so slight as it is in this case the manner becomes of little importance.

Fine Arts.

MARIE SEEBACH.

For decades, almost for centuries, the critics have been at war as to the test or the definition of greatness in acting. The real and the ideal, the classic and the romantic, with numberless other schools or subdivisions of schools, have had their expounders and their representatives. It will be enough for our present purpose to assume that when cultivated people, of good sense and good taste, are deeply and, so to speak, *normally* moved and impressed by any given actor or actress, that artist has a fair right to be called great. Such an one is Marie Seebach.

Her power is in no sense dependent on any external charm of mere personal grace or prettiness; she could not, in any but a spiritual sense, be called beautiful. It is a somewhat mortifying self-examination, which most of us have at some time or other to undergo, when, on analyzing the elements of the fascination exercised by actress or prima donna, we are forced to recognize how large a part of our admiration has been given—how much of our pleasure due—to mere beauty of form and color. Put it as we will, we are still prone to forgive a weakness in the cadenza or a fault in the declamation to the rosy mouth which utters the one, or the white and shapely arm which emphasizes the other. Marie Seebach can lay claim to no such advantages. She is tall, thin, and of a figure neither rounded nor, in the everyday sense, graceful. Her face is aquiline, strongly marked, and worn with the cares of real life as well as the emotions of nearly twenty years of an artist's toil. The eyes are not bright with youth and exuberant vitality, nor calm and full with the rich depth so often seen in women whose lives are just touching the midsummer point of a placid or a luxurious existence; they are somewhat wan, somewhat hollow, as of one whose nature had suffered the reaction of her career, who had felt deeply and vividly the passion or the sorrow another would only have feigned. Let us be excused, then, before the high court of chivalry, if we say once more, plainly, that not even by the kindest construction could Mme. Seebach be called a beautiful or even a comely woman, as the world looks at such things. But what the woman has lost, the artist has gained. The eyes, if they do not sparkle, can deepen, and dilate, and flame; the figure, too spare and angular for the white muslin of the *ingenue*, is commanding and majestic in the mantle of the queen; the features have exchanged their girlish contour and softness for a startling power and depth of expression; and the voice—

> "All ravage leaves that whole."

Her voice is an organ of wonderful power and flexibility—now soft and mellow, now deep and ringing, but always rich, penetrating, and sympathetic.

Though we began by disclaiming any intention to fight over again the battle of the realistic and ideal schools, the distinction cannot be altogether overlooked. A main excellence—perhaps the prominent one—in Mme. Seebach's acting is her careful, minute, and profound realism, more especially in all passages where the gentler or more tender emotions are portrayed. In all such passages, her acting—in actual reading, in gesture and facial expression, and in her by-play when not engaged in the dialogue—all show the conscientious and loving study of many years, while the spectator is impressed, at the same time, with the conviction that every word, every intonation, comes from the heart; that she is, for the moment, in thought and feeling, the loving *Margaret*, or the patient, suffering, blind girl of the piece. It has been objected to her delineation of *Gretchen* that she does not look the part, and, again, that her acting shows study, and is too consciously and distinctly intellectual. But the first stricture might be answered with the witty apothegm of the French critic, that to play the *ingenue* in perfection, an actress must be well past the age of *ingenuité*. To the second, which demands more careful consideration, we might reply by reminding the objector how completely even the best acting is and always must be a matter of technicality and, as it were, of machinery. Sublimate it as we may by the most delicate taste, inform it with the loftiest imagination, the machinery is still there. Its object is to reach not merely one or two spectators, near in position, with the keenest attention, and finest sensibility; it aims at a large and varied auditory, scattered over a vast hall, of differing degrees of taste and culture, but never, in the average, very ready in perception of the subtler shades of expression, and needing absolutely a somewhat artificial medium of transmission which the trained critic, watchful and alive, seated with his opera-glass under the very blaze of the foot-lights, might perhaps dispense with. In Grecian days, the actor, we know, was forced to tread the stage in the stilted cothurnus, and declaim through a bell-mouthed mask, to bring the mere physical effect of his acting into relation with the vast profound of the theatre and the audience. Though we are happily past all that, yet, as long as theatres and audiences are constituted as at present, so long, probably, will the actor be forced to a sort of discreet exaggeration; he must in some degree deepen the lines and heighten the tints of his picture, like the painter who examines the rough hatching and bold *impasto* of his brush from the furthest corner of his studio, to suit the light and the focal rang in which it will be scanned by the public. Nor let us be understood as admitting for a moment that Mme. Seebach's acting has any traits of coarse or extravagant expression. We have known no acting, except, perhaps, in the case of one or two of the great artists of the Rue Richelieu, so full of delicate, almost imperceptible shades and intonations; she is never at fault, never off her guard. Among the hundreds of instances of this that might be adduced even from the few nights of her engagement already elapsed, it is only necessary to allude to such effects—only to be properly appreciated by the critic aforesaid in the front row—as the slight start and haughty dilatation of the eye at *Burleigh's* assumption in the first act of "Maria Stuart," and the little peevish, impatient tones which once or twice escape her in the scene with *Caroline* in "Valerie." The shivering spasm of pain with which she turns to her nurse in the parting scene of "Maria Stuart" must needs have come from a nature which has known sharp suffering; but the low thrilling whisper of ecstasy, of that bliss which turns the heart sick with its own excess—the two murmured words, "mich überläuft's!" in the love scene with *Faust*—were at once the most intense and the most effective realism. Where the emergency of the scene demands it and the richness and energy of her nature find fullest sway, this ever-watchful taste and subtle discrimination are still at hand. The burst of thankfulness at recovered sight in "Valerie" might easily have been—with a second-rate actress would certainly have been—absurd; with Mme. Seebach it was superb. In the prison scene of "Faust," every one will remember the scream of anguish with which she searches in the straw for her child. A hair's-breadth less would have been weak; a hair's-breadth more, horrible or ludicrous. As it was, we venture to say that, at that agonizing cry, every mother in the audience realized the significance of the old phrase, "freezing the marrow of one's bones." And finally, in the terrible climax of *Maria's* interview with *Elizabeth*, the culmination of Mme. Seebach's interpretations, where the abyss of rant yawned almost inevitable before her, could anything be more pregnant with artistic measure and symmetry, in the very seething of its lava-torrent, than the bitter scorn and scathing indignation of her defiance?

The spectator who comes away—as who does not?—filled and satisfied with the perfection of *ensemble* in Mme. Seebach's delineations, might almost be forgiven for failing to lay sufficient stress on some subsidiary but indispensable elements of the picture—the wonderful truth and accuracy of her reading, and her exquisite delicacy of intonation and distinctness of delivery. When other actors are hurried and indistinct, her slightest sigh or faintest whisper finds its way to the ears—and the hearts—of her auditors. Nor would it be easy to say too much of the singularly sympathetic quality—the pathetic thrill—of her voice where pathos is wanted. It is in general a pretty easy thing to make an average audience cry. The mere physical manifestation of sorrow on the stage, however coarsely or patently given, is usually enough to excite a response from the more nervous or the more superficial temperaments in the boxes. The well known "*Si vis me flere, primum est dolendum tibi*" of Horace is as true now as ever. But Mme. Seebach's power over the feelings goes wider and deeper than this. When the old stagers—the case-hardened playgoers and sceptical critics, who know, or think they know, the whole gamut of ordinary theatrical emotion, and look with suspicion on any new attempt to stir their cynical composure—when such as these are forced to have recourse to the patent opera-glass or still more patent handkerchief, to hide the tell-tale twitching of the mouth and suffusion of the eyes, especially, too, in situations where the less observant public sits unmoved, we feel that the artist has found the key to our hearts—that we are in the presence of a great actress.

That this accomplished artist should be thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated in New York would be too much to hope. Of the three hundred thousand Germans who, by Mr. Kapp's estimates, inhabit the city and suburbs, far too small a percentage are, in view of their employment, means, or taste, in condition to take advantage of this exceptional glimpse into the higher art-world. Of our own native population, but the very smallest proportion, even among the most cultivated classes, have the familiar knowledge of the spoken language which would make them free of that weariness and snare, the libretto, and enable them, from the passive point of view, to fit "the action to the word, the word to the action." It is one of the highest triumphs Mme. Seebach has won here, that hundreds of people, in every class, whose studies in the tongue of Goethe and Schiller have never gone beyond the one mystic word *lager*, come away from the Fourteenth-Street Theatre, night after night, delighted and entranced—ready to take solemn oath that they "understood every word of it." As a secondary result of her appearance here, it could not but please Mme. Seebach to know that the reflex action of this her great success cannot fail to be an increased earnestness in the study of the noble literature which she so brilliantly illustrates.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1870.

The Week.

THE latest news from Paris has reached the outer world in a most extraordinary way. A member of the Government of National Defence, M. Gambetta, was the bearer of it. He left Paris in a balloon on the 7th, and after a very dangerous flight above the Prussian guns, came down north of Montdidier, proceeded thence to Amiens, and finally reached Tours, where, besides continuing his office as Minister of the Interior, he also relieves Crémieux of his temporary duties as Minister of War. M. Gambetta brings, as he expresses it, "the hopes of the Parisians"—hopes founded on "400,000 National Guards, 100,000 Mobiles, and 60,000 regulars," for whom "the founderies are casting cannon" and "the women make a million cartridges daily," and on the "forts manned by marines, supplied with artillery of the greatest excellence, and served by gunners the first in the world," and on the fortified *enceinte*, with its "3,800" pieces of cannon. These grounds for hope, even after making the necessary allowances for patriotic amplification, we should consider plausible enough; but, unfortunately, M. Gambetta finds it necessary to mention an additional ground, "the third line of defence—the barricades, which are adapted to the genius of the Parisians." We suspect this genius knows too little of military affairs, though guided by the chief director of "the third line of defence," Rochefort, and rather overestimates the value of barricades as a shelter against the heavy bombs of the "Attila of the Nineteenth Century"—as Louis Blanc calls King William, in an address expressive of everything but confidence. Neither is there much reason for confidence, while Paris eats horse-flesh, its besiegers are erecting batteries of the heaviest siege-guns and mortars on the hills of Meudon, Sèvres, and Bougival, and no sign of an approaching diversion is anywhere visible—except in the stories of the newspapers, which continue to spread lies—patriotic lies, of course—as they did before the days of Wörth, Gravelotte, and Sedan. Jules Favre is said to be for peace, and there is also some talk about secret negotiations going on between Paris and Versailles, the headquarters of King William.

Bazaine, in Metz, continues very active. He apparently still cherishes the hope of breaking through the northern line of the besieging army, and effecting his escape, *via* Thionville and Montmédy, to Mézières—an arduous task indeed. By way of diversion, however, and possibly with the intention of merely thinning, by fighting, the ranks of both armies—a result doubly advantageous to the besieged—he occasionally also assails the southern lines. A severe fight, south of Metz, took place on the 3d, several brigades being engaged on both sides; but the sortie accomplished nothing definite. The wounded French were left, intentionally, on the field. On the following days some fighting and cannonading was carried on around the northern fortifications, the Prussians eventually occupying various positions nearer the town. In order to recover these, Bazaine, on the 7th, after a cannonade, suddenly advanced under cover of a thick fog, sweeping away the Prussian outposts, and, throwing heavy masses on their supports, drove the enemy from their new positions, and sent a large force onward, close to the Moselle, simultaneously making a feigned attack on various points to the north-east of Fort St. Julien. The onslaught, at first, proved very severe to the Prussians, but their artillery soon checked the French advance, and, the Landwehr vying with the line in bravery, the assailants were finally repulsed at every point. They continued, however, to show a threatening front, and on the following morning compelled the Prussians to draw up their reserves, while a furious cannonade from Fort St. Privat kept their southern lines on the alert. Large bodies of troops were engaged in the contest on both sides; the losses in killed and wounded were severe on both, Bazaine losing besides a considerable number of prisoners. Soissons and Bitsch continue to hold out bravely against the besiegers.

Outside of the *rayons* of the besieged fortresses, the operations of the Germans are everywhere successful. An important military affair took place on the 6th between Bruyères and Raon, in the north-eastern part of the Department of Vosges, where a body of Baden troops, about 6,000 strong, defeated a considerably larger force of French regulars, Gardes Mobiles, and riflemen. The fighting was obstinate, and lasted six hours. The French retreated westward, towards Rambervillers, leaving six hundred prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The latter seem to form a part of the forces, consisting of the main portion of General Werder's Fourteenth Army Corps and of Baden reserves, whose destination is to advance on Besançon and Lyons, after reducing or masking Schlettstadt, Neu-Brisach, and Belfort—which was falsely reported abandoned—and clearing the defiles of the Vosges. West of Paris, we find the Prussians all along the eastern border of the Department of Eure-et-Loir, from Dreux to Toury, and in the vicinity of Gisors and Vernon, in Eure; and north of it, as far as Ribemond, in Aisne, whither they retired after a slight repulse suffered at St. Quentin. South of Paris a severe battle was fought on the 10th, at Artenay, in Loiret, which ended with a decided defeat of the French, whose force consisted of several brigades, mainly sent from Tours. This combat was the greatest effort yet made for the relief of Paris by the outside Government. Gambetta may possibly quicken its further efforts by his energy, and Garibaldi, too, who arrived almost simultaneously with him, may do something by his republican enthusiasm; but with half of the republic clamoring for protection instead of sending aid, and with Lyons, Grenoble, and Marseilles troubled by red-republican, socialistic, and federalistic agitations, while the peasantry still cling to their Napoleon, and good arms and good officers are wanting, the chances of achieving great things must be said to be very slight. The elections for the Constituent Assembly have again been postponed.

There is a great deal of talk in the telegrams of the work that is going to be done by a new army which the French are organizing, or have organized, called the "Army of Lyons," of whose movements, present or prospective, we hear nearly every day. Great hopes, too, seem to be laid, by some people, on the "francs-tireurs," who are engaged, to a greater or less extent, in waylaying small bodies of Prussian cavalry, and have, in one or two cases, attacked convoys. We are also promised as sure to come, and sure to make a clean sweep of the Prussians, a "levée en masse" of the peasantry. There is no great difficulty in forming a conclusion about all this talk. It is hardly necessary to tell anybody who knows anything of the nature of the work called organizing an army, that to organize one out of the French peasantry and artisans—one capable of resisting the Prussians or relieving Paris—not weeks, but months, would be necessary; that the Prussians have now masses of cavalry and infantry in motion, besides the forces which are besieging Paris and Metz, sufficient to make anything like the organization of such an army in any part of France impossible. The troops raised hereafter, and which cannot join Trochu or Bazaine, will consist of small bands, which may annoy the Prussians, but cannot affect the fortunes of the campaign. The "Army of Lyons" is undoubtedly a mythical army.

As regards the value of the "francs-tireurs" and of the "levée en masse," we cannot do better than turn to the well-known work of General Trochu on "The French Army," of which the world has heard so much, and which did so much to raise him to his present responsible position. "There is," he says, "a prejudice dear to the multitude, and which dominates, above all, in French traditions, namely, the importance and value it attaches to that particular state of mind of an army called *enthusiasm.* What stories have there not been told of the enthusiasm of the first armies produced by the Revolution of 1789, and which were opposed, under Dumouriez, to the Austro-Prussian coalition invading our territory; and what effects have not the opinions of that day, reflected in history, not ascribed to it, touching the military successes which disorganized the coalition! The truth—which the General-in-chief reveals himself, and which Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, who made all the campaigns of the Rhine and Moselle, exposes with great authority and with many interesting details—was, that the portion of the troops which specially represented the 'enthusiasm' of that army *were constantly, at Valmy, Jemappes, and Neerwinden, a hindrance and a peril to the intelligent* operations of Dumouriez." After citing as additional illustrations the failure of the Scotch Jacobites in 1715 and 1745, and of the Vendeans after the Revolution, he goes on to say: "Enthusiasm in armed masses creates what Marshal Bugeaud used to call 'les ardeurs du départ,' ephemeral ardor, which is unable to resist severe fatigues, and the effects, often overwhelming, of change of climate, long protracted nervous strain, and still less reverses. By an inevitable and dangerous reaction, it is followed, above all in the mobile and impressionable French imagination, by a lukewarmness which soon turns into despondency when bad fortune comes." Testimony of this kind is not to be treated lightly.

The stories of Prussian cruelty and depredations were for a while confined to the Paris papers, whose very extravagance and absurdity, however, rendered their charges harmless. Recently, two or three Englishmen, as well as Azamat-Batuk, the notorious "Turk" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the Duc de Fitz-James, a French legitimist, whose word is not to be lightly doubted, have told horrible things of the burning of the village of Bazeilles, near Sedan, and of the plunder of the houses, and the perishing of the women and children in the flames, and of the dreadful sufferings of the French prisoners after the surrender from hunger and exposure. The accusations were so circumstantial that even Prussian partisans in England began to admit that the Prussians must be growing brutal. But a torrent of testimony has now been called forth on the other side, such as, we venture to say, was never before paid to the conduct of a large army operating in an enemy's country. Witnesses in dozens, whose opportunities of observation have been very great, and who know what war means, have come forward to say that such discipline, such kindness and forbearance, such respect for women and for private property, they never saw on the part of troops on hostile soil, as the Prussians are showing. Bazeilles, it is true, was burnt, and women and children perished in the flames—but it was set on fire in the course of a murderous conflict, during which it changed hands twice, the defenders each time being driven out house by house at the bayonet, and when it was finally swallowed up by the fire, the German wounded perished in it as well as some of the inhabitants. It was horrible, but it was war, and civilized war, too, we are sorry to say. As regards the sufferings of the French prisoners, they are all explained and the captors fully exonerated by the single fact that, after three days' hard fighting, following on a week of forced marches, the Germans suddenly found themselves saddled—no other army has probably ever had such a story to tell—with 120,000 prisoners, some 30,000 of them wounded. The later witnesses make the strongest acknowledgments of the extreme humanity and even tenderness with which the French prisoners were treated on the march and now in camp in Germany.

The stories of Russia's preparing for an immediate attack on Turkey, which were put in circulation last week, have, as we expected, disappeared. The *Tribune*, on whose imagination the Turkish question seems to have most disordering effects, even went so far as to get the Russian fleet ready for action, and announced that Russia had forty-three war-vessels in the Black Sea, although in the same paper, if we remember rightly, there appeared a synopsis of the Treaty of Paris, which expressly forbids the maintenance of any military fleet in the Black Sea. The only Government vessels Russia has there are revenue cutters. Moreover, the notion that Russia would attempt anything so hazardous as a march on Constantinople without having possession of the Black Sea, and leaving the Turks or English the opportunity of cutting her communications or operating on her flank, is simply preposterous. We believe, however, there is little doubt that a perfectly good understanding exists between her and Prussia, and that when the war comes to an end, as it will without Russian interference, Russia will demand, and will obtain, a revision of the Treaty of Paris, which will permit her to rebuild the fortifications at Sebastopol and restore her fleet in the Euxine. In the meantime, the Sultan is busy, might and main, arming his troops with breech-loaders—the Remington factories in this country being under contracts for enormous deliveries. But it is hardly possible for him to save himself now by military science, and the next ten years will probably witness some great change in the Ottoman Empire.

Elections for State officers and representatives in Congress took place on Tuesday in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska. As we go to press, the returns indicate not only that the Republicans have held their own, but that they have made some unexpected gains. The colored vote has had a perceptible effect, and it was generally polled without difficulty; but in Philadelphia, where the hostility of the police and city authorities was disgraceful, it was necessary for the United States Marshal to call out the marines to preserve order. Whether the Germans deserted the Democracy in any considerable number, we have no means of knowing. The districts in which there was a split among the Republicans were generally carried by the regular candidates, Judge Kelley for one proving more than a match for his "anti-coolie" opponent, General Thomas. Nebraska and Iowa are strongly Republican, and Ohio perhaps gains a Congressman. Mr. Schenck has been run very closely by Mr. Campbell, and his fate is as yet undecided. Indiana probably ranges itself on the Republican side. On the whole, these elections will materially strengthen the party in the States which are to vote in the next few weeks, but it remains to be seen exactly how they will affect the New York election, or the complex struggles in Missouri and Massachusetts.

There was nothing very remarkable in the Massachusetts Republican platform. It dwelt on the reduction of taxation and of the public debt, and on the improvement in the collection of the revenue which had been brought about under Grant's administration. It had also a resolution urging the Government to press for a settlement of the *Alabama* claims, which would have been very timely and appropriate if it had not, by way of specification, fastened on the only point in the whole case in which England can make a good reply—namely, the prematureness and unjustifiability of the recognition of the South as belligerents. The doctrine that it was, as regarded the United States, not only an unfriendly act, but a wrong, for which satisfaction might be demanded in the forum of international law, was an invention of Mr. Seward's, and since his retirement from public life has only found one person calling himself a lawyer, and known outside his own district, with courage enough to uphold it. Mr. Sumner, we believe, persuaded Mr. Motley that it was all sound, and the latter wanted to have it embodied in his instructions when he went to England, but Mr. Fish very properly refused to touch it, and expressly adopted, in the President's message about Cuba, the well-established rule, that the recognition of belligerency is a discretionary act for which no nation is answerable to any other. Every foreign jurist who has noticed this controversy has treated this charge against England with ill-disguised contempt. We last week quoted Dr. Bluntschli's opinion about it. Since then, M. Blerzy has pronounced it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a "prêtendu grief," which calmer thoughts will banish, while stoutly defending the American case on all other points. The persistence with which some of our politicians here bring it up has not only burdened the case with extraneous matter which cannot aggravate the wrong and is not needed even to prove it, and delays the atonement, but makes us somewhat ridiculous to bystanders. The Massachusetts Convention, allowing itself at this time of day to be seduced into taking it up, and making it a cover for censure on the administration, is another illustration of the guilelessness of managers.

The Woman's Suffrage champions pushed the Republican convention in Massachusetts so hard that their application to have their plank inserted in the platform was only rejected by 196 to 139. This makes it seem very likely they will get it in next year if they will wait so long. But some of them won't wait, and are determined to have the plank in some platform or other, and accordingly talk of carrying it to the Democrats and seeing what they will do—which makes the *World* remark that the women seem to attach more importance to the act of voting than to the things voted for, an observation which ought to be biting, but we fear will not. In view of the remarkable capacity for a low order of political intrigue which the female leaders of the movement are displaying, we feel sure "the managing men" of the conventions won't have the face to keep them out much longer, and with female society the various "little games" will have a zest for the males they have never had before. "Whipping the devil round the stump" with the aid of a really sharp woman will be a sensation of which the most hardened old hack who ever drafted a meaningless resolution will acknowledge the novelty and delicacy.

We observe, by the bye, that the *Revolution*, the organ of the New York branch, speaks slightingly of the suffrage movement as a very small and subordinate affair. What *it* is working for, it says, is the "general emancipation" of woman, which we believe means—when we get down to the bottom of the matter—the abolition of marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Cady Stanton, the mother of the whole agitation, openly declares this is her end and aim, and everything short of this—to speak familiarly—fiddlesticks. The *Woman's Advocate*, the Western organ of the movement, has suggested a kind of compromise, in the shape of "limited marriage," or marriage for three years, the contract to be renewable indefinitely at the pleasure of the parties. In the case put by the writer (a woman), an interval of a year is inserted between the expiration of the first contract and the formation of the second, to enable the woman to go to college and look about her. She takes the baby with her, the father paying her for its "board," on the "ground that it might prove more of a care to him than it would to her, as she had been in the habit of looking after its personal wants." The *Modern Thinker*, a publication which we noticed a short time ago, and which touches on things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, propounds the theory that women of high character, that is, we suppose, women with "views," will ere long have children at their pleasure, without any formal connection in the nature of marriage, and a few such women having begun it, that the practice will spread. Indeed, when one hears of some of the things to which, we are told, "humanity is marching," one can hardly help thinking that humanity stops at too many bar-rooms on the way, and regretting that there does not still remain some gross and palpable evil like slavery to give employment to the great army of reformers whom its destruction threw out of employment, or whom the success of the anti-slavery men has dazzled into taking up arms, and who are now spreading terror through the country. The number of people one meets with who can scarcely bear the constraint of their own skins, and to whom even the uniformity of weights and measures is a cruel yoke, is large and increasing.

The population of New York has now been determined by the census, and the published returns show the city to have about 930,000 inhabitants—a sufficient number, if one considers how largely they are packed away in tenement-houses, and that their increase from year to year is almost wholly foreign, and that the more they increase the smaller becomes the hope that the city can ever be purely governed on a basis of unlimited suffrage. If the census could somehow have been taken in the gross, we should have heard little of the Democratic complaints of its imperfection; but to have their election frauds exposed, district by district, was to put an unreasonable tax on the equanimity of our rulers. The *Tribune* has done good service—though it is sad to think what a slight effect it will have on our municipal politics—in comparing the votes cast in New York last May, in certain wards, with the total population as now ascertained. It selects thirteen districts, reckoning 15,956 residents, which nevertheless polled 7,535 votes (of which 6,964 were Democratic), as if out of every 212 persons—men, women, and children—there were 100 legal voters, when one in five or six should be the highest proportion. The most striking instance of those which went to make up this average was the Tenth District of the Sixth Ward. The population of this district amounts to but 870 persons of all ages and both sexes, yet in May it cast 50 Republican votes and 884 Democratic—in all, 934; thus showing that in this favored precinct, which must be a fragment of the ideal Irish Republic, nine-tenths of a human being is sufficient to constitute a legal voter. Such a privilege exists for the inhabitants of but few countries, and it is no wonder the *World* threatens violence against the United States Marshal and his deputies if they attempt to make the poll-list agree with the census at the next election.

The Free Trade League continues its labors with really Satanic zeal. We have before us a report which shows that it has, during the past year, held one hundred and seven meetings in this State, and in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan. It has distributed 250,000 tracts and documents, besides issuing, at a low price, a translation of the "Sophismes Économiques" of the misguided Bastiat, which it has had translated—and very well, too, as we were forced to admit at the time of its appearance—by the notorious Horace White, of the Chicago *Tribune*. The devil always has his literary work well done. It has also, as might have been expected, availed itself largely of the labors of the unhappy David A. Wells, whose reports it has widely circulated, thus unconsciously, of course, publishing his shame to the remotest corners of the Union. It has also carried on a paper of its own. It takes to itself, too—and he would be a bold man who would deny it—a large portion of the credit of the strong development, during the last session, of free-trade sentiment in Congress, and for the appearance of the same loathsome doctrine on the platforms of the Republican party in Maine, Connecticut, Illinois, Missouri, and Indiana. Of course, these unholy labors have not been accomplished without the expenditure of large sums of money; but everybody knows where this comes from, and we shall say no more about it.

Talking of the unhappy Wells, who has just come back from Europe, where he has doubtless been destroying his health and losing his money carousing and gambling with Mill, Newman, Bright, Laboulaye, and Chevalier, and other free-trade villains of that continent, we may mention that he has accepted from Governor Hoffman the appointment of a commissioner to examine and report upon the tax system of this State, and will at once enter on his duties. We may leave to the imagination of the reader the diabolical things he will say on this subject. We met, the other day, with a passage—which, comically enough, his friends think applicable to him—in the works of one Adam Smith, ostensibly a professor at Glasgow towards the close of the last century, but in reality a secret agent of the Jesuits, employed to poison the popular mind, in England, on the subject of the tariff. It was written in 1775, and the italics are ours:

> "To expect, indeed, that the freedom of trade should ever be entirely restored in Great Britain is as absurd as to expect that an Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it. Not only the prejudices of the public, but, what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it. Were the officers of the army to oppose, with the same zeal and unanimity, any reduction in the number of forces with which master-manufacturers set themselves against every law which is likely to increase the number of their rivals in the home market; were the former to animate their soldiers in the same manner that the latter inflame their workmen, to attack with violence and outrage the proposers of any such regulation—to attempt to reduce the army would be as dangerous as it has now become to attempt to diminish in any respect the monopoly which our manufacturers have obtained against us. This monopoly has so much increased the number of some particular tribes of them that, like an overgrown standing army, they have become formidable to the Government, and upon many occasions intimidate the Legislature. The member of Parliament who supports any proposal for strengthening this monopoly *is sure to acquire not only the reputation of understanding trade*, but *great popularity and influence* with an order of men whose numbers and wealth render them of great importance. If he opposes them, on the contrary, and, still more, if he has authority enough to be able to thwart them, neither the most acknowledged probity, nor the highest rank, nor *the greatest public services, can protect him from the most infamous abuse and detraction, from personal insults*, nor sometimes from real danger, arising from the insolent outrage of furious and disappointed monopolists."

THINGS PLAIN TO BE SEEN.

The President, from whom some persons—we confess we were of the number—expected some assistance in the work of reforming the civil service, has been, during the past few months, doing a good deal to aggravate some of its worst evils. The Sickles appointment was startling, but Sickles had at least a "war record." That of Mr. Murphy to the collectorship of this port was the first open indication the public had that the hopes excited in the earlier days of the administration were going to be disappointed. Mr. Murphy's sole claim to General Grant's confidence rested on the fact that he was an active, energetic, unscrupulous New York politician of the "fast" type, versed in all the arts and devices peculiar to his class. He belongs to a school which, during the past six or seven years, has amused and disgusted all intelligent people in this city by its professions of intense sympathy with the great "moral ideas" of the Republican party, and with its horror of treason and corruption, but which finds no difficulty in furnishing Tammany Hall with plenty of candidates for its minor offices, and which, while frowning on Fisk and Tweed in public, is only too glad to drink their champagne in private, and laugh with them over the ups and downs of their common profession. Indeed, Mr. Murphy's love of horses, and his thorough knowledge of the art of using "offices" for party purposes, are the only reasons, so far as our knowledge goes, which anybody has ever had the audacity to put forward for putting him at the head of the custom-house through which the Government receives by far the larger portion of its revenue. Since his appointment we have heard no complaints whatever from the corrupt and disreputable band who form the Republican committees in this city of the "mismanagement" of the party, and we are not surprised to hear that the unfortunate clerks, whose salaries are already insufficient to support their families decently or to save them from crime, are at this writing undergoing an assessment, nominally to help to save the country from traitors, but in reality, as far as this city is concerned, to prevent one gang of peculators from being ousted by another.

This has been followed more recently by wholesale dismissals in Missouri of officers who were so ill-advised as to side with the Schurz wing of the Republican party. It would have been perfectly proper and reasonable to have forbidden all Federal officers to participate in the contest. As between two sections of Republicans about whose fidelity to the fundamental ideas of the party organization there is no question, and who have separated either on questions of strictly State interest, with which the Administration has nothing to do, and on which the President can hardly pretend to have an opinion to which Missouri men are bound to defer, or on questions of Federal policy on which the Republican party in Congress has hitherto found no difficulty in differing—the duty of the Administration is simply one of neutrality, and neutrality it ought to enjoin on all its officials, if it enjoins anything at all. It is hardly necessary to say to rational men that no party was ever yet saved from defeat or ruin by these devices. If its ideas do not retain sufficient hold over the people to make its triumph certain, the dismissal of lukewarm or hostile clerks and postmasters will not save it; and it is a fact worth remarking that, ever since the present tenure of office was introduced, the vigor with which this means of ensuring victory has been used has always been in the inverse ratio of the party strength with the public. Whenever the administration begins to apply the whip savagely to the poor jades in the public offices, it is almost a sure sign that its reliance on better things is growing weak. "Party discipline" in the custom-house and the marshals' offices and the Treasury was never so strict as in Buchanan's day, when the enemy was at the gates. In the Cabinet, there are two firm friends of civil service reform—two men who are convinced that, until the American people insist on it, we need not look for much else from a change of parties than a change in the nature and instruments of corruption—we mean Mr. Fish and Mr. Cox. The possibility of making much change for the better in his department was taken out of Mr. Fish's hands at the very outset by Mr. Washburne, who, having been appointed to the State Department *ad interim*, as a compliment, for one short fortnight, seized that opportunity of filling nearly all the consulates and other offices with his own creatures and hangers-on—an unprecedented performance, which might have prepared everybody, and did prepare most people, for the exhibition which he is now making of himself in Paris. Mr. Fish came into office, therefore, tied hand and foot, and since then the President, whose appanage the diplomatic service is, has apparently labored under no restraint. The appointment of Sickles and dismissal of Motley are acts which do not admit of explanation, and for which it would be ludicrous to apologize.

Mr. Cox has fared better. He has managed to introduce into his department—and particularly the Patent Office and Census Bureau—by simply putting in force a law which his predecessors disregarded, a real test of the intelligence and education of candidates for office, by substituting a *bona-fide* examination for a chat and a smoke, and the result is that he has now a set of employees such as the United States has not seen in its civil service for many a long day. It is needless to say that this has made him intensely obnoxious to "the men inside politics," who are laboring zealously for his removal, and whose hands his colleague in the Treasury strengthens very materially by studiously repudiating all desire for a change, and giving up his great army of subordinates to be "rotated," intimidated, and cheated, as the sub-managers of the party and the more unscrupulous Congressmen may please, and pretending to look on this seething mass of rascality and corruption as a necessary incident of "democracy." From the President at least Mr. Cox was entitled to look for hearty and continuous support, and we are not prepared to say that he has accorded him no support; but when we see him compel Mr. Cox, on the request of the party intriguers, to accord clerks a second vacation in one year, under full pay, in order to enable them to go home and vote, when they had been previously informed that they must either take their vacation at the voting period or forfeit their pay if they a second time withdrew from their duties, we find it very hard to say what it is the public service owes him, either as regards its efficiency or discipline. It is bad enough to allow one of his secretaries to make the Treasury a hot-bed of low jobbery, but it is worse not to stand by the others who try to do better.

Now, we do not mean to say that the worst results of persistence in this policy are yet visible. The Democratic party still manages to behave in such fashion as to keep the Republicans in power almost in spite of themselves. It would be hard for them to get into any scrape from which the Democratic chiefs would not do a good deal to extricate them. But one does not need to be a sage to see that even Democratic support is wearing out, that we must have new ideas and new plans, and that those new plans must be questions of practical reform. We must have a party which will reform the civil service, and so take out of politics the great element of that corruption which is day by day appalling the public; we must have revenue reform, and thus dry up another source of corruption, from which Congress is the most direct sufferer, but the effects of which on the industry of the country are also most pernicious. We must, too, have minority representation, which will give that half—it is only a slight exaggeration to call it so—of the voting population which is now excluded from all direct share in the government, and which contains a great deal of what is most thoughtful, conscientious, and intelligent in the population—a chance of being heard in the legislatures. We must have the Cabinet officers on the floor of the House, so that the country may have some better means of finding out what the Executive is doing than the gossip of Washington correspondents and the *ex-parte* statements of hostile and expectant Congressmen. There is a generation growing up rapidly to whom the controversies on which the Republican party is trying to live come only as a tradition of a state of things of which they have had no experience, and which will not be much longer amused by catch-words, and to whom the old politician and his esquire the old editor are becoming a pair of ancient and diverting persons, whose battle-cries are curious, but not exciting.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

From the seas to the Alps, Germany clamors for the annexation—or, as it is there called, the reannexation—of Alsace and Eastern Lorraine. It is a national cry which can surprise nobody. Germany lost

Alsace when the Thirty Years' War had doomed her to disintegration; she lost Lorraine when that disintegration was sealed by the rapid rise of the Prussian kingdom in antagonism to the power of the Hapsburgs. Both were torn from her by a rival neighbor, greedy of expansion and supremacy; she reclaims them at the moment when she is about re-establishing her unity, under new auspices, after an unprovoked deadly grapple with that rival, and after victories both so dearly purchased and so grand as to give her an uncontested right to dictate the terms of peace. It is not merely a popular clamor, raised by cheap journalists, by professional framers of resolutions, and other expounders, in prose or verse, of the trite theme, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" It is the expression of public opinion in the better sense of the term; of an earnest conviction pervading the German mind that the propitious moment for definitively settling Germany's old account with the French has now arrived, and that this settlement must be carried through, regardless of all opposition, and regardless of any amount of sacrifice it may still entail. It is evident that the current of national opinion in Germany in this respect is as even as was the tide of victory which carried the German arms to Paris—only very few making any attempts to head the torrent. That eminent publicist, Treitschke, vigorously urges the reannexation; Wolfgang Menzel, the historian, is naturally no less emphatic in demanding it—he whom so many years ago Börne called the *Franzosenfresser;* that more distinguished historian, Prof. Sybel, takes the same side, and so do Bohlmann and many other political writers of repute; and even Auerbach, the gentle novelist, exclaims: "Alsace must again become German; our stolen possession be again brought home."

But, in spite of this enthusiastic and almost unanimous outcry of Germany for Alsace and Lorraine, Count Bismarck, though himself not overscrupulous in matters of "revindication" and annexation, expresses no desire for those provinces—at least for neither in its entirety—and lays stress only on Metz and Strasbourg when speaking of the terms of peace. Even before the surrender of Sedan, and, of course, long before the fall of Strasbourg, he was determined to have those two fortresses, as he then told the *Tribune* correspondent at the headquarters of the King, but he repudiated the idea of annexing either Lorraine or Alsace. After Sedan, he expressed the same view before the same gentleman, but somewhat ambiguously. "Our people," he said, "think we must have those German provinces France took from us many years ago. We must at least render France powerless to menace us by the same road. Metz and Strasbourg we must have, and we ask no more than is necessary to our own safety." When, a few days later, Mr. Malet, the second secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, asked him for his ultimatum, he laconically answered: "We must have Metz and Strasbourg"—although the cession of "all Alsace and a portion of Lorraine" was then already much talked of in official circles of North and South Germany. In his circular of September 16, addressed to the North German representatives abroad, he speaks of "the unanimous voice of the German governments and the German people demanding better boundaries;" but his own reflections refer only to the two great fortresses, and he adds: "We shall demand only what we must have for our defence." In a later circular, it is true, he informs the diplomatic world that the possession by Germany of Metz and Strasbourg is to involve a new Moselle district, to be created for her out of the Lotharingian arrondissements of Sarrebourg and Château Salins (Department of Meurthe), Sarreguemines, Metz, and Thionville (Moselle); and another diplomatic missive, dated Ferrières, Oct. 1, finally announces that the cession of Strasbourg and Metz is to be "in territorial connection"—that is, that a portion, at least, of the Alsatian Department of the Lower Rhine, in which Strasbourg is situated, is to be added to the above-mentioned Moselle district—and that this "implies a reduction of French territory equal in area to the increase through Savoy and Nice," and a reduction of the population of France by about 750,000. But even these demands are still modest, falling short by more than half of those of "the people of Germany."

We do not know the precise reasons which determine the moderate course of Count Bismarck—moderate at least in comparison with what others advise as both legitimate and expedient. But we do know that there are many weighty arguments in favor of moderation. First, it is not true that Alsace and Lorraine are really German territories in regard to nationality. Geographically, it is true, they belong to the river system of Germany; a part of their rural population—chiefly of Alsace—speaks a German patois; and in olden times they formed divisions of the Germanic Empire. But there is hardly a population in France more sincerely French in sentiment than this border people of mixed descent; there is none more patriotically attached to the reminiscences of the Revolution and of the First Empire; none more bitterly hostile to the foreigner. East-Lotharingian and Alsatian Mobile and National Guards have had their full share in the obstinate defence of many a fortified place besieged by the Prussians. The war correspondence of Germany teems with evidences of the intense hatred which the inhabitants of Lorraine display toward the invaders; beyond Sarrebourg there is, according to the best testimony, "not a trace of *Deutschthum*" to be discovered in that province; and "that the Alsatians would be most disloyal subjects of the King of Prussia, in spite of the great majority of them speaking the German language and being of Teutonic origin," we have from the lips of Bismarck himself, if his words be correctly reported. And Bismarck himself, though he has silenced by imprisonment the voice of Dr. Jacoby of Königsberg—the most prominent of those who venture to set themselves against public opinion—and though very little disposed to respect the rights of the people whose territory Prussia needs "for her safety," must have felt the correctness of the staunch old liberal's words, "that every incorporation of foreign territory against the will of its inhabitants is . . . . as blamable as it is dangerous." The inconsistency involved, as Jacoby justly shows, in demanding Alsace and Lorraine on national grounds while keeping Posen would hardly frighten Bismarck from swallowing the new prey, if desired; but he is fully aware that a new Posen, and that severed from France and situated on its confines, can be no addition to the strength of Prussia.

And then the various difficulties in executing the annexation of those provinces to Germany must be considered. Granting that France will be forced to cede them, and Russia, Austria, and the rest of Europe will lay no obstacle in the way of the conqueror, to which state of Germany shall they be annexed? Bavaria and Würtemberg, kingdoms whose continued good-will is at this moment as precious as their services to the common cause in the war have been important, are decidedly averse to their annexation to Prussia, for this would make her envelope South-west Germany in a way little short of absorption. Their annexation, or the annexation of Alsace alone, to Bavaria would render this state, whose semi-independence is still somewhat obnoxious to Prussia, powerful enough to hold her own, and too much exposed to the temptation of recovering an entirely independent position by the aid of France, whose alliance she could then any moment secure through the restitution of the annexed territories. Würtemberg is separated from the French provinces by Baden; and Baden itself—the only one of the South-western German States which is unconditionally friendly to the supremacy of Prussia—would be dragged into the opposition by the weight of Alsace alone, were this to be annexed to her, and were she able to keep it. Nor must it be forgotten that the absorption of all Alsace and East Lorraine would, in any case, involve an addition of a million and a half of Catholics to the population of South-western Germany, that is to say, a considerable augmentation of the anti-Prussian element in that section—a section whose union with the states forming the North-German Confederation, whether under the present constitution of the latter or under a new one to be framed, is still a matter of time. This time may not be remote, but peace, if not a necessity of the present, is certainly the nearest objective point in the eyes of the Prussian statesmen, and they will but reluctantly consider any popular demands apt to augment the complications hampering its speedy conclusion or to endanger its duration.

TALKS WITH BISMARCK.

BERLIN, September 27, 1870.

BISMARCK's last two circulars—the first dated Rheims, September 13, and the other from Meaux on the 16th—indicating the policy which the

German cabinet will pursue towards France to end the present war, are models of diplomatic ability and terseness. It is a rare occurrence in the history of diplomacy that, in despatches like the present ones, the political facts and prospects are stated in such an open language and without the least reserve. Bismarck despises the crooked and winding ways of the old diplomatic school, and rather calls back to our memory the best times of Greek and Roman statesmanship. Only that statesman can speak so freely and frankly who has his whole nation behind him, and gives vent to its noblest feelings. There is no German who does not sign the annihilating judgment Bismarck passes upon the French, and from this time at least there will be no neutral who can justly complain that the ends and aims of Germany are not clearly stated. As in common life, so in great state affairs, sincerity and truth are, and always will be, the best tests for the correctness and justice of a nation's position; and, whatever may be said against the character of the German claims, no one will deny that they are incontrovertibly fortified by Germany's sad experience of French inroads and attacks in the last two hundred years.

Several English papers have lately published incidental remarks of Bismarck to English reporters and travellers, which all tend to show his great modesty in his conditions for a peace. His official despatches, however, prove how little these reports can be relied on. I do not deny that they are true, but I will state here, once for all, that all public sayings of Bismarck must be accepted with the greatest caution. He has his own way of making those of his views known to the world which he wants to have circulated. As leading statesmen in other countries make their electioneering addresses or dinner speeches, he invites an influential newspaper editor or correspondent, and in such an insinuating manner makes them the confidants of his often real, often simulated plans, that they implicitly believe in him. It is Bismarck's custom to flatter national wishes and prejudices whenever it serves his interests. In this instance, his remarks were expressly prepared for the English market, and he has fully achieved his object, as he has extended his sympathies with the English people. I do not say that Bismarck intentionally wishes to mislead people, but he dwells with emphasis on that side of a complicated question which he knows will find an echo in the heart of his hearer.

I have never known a man who is so full of resources as he. It is as if half-a-dozen intellects had served to compose his head. Physical and moral courage, shrewdness and an indomitable will, wit and humor, sagacity and recklessness, a certain intuitive comprehension of men's characters and calm steadiness, I do not know which of these qualities is most wonderfully developed in this modern Proteus, this personification—to finish the Greek simile—of both Ulysses and Ajax. He knows no practical nor theoretical difficulty, and if there were still a proof required that he really is a great statesman, it would be given in the fact that he handles the obstacles thrown in his way as the most efficient weapons for attaining his ends. Besides this, he possesses a frankness doubly surprising, as it always hits the point, and expresses itself sometimes in rough but always significant terms. Bismarck speaks English with a foreign accent, but likes to use it with his English visitors, and never misses the right word or the right expression, or fails to give a sharp point to his sentence. He enchants all his visitors with the affable manner in which he treats them. They expect to see a stiff, reserved state dignitary, and they find a ready talker, a witty companion, who laughs as heartily as they do, and with the same irreverence, at the official and unofficial nonsense which rules this world—who likes and makes a good joke, and chats with them as if they were old chums.

In his use of strong expressions Bismarck cannot be surpassed by the reddest radical. To a friend of mine he said: "If you have some business with a high Prussian functionary, a privy councillor, you must be so rough that to beat him would appear to be the next resort; then he will be polite and obliging." And on another occasion: "You have no idea of the self-conceit of the whole royal race." When he returned from his first interview with Napoleon, at Biarritz, he gave his opinion of the Emperor, who was almost deified at the time, in the few words: "A good fellow, but a poor stick!" To the Austrian minister, when this gentleman rather incredulously received one of Bismarck's assertions, he said a few weeks before the outbreak of the war of 1866: "I never make a false statement whenever I can avoid it. In your case it is not necessary. Therefore I have no earthly interest to deceive you, and you can believe my words." When I saw him in May last, Bismarck gave me some very interesting details about his endeavors to bring about the war against Austria. "I expected," he said, "to have been ready in the spring of 1863, but *our* Niebelung-treasure means the mobilization of 500,000 men, and it is difficult to raise it, to obtain the order from the King. On account of the secret and open opposition of the court dragons and of the intrigues and cotillon influences of princely and noble old women, it took three years before the King signed the order of mobilization and declared war. I was like a hunter creeping on his belly to get a shot at the game, but I finally struck it after enormous pains and efforts. Whenever I thought I had conquered all resistance, new difficulties sprang up. To this court rabble I am indebted for my sickness, not to my open and secret enemies. I knew beforehand that in 1866 we should beat the Austrians. Our generals, with the exception of great Moltke and bull-dog Steinmetz, were asses (*Esel*), but our fighting material was excellent; each soldier thought for himself, and the subaltern officers cannot too highly be praised for their intellect, education, and bravery. If we had been defeated at Königgrätz, I should have been obliged to leave the country, for to the hatred I richly enjoyed on the part of the Liberals was added the bitter animosity of the court rabble. An old friend and general who met me on the battlefield immediately after the victory was won, was perfectly right in saying to me: 'This time, Bismarck, our soldiers, with their needle-guns, have fought you out of the scrape, which is much better than if the old women, with their sticks, had driven you out of the country!' In the Luxemburg question, in 1867, I tried with all my power to avoid a war with France, for war is always a poor, losing business, and great nations have better things to do than to strive for military laurels. Once go to war and where will it end? Each year I gained I considered an immense profit. The French had also threatened England, and nevertheless it did not come to a war. I therefore thought it my duty to avoid it. If the French insist upon a war they shall have it, but I apprehend that we shall have a repetition of wars, succeeding each other, like those at the end of the last and in the beginning of the present century."

When Bismarck spoke these words, all Europe was in deep peace, and no one could have foreseen the thorough thrashing which the Germans would give the French.

"These diplomatists at small courts," Bismarck continues, taking up another subject, "are an unmitigated nuisance: shallow, lazy fellows who do not see and observe public affairs, but pick up court gossip from the chambermaids or ladies-in-waiting. What can you do with these good-for-nothing cosmopolitan loiterers? I cannot act as I should like to, but since I have been at the head of the foreign department, I have at least cut down the list of the fatherlandless Excellencies to one-half of their original number." In this way he went on for an hour with scarcely an interruption.

And this same man is a very strict disciplinarian in his department—a superior who hardly tolerates an independent man, who requires implicit obedience, and knows only servants and clerks, but not friends and advisers. In the present emergency, his direction of German politics is an advantage and blessing for our people. In its dealings with France it needs not only a tried diplomatist, a haughty and fiery spirit, but also a man who acknowledges no superior to himself, who can in no way be duped and trifled with—a man, in short, who knows how to make his nation's *sic volo, sic jubeo*, respected by the whole world. In all her foreign relations Germany cannot be more ably represented than by Bismarck, and as long as they occupy the foreground of events, he will act and always be found in sympathy with his people.

The popularity, however, which he has won by two successful wars, will, I apprehend, wither in the times of peace. Bismarck has neither interest for nor understanding of civil freedom, self-government, and constitutional liberty. His is a despotic character, he is an ingrained legitimist, who considers it his special calling to hold down popular development if it does not directly serve his purposes. What Germany next needs is a Bismarck for its home policy, a man who knows how to develop more fully, or rather to give free scope to those rich resources and qualities of character by which Germany has just won the admiration of the civilized world and earned the hatred of the French and the Fenians. In her days of misfortune and national degradation she had such a man in the great Baron Stein. Will she be less productive in the success of her military greatness and prosperity?

Let me conclude this hasty sketch with an anecdote which proves that the common saying that the sons of great men do not amount to much—*heroum filii nequam*—has its exceptions. Bismarck's sons have at least inherited the wit of their illustrious father. While studying at Bonn they were often visited and bored by English travellers who went sight-seeing, and for this purpose called on the sons of the Prussian statesman. One day one of the young Bismarcks—the same who for his bravery in the field has just been made an ensign by the King—passed down stairs, when he met several English snobs, trying to see the young man. "Is this the place," they asked, "where the Counts Bismarck live?" "Yes," replied young Bismarck, "this is their residence; but the show only takes place twice a week, and you will have to call another day," and therewith he went his way.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

YOUNG YALE ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Unless you are utterly wearied with the whole subject, may a middle-aged Yalensian, near enough to the meridian to be identified with Young Yale, say a few words?

At the recent Commencement of Yale College, the active co operation of the alumni with the instructors was made a subject of special consideration. It was generally conceded that, notwithstanding the liberality of Yale's benefactors, money could be better applied to "bread and butter" than to "bricks and mortar." The Faculty were under-paid, the library needed funds, and the law school deserved to be placed on a better footing —in short, your article on "The New Education at Yale" (Feb. 3, 1870) expressed the views of many alumni in reference to the whole College as well as to its different departments. Your readers not graduates of Yale should know that Wednesday, the day before the commencement exercises, is peculiarly the alumni meeting—Thursday afternoon being given up to after-dinner speeches and class responses. At Wednesday's meeting the discussion was in a great measure devoted to devising some plan by which the graduates could manifest a practical interest in the everyday life of the College; it ended, as most alumni discussions end, in the appointment of a committee and the accomplishment of nothing. Of course the idea of alumni co-operation was not only suggested but strongly urged. Young Yale claimed a right to participate in that which it was asked to foster; it requested representation where there was to be taxation, offering to bear its full share of the burden. This was the state of affairs on Wednesday; naturally the same subject was referred to on the succeeding day; and it is the response on behalf of the class of 1860, at the alumni dinner of Thursday, which has called forth so much criticism in your columns from "M. A." to "Great Cry and Little Wool." It is not my purpose to defend the speech then made; its author can properly care for himself at any time; it gave great satisfaction at the time, not only because, coming after a very poor dinner, it was good of its kind, but also because it had the ring of something more progressive than had been heard at Yale College for some time. Young Yale had already spoken in behalf of alumni co-operation by Prof. Fiske, of Chicago, and through the class of 1855; the class of 1860 (by a spokesman whose views, by the way, are entitled to much respect from the "bread and butter" standpoint) wound up the subject very well with what President Woolsey termed the "second warning to the Faculty."

Now, it is not quite fair that either Young Yale or the representative of the class of 1860 should be classed in your columns as antagonists to clergymen, mere hunters after big-named men, or electioneerers for the President's son; it is not quite fair that the claims of Young Yale should be ignored for the purpose of criticising the phraseology of our after-dinner speech, or the letter of a correspondent. The evil exists that in (as we say) the first college of the country, a suitable and proper pecuniary support is wanting.

Young Yale thinks that a participation in the active business affairs of the college will interest her alumni in her welfare. Old Yale shrugs its shoulders at the innovation and suggests nothing.

Young Yale wages no war upon clergymen; it simply asks that practical business men, who manage their own affairs well, shall be equally eligible with ministers to a voice in the management of the affairs of the corporation. It is not with their cloth we differ, and if at times we think them as a class a little slow, they must bear in mind that as a rule the laity serve better as committees on ways and means, and look to their own parishes for the proof.

Young Yale sees no virtue in accidental senators, chosen by lot, participating in the corporate management; if the State and the college must be united, some better mode of selecting rulers could be devised than the caprice of the black bean.

We desire to see the college a university, its law school the first in the land, its library without a rival, the whole college life invigorated with zeal and energy, its Faculty not forced to teach at odd hours or coach dilatory students to eke out a livelihood not afforded by half-rations, and a sound pecuniary prosperity established in all its departments. We believe the young blood of Young Yale would better secure such end and serve our alma mater; at all events, a want of harmony among its alumni will do no good; and should a few white cravats give place to more gaudy neck-ties in uniting the different views of the alumni, the college will in our opinion be none the worse for the change. Anyhow, is it too much to ask of your critics justice as to Young Yale's motives even if they stick pins into its representatives?

C. G. C.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. J. S. REDFIELD will publish an entirely new edition, with revisions and additions, of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass;" also, a sequel to the foregoing, entitled "Passage to India," and, in prose, "Democratic Vistas," by the same author.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers' fall list of publications is, as usual, a promise of entertainment for readers. It embraces: "The Monitions of the Unseen," and other new poems, by Jean Ingelow, with illustrations; a new edition of Judd's "Margaret;" "Ten Times One is Ten," by Rev. E. E. Hale, a story belonging to the "Ingham" series; "Aspendale," by Miss Harriet W. Preston, which the publishers say is not only a story but an essay, and, at all events, concerns New England life; Arthur Helps's "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," and "Short Essays and Aphorisms;" another of George Sand's novels, "The Snow Man;" "Pericles and Aspasia," by Walter Savage Landor; "Roman Imperialism, and Other Papers," by Prof. Seeley, author of "Ecce Homo," together with his "Lectures on Roman History;" and, finally, "Illustrations to Goethe's Faust," in silhouette by Paul Konewka, the accompanying text being from Mr. Bayard Taylor's forthcoming translation of "Faust." The juvenile books announced by Messrs. Roberts Bros., partly in connection with English houses, are too numerous to mention here, but will deserve the attention of purveyors for the holidays.——Several religious works are announced by Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.: "The Percys," by E. Prentiss;" "Looking Back; or, Memories of the Past," by Mary B. A. King; "Holiness through Faith," by R. P. S.; "Prayers and Devotional Meditations," collected from the Psalms of David, by Elihu Burritt; "Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Romans," by W. S. Plumer, D.D.; and "Culture and the Gospel," by Rev. S. McCall.

—The following argument against the immigration of the Chinese—or the "coolie system," as it is called—was read the other day in Philadelphia at an "anti-coolie meeting." It came from Mr. Thomas, the late collector of the port, and we confess staggers us. Nothing Wendell Phillips has produced can compare with it for native vigor:

> "So much am I opposed to their coming, in consequence of the evil consequesces resulting from their contact with us to our morrals or politiks, and our labour, that I would if it were within my power build a chinese wall on our Western coast so high that it would be imposible for them to scale it. Whilst we cordially invite emigrats from Germany, Ireland, France, Prussia, &c. who come hearr to cast their lot with us, become naturalized and lay down their bones in our soil, we have a right to apply a verry diferent rule to those who come hearr for a few years to interfere with our labour, collect together a sum of money and then go back to China. They have indeed no right to come *hearr at all*."

—The London correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, who was in Paris a few days before the city began to be really besieged, reports the observations which he made of that class of sojourners to whom we lately paid our respects—"the Americans in Paris." He studied them at "Thorpe's" and in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel, and the picture, though it has been drawn many times, may still excite a blush among their countrymen at home who do not merit being so disgracefully misrepresented. The relations between wealth and culture are so different in Europe and in the United States that Europeans are not to be blamed if they take the worst specimens of us for average specimens, and conclude—as they justly may from what they see—that the morals of this republic are such as to make our pretence of being shocked at their morals seem downright hypocrisy. Until they are undeceived, they will probably continue to be, as the Germans have already begun to be, chary of receiving our boys and girls in their *pensions*, even when it is not visible at a glance that they are ill-bred, insubordinate, and immodest in dress and demeanor. Nor can we deny that people who are accounted decent and respectable over here become on the Continent spectators of if they do not participate in the most disreputable amusements, without the honest excuse which Glais-Bizoin offered to his fellow-deputies for having entered one night the Jardin Mabille—that he might see what admirable institutions France was indebted for to the Second Empire. The *Advertiser's* correspondent heard the talk of the Americans who drank their cocktails at Thorpe's, and he found them "more imperial than Palikao, more swaggering than Lebœuf, more dissipated than the departed Duc de Gramont." Their contempt for the provisional government—not as provisional, but as republican—was mingled with regret for the fate of Napoleon, and curses, if not of the Prussians, at least of the war, "not because of the misery it has brought, not because of the wives, mothers, and children it has made desolate, not because of the degradation it has inflicted on a sensitive country, but for the reason that profligate gayety is stopped, that fashionable amusements are suspended, that the Bois is empty, and that the great dandies and the fashionable youths have flown." The women at the Grand Hôtel were not less egoistic in their conversation. "They were, as a rule, almost pathetic in their regrets that the reign of fashion and frivolity was over, and one rarely heard a plaint from them concerning the war which did not bear directly or indirectly upon the pleasures they had lost."

—It is seldom that our modern reviews wander far from the current period in selecting books for notice, unless it may be to avail themselves of the new edition of an old work for a fresh judgment of the author. The *Saturday Review*, of September 17, however, devotes a full page to a small book, written in Latin, published in 1533, and now preserved as part of the Grenville Library in the British Museum. The reason of this remarkable departure from the usual custom lies in the fact that the volume seems to have escaped the notice of all the historians hitherto; and yet, without adding much to our knowledge of the facts in regard to the marriage and divorce of Catharine of Aragon from King Henry VIII., it curiously confirms and connects revelations only lately obtained from several different sources. Thus it corroborates the hesitation of Pope Julius II. to grant a dispensation for the marriage of the then Prince of Wales with his brother's widow—a fact favorable to the view taken by the Protestant side that the marriage was void *per se*, and that the dispensation finally granted for it was beyond the power of the Pope; (2) the non-consummation of the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catharine—a fact in accordance with the Queen's own persistent assertions; and (3) the intention of Henry VII. and actual proposal to marry himself his son's widow—which agrees with the testimony of the Simancas Record, as first discovered by Bergenroth. The second statement is sustained by transcribing in full in the original Spanish a letter from Ferdinand to his ambassador at the Court of Rome, admitting that, though it was well known that the marriage had not been consummated, the contrary was asserted in the dispensation sent to the Pope for his approval—the object being to have a dispensation which should cover all possible objections that might afterwards be raised, and be itself protected against doubts as to its own validity.

—The French having chosen to put forward their struggle with Prussia as one of races, and the Prussians having accepted this view so far as to speak disrespectfully of the Latin race, perhaps even a little contemptuously, we are glad to observe that the Italians are not disposed to allow France to usurp the prerogative of defending the common stock against its traducers. They improve the occasion of the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power to remind Germany that Europe is indebted not only to the Latin race for the example of separating church and state, but to that portion of it which lives south of the Alps. And modern Italy need not be ashamed of a great many other examples of genius and of institutions. "The eagerness of the French to appear as the political heirs of Rome" was remarked by Du Bois-Reymond, rector of the University of Berlin, in dismissing the students for their war-vacation on August 3:

> "In one respect," he went on to say, "they are thereby greatly wronging themselves, for they vastly surpass the Romans in mental fertility and æsthetic endowments. But while we cannot absolve them from the vices of imperial Rome, we cannot give them credit for the virtues of the Roman republic. The talent Romans had for colonization is entirely wanting, the best results which they were able to glean from the conquest of Algiers consisting in the peculiar aptitude of the original brood of pirates for being utilized in their own mode of warfare. . . . Can anything be more silly than the analogy adopted by the French between their kingdom, their First Republic, their First Empire, and the nominally apposite phases of Roman history? This fiction had its origin with the First Napoleon, who thereby made the form of government of imperial Rome palatable to the French. The faith therein is carefully nurtured by the nephew. His uncle is *Cæsar;* the ungrateful peoples who would not accept their beatitude at his hands, but shut him up at St. Helena, are Brutus and Cassius; he himself, of course, is Octavius."

—We have thus far only seen two public expressions of feeling and opinion about the war, and the terms of peace, emanating from Frenchmen, which we could read without regret. One comes from Auguste Laugel, who is well known in this country, in a letter to the *London Times*, and the other from Ernest Renan, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of September 15, of which only a few copies have reached this country. M. Laugel frankly admits that none of the public men of France opposed the war as it ought to have been opposed, but declares that the curse of the Imperial régime was that the public men who grew up under it did not represent France, and that there is in France a public, of which M. Laugel is one member, which the Empire crushed out of sight, but which, now that the Empire is gone, may be depended on to resume its legitimate weight, and give Germany such moral guarantees for future peace as will make material ones unnecessary. He says German unity is based

> "on unparalleled development in all branches of human intellect, literature, poetry, philosophy, and science. This feeling of German unity was merely poetical at first; if it has taken a material, and, perhaps, too material a form, it is owing to the cruelty of the first French Empire and to the insolence of the second. I believe that the ungenerous policy of '*divide ut imperes*' ought to be abandoned by France; and I am no more disposed to interfere in the interior affairs of Germany than in those of America."

He goes on to add, however, that all depends now on Prussian moderation. Prussian excesses may bring a restored Empire, or a socialist republic, which would be the ruin of France, while a liberal monarchy or a conservative republic would give her a policy of non-intervention, disarmament, of economy and honesty; and he asks for indulgence for the present holders of power, as the acceptors of a terrible heritage. In fact, wiser, calmer, truer words have not yet been spoken on behalf of France. But then, many French sympathizers in this country will be shocked by M. Laugel's demand for a "liberal monarchy, a *conservative* republic," which makes us fear he does not understand France, Frenchman though he be. If he will only come over here, we will put him in communication with a few friends in Massachusetts who have never set foot in that country, but who will make it plain as a pikestaff to him that what France needs is a real roaring, radical, frantic red republic, with clubs, lectures, six-hour laws, occasional redistributions of property, and, in fact, a frequent overhauling of the whole social organization from garret to cellar.

—Renan's article, which is entitled "La France et l'Allemagne," has all the brilliancy, incisiveness, and clearness which give the best French writing so much of its charm, but, at the same time, a breadth of view, and a keenness of the historical sense, and elevation above all passions of the hour, which make him, perhaps, the most effective and instructive of living French political commentators, and make one regret that in this field he has done so little. He talks coldly, to be sure, as one who really feels, as he says, that this war, over which Europe is weeping, "like all else here below, is only an episode in an everlasting dream—a wrinkle on the surface of an infinity which produces us and then absorbs us;" but his coolness, in a time of general heat and brawl, serves, as an aid to reflection, all the purposes of silence and seclusion. He says the war is an awful misfortune, which puts an end for the present to the prospect of a close union of France, Germany, and England in the work of civilization. The Germans are naturally "separatists," but the idea of unity was bred amongst them, by French brutality, first under the French monarchy and then under Napoleon I. The new Germany is the result of the battle of Jena. The agitation was put to sleep by the sage policy of Louis Philippe; it was roused into activity by Louis Napoleon's Italian war and the annexation of Nice and Savoy. From that moment, France began to be again suspected, and justly suspected, by Germany. Austria, being two-thirds Slave, could never form the nucleus of Germany; Prussia became so naturally; and the basis of the Prussian monarchy being the northern provinces, still under the domination of feudal ideas, and possessing a feudal social organization, her progress has been tainted all along by feudalism and is still characterized by it. Bismarck's plans were elaborated with the knowledge and approval of Louis Napoleon, but the latter was obliged, in order to be able to make head against the "taquineries" of the opposition, to ask for what Germany could not be expected to cede, while Bismarck found himself forced by German opinion into an attitude towards France which was no part of his original programme. He denies that war between the two countries was inevitable. Time would probably have removed the danger; the death of the present King, and the accession of the Crown Prince, of the wisdom and moderation of whose character, and that of the Princess, he speaks strongly, would have changed the state of things in Prussia. He charges the responsibility of the war, however, partly on Prussian hardness, interestedness, and want of generosity, but mainly on the superficiality of French newspapers, the presumption and obstinacy of French military men, but more than all on the "pouvoir personnel" of the Emperor. He protests strongly against the abstraction of Alsace and Lorraine, as likely to prove fatal to French unity, and predicts, as the result of the subsidence of German fear of France, the disappearance of Prussia from the scene, or, rather, its absorption in a free and united Germany; but as long as France and Germany remain at daggers drawn, Prussia, in virtue of her military power, must predominate. Some of his analyses—such as that of the causes of present German hostility to France, and his reasons for believing that France cannot copy the Prussian military institutions—are striking and interesting. Indeed, the whole article is perhaps the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of the war, and forms a strange contrast to the hysterical cries and vain babblings even of such men as Louis Blanc and Charles de Mazade.

—The Imperial Public Library of St. Petersburg has received a valuable contribution from General Abramoff, commanding in Turkestan. It is a copy of the Koran belonging to the Caliph Osman, and said to be the one written by Osman himself, which he was reading at the time of his death, his blood-stains being still visible. It was one of the treasures of the library of Tamerlane, and has been for a very long time preserved in the Mosque Hodja-Akhrar at Samarkand, having been presented to its founder by the Caliph at Constantinople. General Abramoff obtained it in return for a few hundred roubles presented to the mosque. The manuscript is written in the Cufic script, without points or marks, and, whether it is or not the original of Osman, is unquestionably of very great antiquity, and has for hundreds of years been an object of adoration at Samarkand.

—The efforts to settle the Hebrew question in Western Russia, where the Jews form 36 per cent. of the population, and where they have in their hands nearly all of the trade, and in the north-western provinces 73 per cent. of the real estate in the cities and towns, has led to the publication at Wilna of a very curious book—"The Book of Kahal," by J. Braphmann. It consists chiefly of authentic documents signed by the rabbinical authorities, with the necessary explanations and excursuses. These go to prove that the Jews in Western Russia form separate aristocratico-republican communities, bound together among themselves, with their own government, laws, judges, and schools, living among but totally distinct from the native populations. They have even their own language—Hebrew for documents, and a mixture of German, Polish, and Hebrew for common life. This rabbinical government is called the Kahal, which possesses an unappealable despotic power, and the laws are derived from the Talmud. The Jews are forbidden by the Kahal ever to have recourse to the Russian tribunals, and the doctrine is stated that the Russian laws are not binding on them. According to the author, the Kahal does much more than the Government to prevent the Jews from coalescing with the Russian population, as their regulations penetrate to the innermost details of private life, regulating the number of guests at feasts and marriages, the musicians, etc. The instruments by which the patrician caste keep their predominance over the plebeians are excommunication, which in a town almost entirely Hebrew, such as Berditchev, is civil death, and the taxes which are exacted from various things, and especially from the butchery of cattle according to the Mosaic law. These taxes, curiously enough, are sanctioned and enforced by Russian laws. Sometimes the Jews turn the tables on the Christians, and make them pay the taxes for Jewish institutions. The Kahal, for instance, is allowed a tax on all liquor sold in village taverns kept by Jews. In the north-western provinces, there are no other country taverns, and the tax of course falls on the consumer. In Wilna, a tax was allowed on all provisions sold in a certain quarter of the city inhabited chiefly by Hebrews, and they subsequently succeeded in getting the city fish-market moved there. One curious fact alleged by M. Braphmann, himself a Jew, and seemingly proved by his documents, is that the Kahal regards the property of all Christians as unoccupied and belonging to itself, and sells the right to obtain possession of this in any way from the Christian owner. After such a sale, no other Jew has a right to lend money on the property or buy it. If a Jew buys or gets hold of a Christian's property not previously sold by the Kahal, he must pay a large sum to get a proper document from the Kahal before he can be recognized as the legal owner, under penalty of excommunication. Such a state of things seems in the highest degree improbable, but very curious details are given, and one case is brought up of the sale in this way of the right to *exploiter* and get possession of a whole Franciscan monastery. At all events, the book throws light on some very interesting customs of the Russian Jews. It has already called out a series of severe articles against the Hebrew patriciate in the *Golos*, and has been sharply criticised by the Jewish organ, *The Day*, of Odessa. Many of its statements have, however, been confirmed by recent instances cited by various Jews in other papers. Perhaps some one else will take the subject in hand and give us a true picture of life in these purely Jewish communities.

—We regret to notice that a useful Anglo-Chinese publication—*Notes and Queries on China and Japan*—has been discontinued, owing to certain difficulties encountered by the new proprietor and editor, Mr. Davies. Originally projected and for three years edited by Mr. N. B. Dennys, it was well supported by sinologues and oriental scholars, the names of S. Wells Williams, Edkins, Dr. Martin, Medhurst, Mayers, Schlegel, Galton, and others of celebrity appearing in its pages, while warm testimony to its value was accorded by the press and various literary correspondents both in this country and Europe. Its decease will be a real loss to all interested in Chinese and Japanese life and literature, but it will, we hope, before long, find a successor supported by the same talent as that which rendered it so successful in the beginning.

—A convenient table is given in the last number that has come to hand of the *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal*, an unpretending little periodical published at Foochow. Despite the improvement in modern geographies, we very much doubt if one person in ten thousand, not resident in China, could name the provinces and capital cities of the Celestial Empire; while few have any but the vaguest idea of the districts into which they are divided. The following will therefore be interesting to many—the more so that, next to the open or "treaty" ports, the cities named in the second column are those most frequently referred to in Eastern correspondence:

Province.	Capital City.	Departments.	Sub-departm'ts.	Major Districts.	Minor Districts.	Totals.
Chih-li . . .	Pao-ting-fu . . .	11	..	23	123	157
Kiang-su . .	Kiang-ning-fu . .	8	3	6	62	79
Ngan-hui . .	Ngan-king-fu . .	8	..	9	50	67
Kiang-si . .	Nan-chang-fu . .	13	2	2	75	92
Che-kiang . .	Hang-chow-fu . .	11	3	1	75	90
Fokien . . .	Foo-chow-fu . . .	10	..	2	62	74
Hu-peh . . .	Wu-chang-fu . . .	10	..	8	60	78
Hu-nan . . .	Chang-sha-fu . .	9	4	7	64	84
Ho-nan . . .	Kai-fung-fu . . .	9	1	10	96	116
Shan-tung . .	Chi-nan-fu . . .	10	..	11	96	117
Shan-si . . .	Tai-yuan-fu . . .	9	..	16	85	110
Shan-si . . .	Si-ngan-fu . . .	7	7	10	73	97
Kan-suh . .	Lan-chow-fu . . .	8	2	13	49	72
Szu-chuen . .	Che'eng-tu-fu . .	12	9	19	112	152
Kuang-tung .	Kuang-chow-fu . .	9	2	11	78	100
Kuang-si . .	Kuei-lin-fu . . .	11	..	18	47	76
Yun-nan . .	Yun-nan-fu . . .	14	5	29	39	87
Kuei-chow .	Kuei-yang-fu . . .	12	5	14	33	64
		181	43	209	1,279	1,712

According to the received accounts, which estimate the total number of officials of all grades at a little over 30,000, this would give an average of 110 to each department. The remainder of the number under notice contains some able papers on miscellaneous subjects; "Chinese Arts of Healing," "Marco Polo and Ibn Batuta in Fokien," with a paper on the aboriginal or Miautzŭ tribes of China, are the most noticeable.

—A correspondent informs us that the edition of Marco Polo by Pauthier, to which we referred in our issue of Sept. 29, is likely to be superseded by an English version, now being prepared for the press by Colonel Yule, the well-known orientalist, whose "Travels of Ibn Batuta" show his fitness for the new work he has undertaken. Colonel Yule has been most indefatigable in collecting material, and has been specially aided by residents in China, who have collected much information regarding the geography of places no longer known under their former names, and the identification of which has hitherto been most unsatisfactory. Considerable labor has been expended in defining the old port of Hangchow, once the chief mart of China, but which no longer exists, even in maps dating back to the beginning of the last century. A sandbank now occupies the place of the once famous harbor, and all recollection of its former greatness has totally disappeared amongst the few fishermen who now inhabit the locality. Many disputed points are likely to be cleared up in the forthcoming edition, thanks to the attention which Colonel Yule has succeeded in exciting on the part of brother orientalists. Since Pauthier's time considerable light has been thrown on the generic or tribal names used by Polo in his references to the Chinese of his day, and in this respect the editor's labors are likely to afford some novel and interesting information.

THE PROPOSED REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

I.

THE ORIGINAL TEXT, AND ITS EXEGESIS.

THE surpassing general excellence of the standard English translation of the Bible is universally admitted. In accuracy of rendering, it acknowledges no inferiority to any other version of the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures; in purity and beauty of style, it is the first of English classics; and its diction and special grammatical structure are appropriate to the matter in a degree of which modern literature offers no other example. The revision of such a translation can have but two legitimate aims—first, the correction of errors arising from the adoption of a corrupt original text by the translators, or from a mistaken interpretation of the text; and, secondly, the substitution of more appropriate words or forms of expression for terms and phrases which are now wholly obsolete and unintelligible to the ordinary reader, or which, through changes in the language and in the tone of social culture, have become inapplicable, or suggestive of low or revolting images or associations, offensive to the sound taste and the moral sense of the present age.

The labor of revision, hence, obviously divides itself into two branches—the establishment of the original text, and the adaptation of the translation to the revised original. The first of these tasks is probably both the least important and the most easily performed. It is generally allowed that, with a very few well-known exceptions, the discrepancies between the best Hebrew and Greek manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments are not so great as to affect materially the interpretation of any of the texts relied upon as evidence in support of any particular tenet; or, to give this idea another expression, they are not such that, if two or more honest, unprejudiced, and otherwise competent enquirers, using different original texts selected from those recognized by the learned as the best, should arrive at different conclusions as to what the Scriptures really teach respecting the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, their diversities of opinion would be founded upon or occasioned by other considerations than a difference of reading. This view of the subject is happily confirmed by the fact that the numerous translations of the Bible, old and new, oriental and occidental, though following different original authorities, agree so closely in the main that almost any one of them might, without great improbability, be supposed to have been taken from the same text as any other that least resembles it. The Catholic must found his distinctive doctrines on something more than textual discrepancies between the authoritative Vulgate and the manuscripts used by the Protestant translators and theologians, and the Protestant must maintain his special religious belief on other grounds than Scriptural declarations which he holds to be misinterpreted in the Vulgate. The Biblical student of the present day, who compares the New Testament as given in the Bishops' Bible of 1568 with the contemporaneous Romish version by the "Papists of the traitorous seminary at Rhemes," will not find sufficient ground for the violence with which Martin and Fulke assailed, respectively, the supposed corruptions of translations which by no means differed so widely as did the theological opinions of the disputants. The Bible of 1611 itself, though to the best ability of the revisers everywhere conformed to the Hebrew and Greek texts, nevertheless agrees in a surprising measure with the Wycliffite translations of the fourteenth century, which are known to have been founded on the Vulgate and other early Latin versions.

So far as the Old Testament is concerned, there is little reason to expect the discovery of authentic manuscripts which will justify essential alterations in the generally received text. At the same time, the progress of linguistic learning and the study of early oriental translations, and of other branches of Eastern sacred literature, will doubtless suggest both corrections of long-current erroneous readings and new interpretations of passages hitherto misunderstood. Indeed, the advancement of our critical knowledge of these ancient oracles will be perpetual, and we shall never arrive at absolutely definitive results. But this progress is slow, and there is no immediate prospect of such discoveries as will require great changes in our views of the character and interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures. If we are to wait for a text unequivocally perfect, we shall wait for ever, and the expectation of more satisfactory readings is not a sufficient reason for delaying action, provided a revision is expedient on other grounds.

These observations apply with nearly equal force to the Greek text of the Apocrypha and the New Testament. Since the discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript, and since the jealousy of Rome has so far yielded as to make the Vatican Codex accessible to Biblical scholars, it may be assumed as probable that we are in possession of sufficient means for determining, with a close approximation to the truth, the genuine reading of all the books of the Christian Scriptures, or, in other words, of establishing a text which may be allowed to stand as the original for a period long enough to produce changes in the English language which shall require still another revision.

The first duty of the revisers, then, is to settle the text to be translated from, and the exegesis of that text. The establishment of the readings and the interpretation of the text are indeed distinct labors, but the qualifications required for the performance of them are so nearly identical that they may and should be entrusted, if not to the same individuals, at least to the same class of scholars. Besides the rare moral requisites of perfect candor, impartiality, and independence, the satisfactory discharge of the duty we are considering demands great knowledge of the theory of linguistics in the most advanced state of that science; thorough scholarship in the original languages of the Scriptures and in the cognate dialects; the most profound and comprehensive learning in the theology, the ritualism, the ethics, and the social life and institutions of the people of Palestine, and of the neighboring tribes with whom they had relations of blood or of commercial and political intercourse; and, finally, great experience and skill in *diplomatics*, or the deciphering of ancient manuscripts and the determination of their age and authenticity.

The term "diplomatics" is not so familiar to the readers of a country which possesses no old manuscripts as to render some explanation of its meaning superfluous. The diversities of ancient handwriting were as great as those of modern chirography. The characters employed by the copyists differed both from those of our ordinary letterpress and from the script-hand of our time, and hence long practice is required to be able to read any writing which is even a few centuries old. The scribes, too, habitually employed numerous contractions and shorthand forms, to save space and economize the costly material on which they wrote. Not only were inflexional terminations thus abbreviated, but common words and syllables of considerable length were often expressed by a mere flourish of the pen. Hence the grammatical construction, and, of course, the meaning, of a period may depend upon a dot or a mark so insignificant as to escape an untrained eye altogether. The deciphering of manuscripts thus written is a slow and laborious process, requiring a knowledge, an experience, and habits of patient investigation which can be acquired only at the expense of long years of study. Again, scribes are prone to mistakes in copying in all languages, especially in those with which they are not altogether familiar. In every language, there is a particular set of mistakes which is most likely to occur, and every copyist has his own special errors into which he is constantly running. It is difficult to give intelligible examples of such habitual errors in languages not known to ordinary readers; but we may illustrate what we mean by referring to the experience of every man who has given a few lessons in Latin. All blockheads will make the same blunders in construing their texts, and, besides this, every dullard will have habitual mistranslations of his own, so that a practised teacher can foretell, with almost infallible certainty, exactly how Master John or Master Peter will bungle a given passage in reciting his Virgil. The decipherers of an ancient manuscript must know what errors to expect in a Greek or Roman scribe, and of what transgressions of orthography and inflexion the particular copyist he is reading is most likely to be guilty.

But suppose the manuscript deciphered and copied, it becomes further necessary to determine its value as an authority. *Prima facie,* the oldest copies may be assumed to be the most accurate, as being nearest in time to the original. Most old manuscripts are without date or name of writer, and, as falsifications are frequent, these indications are in themselves of little value, even when they exist, and other tests must be resorted to. It is observed that not only has the handwriting of every nation a special character, but that its type changes from century to century, and hence, upon inspection of the chirography of an old writing, an accomplished diplomatist can say, with approximate certainty, This manuscript is the work of a scribe of such or such a nation, and it was written in such or such a century. But these are by no means the sole tests of age. The color, consistence, and chemical composition of the ink; the character of the lines, as indicating whether they were drawn with a reed or hair-pencil or a pen; the style of ornamentation of the capital letters; the justification—to use a printer's word—of the pages; the form and combination of the numerals, the quality of the parchment or paper, and many other material indications, must be taken into account in settling the age of the writing. And, besides all this, there are many points of internal evidence of a still subtler character which must be considered in determining the literary value of a given manuscript.

The labors thus far detailed are entirely irrespective of the language into which the translation is to be made, and, consequently, they would be precisely the same whether the proposed version were to be in German, in English, in Spanish, or in Hindustani. The nationality of the scholars charged with this duty is, therefore, wholly immaterial, and, from this and other considerations already stated, it is obvious that, other things being equal, there is no good reason why Jews as well as Christians, rabbis as well as bishops, should not have a voice in determining the reading of the Hebrew Scriptures, and why Germans, Russians, and Greeks, Biblical students, in short, of every tongue and of every creed not tied down by infallible decrees to the words of the Latin Vulgate, may not aid in settling the text of an authority regarded as paramount equally by all. In so great and so an important an undertaking, the soundest and largest living learning ought to be called into service; the best scholarship of Judaism and of Christendom employed in preparing what, for the time, may be regarded as an authoritative setting forth of a law recognized as binding, in its respective parts, Jew and Christian alike. It is perhaps needless to add that all, or even a majority, of the ablest Biblical orientalists are not of the English Church or of the English nation; and if it is true, as Blunt asserts, that "the venerable Pusey" is the "greatest Hebrew scholar and theologian" of England, it is quite certain that the highest order of sacred learning has no representatives in that country.

Doubtless, a proposal to defer to the opinions of German rationalists in deciding between any two different readings of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures would be very repugnant to the prejudices and the feelings of many a devout believer; but though the arrogant dogmatism of German learning is often highly offensive to the self-respect of scholars of other nations, yet no fair-minded and competent judge will contend that German historical and critical investigators are inferior to those of England in acumen, in soundness of judgment, in honesty, or in impartiality. To reject such helpers, therefore, altogether, or even to refuse them an equal authority in the preliminary and fundamental process, would be an exhibition of a narrow and selfish prejudice, or a weakness discreditable to the guardians of a religion which, rightly understood, forbids us to love the church better than Christianity, or Christianity itself better than the truth.

G. P. M.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.*

THE overwhelming success of Prussia has clearly shown that armies organized upon the same basis as are those of every civilized state, except North Germany and Switzerland, are nothing more than historical curiosities. They are in the same relations to the army which is to-day the first in the world as bows and arrows and battle-axes are to Gatling guns and breech-loaders. The strenuous efforts of Cæsarism to place an impassable barrier between the soldier and the citizen are now rendered for ever impracticable. The two have become homogeneous, and the wars of the future are to be waged, not by the "dregs of the population," as in the cases of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, but by armed nations.

Although it might seem at first sight suggestive of a return to the age of the invasions of the Northmen, Goths, and Huns, yet it is purely in the interests of civilization that, from the first sure sign of hostilities until the close of the war, the wheels of progress should cease turning, and the whole civil machinery of the state come to a dead stop, so that the untrammelled resources of the entire nation may be directed to the extirpation of the evil. What torrents of precious blood, shed on modern battle-fields, would have been spared, had war always been ushered in with this civil stagnation, and rendered nations fully alive to the awful scourge they were inviting. If that Utopia of everlasting peace, so much talked about, were ever really in store for us, it would originate from the future impossibility of checking, even momentarily, the increasing civil industry and advancement.

Prussia to-day counts among her soldiers nearly all of her leading men in every walk of life, whether statesmen, financiers, men of science, or scholars. Her laws compel every subject, from her premier down to the meanest inhabitant, to defend his home. The life of a Prussian soldier is of infinitely greater value to his country than that of a French soldier to his. The former is a fair representative of the intelligence and morality which the superior educational system has fostered, while the troops which Louis Napoleon put in the field had few feelings in common with other Frenchmen, although endowed with the dashing and magnificent courage which is this great military nation's birthright. The high tone of the Prussian private makes it imperative for his officer to possess the advantages of at least an equal general education; hence, besides the purely military examinations, each officer has to undergo perpetual tests as to his general culture; and no pains and expense are spared to render him in every way worthy of the confidence and obedience of the precious material which the nation places in his hands. The French officer, on the contrary, is fortunate if he has even a technical education, in the narrowest sense of the term. Instances, indeed, have been cited of French officers who could not even write their own names; the prevalence of such men has not only prevented the officer's uniform from being a passport to good society, as it is in Prussia, but has brought it into such disrepute that the better class of officers are forced to lay aside their badges of authority before being received socially.

This want of sympathy between the army of the late Empire and the educated classes explains the readiness which not only the journalists but also the people have shown to sacrifice their armies for trifling ends. The wild cries, however, of the former for blood-letting of any kind at any price signify nothing; for if these fire-eaters had, like their milder contemporaries, in common with all citizens throughout the Fatherland, been forced to bear arms, France would have reaped some of the advantages to be derived from the policy of placing the directors of a railroad company upon the cow-catcher.

Publications of military men, inspired by a love for and a desire to further the interests of the profession—and there is nothing else to induce one to undertake a work of the sort—find, as a rule, but very few readers, even among army officers. The knowledge of this afforded some relief to the First Napoleon when he first saw in print the "Treatise on Grand Military Operations" written by Jomini, then a "chef d'escadron;" for, after venting his rage upon his ministers for ever allowing to be published a book which reduced all the principles of war to formulæ, he after some reflection exclaimed: "But I attach too much importance to this publication. The old generals who command against me will never read it, and the few young ones who will read it have no command." We trust, however, that the opportune appearance of the book before us will ensure for it a more cordial reception than is usually accorded to such works. The "Recent Changes in the Art of War" is the first of the four essays composing the volume, which were collected and republished from the numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* between the years 1864 and 1867. In this essay Colonel Chesney shows us that the fundamental principles of the science of war have been, and always will be, the same for all ages. Like all general truths, they are imperishable; and to them are due the victories of Issus, Arbela, and Pharsalia, no less than those of Austerlitz, Jena, and Königgrätz. The increased civilization, advances in science, greater wealth, and the now general use of steam, have rendered the problem more complicated and difficult, but its effects, when once solved, will be more striking. The sphere of application of the principles of the science has been vastly enlarged, and the writer tells us that "strategy will become bolder and more decisive as it will also make larger demands upon the intellect of the chief," and will "increase the advantage which superiority of conception has always claimed." But there is nothing more satisfactory in the whole volume than the justice, so long withheld, which the Archduke Charles receives at the hands of Colonel Chesney. This generally underrated captain, although shackled by the jealousy of his Imperial relatives, the impertinent interference of the war ministry, and the meddling arrogance of the Aulic Council, yet achieved success which, considering all the circumstances, evinced military talents equal to those of his autocratic rival. When, in the early part of his career, the Archduke had driven across the Rhine the French armies led by Moreau and Jourdan, generals second only to Napoleon and himself, he submitted to the numerous dead-weights who hung about his neck a plan for the "transfer of his victorious army direct across the Alps into Napoleon's rear in Lombardy." Of this proposal Colonel Chesney truly remarks: "There has been no bolder device in strategy at any time, and its audacity probably caused its rejection at Vienna, for the Emperor had not yet been taught to be jealous of his brother's fame. But history might have had to write the events that followed with another pen had this design been carried out with as much spirit as the German campaign." For further information upon this subject, however, we must refer our reader to the volume itself.

In an essay on the "Military Growth of Prussia," Colonel Chesney portrays in vivid colors the rapid and brilliant career of this wonderful nation from the time when it was a mere "Sclavic (?) country occupied by a garrison of Teuton colonists" until it became the core around which is to gather a united Germany. As this rise is owing to circumstances essentially military, we have in this chapter a valuable summary of Prussian history from the birth of the kingdom to the Treaty of Prague. The ruin of the French armies to-day is directly traceable to the consequences of the Treaty of Tilsit; since that time, in all that goes to make a nation powerful, France has receded in about the same proportion as Prussia has advanced. The condition of the Prussian army seventy years ago was somewhat similar to that of the French at the outbreak of the present war. Relying entirely on the glories of the past, Prussia deemed herself invincible, while bribery and corruption undermined her military organization and sapped her vitality. Her army was commanded either by the youthful and inexperienced scions of reigning princelings whom the king wished to conciliate, or by imbecile old fossils, whose only merit consisted in having outlived the great Frederic; while the scum of the floating population of the globe was all that could be raked together to endure the inhuman severity of the Prussian officers; thus furnishing soldiers, who preserved an outside semblance to the battalions of Frederic by carefully treasuring up all their vices and as diligently ejecting all their virtues, and who, if they fought bravely, only did so for the same reason to which one of our most distinguished generals used to attribute the daring courage of the regiment which he once commanded, saying, "My men fought well, for they knew they would rather be in hell than in my regiment." The healthful lesson of Jena and Auerstädt, however, brought to light this corruption, and changed the "servile worship of Prussian models, which had prevailed through the armies of Europe, into a contempt as ill founded as the opposite extreme." In 1807, her entire political system underwent a renovation, and under the wise direction of Stein and Scharnhorst were sown the seeds of that military organization among the early fruits of which are Königgrätz and Sedan and the assumption of the former imperial claims of Austria.

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* "The Military Resources of Prussia and France, and Recent Changes in the Art of War. By Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, Royal Engineers, and Henry Reeve, Esq., D.C.L. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*." London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

In an essay upon the "Military Institutions of France," Mr. Reeve points out the significant fact that, if "the constable's sword and marshal's staff in modern France were in the hands best able to wield those symbols of military authority, the three distinguished officers" (meaning the Duc d'Aumale and Generals Trochu and Changarnier) "would probably not have employed the pen to place their experience and judgment at the service of their country." Under this heading we have an historical narrative of the administration of the regular army of France from its first systematic organization under Louvois, seconded by the valuable assistance of that rigid disciplinarian Colonel Martinet (who has bequeathed his name to our language), down to the close of Marshal Vaillant's administration. Louvois, Carnot, and Niel are the three ablest war-ministers in French history; the military glory of Louis XIV. was due to Louvois much more than to Turenne and Luxembourg, who only used with fair dexterity the effective instrument which the genius of the minister had created. The army, as organized by Louvois, greatly deteriorated after his death, until it was at last entirely swept away by the great storm of 1789. The wonderfully prompt and systematic organization of the "*levée en masse*" decreed by the Convention will always be of great interest to the military student. It is to the lasting merits of Carnot that he created those armies of the Republic who "followed Jourdan and Moreau to the frontiers of Bohemia," and invented the system by means of which Napoleon was afterwards able to keep himself supplied with the enormous amount of material which he consumed; for it is a singular fact that the "greatest master of the art of modern warfare did nothing to improve the organic constitution of his army." Marshal Niel's administration was signalized by a new law for the organization of the army in 1868, which Mr. Reeve publishes in an appendix. The sudden collapse of France proves nothing against this system, which has not had time enough to work smoothly, even if it had been put fairly into execution. Its efficiency was undermined by the swindling process of allowing recruits to be represented by bank-notes to fill the mouths of the hungry parasites of Imperialism, and by the general rottenness of the Second Empire. It is claimed that the Marshal's plan embodies the essential merits of the Landwehr organization, of which it is a modification, without imposing upon the people the same restraints and rigid exactions. At the time of the Luxemburg war-cloud, the Emperor's manifest desire to bring on hostilities was frustrated by the knowledge of the simple fact that, using his greatest efforts, he could have put in the field only 150,000 men, poorly equipped and destitute of a proper commissariat, to oppose the 800,000 Prussians, most of whom had but a few months back marched from one of the most complete victories of modern times to within striking distance of the French frontier. It now appears that, had the late Marshal's plan been carried out in good faith, France would have had under her colors a million and a half of men, fully provided with the appliances of modern science, in room of the 350,000 who could with difficulty answer to her summons in her hour of trial.

Other things approximating to equality, victory in the end is but a question in arithmetic. France, with a somewhat smaller population than her adversary—one which does not increase at all when the annual conscription is 100,000, and which perceptibly diminishes when the conscription is 140,000, and out of which in a given year only 132,000 men fit to bear arms ever reach their twentieth year—would have had to furnish at least 500,000 recruits annually to keep such an enormous army upon an effective footing. However skilfully the resources of France might have been used, they would have proved impotent to prevent German unity. Had Louis Napoleon's dream of entering Berlin in triumph been realized, the fated event would only have been delayed. Instead of looking upon the German Empire as an insupportable evil, Frenchmen should cordially greet it, and regard it as the greatest blessing which can befall them (and here we are at issue with Mr. Reeve, who attributes the insecurity of peace since the Treaty of Prague to Prussian moves for the achievement of this unification, and insists that, if effected, it would be "more dangerous to France than to any other power"). The Germany of yesterday, between Prussia and Austria, which Dr. Strauss compares to a "carriage with horses harnessed at both ends and pulling opposite ways," will always be a lasting danger to France, and will always force her to endure the ruinous evils resulting from the maintenance of a large standing army. This state of things, according to the Comte de Paris, no mean authority, keeps upon the frontiers of France two powers, each of which is ever ready to compromise her with their difficulties, only to soon desert her, and to end by uniting against her, for fear lest the one might seem less German than its rival. The natural consolidation of the Teutonic races gives an earnest of future peace and prosperity which alone can turn the energies of France into their proper channels, allow her population to recover from the effects of the wars of the First Empire, and eradicate from her system the intermittent fever to which she has been subject since the Revolution. The Germany which is now forming, although possessing greater military resources than France, yet will be less aggressive, for her peace will be in the hands of those to whom, most bitterly of all, would the horrors of war come home.

The remaining essay, upon the "Rifled Ordnance of England and France," widely differs from the other three, inasmuch as it is too abstract to interest the general reader, while it is of but little worth to the military student, for, as the author says, it is compiled from sources printed seven years ago.

Taken as a whole, however, the useful information and original thought contained in the book, aside from the terseness and perspicuity of the style, so fitting to the subject, are such as to earn for it a high place in military literature.

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT OF IRELAND.[*]

THIS book, of which we are glad to welcome a second and enlarged edition, tells one of the strangest stories in all history, and, when we say that it accounts for the present condition of Ireland with a clearness displayed by no other work, it is the same as saying that it throws light on one of the darkest and most serious problems of modern society, for the condition of Ireland is actually putting in peril at this moment the dearest interests of both England and America. The "curse of Cromwell," in short, has lighted on and followed over the earth not only the Celts whom he sought to extirpate, but the Anglo-Saxons whom he sought to serve.

Mr. Prendergast was five years ago appointed, with Dr. Russell, the President of Maynooth College, on a commission to examine the great body of historical papers known as the Carte Collection, and deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The Carte Collection contains the Ormonde Papers, or letters and documents, public and private, connected with the government of Ireland during the Duke of Ormonde's connection with it, from 1641 down to his death in 1688, with the exception of ten years, from 1650 to 1660, passed in exile with the king. From the Restoration until his death, Ormonde was in effect Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was the recipient of all the petitions, plaints, and remonstrances presented by those whom the wars, confiscations, and settlements of the Commonwealth had wronged. With the aid of this collection, and of various family papers never before examined, Mr. Prendergast has been able to set before us, with curious and instructive minuteness, the real nature and results of the great social and political revolution known as the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland.

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[*] "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland. By John Prendergast, Barrister-at Law." Second edition, enlarged. London: Longmans. 1870.

The war in Ireland, begun by Cromwell in 1649, was ended in 1653. The Irish were put down much as the Indians on the Western plains are now put down, by wholesale massacre and by the destruction of their crops and cattle. During the last two years, their resistance consisted simply of guerilla warfare, in which, owing to the nature of the country, they were very successful, and to put an end to it the parliamentary army under Ireton laid everything waste. In his march of 150 miles from Limerick to Waterford, he passed through fertile districts of thirty miles together in which not a house or living creature was to be seen. When "peace" came in 1657, special licenses were issued by government to kill and dress sheep and lambs. There is one on record which permits the Widow Bulkeley, in consideration of her "ould age and weakness of body, to kill and dress as much lamb as should be necessary for her own use and eating, not exceeding three lambs for a whole year." The last organized force of the Irish had surrendered the previous year, and now came the plan of pacification. The pay of the English army was heavily in arrears, and it was resolved to satisfy the claims of both officers and men by grants of land to be taken from the Irish. The officers were very eager for this arrangement, as they wished to found families—the men less so, but it was the best they could do; so they accepted.

The first thing to be done was to get rid of as many of the Irish as possible. Accordingly, the men were encouraged in every way to enter the service of Continental powers, and in the years 1651–54 34,000 embarked for Poland, France, and Spain, few or none of whom ever returned. Large numbers of the gentry at the same time emigrated voluntarily, whose descendants are still found in the O'Donnells and O'Reillys, and others, of Spain and Austria; and the MacMahons, Dillons, Reillés, Niels, and Cavaignacs (Kavanagh) of France. Orders were then issued by the Commissioners of Ireland to governors of garrisons, and keepers of jails, and masters of workhouses, and all other persons in authority, to deliver to agents of Bristol sugar merchants all able-bodied men in their charge, "marriageable women and not past breeding," and all persons without visible means of livelihood—in the then state of the country an enormous multitude—for transportation to the West Indies, to be employed in forced labor on the plantations. Many found their way, under similar contracts, to New England. Mr. Prendergast gives the names of the agents, and merchants, and dates of some of the largest contracts. Under this system, in the course of four years, 64,000 Irish men, women, boys, and girls were sent into slavery, and many of the women belonged to families of the better class whom the war had left destitute. In March, 1655, the order was revoked, and the trade ceased. In 1655, however, Jamaica having been conquered, and colonists and a garrison being wanted for it, Cromwell engaged 1,500 men of the English troops in Ireland to go there to settle, and ordered "1,000 Irish wenches" to be sent with them. Henry Cromwell, then commanding the forces in Ireland, answered that he would have to take the "wenches" by force, and suggested that from 1,500 to 2,000 boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, should be sent out also. One thousand of each were accordingly sent, with the pious hope that they would be made "Christians" of in Jamaica.

In the meantime, the process of dividing the lands was going on actively. There was due to the "Society of Adventurers," or persons who had lent money to the government for the expenses of the war in Ireland, a sum of £360,000. This was paid off by liberal grants of land, drawn by lot at a public lottery held at the Grocers' Hall, in London, in July, 1653, in ten counties. *The whole of the rest of Ireland*—except the province of Connaught—was set apart for the payment of £1,550,000, due as arrears to the officers and soldiers, and of £1,750,000 of floating debt, incurred by the government for supplies furnished during the war. On the 26th of September, 1653, all ancient estates and farms of the people of Ireland were declared to belong to the Adventurers and Army of England, and all Irish were ordered to "transplant" to Connaught—a howling wilderness of bog and rock—with their families, before the first of May following, on pain of death if found east of the Shannon after that date, the trial to be by military commission.

The exceptions to this rule were the Irish wives of English Protestants embracing their husbands' faith; boys and girls, under fourteen, in the service of Protestants, and Irish Catholics who could offer satisfactory proof of having shown "Constant Good Affection" to the Parliament as against the king during the previous ten years. The decree was an awful one, and it struck the unhappy people just as they were gathering in their harvest, and this the first tolerable harvest they had had since the war began. "Constant Good Affection" was almost impossible to prove, for mere passiveness would not support the plea. Moreover, the order covered not only the "Irish enemy," but the descendants of the English settlers of the Elizabethan period—men English in blood and speech and manners, the Comynses, Stackpoles, Morrises, Hamiltons, Fitzgeralds, Butlers, Plunkets, Cheevers, Barnewalls, Talbots, Archers, and Atkinsons, just as much as the Tooles, Donohoes, Mores, Kavanaghs, and Keoghs. It was just as hard for the one as the other to prove "Constant Good Affection," and their land was just as valuable. Among these unfortunates was William Spenser, the grandson of the author of the "Faerie Queene." Edmund, who was "the first settler," when he took his confiscated land, was as hard on "the mere Irish" as any of the Elizabethan troopers. And now the grandson was ordered to quit his pleasant home and his lands in the county of Cork in midwinter, and move into Connaught as an "Irish Papist." He appealed to Cromwell, who wrote to the Commissioners begging that he might be spared, but in vain. Mr. Prendergast reproduces the Protector's letter, and it is worth quoting:

"*Lord Protector to Commissioners for Affairs in Ireland.*

"WHITEHALL, March 27, 1657.

"RIGHT TRUSTY AND WELL BELOVED:

"A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth that, being but seaven years old att the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland, hee repaired, with his mother, to the Citty of Corke, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters; that he never bore arms or acted against ye Commonwealth of England; that his grandfather, Edmund Spenser, and his father were both Protestants, from whom an estate in lands in the barony of Fermoy and county of Corke descended to him, which during the rebellion yielded nothing towards his reliefe; that ye estate hath been lately given to the souldiers in satisfaction of their arrears, upon accompt of his professing the Popish religion, which since his coming to years of discretion hee hath, as hee professes, utterly renounced; that his grandfather was that Edmund Spenser who by his writings touching the reduction of ye Irish to civility brought on him the odium of that nation, and for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him yt estate which the said William Spenser now claims. Wee have also been informed that ye gentleman is of a civil conversation, and that the extremities his wants have brought him unto have not prevailed over him to put him upon indiscreet or evil practices for a livelihood. And if upon enquiry you shall find his case to be such, wee judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorise you yt hee bee forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisall lands bee given to the souldiers elsewhere. In ye doing whereof our satisfaction will be the greater by the continuation of that estate to ye issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to ye Commonwealth yt estate was first given to him.

"We rest, your loving friend,

"OLIVER, P."

The work before them was so horrible—the prayers and entreaties of the aged and tenderly bred women, many of them wearers of ancient titles, of war-worn men, young children, of the sick and infirm, that they might not be cast out of their homes in midwinter to perish miserably in the waste, were so piercing—that the Commissioners wrote a circular letter to the commanding officers, calling for a general fast and a general "lifting up of prayers, with strong crying and tears to Him to whom nothing is too hard, that his servants, whom he had called forth in this day to act in these great transactions, might be made faithful, and carried on by his own outstretched arm against all opposition and difficulty to do what was pleasing in his sight." So the Lord strengthened them, and they pushed on the work. Mr. Prendergast cites a great many of the certificates given to the poor victims on their departure. They all contain personal descriptions of the holders and the members of their families, and one can hardly read them, even through the mists of two centuries, without feeling some of the pang of those dreadful days.

After a year's trial, it was found impossible to make all the Irish go, so in 1654 a dispensation was issued in favor of "the sick, aged, lame, and impotent," those who had aided or sheltered English soldiers, and who should manifest a desire to turn Protestants. But the work went on very slowly still; the Commissioners were loth to hang the recusants—although they did it in some cases—and an immense force would have been required to carry it out by means of arrest and transportation; so they tarried and granted indulgence; the troops all the while clamoring for their lands and reproaching the Commissioners with their slothfulness in the execution of the Lord's will. At last, however, the work was accomplished satisfactorily. The bulk of the Irish from all districts, the land of which was needed, were caged up in Connaught. The old homes of the landed proprietors were taken possession of by the English officers;

the privates settled down under them as tenants, somewhat discontentedly, for Ireland contained neither beer nor cheese, horses nor ploughs, nor Englishwomen. This last want was the worst of all, for love-making to Irish women, whom the troops found very attractive, was strictly prohibited by "the third article of warre," and offenders, as the records of courts-martial still extant show, were severely flogged for it. Other heavy penalties were inflicted on soldiers marrying Irishwomen. Ireton, by a general order, forbade any officer or soldier marrying an Irishwoman, whether calling herself a Papist or not, "until it had been ascertained by an examination (by fitt persons, such as shall be appointed for that end) whether the change of religion flowed from a reall worke of God upon their hearts," or "from corrupt and carnal ends."

The intermarrying, however, went on to a greater or less extent, human nature being stronger than general orders. Some of the transplanted crept back and died within sight of their old seats; others came back and rented farms from their conquerors; others ended their days in Connaught; others again of the younger men stole home and "bushwhacked" the Englishmen, thus beginning the practice of assassination about land which "Rogues and Rapparees," "Whiteboys," "Captain Rocks," and "Molly Maguires" have kept up down to our own day. Thousands in the next generation flew to arms joyfully thirty years later, under James. During the century following the Boyne, 400,000 Irishmen died in foreign service, and the rest remained at home to hate and curse their conquerors. In short, if we judge this settlement, on which the Lord's blessing was invoked so often, by its consequences, work so devilish by Christian people was never done.

RECENT REPORTS ON EUROPEAN EDUCATION.

THE reports of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 are now before the public, having been edited under the auspices of the State Department at Washington, by Professor William P. Blake. Although the several volumes differ widely in merit, the series, as a whole, is very useful, and some of the reports—for example, that on machinery, by Dr. Barnard, of Columbia College—are of uncommon merit.

One of the last to be published is the Report on Education, by Mr. John W. Hoyt, a professor, if we have been rightly informed, in the State Agricultural College of Michigan. It is a closely-printed volume of four hundred octavo pages, and is not at all restricted, as one might suppose, to what was taught in the Exhibition, but is a general compendium on the subject of European and American education. The report is divided into five sections, the first of which is a rapid review of the present condition of the various civilized countries in respect to public instruction; the second part is devoted to "Popular Education," both primary and secondary; the third is headed, "Superior General Education;" the fourth, "Special Education;" and the fifth, "University Education." We are not sure that these headings are wisely chosen, or that the author himself has a clear notion of the distinction between the specialties involved in "university education" and those in "special education" and "superior general education." However this may be, by far the largest portion of the report is devoted to the various establishments for training young men for the higher callings and professions of life. Two-thirds of the report we roughly judge to be thus taken up.

The spirit which has animated the author of this volume is so obviously on the side of liberal, superior, and comprehensive systems of training, and he has taken so much pains to bring together a vast array of facts, that we are reluctant to express our estimate of his work; but in truth, there is so little in it besides the accumulation of items of information, so little of digestion and arrangement, so little of personal observation or discriminating comment, that his labor seems to us almost thrown away. Such particulars as can be gathered by the translation and transcription of programmes and catalogues are abundantly given; such as can only be obtained from familiarity with the workings of the institutions described, or from personal intercourse with the authorities of them, are almost wholly wanting. Even in this country the author places on one plane three schools of science as unlike as the Lawrence, the Sheffield, and the Chandler (the last of which, by the way, is attributed to Brown University instead of to Dartmouth College). Everywhere Mr. Hoyt appears to be fettered by names, instead of being free to estimate the characters of the establishments he refers to. Thus it happens that the great school of mathematical science, the *École Polytechnique*, is described in connection with the German polytechnicums, because of the nominal similarity, though the writer is well aware of and, in fact, alludes to the actual difference. This lack of study of the real peculiarities of the schools described leads to other queer mixtures, schools of science, schools of applied science, and advanced polytechnic schools being treated under as many different chapters. When we add that this confused accumulation of statistical data is set forth without any index, and with a very meagre and unsatisfactory table of contents, we have said enough to show that the volume can be of very little practical value in enlightening the teachers of this country. When we compare this report with the unofficial work of Mr. J. Scott Russell on "Technical Education," we see the difference between a mechanical, statistical agglomeration of programmes and the live, eloquent, and suggestive handling of a great theme.

It is understood that the late United States Commissioner of Education, Hon. H. Barnard, has also prepared a large volume on the same general theme as Mr. Hoyt's, but that its publication is temporarily delayed for the want of a Congressional appropriation. We hope it will soon see the light.

Three other national reports on education lie before us. One of these is the report of the Austrian Commissioners at the Paris Exhibition. This is almost exclusively devoted to critical comments on such matters as were brought together at that great display. Inspector Prausek discusses furniture, apparatus, and books for primary public schools; Inspector Pátek discusses normal schools; Dr. Korn Luber, secondary and trade schools; and Professor Niemtschik, drawing in schools. By confining each writer to the lessons of the exhibition, a great many minutiæ are brought out, especially in regard to obscure publications and those which do not come into the book-trade, and teachers in the higher schools of this country may find many valuable hints in respect to material for aid in instruction crowded into these pages.

The thirteenth volume of the Jury Reports on the French Exhibition, published under the direction of M. Chevalier, is devoted to the subject of education. The topics successively discussed are nurseries (*crèches*), primary school and elementary instruction, instruction of the blind and deaf mute, adult schools, special secondary instruction, polytechnic schools, instruction in music, drawing, geography, technical instruction (for agriculture, manufactures, the sea, and for business), colportage, and libraries Of these various discussions, the two by M. Pompée, on "Polytechnic Schools and Technical Training," are the most extended and complete. They are particularly valuable in all that pertains to the measures adopted in France during the last half-century, though their value is not confined to that country. This portion of the jury report will well repay examination by those who are interested in scientific and technical training in this country.

The other work to which we have made allusion is a report by M. Hippeau, of the Ministry of Public Instruction in France, on his observations in this country. It is a work in which compliments and blunders are so curiously interspersed as to be truly laughable. By the side of Rev. James Fraser's report to the British Commissioners, it is not of any value.

MÜLLER ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

SOME time during last winter or spring a brief course of four lectures was given at the Royal Institution in London, by Prof. Max Müller, on the Science of Religion. They were reprinted in the newspapers of the day, and then printed in full in one of the English magazines; and they have been reprinted in *Littell* (the numbers for August), so that they are fairly before the American public also. It is safe to presume that they will yet appear collected in a volume; meanwhile, it may not be amiss to glance at their contents, and to estimate the value of the contribution they furnish to the thought and knowledge of the day.

The author brought himself prominently forward as a worker in this department by his volumes of "Chips," of which the first was styled (by rather a misnomer) "Essays on the Science of Religion." Both volumes contained an abundance of valuable material for the knowledge of various religions and systems of mythology, set forth in the peculiarly attractive manner which is characteristic of Müller. His preface was really an essay on the science of religion, and sketched his idea of what the science should be, how prepared for, and in what frame of mind and to what ends studied; and it is, although in some points open to criticism, in the main an eloquent and powerful exposition, conceived in an excellent spirit, and calculated to do much good. The present lectures, now, are chiefly an expansion of that preface, along with an epitome of part of the information as to particular religions contained in the volumes. And, on the whole, the later production can hardly be regarded as an advance upon the earlier; the lectures do not show any noteworthy progress in the author's mind toward more clear and definite views; they do not advance the plan and groundwork of the new science; and in point of style and interest of presentation they fall short of his usual standard. They have the aspect of being written in response to an outward call rather than from an inward impulse; they are a beating-out of materials already worked up and made public.

The term "science of religion" has a sinister sound in many ears for reasons of religion, and an equivocal sound in many others for reasons of science. To the one party, the submission of their own sacred faith, along with the other creeds of the earth, high and low, more or less false and degraded, to a so called scientific scrutiny, cold-blooded and irreverent, is repulsive; to the other, a "science" of human opinions and conclusions on subjects styled religious does not seem precisely practicable of construction. Müller might have done well to use some less pretentious title, at least until there should be more of a science to which to apply it. There is no reason for haste; men did not talk of a science of language until a vast deal of work had been done in it, with very definite aims, by very exact methods, and with very wide-reaching and important results. Müller is quite too ready to parallelize the developed science (of language), and the projected science (of religion), to constitute the latter after the model of the former, and to establish an identity of method between the two. They are very far from presenting that close and essential analogy which he would fain recognize. There is a peculiar objectiveness, a tangibility, about the uttered signs of thought; they have a history of their own, aside from the thoughts which they signify, which makes them admit a precise scientific handling, like so many physical facts. A science of religion is more like what a science of human conceptions and ideas would be. Myths and ceremonies, which are in a manner the outward embodiments of religious ideas, are far more closely analogous with speech. There is nothing in doctrines and creeds which should make them the subjects of that special "comparative" treatment which has been found so effective with words, and which Müller wants to transfer bodily to his new subject. To justify this, it is not enough that we require to compare religion with religion in order to understand both; everything that we wish to understand needs to be compared with its like; all study is comparative in that sense. Nor are all these questionable claims essential to Müller's main purpose. He would, we presume, be content to insist merely that religions be studied on the widest foundation of knowledge that the latest researches into human history and human nature render accessible, and with a true scientific spirit—a spirit resolute to see all that is fairly to be seen there, and only that. Whether this will lead to anything worth calling a science we may consent to leave to the future to determine; at any rate, it will lead to something true and valuable.

Now, the one all-important truth, without a recognition of which there can be no foundation for a scientific or fruitful study of religions, is, in our view, this: that the early religious beliefs of every race arise out of the unaided attempts of that race to explain to itself the problem of the universe, as we may call it, or the mystery of man's existence, surroundings, and destiny. Every human being finds himself placed in the midst of evident forces which are infinitely more powerful than he, and indefinitely varied in their manifestations, and whose action, which he cannot control, is now helpful and now hurtful to him; his own birth and death are inexplicable phenomena; the influences, in himself and others, which make for his happiness or unhappiness, he does not comprehend; his longings and his fears seek a support outside himself; his consciousness of good or evil desert puts itself in relation with those awful powers which govern the whole of nature. No race of men—if sufficiently gifted and sufficiently developed to have a sense for all this, or to be otherwise affected than struck dumb with stupid wonder at it—could possibly help reasoning upon it, and deriving views, and theories, and beliefs, and framing sets of acts and ceremonies expressing them; and these, in all their variety, depending upon the various endowments and circumstances of the different peoples, are their religions. The assumption of a primitive revelation, of which such religions should be corruptions, is wholly uncalled for; given men as they are, and religions like those which now exist must and would have grown up: why, then, seek another explanation of their origin? Any other, indeed, is every day more clearly seen to be inadmissible, as out of harmony with the new knowledge respecting the history of the earth and of man which is rapidly winning universal currency and acceptance. Equally inadmissible, we would add, is the assumption of a native and absolute intuition of the Infinite, or the Divine, or of a God—which Müller would make the basis of the science he is trying to construct. It is sheer folly to talk of a sense of dependence, a yearning after a Father, and the like, as felt by the generations who laid the foundations of race-religions; it is a palpable importation of ideas of culture and refinement into rude and uncultured conditions. And Müller's theory of the growth of polytheism is, to our mind, altogether perverse. He imagines a recognition of the great Author of the universe, but at the same time a perplexity as to how he should be entitled, and a consequent resort to this, that, and the other grand natural object—for example, the sky and the sun—for names to give him; and then a blind forgetfulness that these had been adopted as names merely, and a transfer to the objects which they directly designate of the worship really meant for God. That is to say, men were cheated out of their original intuition by the jugglery of the words they had formed to express it. Whereas, polytheism is not less clearly, on theoretic and *à priori* grounds, the necessary antecedent of monotheism, than, by the evidence of history, its actual antecedent; the variety of manifestation of the superhuman forces leads the first simple observers and crude generalizers to assume a variety of causes; the recognition of their unity is a fruit of longer experience and wiser deduction.

The fundamental view which we have laid down being accepted, the true method of investigation is an obvious corollary to it; the religion of each race must be studied as a whole, and in its historical development. Each is the result of long growth, a structure built upon by generation after generation, one working over, modifying, and adding to what was bequeathed it by another. This being so, those grand, continuous communities, whether pure races or not, which by a similar process have formed families of connected languages, will have formed connected religions also—religions more or less alike, and yet diverse, like their dialects. This is the simple ground of that parallelism between religion and language which in his third lecture Müller misunderstands and distorts so strangely. Instead of joint results of ethnic unity, twin institutions handed down within the limits of each race, and growing and developing with its growth and development, he makes them the causes of nationality, and dependent each in turn upon the other. It might not be easy to find a more striking example of unclear perception and unsound reasoning than Müller exhibits in this lecture; and the views he puts forth as to the nature and history of language—especially as to its originally wild and chaotic condition, and its concentration into families of related speech by an unnatural and exceptional process originating in the spontaneous act of certain remote generations—are unintelligible and indefensible, wholly at variance with his own soundest teachings hitherto, and subversive of the science of language which he claims to have done so much to establish.

In criticising and setting aside certain superficial classifications of religions (which were hardly worth so much attention, since they would disappear of themselves in presence of a right method), Müller has forgotten to notice the most important distinction of all—that between race-religions, which have grown up by the gradual accumulation of beliefs and practices in a whole community, innumerable individuals having borne a part in their formation, and, on the other hand, individual religions, products each of the deeper insight and uncompromising independence of some one person, who breaks the shackles of traditional faith and practice, clears away narrow superstitions and effete ceremonies, and founds upon a new basis of perceived truth a new system. Religions of the latter class, of course, can arise only in later times, and can succeed in establishing themselves only where the forms of the old religion have become hollow, and no longer faithfully represent the better insight of the times. They, too, are alone capable of extension and transfer from one race to another; for, though they have their roots in the whole body of the national faith, and for their comprehension need the most careful study of the latter, they also in a degree cut loose from it, and plant themselves upon grounds which other races can appreciate and accept.

The spirit in which the study of religions is to be followed is equally evident from the views we have taken; it is the spirit of liberal and tolerant enquiry, of interest, of consideration and respect; often, perhaps, of pity and sorrow, but without intermixture of holy horror at the depths of human depravity displayed. If human nature has proved itself, on the whole, so weak and short-sighted, so selfish and impure, as to have gained only faint glimpses of truth, and to have clothed them in wild and abhorrent forms, it is very sad; and we ought to be the more grateful for the light which we enjoy, and by which, in the same weakness of human nature, we walk so fitfully and unfaithfully. All the higher and better religions of the world confess this weakness, for they all claim to found themselves on a revelation; that is to say, they imply the impotence of man, without supernatural aid, to understand whence he comes, how he is to live, and what is to be his end. And a hearty charity and kindly comparison should be among the most trustworthy and valuable signs of a true illumination from above.

We look for valuable results from Professor Müller's lectures, in the directing of attention to the study of religions, and we expect from his scholarship and liberality of spirit important additions to our knowledge of religions; but we are not disposed to accept him as the founder of a new science.

The Living World: containing Descriptions of the several Races of Men, and all Species of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, etc., etc. With numerous anecdotes illustrative of their Instincts, Reasoning Powers, and Domestic Habits. By Augustus C. L. Arnold, LL.D., assisted by Edward A. Samuels, Esq. (Boston: Samuel Walker & Co. 1870.)—It has become almost proverbial that the compilation of works in science is most frequently undertaken by those who are least qualified for the task; but the truth of the assertion has rarely been so fully manifested as in this "Living World." On the title-page the long series of errors commences with the announcement that the work contains descriptions of "all species of animals"—a thousandth part, more or less, of the whole number of species of animals getting "descriptions"—descriptions the like of which may we henceforth be defended from. The errors thus beginning flow in a constant stream. We subjoin a few specimens of them: In the concluding remarks of the introduction, it is asserted that the animals described "are arranged and considered in this work according to the system of Cuvier, modified slightly, following the suggestions of Professor Owen, and more especially of Professor Louis Agassiz, of Harvard University." These are very high authorities, and the statement made would impress the general reader with the belief that a work so digested must be trustworthy. We have, however, found in it no evidence of any essential modification of the system of Cuvier—at least of none derived from Owen or Agassiz. It is true that the classification of Cuvier has been followed in the main. But it must be remembered that the last edition of the "Règne Animal" was published rather more than forty years ago; that the subsequent progress of science has been rapid in an extraordinary degree; and that numerous accomplished investigators have since profoundly studied the organization of many forms entirely unknown to Cuvier. The adoption of his classification, then, without the modifications necessitated by subsequent investigations, is entirely inadmissible. But, as if such a fault were not enough, the author has so patched up the original fabric with information derived from less reliable sources, and he has, from misapprehension of the meaning of diagnoses and scientific phraseology, introduced such strange definitions, as to give us something far worse than merely anachronous. Giving him the benefit of all his abundant ambiguity in language (certainly always where only a few exceptions could be offered to the applicability of the definitions), there still remain very numerous errors and faults of a less venial nature. For example, in the first paragraph of the work, which is a definition of the characteristics of the "vertebral [vertebrate] animals," such statements as the following might be pardoned: "A remarkable analogy is perceptible in the organization and structure of all the classes and orders of this division (?). The spinal or vertebral column, which consists of a series of bones, articulated or bound together, extends through the whole body. [Inapplicable to the sturgeons, sharks, rays, holocephali, and especially marsipobranchs, amphioxus, and numerous extinct groups.] The upper (?) extremity is crowned (?) with the head [there is no specialized head in amphioxus], and the lower terminates in the pelvis (!) or a tail [inapplicable to orthogoriscus and other forms]. This bony column contains the spinal marrow, where the organs of sensation—the nerves—have their origin, and from which they diverge. The principal organs of life are contained in the chest and abdomen. [How is this distinctive?] Animals of this division consist of two sexes, male and female [certain fishes are hermaphrodite]." Such careless errors might, we say, be pardoned. But it is not easy to overlook the concluding sentence: "Jaws incumbent, transversal, and furnished with teeth—rudiments of teeth are seen in the beaks of birds—and limbs not exceeding four, form the principal features which mark the character of the vertebrate animals." Jaw-teeth are absent in representatives of every class of the vertebrates; among mammals, in the pangolins and ant-eaters of the order especially called edentata, or the toothless, as well as in the right whales; in all living birds—not even rudiments of teeth being found, the serratures of the margins of the bills of many species being entirely different, and not at all homologous with teeth; among amphibians, in many anura; among fishes, in all the carps, dace, suckers, and the very numerous related forms, as well as many other families. Fore as well as hind members are wanting in the lampreys, amphioxus, etc. The definition which has thus been given in full—and which fails after all to bring into prominence the true distinctive characters of the type—may be accepted as an example of others. Of course, the entire work is worse than worthless as an exhibition of the present condition of science. It has been our lot to see circulated among the people of this country, without rebuke, many poor works professing to treat of scientific subjects; but not for many years has one so poor as this one been offered, and we take the opportunity to protest once more against such compilations by persons utterly unacquainted with the rudiments or methods of a science. Why will not our publishers get competent men as compilers? Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s school geographies are none the easier to beat out of the market because a competent geographer like Professor Guyot prepared them.

Pickett's Men: A Fragment of War History. By Walter Harrison, A.A. and Inspector-General of Pickett's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. (New York: D. Van Nostrand, Publisher. 1870.)—We have heretofore said, in speaking of the literature called out by the rebellion, that for the present the most useful war books are those which narrate the experiences of eye-witnesses; and the book before us is of this valuable sort. Col. Harrison served with Pickett's Division from Fredericksburg to Appomattox Court-House—that is, during the whole period of its existence under this title; for it was at the battle of Fredericksburg that Pickett first appeared as a division commander. More is in a name at the South than with us, and it was the custom there to call brigades, divisions, and corps after their respective leaders—a custom that is worthy of passing notice. Had it any real significance? Did it mark the aristocratic tendency of the Southern mind? Did it prove a lofty, sentimental sense of glory in the Southern breast? Some may incline to think that it did—that something more than life and fortune and sacred honor was dedicated to the fight when each general officer threw his name into the struggle, before all the world. Many subordinate commanders on the Southern side did the same. But of our Northern generals, whose corps, divisions, and brigades were numbered, not named, we lost some able and brave in battle, who had been distinguished on many fields, whose names were first publicly known when the lists of killed were read. They had thrown in their fame with that which their troops had won.

Col. Harrison's book is chiefly interesting as coming from a Southern hand. We are curious to learn the experiences of those who fought against us, and to note the tone and spirit in which Southern writers will deal with war topics. This author is, we must say, very fair. His book has no literary excellence, as indeed not much is needed for such works as this; but from its frank style we take it to have been written with no other aim than to tell truly the story of a famous body of troops. Under the heading of "The Call to Arms," the author gives briefly an odd statement of Virginia's position at that time; and we quote a sentence which we suppose to be a fair average of the talk of the most intelligent volunteers of the South round the earliest mess-tables and camp-fires. There is not a word about slavery in our author's summing up, and of his many causes of difference between Virginia and the North we are obliged to confess that this is the most grievous: "The cold calculations of Puritanism could ill agree with the liberal *laisser-aller* of Huguenot and Cavalier blood"!

Under the heading of "Military Organization" there is the usual reference to the everlasting fine horsemanship of the Southern youth; but the boyhood of Washington is responsible for this, and we ought not to complain of it, especially as "Pickett's men" went afoot. They set out under various brigadiers early in the struggle, and fought with credit under Beauregard, Johnston, and Lee before they were called together as Pickett's Division. They fared like their brethren until Gettysburg, where, as everybody knows, they suddenly rose above their comrades to a fame all their own, for none had dared to follow them. Two brigades, properly belonging to Pickett, had not come with him to Pennsylvania, and at Gettysburg he had only the brigades of Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead. These took no part in the fight until the afternoon of the third day, when they made a charge in praise of which it may be truly said that the world never knew a more glorious self-sacrifice for honor's sake. The author's account of the charge is good, but not very complete. Going forward to speak with General Longstreet, who was closely reconnoitring with General Lee, he caught an early glimpse of the Union position, and found it "frightful to look at." Again, he calls it an "infernal slaughter-pen," and says that the attempt on it was "a massacre." It will be satisfactory to Army of the Potomac men to read that when their cannonade opened in reply to Lee's "the enemy had the exact range of our line of battle," and long before the assault was ordered the Confederates lost many officers and men. The story of the charge and its repulse is well known. All supports failed, and Pickett's men alone penetrated the Union line: "they touched the vital point, they made the life-blood flow," this writer says; but it was all in vain—Garnett and Armistead were killed, Kemper was desperately wounded and captured. Of the colonels of regiments seven were killed on the field, and six were wounded, one mortally. Three lieutenant-colonels were killed and three wounded. In fine, of the whole complement of field-officers in fifteen regiments one only escaped unhurt. The loss in companies was in almost the same fearful proportion. It was one of the world's great deeds of arms.

Col. Harrison has but a low opinion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Maryland was found to be too "loyal" by half; and in Pennsylvania they had a mean way of hiding horses in hay-lofts, wagons in beds of streams, and oxen at the bottom of their ice-houses. "And yet, your whiskey is good, Penn.! very good; but your water is bad, very bad"—especially, thinks the Colonel, the Gettysburg water which they now sell in bottles—that is abominable.

At Five Forks and Sailor's Creek "Pickett's Men" fought their last fights. Meantime, as they fought against Butler, south of the James, General Lee said of them: "We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but couldn't do it." Col. Harrison takes the welcome applause as a motto for his title-page. We like his book for its sincerity and good humor, and perhaps we were wrong to say that it has no literary excellence—it is by no means dull, which is meritorious, and the author has sometimes a dry, unsouthern mode of expression, while his comments often show quick perception. In his service in the field he had the nice observation to note that to the soldier expectant of orders to attack, the moments linger; and that in the midst of the fight the soldier is *too near* to see what is going on. We hope that publishers will be found for more books like this. They will help the coming historian, and interest and instruct all their readers of to-day.

A German Course. By G. F. Comfort, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages and Æsthetics in Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.)—This manual differs from most of its rivals in two points. In the first place, it tries "to present every word and grammatical principle in a living natural sentence before it is defined or explained," so that the pupil may have, if he likes to use it, an opportunity to exercise his ingenuity as well as his memory. This aim is satisfactorily attained, and certainly the illustrative sentences are not the customary bald platitudes which repel and weary the student.

In the second place, the book contains a certain amount of philological information. This consists of a tolerably full history of the German language, and of continual illustrations of the development and formation of words. But this part is not wholly free from error. The very first paragraph tells us that the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Europe and Hindostan had their "early home in the western part of the Himalaya Mountains. From this mountain region one portion of this original stock moved down to the rich plains of India, and developed the Sanscrit language and literature and the Buddhist religion." But do even those scholars who judge that this early home is in Asia, place it among the mountains? And again, Why is nothing said about Brahmanism? Why not say that those Aryans who settled in the different parts of Europe developed the Protestant religion, and make no mention of Catholicism? That would be doing just about the thing that Professor Comfort has here done. The tables in comparative language cannot fail to interest the student.

In the strictly grammatical part, we find in general great clearness and ingenuity in the statement of the rules, although a change might be made in Section 244, on the use of prepositions with the dative and accusative cases, where we find they govern the dative case when rest within or motion inside of the object they govern is expressed. Is this the case with the example given—"Das Buch liegt auf dem Tisch"? It is but seldom, however, that we find any obscurity. There are certain grammatical points omitted; for example, the use of the adjective as a neuter noun after *etwas*, etc. The discussion of relative pronouns is especially incomplete. On the whole, however, the book is deserving of praise, being much more intelligently written than the majority of German grammars.

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Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 44, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
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Gilbert (W.), The Struggle in Ferrara: a Tale	" " "	
Hosmer (Margaret), Lenny, the Orphan: A Tale	(Porter & Coates)	
Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vols. I. to XL., June, 1850, to May, 1870	(Harper & Bros.)	
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XVIII., No. 106, July-Sept., 1870	(Littell & Gay)	
Longfellow (H. W.), Dante's Divina Commedia, pop. ed., 3 vols	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	6 00
March (Prof. F. A.), Anglo-Saxon Reader	(Harper & Bros.)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1870.

The Week.

THE state of things in France appears to grow worse and worse. Every day makes the hopelessness of the struggle clearer, and nothing does more to dishearten all the friends of France than the atmosphere of falsehood by which everybody connected with the press or with public affairs, except General Trochu, appears to be laboring to surround himself and the public. Everybody seems to be engaged either in deceiving himself or his neighbors; and even the men of thought, like Mazade and Louis Blanc, have completely lost their heads. Mazade, on the 15th of September, pours forth the same strain of folly as in the *Revue* of the previous fortnight, and consoles himself for the horrible reverses of Sedan by the reflection that to France belongs "the glorious privilege of astonishing the world." Louis Blanc, who has a well-earned reputation as an accurate observer and cool reasoner, raves like the lunatics of the *Gaulois* or *Figaro*, and, though an educated man, calls King William the "Attila of the Nineteenth Century," apparently for no other reason than that the former, like the latter, has fought battles in Champagne, and that the defeat of the Prussians on the plains of Châlons would be an agreeable occurrence. Jules Favre, of whom we dislike to speak with anything but respect, has published an account of his interview with Bismarck which reads like a letter from a young lady delegate to a woman's rights convention, rather than the report of a statesman deputed to debate with one of the keenest diplomatists of the age the fate of a great people, and that people his own countrymen. The figure he cut himself appears all through to be uppermost in his mind. He keeps an exact record of all his emotions; tells how he started from his chair, and how he writhed and agonized under Bismarck's dastardly propositions; how his strength was near failing him, and how near he came to breaking down, and so on—a most pitiful record, and well calculated to increase the contempt of the Prussians for their adversary, and harden their hearts against him.

As far as simple, unadulterated lying goes, it must be admitted that the Republic has, thus far, far outdone the Gramonts and Palikaos, and with less excuse. Attempts are no longer made to conceal disasters, but stories of successes are invented and spread, and, what is worse, stories of armaments and succors, and risings and reinforcements, which the men in power know have no foundation whatever. The "Army of Lyons," of which we have heard so much of late, has now been converted into "the Army of the Loire," probably because it was felt to be a little too barefaced to assign it to any specified locality, and it is now "on the Loire," and rolling up into the hundreds of thousands, and making ready to eat the Germans at a mouthful, although the Prussians are advancing without serious opposition on Tours—the regular troops flying before them. Of course, dozens of these disgraceful fictions are found out by the people every day, and every such discovery increases the want of confidence in the leaders which has been the curse of the war, as far as the French are concerned, and which is already threatening society with dissolution. The prefects report increasing difficulty in preserving order in their departments; the orders of the Government are disregarded, and the levies refuse to march. In many cases the National Guard are returning their arms, and many of the towns refuse to allow themselves to be defended, feeling certain of defeat, and dreading the Prussian artillery. Better pay contributions, they say, than be bombarded and burnt. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to find a parallel for the present state of things in France. Many weeks more of it, without some great success, which is very unlikely, would make Prussian conquest welcome to all owners of property.

From Trochu, on whom may now be said to rest the whole burden of the nation's sorrow, we hear little. He is undoubtedly laboring as best he can to infuse order and discipline into the vast and unwarlike host now under his orders in Paris, and his plan apparently is to break them in by means of small encounters with the enemy, brought on under favorable circumstances, and not pushed far enough to try them too severely. This mode of bringing undisciplined troops up to the mark has often been tried and succeeded, but never, we believe, under similar circumstances. It may be said to be essential to its success that the army should be in camp, or in a fortress to itself, away from civilians and civilian influences, and completely under the control of the general. The army of Paris is not only, however, made up largely of men fresh from civil life, but of men still in civil life. It is surrounded by a million or more of non-combatants, to whose cackle it listens when off duty, by whose moods it is inevitably affected, and whose fears and panics and despondency it must inevitably share. Moreover, these non-combatants will soon begin to suffer seriously from scarcity of provisions, and the troops will be constantly cognizant of their privations, and constantly within hearing of their plaints. If Trochu can make a body so situated a match, even behind stone walls, for such an army as that of the Crown Prince, he will do more than any military man has ever done before him. The exposure of the city to bombardment becomes every day more inexcusable, as it is every day more evident that no relief from the outside is to be looked for.

Among "the campaign stories of the week" has been a report announcing the raising of the siege and the general retreat of the Prussians. There was another, from Tours, heralding the destruction, by the fire of the Fort du Mont Valérien, of all the Prussian works in a circuit of six kilometres; the driving of their engineers from Clamart, Meudon, and Montretout; the recapture of Villejuif and Champigny, and a number of other exploits achieved by the Parisians. And there was also an official bulletin, issued by Gambetta at Tours, proclaiming that, on the 12th inst., "the Prussians were driven out of all the positions which they had been occupying for weeks . . . driven beyond Stains, Pierrefitte, and Dugny;" beyond "Joinville, Creteil, Champigny;" "forced from Bas-Meudon and St. Cloud, and thrown back on Versailles." The truth of the matter, however, is, that the exploits of "the more than ever heroic people of Paris" consisted in some feeble reconnoissances and sorties, which caused the falling back of the Prussian outposts, and ended, like all preceding ones, with repulses; that the fire of Mont Valérien did its principal havoc in the chateau of St. Cloud; and that the Prussians continue to hold their positions all around the city, whose only means of communication with the second capital, Tours, remains the balloon. A conveyance of this kind lately took out M. Kératry, who followed his colleague in the Government of National Defence, M. Gambetta, to Tours. The latest aerial messenger, who alighted in Belgium, reports the Prussians to have made the opening shots of the bombardment on the 14th, which lacks confirmation from other quarters.

We have no sufficient data to enable us to judge whether General Trochu, Jules Favre, and their military and civil associates in the rule of the city do or do not display all the energy and vigor demanded and possible under the trying circumstances. What we do know is that their activity, both military and civil, is greatly, if not fatally, hampered by the doings of some young and old fools whose wisdom consists in reminiscences of the revolutionary years 1793 and 1848, and whose patriotism, when unity of action and harmony demand self-abnegation, always yields to the promptings of vanity and vulgar ambition. Thus we see "Red" revolutionary movements going on, within walls, against the Government of National Defence; we find Gustave Flourens—the youthful hero who once rose in insurrection against Napoleon, and marched along through the night putting out the lamps until he took to flight—heading a rebellious opposition to the decree of the Government postponing the elections; and we hear of a commander of a battalion of National Guards having distributed cartridges among the men "preparatory to marching on the Hôtel de Ville." The establishment of a "revolutionary commune," as it existed during the Reign of Terror, is demanded—and that within hearing of the Prussian guns, and while food is getting scarce. Félix Pyat, a hero of 1848, whose deeds have always been words, reproaches the Government with having betrayed Toul and Strasbourg by their cowardly negotiating for peace, and after elegantly telling them that "Toul is a frontier lost, Strasbourg is a gate of Paris," also reproaches them with "scattering flowers of rhetoric," and then cruelly exclaims: "Begone! your deposition is pronounced!" More patriotically disposed, Victor Hugo turns the shafts of his rhetoric chiefly against the Prussians, and tells them that they are doomed, the theatre of war having changed: "No more forests, no more thick fogs, no more tortuous tactics, no more gliding along in the dark. The strategy of the cat will not avail when you meet the lion. In vain you will step softly. The very dead will hear you. Paris is watching you—the thunder in her hand. . . . Your facile successes are over. . . ." And then he calls them names —"Borussians," "Vandals"—and quotes Shakespeare against Moltke—if we understand him aright.

Where Paris does not watch the Germans—"the thunder in her hand," as Victor Hugo says—they continue to achieve more or less "facile" successes. They have reduced Soissons by a heavy bombardment, under the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, capturing four thousand prisoners and one hundred and thirty-two guns; they have captured Épinal and Vesoul, the capital towns of the Departments of Vosges and Haute-Saône; have closely invested Verdun and New Brisach; have entered Somme in force, occupying Montdidier and threatening Amiens; have occupied Breteuil, in Oise, and Les Andelys, in Eure, and reached Fleury, in the very vicinity of Rouen; have pushed their advance westward as far as Alençon, in Orne; have achieved another victory near Orléans, on the 11th, entered that city, crossed the Loire, and pressed the French forces back beyond La Ferté-St.-Aubin, the latter probably retreating in the direction of Blois and Tours. An official report by the general commanding the French Fifteenth Corps, which was successively defeated on the 10th—at Artenay—and on the 11th, shows the disastrous character of its last reverse: "Our troops, who . . . had taken part the day before in the battle of Artenay, gave way. . . . I was obliged, in order to check the enemy's progress, to go forward personally with three battalions of the reserve. . . . The enemy was checked for three hours, but at last we were broken and overcome by their shells." The general praises the bravery of his troops, but a correspondent of the *Tribune* with "the Army of the Loire"—a term, as it seems, identical with "Fifteenth Corps"—restricts his praise to the Mobile Garde, the Foreign Legion, which "was almost entirely destroyed," and the Pontifical Zouaves, and speaks very severely of the demoralization pervading a part of the line. If the description given by that correspondent of things witnessed around Orléans and in Tours be in the main correct, the condition of affairs in that quarter must be really deplorable.

Tours appears now to be threatened by a double advance of the Germans, on both sides of the Loire, from La Ferté-St.-Aubin, south of Orléans, where they are said to have established their headquarters after crossing that river, and from the vicinity of Châteaudun, in Eure-et-Loir, where they recently appeared in some force. The means of opposing this advance seem to be exceedingly scanty. The capacity of the defeated commander of the French forces on the Loire being doubted, he has been temporarily superseded by General Bourbaki, though the latter was to leave for the North, where all the large towns—fortified as well as unfortified—are apprehensive of attack by the Prussian forces made disposable by the capture of Soissons, or by others arriving as reinforcements. Gambetta, for the last few days the soul of the Government at Tours, has left for the seat of the war in the East. Lyons and Marseilles continue to be agitated by political movements of an extreme character. Disobedience to the new authorities manifests itself also in various other localities. Rumors are also current that Bazaine, who has been quiet for a number of days, is negotiating for the capitulation of Metz. And amid all these extraordinary difficulties and perplexities, the slight successes achieved here and there by Francs-Tireurs or Guards over Prussian foraging parties, or now and then by the defenders of Paris in skirmishes before the ramparts, have thus far been the only events calculated to encourage either branch of the Government of National Defence in clinging to the determination to cede for peace "neither an inch of territory nor a stone of a fortress." The Paris branch, however, can boast of having firmly stood a siege for a full month.

Anybody who wants really exciting war news we must advise to subscribe to the New York *World*, the European despatches of which are really as horrible reading as anybody can wish for. The way the Germans are nearly every day maltreated in its columns is positively inhuman, and we protest against such atrocities in a neutral paper. At that last great fight before Paris, the Germans not only had their besieging lines broken in, but were slaughtered and otherwise disposed of to the extent of eight (eighty?) thousand men, not to speak of artillery and standards. The poor devils are now crouching in the woods around Paris, badly cowed. At Soissons, the slaughter too was so dreadful that the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin "wept and wrung his hands." From the accounts given by the *World* of the earlier portion of the campaign, we felt satisfied that the affair would end pretty much as the *World* describes it—that is, in the imprisonment of the whole Prussian army around Paris, with angry peasants rising around them, the great guns of the fortresses playing on them, Garibaldi and Bazaine cutting off their retreat to the Rhine, and the National Guard cutting off everything else, and the Crown Prince wasting away with hunger in Versailles. They now see how much better it would have been for them to have surrendered at Sedan, as the French would then have let them go home.

Fuller returns from the late elections substantially confirm the summary we gave last week. In Pennsylvania, sixteen Congressional districts have been carried by the Republicans, seven by the Democrats, and one (O'Neill's) by the mixed supporters of an independent candidate. This leaves the delegation divided practically the same as now, though the Republicans have lost two districts (involving, we are not sorry to say, the retirement of Mr. Daniel J. Morrell), and gained one, namely, that which Judge Woodward lately represented more respectably than most of his colleagues. In the State Legislature, the Republicans have a majority on joint ballot, and in Philadelphia they carried their local ticket by about 5,000 majority in a vote which showed a marked falling off from that called out by national questions. In Ohio, the Republican State ticket was carried by about 15,000 majority, and here, too, the Congressional delegation remains unchanged in character —each party having gained and lost two districts—unless Mr. Schenck succeeds in contesting his seat with Mr. Campbell. The latter owes his slight majority to two causes, doubtless—dissatisfaction on the part of certain Republicans with Mr. Schenck's notions about the tariff, and the really moderate and sensible way in which the late Minister to Mexico behaved when returned to the State Senate. The Democrats have carried Indiana by a majority of about 2,000, and gain one representative. What is of more importance, and by no means a national misfortune, is the fact that they have a small majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, thus ensuring a Democratic successor to Senator Morton in case he accepts the mission to England, which is now rendered very doubtful. In Iowa, finally, the Republicans seem to have lost one Congressman in the Third District, lately Mr. Allison's, by a very considerable Democratic gain, but small majority. On the whole, as we have said, the Republicans have held their own, and the Democrats, it is certain, will not control the next Congress.

The Administration has committed a serious mistake in allowing Mr. Cox to resign, or, to speak more correctly, in having allowed free play to the influences which have forced him to resign. All the able and most influential Republican papers acknowledge its gravity.

Messrs. Chandler and Cameron, probably two of the worst politicians in the country, are believed to be at the bottom of it, and, coming as it does simultaneously with the President's absurd attempt to influence the Missouri State election by a very gross abuse of his appointing power, it opens up rather a troublesome prospect for the remaining year of his term of office. It is not yet too late for him to retrace his steps, and retain what will be of tenfold more value to him than all the "managers" in the country can do for him, and that is the respect and confidence of the honest men "outside politics," a body of considerable weight and influence in the long run. Gratz Brown, of whose speech only a telegraphic summary has reached us, has openly declared war on the administration in Missouri, denouncing the President's policy as "intolerable."

The state of "politics" in this city is this: Last spring, when the New York Charter was passed, the Republican members of the Legislature were induced to support it, under an arrangement by which Republicans were to have a proper share of the municipal offices. This arrangement was carried out, and it created a body of persons known as "Tammany Republicans," who are powerfully, and, as it proves, overwhelmingly, represented by the Republican Committee, which is charged, in New York, with the care of the rights of man and other interests of that nature. The "Young Democrats," or the new Democratic opposition to the Tammany Ring, have now had the grace to nominate Mr. Ledwith, an honest and independent Democrat, for Mayor, and invite the Republicans to help them to elect him, as the first and best means of overthrowing the rule of the Ring. A portion of the Republicans are ready to do so, and a meeting of the committee was called to consider the matter last Saturday night. There was a fierce debate, which was only prevented from degenerating into a breach of the peace by the presence of a strong body of police; but the Tammany Republicans, who do not want to have Ledwith elected, and therefore wish to make a separate nomination, or "a straight Republican ticket," mustered in such force that they carried their point amid tremendous uproar, and the minority, headed by Collector Murphy, left the room in disgust. The minority includes Mr. Charles S. Spencer and other gentlemen of that stamp. One of his reasons for wanting to adjourn was, he said, "respect for the Sabbath," the debate having been protracted beyond midnight—an announcement which the wicked Tammany men received, we are sorry to say, with derisive cheers. Our opinion is, however, that, in spite of Mr. Spencer's open confession of his reverence for the Lord's Day, the piety of the two sections is about equal, and we would not have any Republican hesitate between them on that ground. But any Republican who votes for "the straight Republican" Mayor, nominated by the Tammany Republicans, will to all intents and purposes vote for the nominee of the Ring and for the continuance of its vile rule. It will be the highest duty of every Republican, therefore, to repudiate on this occasion the regular party nomination.

We are about to have in New York, on the first Tuesday in November, the trial of a question in which the whole country will be interested—namely, whether the United States Government can enforce order and regularity and honesty at elections in this city, in defiance of the Tammany Hall mob. Under the new law, the Marshal has full power over the proceedings, but if he were left to rely for support simply on his deputies, the mercenaries of the Ring would have no difficulty in overpowering him and having things their own way. We believe, however, that the Government has been advised to make, and is making, preparations to put the army and navy at his disposal, in much the same fashion in which they were used to preserve order at Lincoln's election in 1864. We have no doubt that we shall therefore have a day of extraordinary quiet, and an election of extraordinary purity. If it should not be a day of quiet, however, and if an attempt should be made to carry out the Ring programme, and the Government should do its duty firmly, as we hope it will, and a number of our citizens should be removed by violence from their present spheres of activity, we must honestly confess that we are unable at this moment to think of any good reason for regretting it. This sounds inhuman, but there are so many of our citizens whom the ballot has so completely failed either to elevate or to purify, and whose growth in rascality is so steady, that it would really be hard even for their best friends to protest against their taking off.

General Robert E. Lee died, on Wednesday week, of nervous prostration, brought on, doubtless, by the fatigues and anxieties of the war, and, more immediately, by the awful chagrin—we will not call it remorse—which must have come in the silence and desolation of peace to every man who bore a prominent part at the South in carrying on the war. Skill, courage, patience, and fortitude, and all in the highest degree, nobody can deny him, and we are glad to say that, so far as our observation has gone, not one who has noticed his death has attempted to do so. Everybody acknowledges that, whether his share in the rebellion was his folly or his fault, he made, by his demeanor since he laid down his arms, the best and, indeed, the only atonement a brave man could make without forfeiting his self-respect. And, now that it is all over, and that men's judgments of him have, at best, only a literary value, we may say that he was a type of soldier which any race may be proud to produce and would do well to cherish. When one watches what is happening in France, and sees how hard it is even for a nation trained to arms to bring to the surface, even in the throes of despair, the strong, silent man who can take the fortunes of the State on his single head, and bear them valiantly—serene and resolute and still—the North, as well as the South, may do worse than respect Lee's memory, rebel and traitor though he was. How anybody can look at him as a psychological puzzle because, having taken the military oath to the United States, he afterwards bore arms against them—and some do so—we cannot well understand. History is full of cases in which men, greater and better than he, broke an oath of allegiance to an established government as he broke his, in the interest, real or imaginary, of higher things, and yet retained the respect of all the world and their own. That which will, perhaps, if anything will, cloud the estimation in which he will be held by posterity is his failure, when in the very flush of his power and influence, to do anything to put a stop to the atrocities of the Libby and of Andersonville. That he did not know of these horrors it is hard to believe; that, knowing of them, he should have done nothing to hinder them, those who admire him as a man, still more than those who admire him simply as a Southerner, will always remember as a great stain on a great name.

We are surprised and pained to find that none of the lecturers this winter have made any preparations, so far as our knowledge goes, for the continuance of those assaults on "caste" which last year and the year before attracted so much public attention. Miss Anna Dickinson has gone off after Joan of Arc; and Mr. Sumner is, we are told, going to point some moral with the Franco-German war, and "caste" is going, we fear, to have full swing, though, it is true, we have not yet heard from General Logan. Now, considering how powerful caste was last year, and what fearful havoc it was playing with the body politic and social, and what desperate efforts its votaries were making to confirm its hideous sway—witness the nose-pulling case in Boston, and General Sherman's attempts to make himself a marquis, and give evening parties; and considering, too, how deep-seated was the dislike of white people to marrying colored people, in spite of the plainness of their moral duty in that regard, nobody, we hope, will have the assurance to tell us that the danger is over, and that the monster has been slain by one course of lectures. We are, therefore, driven to some very painful conclusions about its last year's assailants; but we shall not utter them; our hearts are too full. This we may say, however, that any undaunted politician, who boldly avows his hatred of caste, of aristocracy, and of monarchy and of orders of nobility, and his respect for the will of the people, will meet with the heartiest support from us under any persecution to which he may be subjected. These are not the times to allow outspoken and fearless men to be put down.

MR. COX'S RESIGNATION.

It is, of course, very unfortunate that so valuable an officer as Secretary Cox should resign his place in the Cabinet, but it would be still more unfortunate if the public were left in ignorance of, or under any misapprehension about, the cause of his resignation. An attempt has been made by some of the more zealous party papers to ascribe it to purely "personal" reasons, and there have been one or two insinuations that, as he was not in entire sympathy with the party about the suffrage, it is, perhaps, not altogether to be regretted that his official connection with it should cease. But we believe we run no risk in saying that his motives for retiring are no more "personal" than those of an officer who finds a place which he has filled faithfully and well made untenantable must always be; and that the suggestion that he does not agree with the party touching any of its fundamental doctrines, or any great feature of its policy, is simply one of the modes in which the party hacks raise the mob on any honest man whose presence is inconvenient and whom they determine "to run off." Just as "soundness on the main question" has been made a cover for every vice, from burglary to habitual drunkenness, so unsoundness is used as an excuse for covering the purest reputation with mud. His resignation has, in short, nothing to do with his opinions or with his private comfort or convenience. It is simply and solely the result of the President's failure to support him in the maintenance and prosecution of the reforms which he has introduced into the Department of the Interior, and the value and extent of which the press of all parties is now acknowledging with gratitude. He has introduced there changes which, three years ago, seemed well-nigh out of any man's power, and the extension of which in all branches of the Administration would be one of the greatest blessings which could befall the country. He has filled the working force of the Department with competent, well-educated men of good character, and has shown that such men can serve the Government better than others, and without any derangement of the political machine. He has, moreover, broken up the innumerable rings which the nature of a great deal of its business gathered around the Department during the late Administration, and, in fact, has made probably the most complete clearance of jobbery and corruption which any one department in Washington has witnessed in our time.

Now, that this sort of work would be done in all the departments, and that the Cabinet officers would have the hearty support of the President in doing it, was, we believe, the general expectation of the country when the present administration came into power; and it was generally believed that Grant, not being a politician, and yet possessed of a reputation so great as to enable him to set politicians at defiance, was just the man to effect this great and long-desired but hardly-expected revolution. It was, we believe, on the understanding that he was such a man that Messrs. Hoar, Fish, and Cox took office. Had he issued a declaration, on taking office, that he was going to revolutionize the civil service, by making appointments on business principles, we believe the country would have hailed it with delight, and have supported him firmly. Declaration or no declaration, however, it would have stood by him in trying to do right had he trusted it. But he lost heart very early in the fight—a novel sensation for him of all men, whose courage on more terrible fields has usually grown as his fortune seemed to wane. He apparently could neither make up his mind to work with the politicians nor to break with them, so he tried a compromise, and it has met with the usual fate of such attempts. The politicians at first assaulted the departments openly, and attempted to carry them with a rush. Finding this unsuccessful, they sat down before them and opened a regular siege. They became "cool" with the Administration, disregarded its suggestions, rejected its nominations, and affected to treat it as of little account. They spread abroad through the country reports of its failure and "weakness," and, having produced a certain amount of demoralization at the White House in this way, they began openly to point out to the President the injury Hoar was doing him by his "brusqueness," or Cox by his inflexibility or his new-fangled notions, or that he was doing himself by his failure to consult "practical men," who could show him how things were managed "inside politics." This, of course, gradually produced its effect. Hoar was sacrificed first, by a direct dismissal; Cox is now sacrificed, by a refusal to sustain him in the execution of his reforms. Fish, we venture to predict, will not last much beyond December, and for the same reasons; and then we shall have the reign of the old schemers fully restored in all the departments, and—this is the worst of it—managing a President totally unfamiliar with their arts, and totally unable to detect even the worst of the snares into which they are sure to try to lead him.

Now, what is the disease from which American politics are suffering? Is it not the corruption and dishonesty of the great body of persons who carry on the government? Suppose this evil removed or greatly diminished, what else is there in American polity to cause anybody to be disheartened or disturbed—human nature being what it is? What is it that makes these persons corrupt? Is it not the fact that office-holding is the only business in the United States, producing a regular income, in which a man needs neither character nor capacity, and into which a man can get without possessing either character or capacity? Supposing we barred the entrance to the public service to this class of persons, what is there in politics that would make the game worth the candle to the great army of adventurers, and ignoramuses, and gamblers, and tricksters who now make it a low and justly despised profession? Would they not quit it if, as Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania has pointed out, the business of Congressmen were legislation simply, and not the keeping of intelligence offices to provide places for the broken-down, or unsuccessful, or vicious? The first political question in every country is, what kind of people compose the state?—the second is, what kind of men make the laws and execute them?—what kind of laws are passed? is only the third. A people of high political capacity will make almost any government serve their purpose, but no government can be made to serve any good purpose long which is worked by rascals, and in the operation of which nearly all the virtues and all the gifts and acquirements are treated as if they did not exist or were of no value.

The Methodist Church has been lately getting up a political reform movement. If its promoters mean by this a movement for preaching generally against corruption in the style of the *Tribune*, say, or of a Republican orator at a ratification meeting, they may save themselves all further trouble. They will find nobody to disagree with them, and might thrash the empty air in this way for twenty years and find things at the end no better. We may say the same thing of all general exhortations to individuals, from the President down, "to appoint none but good men to office." Some Presidents will appoint good men; others will not; and some will try to appoint them, and give it up as too troublesome. It is the SYSTEM which is rotten, and it is the system which must be reformed. Dependence on individual men chosen by nominating conventions is simply vanity and vexation of spirit. The desire of the nation for honest servants must be expressed in *laws*, and not in resolutions only. There is at this moment a convention sitting in Cincinnati for the discussion of questions of prison reform. Some of the ablest and most experienced philanthropists and reformers in this country are attending it; some of the ablest in Europe have sent papers to it. Every day of its sittings a vast amount of valuable information and wise suggestion as to the treatment of criminals is laid before the world. Now, does anybody suppose that its deliberations are likely to have the smallest effect on the prison discipline or the police system of the United States? Nobody, certainly, who is competent to form an opinion about it. And why not? Simply because the administration of the prisons of the country, like every other branch of the administration, has been gradually but surely taken possession of by a distinct class, composed of ignorant and often unprincipled men, who regard the management of prisons as part of the "party spoils," and treat all interference with them on the part of reformers as the meddling of visionary busybodies. There has been a hard-working Association for the improvement of the condition of the prisons in this State in existence for twenty-five years, and containing some of the ablest jurists and philanthropists we have. It has inspected, reported, and preached year by year with unsurpassed intelligence and fidelity; and yet the state of the prisons is now far worse than when they began. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely. They present themselves in every department of the Government.

The American people is full of generous and noble ideas. It is animated by the most ardent desire to make real and valuable contributions to the work of human progress. It would fain do justice, and dearly loves mercy. It seeks, above all things, to make its institutions models for all nations. But all this passionate love of improvement, which, rightly directed, and with proper machinery at its command, might move mountains, is absolutely arrested at the door of every public office. Inside, it finds neither service nor expression. If we wish ever to see the greater features of the national character, its faith, its hope, its charity, its openness to new ideas, its vigor and ingenuity in controlling circumstances, and its singular, we may say unparalleled, capacity for dealing with social and political problems, fairly embodied, as they ought to be, in the government, we must, before all things, improve the system through which the machinery of government is kept going. Mr. Cox's retirement is certainly, as far as this is concerned, not a hopeful sign, but we must trust that either he or the President will yet find a way to retain his services for the nation.

PRESCRIPTION IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.

THE question which has been raised in the discussion about the cession of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, whether, even supposing the inhabitants were not wholly French in feeling, France could defend her unwillingness to surrender them on the ground of prescription, can hardly yet be said to be a practical one, as far as the present war is concerned; but we are still far from the final political division of Europe, and we may be sure it will have considerable importance in the discussions which are still to come. Whatever be the nature of the title acquired by prescription, the essential fact contained in it is the lapse of time. However jurists may have speculated as to its origin, whatever convenient fictions judges may have invented to account for its operation, it still remains that lapse of time is what works the change of property, is what destroys the right of the former owner without his consent, and perfects the right of the present occupant. If an analogous international prescription exists, it assumes that a State has at some past time obtained possession of certain territory, either rightfully or wrongfully; that it has continuously retained possession of that territory, claiming and asserting sovereignty and dominion over the same; that such possession and claim have lasted for a sufficient period of time; and that thereby an absolute right has accrued to the State, not only against other nations who have no valid title, but even against the nation which was the true sovereign, and against the inhabitants of the district itself. Does such an international prescription exist? Many jurists of great authority answer this question in the affirmative, among whom are Grotius, Vattel, Edmund Burke, Wheaton, and Phillimore. None of them, however, pretends that the international law has established any definite limit for the duration of the possession in order that the territorial right may become absolute. The utmost they assert is that a lapse of time, sufficiently prolonged, will have this effect. The arguments by which they maintain their position are that the doctrine of prescription, as applied to national dominion, is a part of the law of nature; that it is analogous to the same doctrine as applied to private ownership; that it is universally recognized; and that it is necessary to the tranquillity of peoples, the safety of states, and the happiness of the human race, as a preventive of constant war and bloodshed.

This is certainly an imposing array of authorities; but a little examination will show that their conclusions are based upon no secure foundations either of fact or of argument. In the first place, the reasoning of these jurists consists in great measure in arguing from the analogies of the municipal law. Now, in truth, there is no such analogy, simply because the great essential fact upon which the doctrine of acquiring private property by prescription is founded is entirely wanting in the international code, nor can it possibly be supplied. When we reduce private prescription to its lowest terms, we arrive at the following idea as its very centre and support, viz.: The law always gives to the rightful owner of a thing the requisite judicial means and instruments for asserting his claim and establishing his property against a wrongdoer. If, while he possesses these means, he neglects to enforce his rights until a defined period of time has elapsed, he shall not thereafter be heard in his own behalf; for the purpose of quieting titles, of promoting peace and order in society, the property of the once wrongdoer shall now be considered absolute. So completely does the municipal law recognize this as the basis of prescription, that if the original owner be not capable of pursuing his remedies, the time during which such incapacity lasts is not counted against him. Now, the international law gives to a state or people who have been wrongfully dispossessed of their territory no such remedy, and no remedy at all; for it is a mere perversion of terms to call an appeal to arms a juridical remedy, where the dispute must be decided without reference to right and justice, and simply by superiority of physical force. We cannot say, therefore, of a state in this condition that it has ever slumbered on its rights, that it has neglected to enforce its claims, because it cannot for a moment be urged that a state *must* commence a war as an individual commences an action at law, or else be barred of its demands. The very elemental idea of prescription is thus wanting in the international code.

In the second place, the concession that there is no definite, fixed limit of the duration of time which shall work a change in national dominion, is altogether fatal to the theory that such prescription exists. In every system of municipal law a definite, fixed limit is assigned, and is essential; otherwise, every private prescriptive right would be a mere question of fact, depending entirely upon the varying views of the tribunals which decide such issues. A rule of the international law should be practical, capable of being followed and observed; but the rule as stated by most writers is wholly unpractical, and cannot be followed or observed. As the law itself does not assign any definite limit to the lapse of time, who is to appoint such limit? The state in possession will claim that the duration of time since the acquired possession is sufficient; the state or people to whom the original and rightful dominion belonged will deny that the period has been long enough. Who shall decide between them, since the law does not? There are no international juries or triers to put such questions of fact at rest, and the only thing that remains is an appeal to arms. Thus, we find that the rule which Vattel and others invoke to quiet titles, to prevent bloody wars, to preserve peace, will have no such kindly effect. The most that can be said of it is that it may shift the immediate cause of hostilities to the contention whether the duration of possession has been long enough; it will entirely fail to remove that cause. It seems to be an indisputable proposition that, by admitting the entire indefiniteness of the lapse of time necessary to constitute a prescriptive right of dominion, its advocates have admitted away the right altogether.

Lastly and principally, we cannot call that a rule of the international law which no nation ever feels bound to obey whenever her interests lead to a disregard of it. There are many rules which all states observe under all circumstances, and these collectively may with propriety be said to constitute the international law. But the rule in question is not one of them. We do not hesitate to say that no nation of Europe or America would feel herself bound to refrain from enforcing otherwise just claims on the sole ground that a prescriptive right to the subject-matter had accrued in favor of some other nation. Indeed, instead of prescriptive rights of nations forming a part of modern international titles in Europe, the exactly opposite principle seems to be, if not universally adopted, at least allowed to exert a controlling influence. This principle is the doctrine of nationalities, or, in other words, the idea that peoples united in race, in language, in common sentiments, hopes, aspirations—in short, in all which constitute organic life and homogeneity—are also entitled to be united into states and political societies. Before the force of this principle old dynasties, governments, and territorial lines have given way, and the map of Europe has been rearranged. To mention no other instances, the kingdom of Italy owes its existence to the effect of this idea. The time-honored duchies and inferior monarchies were swept away and the peoples incorporated into one body politic. But this was not enough. Venetia had been under the Austrian control since the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797; this dominion was ratified by the great treaties of 1815; so that the possession of Austria had continued about seventy years. But the Venetians are in race, language, attachments, and geographical situation a part of Italy. Therefore, the kingdom of Italy, which had no legal claim whatever to Venetia, except the strong desires of both peoples, demanded the cession of the Adriatic province to herself, declared that the refusal to cede was a cause of war, commenced hostilities aided by a powerful coalition, added the Venetian territory and people to her own, and all Europe not only acquiesced but applauded. And now, with no more of a legal claim, she has absorbed the Eternal City, and made Rome the capital of her completed dominions. The Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig had for generations been under the sovereignty of Denmark, but the people were asserted to be German and not Scandinavian. The Germanic Confederation demanded that they be released from the Danish supremacy, and enforced their demand by force of arms. The overwhelming desire among the German peoples for unity, for one organic Germany, abolished the old Bund, drove Austria from its German alliances, blotted out several independent principalities and free cities, and effected a consolidated organization, which will soon become a homogeneous state, and will finally embrace all the peoples of German race and speech.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, Europe was parcelled out in the interest of dynasties and to preserve the balance of power, but no attention was paid to prescriptive rights or the claims of nationalities. Europe is now rearranging in the interest of peoples with reference to affinities of race, language, sentiments, but again no attention is paid to prescriptive rights. It is certain that the nations of the world do not recognize prescription as conferring absolute dominion. We may go further, and say that it is very doubtful whether they ought to do so. International prescription would not prevent a single war, nor the shedding of a single drop of blood. It would generally be invoked in the interests of power against the weak, of oppression against the oppressed; it would obstruct popular uprisings of peoples to shake off an old and hated yoke; it would sustain long-enthroned dynasties against the will of their subjects; it would perpetuate wrongs that none can speak of without indignation.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF JOURNALISM.

THE controversy which has been raging for some months between the New York papers about the ownership of the telegrams received from certain correspondents at the scene of hostilities in Europe, is, perhaps, except the great increase in the consumption of lager-beer, the most curious incident of the war on this side of the ocean. It has been confined exclusively to the members of the Associated Press, or, in other words, to the leading daily journals in this city. This Associated Press is made up of gentlemen who make a profession of giving the people advice on nearly every subject of human interest. They let them know when the landlords are asking too much rent for their houses, when the butchers are charging too high for their meat, and when the servants are getting too much wages. They point out the good books for purchase, the bad ones for rejection. They give the laborer directions where to find employment, and the capitalists how to find labor. They issue frequent, if not daily, counsels on the general conduct of life, on health, manners, dress, domestic economy, the use and abuse of spirituous and malt liquors, furniture, and amusements, and the education of children, the best means of preserving beauty and mitigating the ravages of old age. They tell merchants when to make things snug, and bankers when they ought to contract their loans; and Congress what laws it should pass or repeal, and when and about what it should declare war. They let military men know how to command the army, and naval men how to manage the navy, and point with unerring finger to the defects of the military and naval schools. From no quarter does vice meet with more scathing rebukes, or virtue with heartier commendation. It must be said, too, that the public evinces its gratitude for this vast range of instruction by pouring on the philosophers who offer it a perennial shower of gold. They are all rich, and becoming daily more so. To all appearance, no men living unite so many advantages in their own persons.

When wisdom and knowledge little short of superhuman are combined in any man with power and wealth, his walk and conversation, and, above all, his management of his personal affairs, ought to be a model to his contemporaries. One might fairly expect, therefore, that the manner in which the Associated Press collects its news, divides it amongst its members, and raises the money for the expenses, would be something which merchants would study as an example of enterprise, order, and economy; moralists as a practical application of pure justice; and the students of "business colleges" as an illustration of the value of urbanity and mutual forbearance in commercial dealings.

The melancholy truth is, however, that this simple operation is *apparently* conducted very much in the way in which we might suppose a set of thievish pedlars would carry out and settle a joint venture in "Yankee notions." The public, which is probably not so much interested in the cause of the wrangling as disgusted with its incessant reappearance in the columns in which they look for news and wisdom, ought to know, in order to understand the matter, that there are three or four correspondents at the seat of war who write constantly for the London *Daily News* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which papers their letters appear nearly every day. Occasionally—after a great battle, for instance—the *Tribune* correspondent in London telegraphs the whole of one of these letters to his paper here; but this has only occurred three or four times. Generally, he only telegraphs a summary of them, or one item of news taken from them. These correspondents the *Daily News* and *Pall Mall Gazette* invariably call "their special correspondents," and for these journals unquestionably the bulk of their work is done. The *Tribune*, however, designates them in the same way. This led the other papers here to charge the *Tribune* with false pretences, and the *Times* accused it with having taken the account of the battle of Gravelotte in particular from the columns of the *Daily News*, where, in truth, it appeared word for word as it appeared in the *Tribune*. To this the *Tribune* replied that it supplied its London contemporaries with war news, and supplied the *Daily News* with the story of the battle of Gravelotte, under an arrangement very similar to that by which it supplied it to the *Times* under the rules of the Associated Press. This seemed to settle the matter; but about a fortnight later, the *Tribune* retracted this statement, complimented the *Daily News* highly on the enterprise it had shown in the collection of its war news, and acknowledged that the *Daily News* did *not* get its account of the battle of Gravelotte from the London correspondent of the *Tribune*. The question then arose, of course, where did the *Tribune* get it? Whose "special correspondent" was he who furnished it? But this has never been explained, and the public is as much in the dark as ever. The *Tribune* avers, however, and we have no doubt truly, that it *has* correspondents employed and paid by itself at the seat of war, and its news received by them has undoubtedly been very accurate and valuable, and been accompanied in its columns by very useful and perspicacious comments.

Here, however, comes in a new complication. The rules of the Associated Press are, that every news despatch, with two or three exceptions which do not apply in this case, addressed to any one member of the Association, must be by him offered to all the other members, who are at liberty to publish it, in whole or in part, as they please, paying for it in proportion to what they use. Any member who employs a special correspondent anywhere, employs him subject to this rule. Whatever special correspondents the *Tribune* has employed in Europe it employed subject to this rule—a fact which undoubtedly heightens the credit to which it is entitled for employing them, inasmuch as it was sure not to get all the commercial advantage of their letters, and could only obtain from its fellow-members the cost of the telegraphing, leaving the correspondents' salary and other expenses to come out of its own treasury. Now, what would Solon, or Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or the learned and judicious Hooker, or Dr. Channing, have done had he been engaged in the conduct of a daily paper under these circumstances, in order to get from the public the honor and money to which he thought himself justly entitled as the reward of his enterprise? Why, he would have published a short statement of the rule of the Association, showing why the despatches received by him from correspondents of his own choosing came to appear in the other papers, and then left the public to form its own conclusions. In this way, he would have got all he wanted, or deserved, for himself, and would have avoided casting any imputation on his professional brethren—the rule being one which has been adopted, it is to be supposed, for their common benefit; and would have supported his preachings to the public by an example of candor, strict accuracy, and good taste and good feeling. But what the *Tribune* did was to conceal all knowledge of the rule from the public, and publish a notice calling attention to the fact that its despatches appeared regularly in the columns of its rivals in an "imperfect form," and so worded as to leave on the popular mind the impression that its news was wantonly stolen by its contemporaries, who picked out of it what they pleased, and then impudently presented it as their own.

The *Sun*, apparently as a set-off to this assumption, and one or two other papers, published these despatches as coming from their "Special Correspondent," the unfortunate man being thus claimed as "special" by five or six different newspapers, which led, of course, before long, to a regular bout of abuse—the lie by implication, and, once or twice, the lie direct, being fairly exchanged—and the formal part of the controversy being accompanied through the whole summer by boastings, braggings, taunts, shouts of defiance, and loud-mouthed depreciation and ridicule of their neighbors' wares, and exaltations of their own, all in close imitation of a game of chaff between three or four "Cheap Jacks" in a fair—every word suggesting the unpleasant inference that the members of the press deal with each other, in all business matters, not simply at arm's length, as ordinary business men do, but as blacklegs or professional gamblers may be supposed to deal with each other, with pockets buttoned tight, a revolver within easy reach, and with ready access to a window looking out on the street. Now, nobody would perhaps have a right to ask the gentlemen engaged in this wretched business to mend their manners if they did not preach so much; but their preaching, as we have said, makes their mode of transacting business rather ludicrous. What is perhaps worse than this is that their business relations with each other, as described in their own columns, make much of their preaching, if not ludicrous, to a great and increasing proportion of the public as ineffective as the idle wind. They furnish people with an excuse for not heeding their admonitions, and make their strength lie more and more in their denunciations; and this not so much because these denunciations injure people in the estimation of their neighbors, as because they annoy them in the small way in which one is annoyed by being shouted after or hooted by a rowdy in the street. Moreover, the exhibition the Association has been making of itself gives a strange character to the obituary notices of journalists published by their professional brethren. The public then learns that the poor villain, of whose lies, misrepresentations, tergiversations, and cheatings and indecencies they had been hearing for so many years, was really a very "high-toned and cultured gentleman," of "fine talents and dignified manners," with the kindest of hearts and the loftiest aims and noblest professional ideals. The men whom he cheated and lied to also bear his pall at his funeral, and would, if called upon, make an oration at his grave, as well as write an article in their paper, testifying that they never expected to see on this miserable earth a purer or better editor or man. Surely this state of things might be mended with advantage to that much-belauded but also much-laughed-at "profession of journalism."

POPULAR NOTIONS OF PRUSSIA.

To know and to understand Prussia and her politics is by no means easy. No wonder if the French have failed in the task. With the exception of her Rhenish provinces, Prussia lies outside the beaten track of tourists. Paris, Switzerland, Italy, and even the region called Germany in Bradshaw, can all be reached by roads not "royal" and not Prussian, and as to the Rhineland, where Electors ruled, even in Vivian Gray's time, it has not been Prussian long enough to have become a fair representative of the "Royal Prussian" type. The consequence is that foreigners have hitherto derived their notions of Germany exclusively from the more frequented southwestern parts of that ethnographic region, and altogether irrespectively of Prussia, which is obviously its most important part. Thus, for instance, the ugly sounds popularly regarded as typical of German speech were all borrowed from the Suabian dialects, and Austria seems to have monopolized the exportation of damaged vowels into Italy. The German character, too, and German manners have generally been judged by the same southern and western specimens. It is true that Dresden has allured a small Anglo-American colony, whose notions concerning Germany must indeed very considerably differ from those which have become stereotyped among the tourists on the Rhine and in the Black Forest. But the number of these colonists is too small to influence public opinion, and, after all, Dresden is but an *Ultima Thule* to them. Who ventures beyond safe, respectable Dresden? Some may take a trip to Berlin to see its lions and return for supper, others may see it in passing through. But few indeed are those that make the Prussian capital their headquarters for a season. Prussia thus remains a *terra incognita* to foreigners. The few notions concerning her which have obtained currency abroad are either incomplete or erroneous, and as they are far from being flattering to Prussia, they were not apt to induce further enquiry or tempt to personal inspection. Recent events have made it probable that the Germany of the future will not only embrace and absorb Prussia, but that it will, in its turn, be powerfully affected and modified by this assimilation. In other words, the resultant of the new combination will lie much nearer to the Prussian type than to the hitherto so-called German type. We cannot determine this resultant yet, which is a thing of the future. But its Prussian component, which has so suddenly forced itself upon the attention of the world, is the more worthy of our careful study and attention, as it may soon have to vanish again from our sight to undergo the cycle of its metamorphoses. It is well, then, to study the caterpillar before it turns chrysalis.

It often happens, in the non-scientific world at least, that the thing unknown, if we are not allowed to ignore it, becomes unpleasant to us. We then revenge ourselves for its obtrusiveness by either disliking or ridiculing it. And these two terms express with tolerable completeness the world's sentiments toward Prussia. All that was known about Prussian manners, customs, and institutions was, in the eyes of the "intelligent foreigner," either odious or ludicrous, and what was not known was not worth knowing. We need not enumerate here the many national oddities which are known to be German rather than specifically Prussian. The disregard for appearances, the clumsy tailoring, the architecture of the German bed, the dearth of blankets and the scantiness of the sheets, the eating with the knife, the partiality for beer, tobacco, *Wurst*, and *Sauerkraut*—and, above all, certain modes of speech, half-meaningless, half-quaint—have, from time immemorial, amused and sometimes annoyed sensitive foreigners throughout Germany; and Prussia, being German, is of course not free from any one of these peculiarities. But she has, in addition, certain traits of her own which seem to strike foreigners, nay sometimes even natives, as unaccountably ludicrous. These traits are the natural results of her growth and her history. We must not forget that Prussia was very young and very small when she was raised, in 1815, to the rank of a first-rate power. Not only was she viewed as an upstart and a political parvenu, but she could hardly help behaving like one, were it only to show herself worthy of her new rank and position. Her diplomacy became pompous and meddling, her administration red-tapish and harsh. The principle of authority, the king's authority, was asserted everywhere, at all times and in every transaction of civil or political life. Every road was a royal road, every theatre the king's theatre, every schoolmaster a royal official. In fact, Heine could not find anything that was not royal in Prussia, and learnt at last to enjoy even "the royal Prussian evening air" at the seaside.

Why the *Zündnadelgewehr*, that famous needle-gun which struck down Austria in seven days, should ever have been the laughing-stock of Europe, it is difficult to understand; yet it is a fact that before 1866 one could not mention that weapon without provoking a smile or a shrug. The word may have sounded odd and ludicrous in foreign ears, but the word and the thing could easily be separated; and that no European nation ever thought of investigating the merits of the invention or tried to imitate the weapon, shows more than anything else both Europe's contempt for Prussia and Prussia's single-mindedness.

The very shape of Prussia, the geographical outlines of her disjointed territories—her wasp's waist, as it was called—continued for many years after the Congress of Vienna to be a favorite subject for satire and derision, and it is not impossible that the cause of this "wasp's waist," the gift of the Rhenish Provinces (in preference to Saxony, which Prussia coveted) was intended by the Danaï of the Congress to be a fatal gift to Prussia.

But these singularly short-sighted statesmen forgot that if want of compactness weakens a country in a military sense, it also enhances its commercial and intellectual capacities, which, according to Ritter, grow with the increase of peripheric contact, and must be greatest where the boundaries of a country are longest in comparison to its bulk. Moreover, the gift involved, and was by the recipient understood to involve, a political mission. Anybody but a diplomatist would have seen that this mission was the "watch on the Rhine," and that Prussia would undertake it, undaunted by the magnitude of the task and by the Catholic prejudices of her new and by no means patriotic citizens.

As to Prussia's habitual want of popularity, it is one of the most curious phenomena in modern history. Prussia has invariably been disliked not only by her enemies but by her very friends and allies. The Poles, of course, hate her (and who would blame them for that?), but even the Russians dislike her, notwithstanding the intimacy and relationship of the two sovereigns. So do the Austrians, so did the Bavarians and Würtembergers, the Dutch and the Danes, the English and the Italians, and their dislike seems to have nothing to do with political jealousies or grievances. Nor do the French form an exception to the rule, although it is but fair to say that before the war at least there was nothing personal even in their *chauvinism*. There must, of course, be some real and tangible reason for all this. It is natural enough that, when once a prejudice exists against a country, the stranger who visits or traverses it can rarely be in a proper condition of mind for steering clear of difficulties and scrapes, and these difficulties will enhance rather than correct his prejudices. But we can hardly call prejudice a natural aversion to what must appear forbidding and ungenial to everybody not rendered callous by life-long habit. The bureaucratic hardships of Prussian officials, and the rigid compulsory method with which Prussia enforces the acceptance of her gifts and her protection as well as of her burdens, are certainly not calculated to beget good-will, and we can hardly wonder if Prussia enjoys the strange distinction of being disliked by a good many of her own people who would willingly allow themselves to be educated, vaccinated, taxed, and drilled, but who either object to the official *modus operandi* or are anxious to sell their obedience for a fair measure of constitutional rights. The parliamentary struggle in Prussia and the apparent "separatism" of the southern states of Germany, can only be rightly understood by the light of this fact.

A great deal, however, of the actual dislike that is felt towards Prussia is unquestionably due to a certain want of knowledge on the part of her critics. Hegel almost hated Prussia, but ended by discovering in her the embryo of his model state. Nor are strangers much to blame for their mistaken notions. Prussia teems with contradictions and contradictory elements. Her crusty surface hides the softest core. Thus, haughtiness and modesty, harshness and good-nature, centralization and individualism, positivism and transcendentalism, religion and materialism, feudalism and social equality, stern frugality and intense love of pleasure, home-life and gregariousness—coexist in this country in bewildering confusion. How perplexing all this is may be inferred from a little volume recently published by a correspondent of the London *Times*—himself a Prussian—on "Religious Thought in Germany." The observations of this writer are quite correct, and his facts and statistics scrupulously accurate; but we must dispute his conclusions, as we cannot help doubting the completeness of his premises. It may be easy to understand the religious ideas and habits of the Roman Catholics in Southern and Western Germany. But to understand the religion of Berlin or of Königsberg is, it must be granted, a very difficult problem. The Prussians are not church-goers. Their Protestantism has, in fact, long ceased to be Christian, except in that neoplatonic sense in which even Hegel professed to be a Christian. But, however puzzling and perplexing this may be, it is nevertheless true that the Prussians are an eminently religious people. Schiller says:

> "What religion I have? None, surely, of all you may mention.
> And what keeps me aloof? Naught but religion, of course."

German school-boys find nothing extraordinary in this distich, though an English reader might be pardoned for misinterpreting such sentiments. How a nation which sees nothing but a truism in these lines could ever produce and then tolerate among its rulers such men as Eulenburg and Mühler, is another enigma which occasionally seems to puzzle even the Prussians themselves. But the most perplexing incongruity of all is the fact that a nation so utterly destitute of ambition, so indifferent to glory and prestige, and so averse to war, finds itself so often engaged in doing ambitious work. To foreigners this is a real stumbling-block, on which not only their affection but even their logic is apt to break down. Hence, Schleswig-Holstein was "conquered," they say, but Lombardy was "annexed," although the two cases were juridically identical.

In a nation, as well as in an individual, the coexistence and wild alternation of contradictory and seemingly incompatible traits may fairly be set down as a sign of youth and of rapid growth. Everything in Prussia—her statistics, her manners, her traits, and her attributes—betrays a rapid development, a quick succession and frequent overlapping of intellectual phases. There exists a certain provincial and slightly slangy term, quite peculiar to Prussia proper, which is applied with ludicrous liberality to everything not coming up to the spirit of the age. A pig-tail, for instance, would be called "a standpoint overcome"—"ein überwundener Standpunkt." You cannot pass many hours in Prussia without hearing this curious expression. Your stationer may dissuade you from buying sealing-wax on the ground of its being "a standpoint overcome," and the same term would be applied to muzzle-loaders, to passports, to Wolff's logic, and to Goethe's "Farbenlehre." They are all things of the past, outgrown and outlived, and the rising generation looks down upon these former "standpoints" as an Alpine climber looks down from the *Grands-Mulets* upon the lower cliffs that once seemed towering far above him. Prussia has, strange to say, not yet included the two-pronged fork in her long "Index" of worn-out standpoints, nor even the two featherless bipeds which still disgrace the Bismarck ministry. But the great popularity of the term in question betrays a certain fastness in the Prussian people which is sure, ere very long, to "overcome" southern sluggishness, and to "outgrow" its own oddities.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

THE DEFENCES OF LYONS.

If our recent information respecting the movements of large masses of Prussian troops in the direction of Lyons be true, that city will soon be an object of public interest but little inferior to that of Paris.

With but little to attract the mere travelling public to it, Lyons is comparatively but little known except to persons engaged in commerce. To the world at large, it is best known for its manufacture of silks and of other products of the loom, and for the ultra-democratic spirit of a portion of its population, in which and in their revolutionary movements, they have rivalled the like classes in Paris.

Being one of the great centres of population, and a point of convergence for all the principal lines of communication between the north and south of France, Lyons, in a military point of view, is of great strategical importance. With Paris and Strasbourg, which are nearly on the same parallel of latitude, Lyons forms the apex of a nearly equilateral triangle, of which the other two cities are the base, having sides each of about two hundred and fifty miles. On the lines of communication connecting it with Strasbourg lie the important places of New Brisach, the fortifications of which Vauban regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of his art, Belfort, and Besançon; and the main roads from Marseilles, Toulon, Chambéry, and Geneva to Paris run through it. The importance, therefore, of its occupation by an invading force, particularly one already holding Strasbourg, will be obvious even to the non-professional eye.

Lyons is chiefly built on the tongue of land, somewhat less than half a mile in width, lying between the Rhone and the Saône, at their junction, which here, for about two miles and a half, run nearly parallel to each other, and a little to the west of south. The entire length of the city from its southern point, including the suburb of La Croix Rousse on the north, which is mainly occupied by the operative classes, is somewhat over four miles. The portion of the tongue of land on which this suburb lies suddenly widens to over a mile, between the two rivers, by an abrupt turn of the Saône to the east before it resumes its southerly course to its junction with the Rhone. This forms a kind of plateau on which the suburb of La Croix Rousse lies, being about two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the Saône here, and descending by steep declivities to the two rivers and to the city, which, at its central point, is about thirty-six feet above the river, the surface descending by a gradual slope from north to south.

On the east bank of the Rhone are the two suburbs of Les Brotteaux and La Guillotière, the ground upon which they lie being undulating, and at no point much over seventy feet above the level of the river.

On the west bank of the Saône are the suburban villages Vaise, Fourvières, St. Irénée, and St. Foy. These are situated upon an undulating plateau that rises quite precipitously from the Saône, varying from seven hundred feet, the highest point of the crest at Fourvières, to about three hundred feet at St. Foy to the south of it. From the crest, which is only between four and five hundred yards back from the Saône, the plateau descends with a more or less undulating surface, towards the west, to the small river Yzeron, which flows into the Rhone about a mile below the city.

Looking to its military importance in case of invasion, and also to the revolutionary and turbulent character of its population, which has received several severe lessons in being forced to terms of submission by actual bombardment, the government has, from time to time, added to the natural strength of Lyons by fortifications. The oldest of these is a bastioned line, thrown across the tongue of land between the Rhone and the Saône, on the crest of the plateau on which the suburb of La Croix Rousse stands, and between it and the city in its rear. At about twenty-five hundred yards to the north of this line, and on the same plateau, are two detached forts, Fort Caluire and Fort Montessay.

The suburbs on the east bank of the Rhone, and the city on the opposite bank, are covered by a system of detached forts, commencing at a point opposite the east end of the fortified line on the north of the city, and running back about fifteen hundred yards from the Rhone, and then running south to join the river again at about three thousand five hundred yards below, at a point called La Vitriolerie. Upon this curve-like line are situated nine detached forts, named, commencing at the north, Fort St. Laurent, Fort La Fête d'Or, Fort Charpennes, Fort Les Brotteaux, Fort La Part-Dieu, Fort Villeurbanne, Fort La Motte, Fort Colombier, and Fort La Vitriolerie. These forts are intended to be connected by an intrenched line.

The high ground on the west bank of the Saône, extending from a point opposite the west end of the fortified line on the north to the village of St. Foy, opposite the southerly portion of the city, is also occupied by detached forts, and a part of it by an unbroken fortified line in their rear. The detached forts are Fort Vaise on the north; next Fort Loyasse, which occupies the highest point of the ground; next Fort St. Irénée; and the most southerly Fort St. Foy. The part of the ground here which is enclosed by the fortified line is the plateau which lies between the Saône and a valley that runs up between the villages of Fourvières and St. Irénée—the fortified line itself extending along the outer or western crest of the plateau, from Fort Loyasse to the river bank, back from the village of St. Irénée.

Upon whichever side of the city an assailant might attempt to carry on siege operations he would encounter great difficulties from the nature of the ground; that on the north presenting a very narrow front of approach; that on the west bank of the Saône being broken and precipitous; whilst that on the east bank of the Rhone, though offering few engineering difficulties, is commanded within short range by the high grounds on the west bank of the Saône.

D. H. M.

West Point, Oct. 11, 1870.

ENGLAND.

London, Sept. 30, 1870.

Once more I feel it almost impossible to begin a letter devoted to the affairs of this quiet little island without apologizing for the supposition that your readers can possibly take an interest in anything so quiet and humdrum amidst the tremendous convulsion which is now distracting Europe. We rise in the morning and discover an obscure paragraph or two in the *Times* from which it seems that the great catastrophe of the Pope's temporal power, so long delayed and so eagerly anticipated, has at length occurred; and we scarcely condescend to pay it any attention. The mere wind of the tremendous blows struck upon French territory has sufficed to sweep away an ancient and venerable power—and its fall attracts next to no interest. How at such a time am I to induce you to read remarks upon the British Association, or Mr. Bruce's address to his constituents, or the election of Mr. Alderman Dakin to be Lord Mayor of London? I once heard a gentleman suggest that the best mode of saving a drowning man was to distract his attention by conversation on indifferent topics; and it really seems as if I was attempting a feat of equal difficulty. Yet, after all, we rise every morning and consider what we shall have for breakfast, and grumble if our tea is cold or our eggs are underdone, as though no hospitals were crowded with mutilated soldiers and the Prussian army were not looking down upon Paris. I will be content, then, with remembering that in presence of the most awful events we can still be moved by trifles, and will endeavor to set before you such a meal as can be furnished from the petty events of our English life, without troubling myself in future to justify such an apparently heartless proceeding.

Let me begin, then, by the first of the topics which I mentioned as beneath the notice of any reasonable man at such a moment as this. Those queer little mock-parliaments, the British Association and the Social Science Association, have been holding their annual meetings in spite of wars and revolutions. They wisely select that time of year which is generally rather barren of interest, in order that they may have a better chance of securing the attention of the public. In fact, newspaper editors are only too glad under ordinary circumstances to fill their columns with the discursive eloquence provided on these occasions. At Liverpool, the meeting-place of the scientific gentlemen, there was some chance of a more than usually vigorous display. Prof. Huxley was the chairman for the year; and he is a gentleman who generally makes his blows tell. He is one of the very best lecturers in England—animated, uncompromising, and possessing a racy style and considerable oratorical power. Moreover, it is impossible to look at him or hear him speak without recognizing the genuine pugnacious temperament. He is an intellectual gladiator, who is never happier than when he is riding rough-shod over the cherished superstitions of his adversaries, and who fights in the true bull-dog style, neither giving nor taking quarter. Of his eminence in a scientific point of view I am not qualified to speak, but I imagine that it is well enough recognized to justify silence. We might therefore look forward to one of those gallant "rough-and-tumble" encounters (to use the language of the prize-ring) in which the descent of men from monkeys or some kindred topic has often excited so admirable an outburst of scientific and theological hatred—surely the most explosive compound hitherto discovered. For a wonder, however, the professor was pacific. He discoursed upon the theory of germs, and, though provoking some little spurts of controversy, kept on the whole upon tolerably neutral ground. At the conclusion of the meetings he stated that he had been regarded by some people as a kind of scientific gorilla, who was not quite safe in civilized society. He added, with justifiable pride, that their anticipations had been disappointed; and in fact he behaved as quietly as though he had been accustomed from his youth to handle all things with white kid gloves. To say the truth, Prof. Huxley discharged his duties admirably, and showed his usual common-sense in disappointing any expectations of a disturbance. The only other event of the meeting was an address from Prof. Tyndall on the scientific use of the imagination, on which the general criticism has been that it was rather imaginative than scientific. That, however, is a matter which lies beyond my province.

The calmness of the British Association was more than equalled by their rivals, who are devoted to what is called social science. They had indeed adopted an admirable plan for securing decency and decorum. They elected for their chairman the Duke of Northumberland, for social-scientific persons have a certain liking for the aristocracy. His grace gave them a thoroughly ducal view of their favorite study. He explained in a general way that we were living in a very bad time, owing to the extreme follies of certain persons who about eighty years ago took it into their heads that the world could do without dukes. Although their base designs did not completely succeed, and this island in particular was still blessed with a fair share of dukes, it was a lamentable truth that dukes exerted a good deal less influence than formerly. The great object of the Social Science Association was to discover the remedies to be adopted in a dukeless world, in order more or less completely to obviate the evil consequences of our dukeless condition. I am not quoting the admirable language in which these sentiments were conveyed, but seeking to convey some of their spirit in a necessarily imperfect paraphrase. I have not the presumption to criticise such philosophy, for a commoner can hardly be expected to appreciate its full force. I may however remark that the lamentation seems to be a little exaggerated. When we find that a number of persons, who claim to be philosophical reformers of all social evils, have so lively a sense of the value of the ancient title as to elect the Duke of Northumberland for their president, and to listen respectfully to his ducal philosophy, we cannot but hope that the respect for dukes has not so completely died out of the land as his lamentations would lead us to suppose. At the bottom of their hearts our philosophers still cherish a warm affection for those ornaments of our native aristocracy. As for the speaking which followed this lecture, I really cannot trespass upon your patience to give any account of it. It was the regulation talk on such occasions, and consisted principally of two elements. One is that kind of matter which naturally proceeds from a dilution of blue-book and parliamentary eloquence. It is like a commonplace sermon from which the texts have been extracted and their places filled with statistical tables. The other element is a certain quantity, fortunately not very large on this occasion, of that shrieking and hysterical declamation for which the Contagious Diseases Act and other like topics generally afford a pretext. The result is not exhilarating; and the natural concourse of people who can't get a hearing anywhere else to a place where everybody has a right to be heard, causes the voices of the more reasonable participants in the discussion—and there are many participants far better worth hearing than the ornamental president—to be rather frequently drowned. I will just remark in passing that one serious political inconvenience at the present moment is that our radicals and reformers generally are in very great want of a really worthy leader. Since Mr. Bright's retirement into the cabinet, there is no one who can be the mouthpiece of the more thoroughgoing reformers and who is at the same time a man of such cultivation and ability as to impose respect upon their adversaries. We have for the most part either mere windy ranters, or very worthy but very dull and unimaginative prosers. Mr. Mill has indeed some of the necessary qualities in the very highest degree; but I cannot honestly say that Mr. Mill in the sphere of practical politics comes up to Mr. Mill as a philosopher. He has a little too much of the excitable and feminine elements, and is too much inclined to adopt the crude fancies of his associates.

Another voice has lately made itself heard. Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, has been making two or three speeches, and there is something almost pathetic about them. He says, and it is quite true, that he has been denounced as the most incapable of the existing ministry, and as a thorough and unmitigated failure. He denies in very good-tempered terms that he is incapable or a failure, and especially affirms that he was quite right for letting off two criminals whom the public wished to send to the gallows. So far, he may very likely be right, and there is also some truth in his remark that the Home Secretary has a very unpleasant and thankless position. Unluckily, Mr. Bruce gave his ideas about our foreign policy, and they were certainly not of a dignified order. He said that we had done all we could to preserve peace—which may be true, but then it certainly did not amount to much. As for the need of gaining more respect for the English name, he confessed that we were not quite able at present to meet Prussia on equal terms—rather a mild way of describing the fact that we could by no effort produce an army abroad equal to a tenth part of the Prussian forces. However, he added that as Prussia was victorious and France completely smashed, we need not be afraid for the future. This mode of congratulating ourselves on the defeat of our neighbors will certainly not excite their gratitude. But, in a mere national point of view, it is rather annoying to find that one of our ministers is so completely blind to the lessons of the war, that he is so thoroughly convinced that all that is wanted is a little more patching and tinkering of the volunteers and the militia, and that he takes so inadequate a view of the possible contingencies of the future. Mr. Bruce is, I believe, a very amiable and excellent man; but we could certainly wish that the burden of administration in these days rested upon rather more powerful shoulders.

The course of my remarks has led me again within sight of the war, and perhaps it is as well that I should conclude for the present. I will merely notice a fact which is illustrative of the interest taken in passing events, and which in its way is without precedent here. The Society for the Relief of Sick and Wounded has received subscriptions already amounting to considerably over $1,000,000. There seems to be some difficulty, as indeed might be anticipated, in turning this sum to the best account; but on the whole we may hope that it will do some good, and it is at any rate a remarkable, and I think creditable, exhibition of sympathy for the terrible sufferings of the war.

Correspondence.

THE PRUSSIAN MILITARY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir; In recent numbers of the *Nation* I have seen it repeatedly asserted, directly or by implication, that the Prussian army, in time of war, absorbs the best part of the male population; that it contains men from every profession and pursuit, in about the same proportions in which they are found in civil life; that, consequently, while the war continues, society stands paralyzed, the wheels of progress are blocked, and the horrors of war, by being compressed into a short period, are much mitigated and are less disastrous to civilization. On the other hand, a late article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled "How to Fight the Prussians," takes issue with this view, and explicitly states that the condition of affairs, which you take for granted as a proved fact, exists only in the imagination of newspaper correspondents. The article in question sets out with the admission that the rapid and numerous victories of the Prussians over the French are, in the main, due to the superior military organization of the former, but denies that this organization is what it purports to be on paper, or what it is represented to be by ardent writers for the press. It is denied that all able-bodied men are really taken into the service at the age of twenty. Only a fraction of them really enters the service, for the exchequer could never bear the burden if the whole male population, at any given age, were kept under arms for two or three years at a time. Such a system could only be actually carried out where the term of service was restricted to six months, which would be an ample period for converting raw recruits into well-drilled troops, and in this way the whole capable male population of a nation could be converted into a latent army. The people who will adopt a method approximating to this result, which the Prussian system is very far from reaching, will be as easily victorious over the Prussians as the Prussians have been over the Austrians and the French. So far the *Gazette*. Now, here is a direct contradiction, from a highly respectable source, of a series of premises and deductions which you have made the key-note of all your writing on the war, and which crops out in every department of your paper, as only a dominating idea can. My object in writing these lines is to obtain from you a brief summary of the facts on which you base your conclusions, which I was at first inclined to accept without question, but which, on second consideration, do not appear quite warranted. Thus, I have nowhere read that any Prussian newspapers have intermitted their publication, or curtailed their dimensions; that the courts of law have suspended their sittings, or the universities their courses; that bankers, manufacturers, or merchants have interrupted their dealings, all of which events, and many more similar ones, would have to happen with conspicuous frequency if an appreciable number of editors, printers, compositors, type-founders, lawyers, judges, professors, tutors, students, bankers, merchants, clerks, or skilled artisans were shouldering their needle-gun. A factory like Krupp's no doubt now employs twice the number of men it usually has any occasion for. Importers in this city find no difficulty in getting German goods which is not ascribable to the blockade of ports that are only just reopened. Of course, it would be foolish to deny that Prussia suffers greatly, but she suffers just as other nations suffer in time of war, because a large mass of men cease to be producers and become destroyers of wealth, and because an important outlet for her merchandise is cut off. But, as far as her army is concerned, a close examination would, no doubt, disclose that, like all other armies, it is principally composed of loafers, roughs, restless, reckless, shiftless, dissatisfied, unsuccessful men, who hail with delight a conjuncture like the present. It may be that the Prussian loafer shares in the general culture, and is superior to the loafer of other nationalities; and it is no doubt true, as it was in our war, that there is an infusion of the best citizens which, like the lemon in a bowl of punch, serves to flavor the punch, but is not missed from the stock of lemons. But when you seriously assert, as you do this week, that "Prussia to-day counts among her soldiers nearly all of her leading men in every walk of life, whether statesmen, financiers, men of science, or scholars," what can a gentle reader do but cry out "Name, name"? Give us the names of say two statesmen, three financiers, one man of science, four scholars, who are serving in the army. We should likewise be pleased to learn that there are a few able editors and some members of the chambers, who are probably your metaphorical railway directors on the cow-catcher. And then you might inform your numerous admiring readers what the Prussians are going to do for bread to eat, clothes to wear, coal to burn, and other necessaries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries, if the whole nation, exclusive of women, children, cripples, and your correspondents, is going to spend the winter in France, as it seems likely the whole army is going to do? And if the nation is in such a plight, when uniformly and marvellously victorious, how would it stand if fortune favored the other side? It almost seems that the old-fashioned way is the best.

Yours, respectfully,
A. T.

New York, October 16, 1870.

[The *Pall Mall Gazette's* suggestion is not half as valuable as it seems. No nation that undertook to fight the Prussians could bring under any system any greater force into the field than the Prussian system brings in proportion to population. Prussia brings into the field whatever force may seem *necessary* to overcome the resistance with which she has to deal. She has now under arms, and in France, or in fortresses, about 700,000 men out of a population of say 30,000,000, which includes the regular army (300,000 men), and as much reserve and landwehr as the case seems to call for. If a million of men are needed, they will certainly be forthcoming. It is strictly and literally true that "nearly all her leading men in every walk of life are soldiers." They are in one or other of her military branches. If they are under thirty-nine years old, they are actually in the army, or reserve, or in the first or second ban of the landwehr. The regular army only takes 100,000 men every year; the remainder of the physically-qualified young men who have reached the age of 20 pass into the first ban of the landwehr. But the Prussian system does not force it to call every man *to the field* when war breaks out; it would be a very foolish system if it did. Nearly every district contains more men than are needed for the battalion at its full strength. The able-bodied surplus stays at home; there stay at home, also, men of weak physical constitution, good enough for civil pursuits, but not good enough for military service; and, also, unless in case of invasion, all men over thirty-nine. Under this age, every man physically capable is either called to the field, or *liable to be called if wanted.* Men over thirty-nine, however, can do a great deal of work, and do do most of the nation's head-work. Men incapable of bearing the fatigues of a campaign are quite equal to the duties of an office or factory. It would be, of course, an exaggeration to say that Prussian industry is completely arrested while war is raging; but it is not an exaggeration to say that it is greatly disorganized. For instance, when the present war broke out, 4,800 clerks were at once taken from the post-office, and the mail service nearly went to pieces. The Postmaster-General made his representations, however, and got his men exempted as Government servants; but the same sort of thing happened in all the private offices in the country, and for this there was no help. Employers had simply to do the best they could—that is, get men past the age of military service, or foreigners, or women. Krupp probably keeps his men, because he is making ordnance for the Government. The senior classes of the universities are broken up. The head of a banking-house would be perhaps exempted if he showed that serious *public* detriment would result from his absence, but not otherwise, and nobody can grant an exemption but the Minister of War. "A. T.'s" supposition that the Prussian army is composed principally of "loafers, roughs, restless, reckless, shiftless, dissipated, and unsuccessful men," is simply a wild mistake. The army is composed of this class of men in just the same proportion as Prussian society is composed of them. A "close examination" would disclose that it was as unlike all other armies as possible for two reasons: one is, that in no other country is *every man* liable to military duty, and *actually enrolled* and drilled in a certain battalion, under a certain commander, during nineteen of the best years of his life; the other is, that substitutes are not allowed. If a deacon wants to pay a "loafer" to do his fighting for him, he finds that he can't; he has to march himself if wanted. We refer in another column to six Sanskrit scholars, one a Berlin judge, serving in the army. We are unable to mention at this moment the names of "two statesmen," or "three financiers," but will undertake to mention say six financiers and four statesmen—that is, men of distinction in politics, either as writers or orators—and two men of science, as soon as we can make enquiry. We confine ourselves to doubling "A. T.'s" numbers simply as a matter of convenience.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press the following works not previously announced: "In Exile," a novel from the German; "Dorothy Fox," a novel; "The Merman and the Figure-Head," a Christmas story, by Clara F. Guernsey; "Good Stories for Young People," by popular authors, with numerous illustrations; and "Counsel to a Mother," by Dr. Pye Henry Chavasse, in continuation and completion of his well known work, "Advice to a Mother."——The *American Journal of Science and Arts*, which now numbers one hundred volumes, in two series of fifty volumes each, will begin in January a third series, distinguished from the preceding by being issued in *monthly* numbers. The change is doubtless a wise one at a time when science in England craves even a weekly comparison of views and record of progress. One result of it should be a marked increase in the circulation of the *Journal* and among a new class of readers, the mere change from a quarterly to a monthly being in the nature of an approach to the general public. Professors Silliman and Dana, New Haven, are the editors and proprietors, assisted by Professors Gray and Gibbs, of Cambridge, and Newton, Johnson, Brush, and Verrill, of Yale. As hitherto, the *Journal* will be devoted to chemistry, physics, geology, mineralogy, natural history, astronomy, etc.; the subscription price will be $6 per annum.——We regret to announce the suspension for a year of the *American Entomologist and Botanist*, a monthly journal published at St. Louis, and very creditable to Western science, as well as practically useful to cultivators of the soil. The ill-health of the entomological editor is assigned as the reason of this suspension.——Macmillan & Co. will publish simultaneously in London and New York a new work by Dr. Maudsley, author of "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," entitled the "Relation of Body and Mind," a subject even better calculated than the former to secure a wide reading both among men of science and among laymen. Other works that will shortly appear from the same house are: "Pictures of Cottage Life in the West of England," by Margaret E. Poole; "Tales of Old Japan," translated by Captain A. B. Mitford, of the British Embassy at Yeddo, with copious explanations and comments, and forty full-page illustrations drawn and engraved by Japanese artists; "The Iliad of the East," legends selected from the Ramayana, by Frederika Richardson; "Cowper's Poetical Works," in the *Globe* series, edited by Rev. W. Benham; "Handbook to Beethoven's Nine Symphonies," for amateurs, by George Grove; "Fine Art," its history, theory, practice, and application to industry, in a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge by Slade Professor Sir M. Digby Wyatt; "The Sun," by Balfour Stewart and J. Norman Lockyer; "The Beginnings of Life," by Prof. H. C. Bastian, who reviews the present state of the "spontaneous generation" controversy; an account of the late deep-sea dredgings under the auspices of Drs. Carpenter, Thompson, and J. Gwyn Jeffreys, called "The Depths of the Sea;" "John Wesley and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century," by Julia Wedgwood; Professor Seeley's "Lectures and Essays;" "European History Narrated in a Series of Historical Selections from the Best Authorities," a good idea, which we owe to Miss E. M. Sewell and Miss C. M. Yonge; and, finally, but by no means least, Laufrey's "History of Napoleon I.," to be completed in four volumes.——*Patriotischer Frauen-Bazar* is the title which has been given to a journal to be published tri-weekly during the continuance of the German Patriotic Ladies' Fair in this city, which opened on Monday. Any one who subscribes to it or advertises in it will undoubtedly be lending aid to a most worthy object. Mr. Victor Precht is the editor, and the price of subscription is but fifty cents. Mr. Paul Cæsar, 9 North William Street, is the treasurer of the committee who have charge of the fair. Literary contributions may be dropped into the box at the General Post-office of the fair, Stand No. 20.

—It is too late for us to notice, except for hearty approval of its object, the meeting called by the General Committee of the German-American School Association for last evening. The public was invited to co-operate with this body "in forming an organization independent of national or party affiliations, so as to preserve our public schools from all partisan and sectarian influences, increase their usefulness, and perfect our system of education." Those who are acquainted with the ways of this city do not need to be told that this movement does not begin a moment too soon, that its mission will be not to prevent but to reform and cure, and that it must not expect support from the Democratic party or from Irish Catholics in this city or elsewhere. Meantime, we wish it the fullest success.

—There are many ways in which laymen might advance the interests of science by systematic records of events or phenomena within the range of their daily observation. Social science, in particular, would seem apt to be aided by statistics of this sort; and even housekeeping might be lightened of its burdens if the experience of the past could be tabulated for future guidance. Scientific men, however, have yet to set the example as completely as they might in their own practices. Comparatively few physicians, for example, make use, we suppose, of Dr. Edouard Seguin's "Prescription and Clinic Record" (New York: William Wood & Co.), although we are glad to notice it has reached a sixth edition. It is a pocket-book for the practitioner, and aims to give more precision and certainty to prescriptions, by writing them once for the apothecary and again for preservation; to substitute, more and more, positivism for conjecture in diagnosis and prognosis; to record phenomena on the spot and seriatim; and to treat complex or protracted cases with scientific unity of plan. These objects are attained by providing a hundred blank leaves for recipes, with counterfoils for copying the prescriptions, and noting the date, name, and age of the patient, his disease, pulse, respiration, and heat; and adding specific directions for the use of such valuable aids to positive diagnosis as the thermometer, the sphygmograph, the dynamometer, and the æsthesiometer, together with tables for recording the vital signs and physical signs, observations during the use of electricity, strychnine, etc., tables of appointments, individual summary, nosographical summary, and ambient temperature. It is easy to see what value for the physician's practice and for scientific generalization a number of such records, intelligently used, would have. The counterfoils would also serve a useful purpose, if any patient were obliged to remove to other parts, by being torn out and handed to him as a guide to his new physician in regard to his constitution, the kind of medicines he had had administered to him, their effect upon him, etc.

—The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, one of the most vigorous the country can show, added last year to its library the entire set of English Patent Office Reports—some twenty-five hundred in number—which will be continued at the rate of one hundred yearly. This year it has received from the Master of the Rolls his complete set of Chronicles and Calendars of State Papers, numbering about one hundred and sixty volumes. The library now contains fully forty-six thousand volumes, about half of which are bound. It is very rich in newspapers. From the Connecticut Historical Society we have the second volume of its Collections. It consists of Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull's paper "On the Composition of Algonkin Geographical Names," which we have already brought to the attention of our readers; papers relating to the controversy in the church in Hartford, 1656–59; and some very entertaining correspondence of Silas Deane's while delegate to the Congress at Philadelphia, 1774–76, and down to his going abroad to advance the interests of the Colonies in France. Deane's letters to his wife show that he carried his Connecticut yard-stick with him when he travelled, and he reports of the Philadelphians that "they look on me mad when I tell them that I have seen more good pasture, clover, meadow, oxen, and cows in a circle of three miles in Connecticut than is here to be met with in thirty; but it is true," he adds, "and every New England man in the company tells them the same." He was afterwards compelled by what he saw to retract this opinion, though he still had the satisfaction of decrying the city markets, in which he found only the mutton to commend. "In point of civility and hospitality, as well as frugality and economy," he thought Philadelphia much to be preferred to New York. At a fair, "when the whole country was collected," a brother delegate, "taking a guinea out of his pocket, says: 'Deane, here is a vast crowd of girls; I will follow you, and the first that you shall say has a pretty face, I will give the guinea to.' We strolled through the fair, and though I sincerely wished to make him lose the guinea, yet I could not in conscience say that I found one handsome face. From this, judge of the general complexion of females here"

—Mr. Thomas Hughes did not need, when addressing the Harvard students last week, to say a good word for muscular Christianity in that quarter, but his remarks on this head served as a pleasant introduction to what was to follow. The most noteworthy part of his speech was that in which he expressed his surprise and sorrow that among our young men there was such a marked distaste for public life, and contrasted this sentiment with that of similarly educated young Englishmen. The theme is one that would bear enlarging upon, being in fact but a part of the broader phenomenon, that respectable men of all ages are every year scarcer to be found having anything to do with politics, even so much as going to the polls. The disgust which lies at the bottom of this is natural, but apathy in the presence of so great evils is not lightly to be excused. The purity of our politics depends on each one's sense of the duties and responsibilities of the suffrage as an instrument of citizenship: the old ought never to forget this; the young cannot too soon be convinced of it.

—The Index to the forty volumes of *Harper's Monthly* appears close upon our announcement of it, and has evidently been prepared with great care and judgment. An article may be sought under its proper title, under the class to which it belongs, or under its author's name, if known; and, so far as we have tested the Index by cross-references, the search can hardly fail to be rewarded. Even the contents of such crowded departments as the Editor's Easy Chair and the Record of Current Events have been, in the one case, put in alphabetical order, in the other chronologically arranged, of course adding very much to the general value of the Index. Finally, each alternate page has been left blank for private indexing of subsequent volumes. We have gratified our curiosity in noting at random the names of the principal contributors to what is at once the most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our magazines. Mr. G. W. Curtis, Mr. Alfred Guernsey, Rev. S. I. Prime, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, and others, who have shared the editing of *Harper's*, we will leave out of view. Among the authors of the lighter stories which the reader has learned to expect with every number, we recognize Miss Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Harriet E. P. Spofford, and the late Fitz James O'Brien, as among the most prolific; along with Mr. Charles Nordhoff, Miss Caroline Cheesebro, Mr. F. B. Perkins, Mr. J. W. De Forest, Miss Mary N. Prescott, and the Misses Cary—Miss Alice being much the more frequent. Rev. W. M. Baker, author of "Inside" and "The New Timothy," has written more or less, for the last twenty volumes, of short stories and serials. Mr. Justin McCarthy made good the time he spent here with *Harper's* as with the other magazines. Mr. Lossing, Mr. Headley, and Mr. J. S. C. Abbott have furnished history of unequal degrees of merit—the last-named writer, who must be now in doleful dumps, having begun with the first volume to write of French history, and with the third to sanctify Cæsarism. Mr. Strother ("Porte-Crayon") has written much and pleasantly of his excursions and adventures in this country, chiefly at the South; and Messrs. E. G. Squier and J. Ross Browne began early to narrate their experiences in foreign parts. Among the miscellaneous essayists have been Mr. Charles T. Congdon, Mr. M. D. Conway, Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Grant White, Prof. Tayler Lewis, and Rev. Samuel Osgood. The late Mr. Raymond wrote three articles, Mr. Greeley one, and Mr. A. Oakey Hall three—one of these three, published ten years ago, being called "Dinner at the Mayor's." On the whole, it would be difficult to make up a list of writers better calculated to please and edify the average American citizen.

—We cannot say that our imagination has yet lent such proportions to Chinese immigration to this country that we anticipate the time when, as our German fellow-citizens have secured German instruction in many of our public schools, so the Chinese-Americans will be clamoring for tuition in their "Muttersprache." That would imply the coming over of families without thought of returning to Asia, the rearing of children, the adoption of American usages, and a thousand other conditions which are as yet very far in perspective. Nevertheless, we cannot help observing that Professor Roehrig, at Cornell, has started off with a class of thirty-five in Chinese, out of which perhaps half-a-dozen will persevere to the end; and we may as well inform these progressive students that they may soon expect the aid of a dictionary of Chinese and English, of some 1,100 pages, which is in process of publication at Foochow, and is edited by Rev. C. C. Baldwin, of the American Board, and Rev. Dr. Maclay, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. The Sunday-school teachers at North Adams who are engaged in christianizing Mr. Sampson's shoemakers will perhaps be glad to learn that this dictionary, it is hoped, will be particularly useful for missionary work. Another Chinese dictionary in one volume is announced by Trübner & Co., as European agents, to be in preparation by the Rev. Justus Doolittle, editor of the *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal*, who has bestowed great care upon the work.

—English announcements of forthcoming works are much more numerous than the war might have led us to expect, and the quality is scarcely inferior. In travels, we shall have "Notes during a Cruise among the South Sea Islands in H.M.S. *Curaçoa*," by Julius Brenchley; "Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia, with some Account of Corea," by Rev. Alexander Williamson; and "Four Hundred Millions—Chapters on China and the Chinese," by Rev. A. E. Moule. In biography, the following: a translation of Baron Hübner's "Memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth," by Hubert E. H. Jerningham; a "Memoir of George Edward Lynch Cotton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta," by his wife; a "Life of Isambard Kingdom Brunel," by his son; "Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal in Ireland, from the earliest times to the reign of Queen Victoria," by J. R. O'Flanagan; "Chips from a German Workshop," Vol. III., consisting of literary and biographical essays, by Max Müller; "A Condensed Universal Biographical Dictionary," with large claims, by L. B. Phillips; the sixth volume of the "Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini; and "The Life and Times of John Wesley," by Rev. Luke Tyerman. In history, a translation of Wilhelm Ihne's "History of Rome;" the "Student's Manual of the History of India, from the earliest period to the present," by Colonel Meadows Taylor; and "The Historical Geography of Europe," by Edward A. Freeman. In poetry, we notice only a translation of Dante by Rev. James Ford; and, to be published in December, the concluding volume of Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise." Among scientific works of more than technical interest, we may name: "The Sun: Ruler, Light, Fire, and Life of the Planetary System," by

Richard A. Proctor; and a translation by two ladies, Jane and Caroline Lassell, of Dr. Schellen's familiar explanation of the "Spectrum Analysis in its Application to Terrestrial Substances and the Physical Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies." Art or artistic publications are sufficiently numerous: "Gems of Modern French Art" being sixteen large photographs of the masterpieces of the greatest French painters, with descriptive letterpress by W. B. Scott, M.A.; "The Book of Shakespeare Gems" containing forty-five magnificent steel plates in illustration of the most interesting landscapes connected with Shakespeare's plays; "English Painters of the Present Day" described in essays by J. Beavington Atkinson and others; "The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who gives forty-two etchings by his own hand; "A History of the Gothic Revival," by Sir Charles Eastlake; "Pictures of St. George's Chapel, Windsor," photographed by John Harrington; "Historic Devices, Badges, and War Crests," by Mrs. Bury Palliser, with 140 illustrations; "The Wonders of Engraving," by Georges Duplessis, with thirty-four woodcuts and ten photographs in autotype, illustrative of the historical progress of engraving; a companion volume, "The Wonders of Painting," by M. Viardot, embracing the Spanish, French, German, English, Flemish, and Dutch schools, with copious illustrations; and we suppose we may add under this head works notable chiefly for the illustrations, such as "Art in the Mountains—the Story of the Passion Play," by Henry Blackburn; "Longfellow's Poetical Works," including the "New England Tragedies," with 178 illustrations by John Gilbert; "The Story of Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," written in verse and illustrated with specially designed ornamental borders and initials, and eleven full-page drawings on copper; and the "History of Napoleon III., from the Caricatures of the Past Twenty-five Years." There remain to be mentioned, without classification: a translation by T. M. Lindsay, M.A., of Dr. F. Ueberweg's "System of Logic and History of Logical Doctrines;" a "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," by various writers, edited by Rev. J. H. Blunt; "The Earthward Pilgrimage," by Moncure D. Conway; a work by Mr. Hunter on the "Water Supply of Cities and Towns;" and a second series of "Misread Passages of Scripture," by Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.

— *Trübner's Literary Record* condemns with some warmth the protest which the five classes of the Institute of France have resolved to address to every academy in the world, in view of the possible bombardment of the monuments, libraries, and museums of Paris. It says that these objects are quite as sacred to the German armies as to the members of the Institute itself, and that the city need not fear to be treated as the French armies would have treated Berlin. It enumerates six very accomplished Sanskrit scholars who are now in the Prussian armies, and who "know the responsibilities which they owe to the world of letters probably better than the French *savants*, not one of whom had a word to say about the 'sacredness' of kindred institutions in Germany when the military promenade to Berlin was proposed with the loud acclamations of the 'gentlemen of the pavement' of Paris, and the silent approval of its learned bodies." One of the scholars mentioned was Doctor (Juris) von Thielmann, a junior judge in the Berlin Court of Appeals, an officer of the Hussars, who had fought in Bohemia in 1866; and the *Record* copies from the *Spener'sche Zeitung* an account of the battle of Sedan which he wrote to a friend in Berlin on the day following the victory. It is in "essentially correct Sanskrit," and reads as follows:

"SEDAN, 2 September, 1870.—Hyo mahâyud abhavat. Çatravah sarve nirjitâh, sarvâ teshâm senâ, mahârâjâ ca svayam, baddhâh. Tvashtâ no vajrâm svaryam tataksha; ahanmâ 'him svavîlau çiçriyânam (Rigveda i. 32).

"Aham sukuçalo 'smi; yuddhe na mahad bhayam gato 'ham, yad etasmin kshetre supârvate padâtaya eva yoddhum çaknuvanti, turanginas tu nâ 'rhanti. Mahatyâm sevâyâm bhavatah çishyah."

"Yesterday a great battle took place. The enemy was thoroughly beaten; their whole army and the great king (Maharâjâ, emperor) himself made prisoners. *Tvashtar* (Vulcan) forged for us the flaming thunderbolt; we defeated the *Ahi* (Python), who hid himself in his cave (Rigveda i. 32). I am all right; was not, during the fight, in great danger, because in this very mountainous country the infantry, not the cavalry, have to bear the brunt of the battle."

THE PROPOSED REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

II.

THE ENGLISH TEXT.

DOUBTLESS there are words altogether obsolete, infelicities of expression, and even errors of meaning, in the standard version, and hence there are certain changes which might advantageously be introduced into it. Not many would insist on retaining *car* for *plough* in the half-dozen cases where the revisors employ the former instead of the latter; not many would prefer "straining *at* a gnat" to "straining *out* a gnat," if these corrections were individually proposed; but the question of the expediency of a new recension, in the present state of our criticism and of our language, resolves itself into this: shall we, for the sake of changes like these, expose the whole version to a revision which may essentially alter its general coloring; or shall we trust to our mothers, our Bible-readers, and our other religious teachers, to bring the intelligence and the heart of the young, whom they initiate into the mysteries of Christianity, up to the comprehension of a sacred dialect not, indeed, so readily intelligible as a newspaper, but less obsolete than that of Spenser or of Shakespeare, and scarcely more archaic, except in mere grammatical forms which no one thinks of expunging, than that of Bacon? No new editor revises either of these profane authors for any other purpose than that of correcting the errors of early typography—no man capable of really enjoying even Chaucer, in any form, desires to see him in any other dress than that in which he clothed himself. Shall we treat a version of the Bible, admirable in itself and hallowed by so many sacred associations, with less reverence than the works of our narrative and dramatic poets and our philosophers?

But we are wandering from our proper theme, which is to enquire, not whether any revision at all is now necessary or expedient—a question prejudged by the authorities of one Province of the Anglican Church—but what are the requisite conditions for such an undertaking, and how far the plan proposed by the Convocation of the Archbishopric of Canterbury promises to fulfil them.

We endeavored in our first article to give the reader a general, though still inadequate, notion of the learning and labor involved in a thorough recension of the original text of the sacred Scriptures. But this task, vast and comprehensive as it appears, is, as we have before observed, both the least important and the least difficult of the two branches of the work indispensable for a satisfactory revision of the English Bible.

It is the least important, because the discrepancies between readings respecting which there is room for an honest difference of opinion among competent judges, are either relatively insignificant, or they respect passages in the text which might be rejected as spurious without essentially weakening the evidence in support of any of the doctrines which divide the opinions of Christendom.

It is the least difficult, because a vast proportion of the preliminary and subsidiary labor has been already performed. During the two centuries and a half which have elapsed since the completion of King James's translation, the science of linguistics has been, if not strictly speaking absolutely created, at least so modified, organized, and enriched as to have given a new direction, new methods, and new means to the pursuit of ancient literature, sacred as well as profane; the special philology of the Oriental and of the Greek tongues has made immense progress, both in grammatical detail and in philosophical treatment; the geography, the history, the civil and political institutions, the theological and ethical systems of the Hebrews, and the tribes allied to them, have been very completely investigated; numerous ancient and authoritative manuscripts, unknown to the European scholarship of the seventeenth century, have been discovered, subjected to the most searching tests of modern criticism, and carefully collated, and the results made accessible to the world through the press. Hence, Biblical learning, in all its aspects, has been greatly advanced and widely diffused, and the scholars of every Protestant and, in a less degree, of most Catholic nations have, in different ways, contributed to the common stock of means for correcting and elucidating the text of the sacred books of the Jewish and the Christian law. The general result of all these labors has been to reduce the number of really doubtful questions, whether of reading or of interpretation, and so to bring the different texts to a nearer accordance in words and in meaning.

The new aids we have been describing are of greater value in reference to the revision of the translation of the New Testament than of the Old. Hebrew codices of real antiquity are both less numerous and less discrepant than early Greek Scriptural manuscripts; and notwithstanding the immense progress of Oriental learning in Europe, our knowledge of the Hebrew language and of the immediately related dialects is not so much greater than that possessed by the English scholars of 1611 as is our acquaintance with Greek. So far as the readings of the originals are concerned, the best Hebrew text which could now be formed would differ less from that followed by the translators of the standard version than the best Greek recension of the New Testament would from that adopted by the same body. The vast mass of Biblical learning collected within the last two centuries is of greatest importance for the elucidation of the Old Testament in the way of collateral illustration, while in the revision of the New it would give rise to more frequent if not more important changes in the verbal rendering.

When, and only when, diplomatics, criticism, and exegesis shall have done their work, and a text and an interpretation which may be considered as approximately definitive are secured, the translators should begin their task of giving to that text the fittest possible expression in English words. It should evidently be the aim of Protestant translators to produce a version of the Bible—the great manual for self-instruction in spiritual things—which shall be intelligible to all who are able to read understandingly any writings treating of subjects identical with or analogous to those which compose the material of the Bible. This material is of several classes—the narrative, the discursive, the prophetic, and the devotional; each requiring special modes of expression and each possessing, to some extent, a special vocabulary. Another indispensable quality of the version is that it be so thoroughly idiomatic, so completely in harmony with the abiding character of the language, that it will remain intelligible and expressive, and therefore need no new revision for a long period of time. For the accomplishment of these two objects, expressiveness and permanence, the diction of the translation must be selected from that part of our composite word-stock which is most widely understood, and which, at the same time, is least liable to go out of use or to change in signification. There is another important point which it is proper here to notice. The English language is fortunate, above all others, in possessing a sacred dialect, not indeed sufficiently copious to furnish a complete vocabulary for all the purposes of devotion and of spiritual teaching, but sufficiently so to give a pervading tone of dignity and solemnity to any religious composition, in poetry or in prose, in which it is judiciously employed. This dialect is made up partly of words peculiar to it and partly of archaic grammatical forms. One of the most delicate and most difficult points with which the revisors will have to deal is to discriminate between the elements belonging exclusively to this dialect and those common also to the ordinary English speech, and to determine to what extent the former shall be retained in the new recension.

In the first of these articles, we specified, among the legitimate aims of a new revision of the English Bible, "the substitution of more appropriate words or forms of expression for terms and phrases which are now wholly obsolete and unintelligible to the ordinary reader;" and hence it is necessary to enquire what words and forms, or classes of words and forms, employed in the Bible of 1611, have become obsolete and unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Upon this subject there has prevailed, and still prevails, a very wide diversity of opinion among persons who have studied the question. Booker's "Glossary of Obsolete Words and Phrases in the English Bible, Apocrypha, and Book of Common Prayer" (Dublin, 1858), enumerates not far from five hundred words and phrases in the Bible and Prayer-Book which the compiler considers to have become so far obsolete as to require explanation for the ordinary reader, and about fifty others which are obsolete indeed, but still sufficiently intelligible. The writer of these articles, upon a careful examination of Booker's list some years ago, came to the conclusion that in the United States, where, probably in consequence of the general study of the Bible in the earlier days of our history, the popular dialect is more archaic than in most parts of England, not more than two hundred of these words and phrases were so far forgotten as to need any explanation for persons of ordinary culture and understanding.[*]

On the other hand, Wright's admirable "Bible Word-Book, or Glossary of Old English Bible Words" (London, 1866)—one of the most valuable contributions which modern learning has made to the elucidation of the language of the standard version and of the English literature contemporaneous with it—enumerates about eighteen hundred "words, phrases, and constructions" in the Bible (including the Apocrypha) and the Book of Common Prayer which the compiler considers as "either obsolete or archaic," though, in justice to him, it should be stated that he by no means advocates their rejection from the English text for that cause. This is thrice as many such words and forms of expression as are contained in Booker's list, and yet both catalogues omit most of the archaisms of mere inflexion. But there are professed, we cannot say judicious, Biblical scholars who go much beyond even Wright in their estimates, and, in some of the attempts at a revision of the English Bible, much more than half the old vocabulary is rejected as too unfamiliar to be readily understood. As Wright observes in his preface, it is "difficult to fix a standard by which to decide whether a word is partially or entirely obsolete, whether the phrase of which it is part is fallen into disuse, and whether the construction in which it is found is such as no modern writer would employ," and he thus expresses the rule which he adopted as his guide: "I have endeavored, in the case of each word, or phrase, or construction, to ascertain whether it would find a place naturally in the usual prose writing of the day; I say 'naturally,' because I wish to exclude all conscious and intentional employment of archaisms. It is necessary, moreover, to take prose as the standard, because, in all languages, poetry has dominion over the words of many generations." The application of such a rule would be affected, in the case of every enquirer, by the character of his favorite and familiar reading, by the usage of the circle in which he chiefly lived, and by his own personal tastes and habits of speech and composition. Hence, lists of archaisms in the English Scriptures, prepared independently by different scholars, would vary widely in the number and character of the words and phrases they would embrace under that designation. It is difficult, however, to imagine that any really sound critic would find a larger number of unfamiliar words and forms of expression in the standard version than Wright has done, and his catalogue must certainly contain nearly all such as can be regarded as in the least uncurrent or unusual. Indeed, he introduces numerous vocables and verbal combinations which might be, and in fact are, frequently employed in the popular literature of the day without exciting notice as at all uncommon. Thus, he characterizes the use of *a* with the participle, *e.g.*, *to go a fishing*, as "obsolete;" and we think a writer of our time who should use *abate, to acquaint himself, adjure, ado, advisement, affect, afoot, alien, allege, allied, amity, and all, apple of the eye, babbler* and *babbling, backbite* and *backbiter, backside, band, beeves, brag, by-way, by-word,* not to mention hundreds of other words, in senses and combinations regarded as archaic by our author, would not expose himself to criticism as affecting antiquated forms of expression.

But it is one thing to determine whether a given word or construction is to be regarded as archaic, and quite another to decide whether it ought, for that reason, to be rejected from the English Bible and replaced by a newer coinage, or by an expression which, if equally old, has better maintained its ground in our common speech. There is room for great difference of opinion on questions of the first sort, which are properly points of philological history—questions of fact—and for far greater on those of the second order, which address themselves rather to the æsthetical faculty, and require for their solution not only entire familiarity with the whole compass of the English vocabulary, but the most lively sympathy with the English mind and heart, and the most comprehensive as well as refined and cultivated taste. The revisors must bear in mind, too, that the Bible is not merely a law, an authority in matters of moral and spiritual concern, but that the authorized version of 1611 is the "volume paramount" of our literature, and, as such, the most important of all existing instrumentalities of education possessed by the vast multitudes whose fireside speech is the English tongue.

The attainments and the aptitudes required in those who are to give to the interpretation of the text a true English expression appear sufficiently from what has been said of the proper aims and character of the revision, and they need not be here particularly specified. They are totally different from those indispensable to the critics who are to fix the reading and settle the exegesis of the original text, and the latter by no means suppose or imply, if indeed they do not even exclude, the former. The most learned oriental or classical scholars do not as a rule write the best English, and most men who have so far familiarized themselves even with but a single foreign tongue as to think in it, or only to read it habitually without mentally translating it, will find, upon careful examination, that they have acquired this power at the cost of something of their mastery over their native speech. In fact, the more completely we are at home in a foreign language, the more sensibly we feel the difficulty of finding equivalents for its words, its conventional phrases, and its idiomatic turns of expression in our own. From all this, it follows that, for a satisfactory revision of the English Bible, we require, if not two distinct sets of scholars, certainly two classes of qualifications not ordinarily possessed in their full extent by the same individuals, and, consequently, there must be a division of labor—the establishment and interpretation of the text to be translated, and the wording of the new English recension, being assigned to different committees, the first acting, in the main, independently of the second; the second, on the other hand, constantly consulting the first.

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[*] "Lectures on the English Language," pp. 263, 630, n.

It remains to enquire what guarantees the plan proposed by the Convocation of the ecclesiastical Province of Canterbury offers for the due execution of these tasks.

G. P. M.

TROCHU ON THE FRENCH ARMY.*

THE battle of Sadowa had been fought, and the vision of a power capable of rivalling or even surpassing the military greatness of France had suddenly loomed up before the eyes of the French, but no native critic had yet dared even mildly to impugn the excellence of the French army itself, when General Trochu startled the leading circles of the "grande nation" by the anonymous publication which we have now before us in its nineteenth edition. He had the moral courage to enunciate truths which could not but be wounding to the vanity of the people as well as to the pride of its rulers. His convictions were the ripe fruits of both study and experience, and he uttered them with the candor and calmness of a man who seeks for truth and confesses it, regardless of popular feeling. His book caused a profound sensation; it was widely read; it received much tacit approval and much public censure. Marshal Niel undoubtedly turned to advantage many of its remarks in his partial reorganization of the army; but it was not until the late reverses so rudely opened the eyes of the French to the rottenness of their military organization that full justice was done the author, who was then, as if by acclamation, called forth from his retired position to save the capital, and with it the compromised honor of the French arms.

General Trochu, in a dedication "to the memory of Marshal Bugeaud," and in an introductory biographical sketch of him, declares himself the pupil of that conqueror of Algeria whose independence of character and originality of thought—as a military man—were equalled only by his intrepidity and patriotism; and throughout the book we meet with the Marshal's terse and quaint observations and adages. Bugeaud had a critical mind, and Trochu but followed his example when making his early reflections—in writing, originally for himself—on the military operations in which he participated. Already in the Crimean war, and still more in the Italian campaign—although both were crowned with success—he noticed with regret "a desultoriness in the operations bordering on disorder . . . an insufficiency of needed means, a superabundance of other means less important, collisions, the frequent use of expedients—in a confusion which evidently proved that there had been no mature *preparation*;" nor "had the soldiers fought with as much order and method as they had shown *élan*." These observations, made public years ago—after some hesitation—must have been just, for the defects pointed out are the very ones which have destroyed the French armies in 1870.

But the French were in no mood to listen to criticisms so long as they achieved victories heralded as glorious. Critics "met with incredulity, with contempt, sometimes with indignation." Nor were they inclined to imitate improvements adopted by other nations. The Prussian army, for instance, was ridiculed in the official text-books as "a school of landwehr, an organization splendid on paper, an instrument of doubtful utility for the defensive, the great imperfection of which the first stage of an offensive war must make manifest." The tone changed when the despised "young soldiers" of Prussia laid Austria low in a few weeks, Sadowa eclipsing Solferino. "La France se réveille comme en sursaut, s'émeut et s'agite." The immediate adoption of the Prussian system was now demanded by many, "contempt changing into idolatry without transition." Others energetically opposed its introduction. A severe conflict of projects ensued, but the guiding principles were wanting. General Trochu, in writing his book, set out with the intention of establishing those principles. In so doing, he had to expose to foreign students of war the defects of the French organization, but he had no reason for avoiding it. "Ils nous savent beaucoup mieux que nous ne nous savons nous-mêmes," he tells us in the Introduction.

A brief chapter, entitled "Definition," shows an army to be a complicated whole, working with the aid of a moral motor and a material mechanism. The higher sentiments of the nation must constitute the motor; a multiplicity of harmonious components, the mechanism. Excellence in both respects makes a superior army. A succeeding chapter, on the "Character and Military Aptitudes of the French Nation and its Army," shows us that in the latter "the motor is of a peculiar character, and of great energy." The French are endowed with a very lively spirit of nationality; their warlike traditions are as old as France; and they have a special aptitude for cherishing everything grand in their history, as well as for explaining and justifying their reverses—very frequent reverses, indeed—commemorating them by single chivalrous deeds and sayings, true or not, which poetically ennoble the struggles in spite of defeat. The history of Waterloo, for the mass of the French people, is written in the words: "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas;" that of the battle of Pavia in these: "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur." This exclusive remembrance of glorious things, and the sentiments it engenders, render the French a *warlike* people—warlike, but not *military*, for the French lack "that tranquil temperament, that constant habit of exactitude and punctuality, that rigidity of manners and attitude, which so admirably lead the peoples of the North to obedience, to resignation under rules, to discipline." The French soldier obeys, but not without murmur; he is not easily disciplined; he requires compression and repression. He is naturally brave and capable of the greatest sacrifices, but he is far from being the best soldier in the world. And he must be treated according to what he is.

These remarks are followed by some fine observations on the "Simplicity and Fixity of Rules," requirements constantly sinned against by the French military authorities. There is an incessant changing, improving, innovating, and renovating, productive of endless complications. The improvements are all brilliant in the garrisons and peaceful camps, but they mostly prove wretched failures in war. The innovators are often theorists who never made a campaign. Every new theory has a peculiar charm for the French. Overthrown by facts, it is replaced by a fresh theory. And this feverish doing, undoing, and doing anew destroys all sequence and logic in army matters. The laws, ordinances, decrees, and decisions have been multiplied to a degree which makes the knowledge of them a monstrous task. The official military journal which embodies them all presents an endless labyrinth full of obscurity. And in this obscurity only the Minister of War is entitled to lead—owing to the all-embracing centralization—and he is so overwhelmed with his duties that, in the language of Bugeaud, "celui-là qui doit mener la voiture, la tire."

The disquisition on "Recruiting and Reserve," one of the most important, reviews the various laws concerning those subjects, and severely condemns substitutes, bounties, and all those features of the French institutions of 1867 which impressed civilians with the idea that taxes were equivalent to services in the army, nourished in the soldiers themselves habits of speculation, thus doubly weakening the military spirit of the nation, and introduced senility and heaviness into the cadres, in which two main forces, education and impulse, ought to prevail. It equally condemns the formation of *reserves of men*, instead of *reserves of soldiers*, as organized under the Prussian system, various features of which are favorably contrasted with corresponding ones in the French. Next comes a not less attractively than ably executed comparison of "Young Soldiers and Old Soldiers," which also expresses a decided preference for the views embodied in the Prussian military legislation. A young soldier is a good fighter, for he is "full of the illusions of his age, full of faith in the future, and faces death . . . almost without believing in it;" after service, he will be a steady, experienced, courageous, and law-abiding citizen. An old soldier "knows better the value of life, and is loth to spend what remains to him of that capital;" besides, he has almost entirely lost "the passions inherent in the condition of a citizen." He gradually becomes a *grognard*, in the worse sense of the word. A separate chapter is devoted to the exposition of the popular fallacies concerning "The Grognards of the First Empire," who, in fact, were far from forming the strength of the Napoleonic armies.

The chapter entitled "The Spirit of the Age in the Army" is sufficiently characterized by the motto, from Count Morand, prefixed to it: "France needs an army capable of guarding her glory, defending her independence, and preserving her from the degeneracy and languor into which the love of riches and enjoyments has drawn so many nations." It is hardly necessary to add that our author does not find this beau ideal in the French army of 1867. On the contrary, he is startled by the view which its ranks offer to him, of an exaggerated and distorted ambition, "which covets everything, which has its origin in pretensions, and competition for its means, and which nothing appeases." As an antidote to this dangerous element, which produces *conservative soldiers*—that is, soldiers conservative of their lives in war—and speculating generals, he proposes special military education, such as would be apt to inspire a genuine ambition and civic virtue. In the brief chapter on "The Spirit of Hierarchy," he deplores the gradual vanishing of this "traditional, very elevated, and eminently conservative sentiment, which formerly was one of the cohesive forces in the army." He considers this a grave symptom, accompanying, as it does, "the general decrease in French society of the principle and habits of reverence." The "Reflections on Advancement" contain various propositions tending to obviate the evil of "too many incapable men reaching the summit in the army," to quote again Marshal Bugeaud.

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* "L'Armée Française en 1867." Nineteenth edition. Paris: 1868. New York: F. W. Christern.

The "General Education of the French Army" is one of the most widely interesting themes of the book. That education, General Trochu shows, is calculated by its teachings to make the French soldier rely too much on his vaunted natural gifts—bravery and *élan*—and ignore his inferiority to warriors of certain other nations in self-possession and solidity. "His is the bravery of imagination; theirs, the bravery of temperament;" and the author has had many an opportunity to learn how unpleasantly the French troops can be surprised by the unexpected courage of their antagonists. They advance to the attack with incomparable vigor; but, when vigorously met, they fall back in disorder. And this disorder is mainly the effect of their disbelief in the enemy's valor. The French officers and men lack instruction as to "the moral condition of the troops in the field; how this moral condition is acquired; how it is preserved and developed; how it is lost."

The chapters we have spoken of form about half of the work; the other half treats of themes less interesting to the general reader, and the illustration of which would require more detail than we can find room for within the limits of our review. These are treated in chapters successively entitled: "The Distribution of Troops in Garrisons," "The Administration of the Army," "The Preparation for War," "Infantry," "Cavalry," "Tactics of the French Army," "Manœuvres," "The Armies in the Field," "Panics in Face of the Enemy," and "The Combat." A double "Conclusion" sums up the principal results attained, and gives the outlines of a law of recruitment proposed by the author. Its main features are: Yearly contingent, 100,000 men; service in the active army, five years; service in the reserve, three years. General Trochu acknowledges that his plan is inferior to the Prussian, which is calculated to create an army both perfectly efficient and completely national; but he knows that the introduction of the Prussian system requires time, a period of assured peace, and the education of the people up to it, and knows also that both the prospects of peace and the disposition of the government to undertake that education are very slight. He also believes, with Montesquieu, that "ancient institutions must be touched only with a trembling hand." Cautiousness and prudence characterize, in fact, all his utterances; and, if the style be the man, the man must be excellent.

FRANCE IN AFRICA.*

WHOEVER reads the late M. Prévost-Paradol's eloquent pages relating to Algeria in "La France Nouvelle" may have some idea of the vast and increasing importance of this colony to the France of the future. When France turns her back on Europe she faces Africa; and she is the only people so situated, politically and physically, as to be able to found "that Mediterranean empire which shall be not only a satisfaction to French pride, but which, in the future condition of the world, is the last refuge of her grandeur," for the only nations who might compete with her are in a condition fit for being conquered rather than for conquering. The French are excellent hands to render barbarous nations subject to military authority; but they know nothing of colonization in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word. They once had firm hold in North America, India, and New Zealand; but their military occupation gave way to Anglo-Saxon backbone and force, which developed the resources of those countries, and has made us *the* race of the world. The administration of Algeria under the late Empire was worse than that of Canada under the Bourbons. The viceregal government is purely military, and M. de Montebello, who, as an ex-captain of Turcos, professes a high regard for the French army, shows that the fact of the military being the "head instead of the arm of the administration" is a "bar to progress and an insurmountable obstacle to the civilization of the natives." Immigration has ceased, and although emigration can hardly be said to have fairly commenced, yet, during a single month of the year 1868, no less than one hundred agriculturists left the province of Oran to settle in Brazil.

Unless the present Algerian policy is radically changed, the colony can never be other than a drain upon French resources. There are indications, however, that this will be done; and if so, it is possible that M. Prévost-Paradol's dream of from eighty to a hundred millions of Frenchmen living on both shores of the Mediterranean will be realized.

The book before us, bearing the modest title of "Quelques Mots sur l'Algérie," has been very favorably noticed by the leading French reviews, and has great interest as furnishing an explanation of the wants of Algeria from a colonist's standpoint. The somewhat prevailing notion that a country extending over 150,000,000 of acres, with a native population of 2,700,000 and a European population of 240,000, only 130,000 of whom are French, can never be assimilated to France, M. de Montebello is confident is an error. Except near the large cities, and in the wine producing sections, the price of land in France is remarkably low; and the young peasant prefers to till his native soil rather than that of Africa. The population of France, moreover, does not increase at all; and that North Africa should ever become peopled with a race having French blood flowing in their veins is wholly out of the question. But if we contrast Ireland and Poland with Alsace and Lorraine, we have a right to consider France—so poor a mother to her own offspring—an admirable stepmother. The large native population was deemed an insurmountable objection to assimilation; but M. de Montebello shows that the Africans are not such very bad people after all. The two great races in North Africa are the Kabyles or Berbers and the Arabs. The former, known in different localities under the names Chaouia, Braba, Zouaves, etc., have lived in the country from time immemorial. They are the descendants of Massanissa and Jugurtha; signs of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans are still to be found among them; their laws have been traced to the jurisprudence of Justinian; and, more than all, they were once zealous Christians. In the early part of the sixth century they were in quite an advanced stage of civilization, but the successive tides of Arabian conquest forced them to adopt the manners and customs of their invaders. The Kabyles are excellent husbandmen, and are very teachable. They are frugal, industrious, live in houses, and have but one wife, whom they treat as an equal. It is very fortunate for France that this race, having a strain of European blood in its veins, vastly predominates; for the Arabs, on the other hand, are as wild, untamable, and incapable of civilization as our Pawnees and Sioux; and, like them, they happily are melting away. During the great famine of 1867, no less than two hundred thousand of them starved to death; and the rest were reduced to a wretchedness of which civilized nations can have no idea. Today there are probably not over four hundred thousand pure Arabs in the entire colony. But still they are a great impediment to progress. A single Arab needs as much territory to live upon as would support five hundred Kabyles; and the policy of the Government has tended to "Arabize the Kabyle rather than to Kabylize the Arab." Nevertheless, M. de Montebello, together with all the other colonists, is sanguine that if the three provinces in North Africa were in all respects treated as any three provinces in France, not only the numerous emigrants from other European states, but also the natives themselves, would in due time become as French as the inhabitants of Lorraine.

M. de Montebello proposes assimilation as the cure for all the ills of Algeria; and after reading his book, which offers so interesting a study to all who wish to have a thorough understanding of European affairs, we can see no reason why this colony should not at least resume its ancient place as the granary of the Old World.

NATIONAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.*

THERE are just now many late publications in Europe and the United States upon government and political science claiming the attention of the public, and, unfortunately, none of them very thorough or systematic. It is a question which we do not here propose to enter upon, why political literature is decreasing in ability, while the practice of government is increasing in its success and in its benefits. But certain it is, that modern "Cæsarism" has for its defence no Machiavellis and Hobbeses; moderate, reasonable self-government is not defended by any more Lockes, Miltons, and Sidneys; and the free despotism, or despotic freedom, of democracy, has no more Rousseaus.

The readable and even interesting little volume before us does not fulfil the expectations which the reader may have very justly formed from its title. "National Self-Government in Europe and America" is a big title, it covers much and very difficult ground, and one would naturally expect, on opening the book, to find at least an attempt to define political nationality and national self-government; and one would also naturally expect to find some discussion of the history and analysis of the two most notable and prominent features of modern political development—the tendency towards national political consolidation (not centralization), and, under that, the other tendency towards the freedom, individuality, and legal equality of all men. The relations of these to each other, and how they produce, develop, and support each other, present a fruitful and useful theme for discussion. But this we do not find. If the author occasionally, and only accidentally as it were, points us to the outcroppings of the vein, he cannot lay any claim to having worked this mine of thought patiently and systematically.

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* "Quelques Mots sur l'Algérie. Par le Comte Charles de Montebello." Paris: Challamel aîné. 1870.

* "National Self-Government in Europe and America. By J. W. Probyn." London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

The work is more historical than exegetical, and the scraps of history may be called good—about as good as mere scraps can ever be made. The historical statements relate to France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, and the United States, a larger space being given to the United States than to any other country. The style is simple, condensed, unpretending, and straightforward, and extremely few foreigners have shown so much fairness and so much accurate information of our institutions and of our political parties in attempting to discuss our political history. He is a pronounced adherent of the Union and anti-slavery side, but some of our own authors on the same side might take a lesson from his moderation and fairness.

The historical facts in reference to Europe relate mainly to the manner in which the different governments, more especially France and Belgium, passed through the crisis of 1848, and to the unification of Germany and Italy, and the liberalization of Austria. This feature of the book not only makes it well worth reading, but gives it a real value to the general, unlearned, and often hasty reader, who wants a general idea of that section of modern European history, and has not time to hunt it and dig it out of some scores of volumes, where he would at last find it only, as he finds it here, in scraps.

It is perhaps well the author's effort has taken this direction. A writer on government or political science should make history his handmaid and not his object, and there are indications that in an essay of that sort Mr. Probyn would not achieve very great success. Here is the first sentence in the book: "In the present day, every intelligent person, it may fairly be presumed, will admit, at least in theory, that both order and liberty are necessary to the good government of a civilized people." The position here assigned to *order* is a little like saying that good crops are necessary to agriculture, and one always feels, on reading such a sentence, that the author is just a little looser than he has a right to be. Then, as a mere matter of style, we think that no author should put in a book on a grave subject such language as this: "They will give, as occasion offers, a slap in the face to constitutional monarchy, and then administer a smart back-hander to republicanism." Neither do we like "Britishers," "Yankee Republicans," "Jefferson Brick," and "Marquis of Dunderhead," on page 219.

Some of our own war-horses and screechers against caste and aristocracy (witness the discussions about the reform of our civil service) could learn in this little book, and for that matter in several others, especially the works of George Cornewall Lewis and Bagehot, that names do not always indicate form, much less substance, and that a republican monarchy—a republic with a hereditary executive, worked by a *self-governing people*—is not only possible, but actually exists in several countries. For fear somebody will misunderstand us, we beg to say that we are not in favor of crowning General Grant or importing a Hohenzollern, but only indicating how much less some people know about politics than they might, if they would study it more and talk about it less.

The author's failure to apprehend as well as to discuss what *is* real self-government, and especially what are the conditions for its operation and success, seems to us to be manifested in his estimate of the causes of the different results in several countries of Europe in 1848, especially his comparison between France and Belgium, between Louis Philippe and Leopold I., and the reasons assigned why Philippe lost his crown and throne, and Leopold preserved his own. We do not doubt the truth of the reasons given, that Philippe was good but narrow, stubborn, and stupid, while Leopold was good and also enlightened, liberal, and progressive. These are not examples of self-government, but only of the accidents that favor or retard its introduction. The goodness and badness, the wisdom and unwisdom, of kings are accidents, and complete and successful self government is superior to this accident and will control it, though sometimes with difficulty. It may be very true that Charles X. and Louis Philippe lost their crowns by mismanagement, and could have held their crowns by good management, but the *fact* that revolutions were necessary to get rid of them, or the fact that such contests result in revolutions, shows that there was no self government deserving the name going on in the country; and the author's statement that there were only 200,000 voters, in a population of 35,000,000, confirms this view. The true test of self-government is that it can accomplish all its wishes without war or disorder inaugurated by itself, and only resorts to force to resist force, or to remove violent and unconstitutional obstruction. The second election of Lincoln in the midst of a civil war, and the peaceful though angry solution of the quarrel between Congress and Andrew Johnson, and the late disestablishment of the Irish Church, could have occurred peacably only in self-governing countries. We do not accept in all its extent the author's apology for the French people, though we may accept fully his judgment against French emperors and kings.

Upon the whole, the book is instructive without being profound, is an ardent and intelligent plea for real liberty, and is written with almost childlike simplicity.

The Life of Arthur Tappan. By his Brother. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—The subject of this memoir might fairly be claimed by this city for itself, since he made it the principal theatre of his mercantile career. But New York, when he came to it, had already begun to be the mere business camping-ground which it is now in so eminent a degree, and, except the opportunity of making and charitably disbursing money, he owed nothing whatever to it. It hated him, and mobbed him, and sought his life, and would have made him as infamous as it did notorious. He was a pebble of New England granite in its shoe, and it is as a New Englander that Arthur Tappan deserves to be studied and remembered. He is probably the best if not the earliest type that can be named of a class almost peculiar to that region, among whom there is the most intimate connection possible between the pocket and the heart. He was more than a generous giver, such as, following him, were Peabody, Vassar, Cornell, Simmons, and a host of others; he was an independent force in the community, an element which suddenly appeared when it had not been counted upon by friend or foe. Those Bostonians were his lineal successors who, when the South thought it had merely the Republican party to contend with, formed the Kansas Emigrant Aid Society, and lent a helping hand to John Brown in Virginia, and afterwards raised colored regiments at their own expense, and, still later, devoted themselves successfully to arousing public sentiment against repudiation. In the same way, when Prudence Crandall, in Connecticut, seemed likely to be crushed by an iniquitous law against teaching colored pupils, he directed her friends to employ the best counsel at his expense, and to start a paper, whose deficits he would make good; when Mr. Garrison seemed indefinitely immured in Baltimore jail, Mr. Tappan voluntarily paid the fine and set him at liberty; when the pro-slavery party seemed to have triumphed in repressing free discussion at Lane Seminary, he offered himself as the banker of the students who withdrew from that institution to go to Oberlin. At critical moments in the existence of a dozen religious, philanthropic, or educational enterprises, he emerged from his busy privacy to give them encouragement or to assure their success, with a liberality which has certainly never been equalled in this country, and with a modesty that could not be excelled.

With every day that passes, the history of the times in which Arthur Tappan lived becomes more and more strange and incredible for the generations that have since come upon the stage. In this respect, the volume before us has more than a biographical value. It is a sketch, in the main accurate and uncolored, though lacking form and method, of such events of the last half-century as had concern for one who above all "loved his fellow-men." Among these the anti-slavery agitation fills naturally the largest space, and again that part of it which had New York for a centre. In 1833, the house of the editor, Mr. Lewis Tappan, was sacked by a pro-Southern mob, and his brother's store only escaped the same fate by a vigorous defence from within. In those days a determined abolitionist would keep a hot-water tank in his garret with which to resist assault. During the draft riots of 1863, abolitionists were still attacked in their homes. Apparently there had been no progress in thirty years. Undoubtedly, however, the last abolitionist has suffered for his principles—as such, he can no longer have any fear of living in New York. Thanks to our present mode of government, it is rather the rich, whose wills may come to probate, who are afraid of dying here.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Beecher (Rev. T. K.), Our Seven Churches.	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Sermons, Sept., 1868, to March, 1870, 3 vols.	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	$7 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, Part 45, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
De Schweinitz (E.), Life and Times of David Zeisberger.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Foster (J. W.), Recent Advances in Geology, swd.	(Salem)	
Judd (S.), Margaret: a Tale.	(Roberts Bros.)	
Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax for 1871, swd.	(G. W. Carleton)	0 25
Lubbock (Sir J.), Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Modern Women, second series.	(J. S. Redfield)	
Mommsen (T.), History of Rome, Vol. IV. and Index.	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Radau (R.), Wonders of Acoustics.	" " "	

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1870.

The Week.

THE week has been full of peace rumors. Whether there is anything in them, and if so, how much, it is almost useless to speculate. The general tenor of advices from Europe goes to show that the neutral powers would, of course, be glad of peace, and that the belligerents would be more glad of it than they would have been a month ago; and that somehow—we don't well know for what reason—England has been generally fixed on as the power whose duty it is in an especial manner to bring it about. The London Positivists, in combination with the redder democrats, have been trying to stimulate the Ministry into action by rather violent demonstrations in the streets, which, however, look far more formidable than they are. The "International Association" of workingmen has undoubtedly something to do with the movement, as the Continental members are boiling over with eagerness to get the soldiers out of the way and get the French Republic into their hands—France being, amusingly enough considering the feelings of the great mass of the population, the country above all others in which the more ambitious social reformers expect to realize their dreams about capital and property. Whatever the influence under which he is acting, there seems to be no doubt that Earl Granville is trying to intervene; and there is at this writing talk of an armistice to permit the election of the Constituent Assembly. The fall of Toul, and Soissons, and Strasbourg have rendered this less difficult for Bismarck to concede than it was a fortnight ago.

Most of these announcements, simultaneously coming from London and Tours, agree with each other. Earl Granville, through Lord Lyons, has taken the initiative. The co-operation of the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence is either promised or expected. Communications have been made both at Tours and Versailles, and have been favorably received. The overtures refer chiefly to the conclusion of an armistice, during which the elections for a Constituent Assembly should take place, which, after its convocation, should immediately deliberate on a basis of peace. It is asserted that King William is favorable to the scheme, but that Bismarck insists that an armistice must involve "a practical basis;" that is, the concession, by the Government of National Defence, of "the principle of cession of territory." Whether this "principle" was distinctly mentioned by Lord Lyons to the Government at Tours, we do not know; but, however it was, Gambetta answered that he and his associates on the Loire could do nothing without the concurrence of their colleagues in Paris, whither he would send M. Thiers, if a safe-conduct could be obtained. This, we hear further, Bismarck is expected to send, assenting on a proposal by Earl Granville to open the negotiations by a personal meeting with the old French statesman.

Besides these negotiations, we hear of others going on between King William and Marshal Bazaine, and it is stated that an agreement has been matured, according to which the Empress Eugénie is to proceed to Versailles, there to sign a treaty of peace, as the legitimate representative of the Imperial Government, the only one recognized by the King. Eugénie, of course, is to become regent, and Bazaine the main staff of the restored Empire, and Prussia to be satisfied by large cessions. These negotiations are said to be carried on chiefly through General Boyer, and to be favored by the Court of Russia. Strange as these reports sound, they seem to have caused some uneasiness at Tours. It is not at all impossible that rumors of this kind are intentionally spread by Bismarck, in order to make the republican rulers of France more readily inclined to listen to proposals of peace addressed to them. That till now they have uniformly spurned every intimation to purchase peace at the price of territory, is evidently owing to popular pressure rather than to their own blindness or political fanaticism. The influence of the Tours press in this respect appears as pernicious as that of any press has ever been to the true interests of a people distracted by disasters.

Scarcely had the news of attempted diplomatic intervention by England become known at Tours, when the journals and public began to abuse that power in concert. Some saw in the whole affair but a Bonapartist plot; most agreed that it was done chiefly in the interest of Prussia. England, they wisely demonstrated, must have become aware that her friend, Prussia, had undertaken a task beyond her power; that Paris could not be reduced; that the vast French armies now raised in the provinces were ready to take the offensive; that, on his part, General Trochu was preparing a series of formidable sorties; that the Prussians were threatened by hunger no less than by the sword, while France was prepared for all sacrifices to save the national honor. And the first-fruits of this concert of voices were a semi-official note, affirming "that the Government in no case will accept a peace humiliating to France," and "will remain firm in its rejection of all propositions for the dismemberment of France"—which, whether seriously meant or not, augurs very ill for the peace negotiations. And, in fact, we hear that the initiator of them, Earl Granville, has little confidence in their success.

There is one feature in nearly all the comments of neutral peacemakers on the war which fills one who looks back a little way with surprise, and that is their horror over its "wickedness," and over the perversity and blindness of the combatants in going on fighting, instead of dropping it just where they stand, and going home. Ever since the appearance of a public conscience about war—that is, about fifty years ago—the nations engaged in war have treated their particular struggle as peculiarly "holy," and the men who fall in it as martyrs, while nearly all the bystanders have held up their hands over the guilt of it. There could hardly have been a better illustration of this than was afforded by our civil war. The great mass of Europeans looked on it as the most outrageously causeless and futile struggle a civilized people ever engaged in, and many an intelligent Englishman and Frenchman—anti-slavery men, too—ascribed the persistence of the North to simple thirst for blood. The European public, too, generally considered the arrangement of the terms of peace, the simplest thing in the world—though there was hardly any American, except Horace Greeley, who did not shrink from it, as a task almost too serious for human powers, and who did not prefer leaving it to the sword. It is now very interesting to watch the subjection of the Franco-Prussian war to the same half-blind analysis. There is hardly a creature, male or female, no matter how silly or ignorant, here or in England, who does not think himself fully competent to show the Germans the folly and guilt of getting themselves killed, and the perfect safety with which they may take Jules Favre's word that France will never want to go to war again for anything this world can offer her.

Little of importance has taken place during the week in and around Paris, so far as our information goes. French reports, brought by balloon and unofficial, speak of Prussian repulses on previous days, and extol the activity of General Trochu—who is said to be preparing for a formidable sortie—the warlike spirit of the Parisians, and the excellence of the gunners who man the forts. These reports, however, go no further than the 21st, since which time no campaign news has been brought by aerial messengers. A Prussian despatch from Versailles reports the discomfiture of a sortie made by the French on the 22d from Fort du Mont Valérien. Though supported by forty field-guns, the assailants were successfully resisted by detachments of two divisions of infantry of the line and a regiment of landwehr, until the arrival of the Fourth Corps decided the engagement in favor of the besiegers—the French retiring with a loss of one hundred prisoners and two guns. There are indications that the Prussians are actively engaged in making preparations for a general bombardment. On their part, the French gunners are busy shelling the enemy's outposts and sweeping the approaches to the ramparts. The gap, on the northwest of the city, between Mont Valérien and St. Denis, is said to have been strongly fortified with earthworks.

The military movements around Orléans and Blois, on both sides of the Loire, are—to use an expression often repeated in reports from Tours—shrouded in mystery. The Prussians hold Orléans in great force, and have occupied all the places around, extending in a semicircle from Châteaudun, on their extreme right, to Châteauneuf, on their extreme left, their reserves in the meanwhile entering Chartres; but whether they have made any movement in advance from La Ferté-St.-Aubin in the direction of either Tours or Bourges, we are unable to discover. The latter place, on account of its military stores and arsenals, may be an even more tempting objective point than the provisional seat of the French Government. Besides, an advance on Bourges would also be a movement in the direction of Lyons, in co-operation with the forces advancing from Épinal and Vesoul. Between Vesoul and Besançon, a heavy engagement took place, on the 22d, near Voray, on the confines of the Departments of Haute-Saône and Doubs, lasting —according to a French report—"from nine in the morning until night," and ending with "result unknown." A detachment belonging to the same forces is reported by General Cambriels, the Commander of the Division of the East—headquarters at Besançon—to have been twice repulsed before Châtillon, on the Saône, in the southwest corner of Vosges. General Cambriels is to be aided by Garibaldi, among whose lieutenants, commanding Mobiles Gardes, Francs-tireurs, and volunteers of all nations, we find his son Menotti, the Spaniard Orense, and the Polish General Bosak, a very able partisan chief. The Prussians, however, seem to be little afraid of these feeble preparations for resistance, and push on rapidly in that quarter—other troops in the meanwhile investing or observing the fortified places in their rear; and not only Besançon is threatened, but Lyons, too, hastily prepares for defence.

There is no fresh war news from Metz, and nothing beyond vague reports and rumors concerning the sieges of New Brisach, Bitsch, and Verdun. One of these reports announces a victorious sortie by the garrison of the last-named fortress. Schlettstadt has surrendered. The active siege of Mézières is not yet begun. Thionville and Longwy seem to be left unmolested. La Fère, in Aisne—for which our dailies have La Ferté-St.-Aubin, to the confusion of their readers —was invested, and St. Quentin, north of it, occupied by the troops under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg; subsequently, however, the Prussian advance in this direction is said, in French reports, to have been abandoned by the Prussians, their forces retiring towards Laon. An advance, in larger force, on Amiens, is reported going on in two columns from Montdidier and Breteuil. There has been some desultory fighting at various places in Normandy, and in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, where the Prussians have occupied Montereau. The gallantry and pluck of the Francs-tireurs is often extolled in the Tours reports, but of the troops of the line there is nowhere any mention. The whereabouts of the "two armies"—"excellent troops, well armed and equipped"—which, according to the organs of the Tours Government, are to make a sudden appearance one of these days, is wisely kept a profound secret.

The American Peace Society and the American Positivists have both determined to ask Bismarck to make peace without further delay. If their asking him is likely to have any effect, it is a pity and a shame they did not ask him sooner. What is more important than all is, however, that the Woman's Suffrage Association of this city, in convention assembled, have "constituted and accredited Mrs. Emilie J. Merriman their peace advocate and commissioner, to proceed, with all despatch, to France, to present the gravest considerations of peace to William, King of Prussia, and to Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs for France." Of course it would be ridiculous to notice such bits of ineffable folly as this if the people who perpetrated them were not adults, and were not engaged day and night in trying to persuade the world that it would be far better governed than it is if they had a share in the work. One of the most curious phenomena of the day, too, is the savage vehemence with which the charge of hard-heartedness, and want of sympathy with progress, is made against anybody who requests reforming geese to behave like reasonable beings, and not meddle with things they do not understand. Bismarck and Jules Favre will, doubtless, be polite to "Mrs. Emilie J. Merriman;" but is it not too bad, to put the matter on very low ground, that men with such awful demands on their time, and such a strain on their nerves, should have to sit down and listen to the impertinent gabble of such people?

In commercial circles, the effect of the war continues to be insignificant, or at least not readily visible. The destruction of crops and the waste of food by both armies have at last led to some advance in the prices of breadstuffs here, in anticipation of an increased Continental demand; but the advance has not materially added to our exports, owing to the deficiency of vessels to carry them, and the consequent rise in the freights to Europe. Nor has the advance benefited domestic producers, owing to the corresponding rise in railroad freights from the interior, which has prevented grain and flour from coming forward rapidly enough to exhaust even the old crop, much less to market the new; so that at the great grain centres, Chicago and Milwaukee, prices have actually again declined, very much to the disgust of the farmers, and clearly to the emphatic confirmation of all we have ever said of the supreme importance of the entire question of communication. The hopes of an early peace, and the steady tendency of Lancashire manufacturers to return to American cottons in place of East Indias, have stayed the decline in this our most important export staple, and led to a moderate increase in the shipments, but it is yet too early to form opinions of any value as to the amount that Europe will be able to take of our large prospective crop, or the price it will be able to pay for it. At the present moment, the price per pound is nearly one-third less than last season, so that we should have to harvest one-third more, and sell one-third more, to yield to our Southern States the same net result. It is evident that the latter are more directly interested in the war than any other part of the country. Tobacco and meats, nearly next in importance in the list of our export articles, are materially benefited by the struggle, and remain firm in prices. If our farmers and cotton-planters are injured or not benefited by the war, we have the consolation that everybody will be fed and clothed more cheaply during the coming winter than they have been for years. This is all the more important, as the complaints of unsatisfactory business, even in branches not affected by the war, become daily more general. Cotton-spinners, sugar refiners, woollen mills, the farmers throughout the country, even the coal-miners, complain that they are working without a profit. The dry-goods merchants report a prosperous fall season, and wool-growers have profited by a revival in this long-depressed, tariff-ridden interest. But all accounts agree in representing the trade of the West and Southwest as light, and that of the South as largely done on credit. Real estate, especially unimproved, is decidedly lower; and even the best kind of city dwelling-houses, in spite of an unusually active demand from families driven out of Europe, do not bring a fair rental on recent cost or estimated market value.

The voting in certain Congressional districts at the late elections was so close that victory was fairly claimed by both parties until official returns had been made. This fact, added to false reports in some other cases, makes it necessary to revise our summary of last week in regard to Iowa and Pennsylvania. The first-named State has gone solidly Republican as usual. In Pennsylvania, where majorities range as low as twenty-two, thirteen, and even eleven votes, the Democrats have gained six districts and lost one, making their total gain of Congressmen in the four States six. The significance of this increase for party purposes in the Forty-second Congress is, as we have already remarked, not great; but in both ranks the new members elect will furnish a powerful addition to the free-trade or revenue reform element. The delegation from Iowa is unanimous in this respect, Mr. Palmer, who voted with the protectionists at the last session, having pledged himself on the stump to favor lower duties on iron, salt, and lumber. Mr. Williams, of Indiana, seems likely to be more decidedly anti-tariff than heretofore, if he remember the declarations forced from him by the necessities of the canvass; while his colleague, Mr. Julian, who was an absentee as well as a protectionist, is succeeded by an avowed Republican free-trader, Judge Wilson. In Ohio, Mr. Monroe, the successful Republican candidate in the Fourteenth District, was nominated in convention at the expense of a protectionist, and the defeat of Messrs. Schenck and McClurg is of course in the interest of revenue reform, though there is an offset in the gain of two Republican protectionists. The five Democrats gained from Pennsylvania are naturally to be counted on the side of free-trade. And finally, in balancing these results, the fact that so many leaders of the protectionists have been retired must be allowed its due weight beside the numerical preponderance.

The only State election which has since occurred is that of South Carolina, about which, however, we have at this writing no positive information beyond the general success of the Republican ticket, with Governor Scott at its head. It is doubtful whether the Reform party has carried one or two of the four Congressmen. The Charleston *Courier*, speaking for it, professes to think it would have had a majority everywhere, as in that city, if the United States law had been applicable in regard to the counting of votes and supervision of the ballot-boxes. In the country, it says, there was abundance of fraud, or of opportunities for fraud, and much violence directed against the Reformers. On the other hand, complaints have been made at Washington of "Reform" outrages on Republican voters since the election. General Grant's interference in favor of his partisans had, doubtless, the effect anticipated. That it will be as useful to the regular Republicans in Missouri we cannot bring ourselves to think, considering the superior intelligence of the average voter there. For the rest, the situation seems unchanged, and Mr. Brown's defiance of the Administration probably continues in force. In this State, the chief interest of the canvass lies in the charges brought against General Woodford in regard to his past connection with Oakesmith, the notorious slaver, and in the preparations for and against the Act of Congress to amend the naturalization laws, and to punish crimes against the same, just referred to. The Government is determined to enforce it, and the Attorney-General has come on expressly to confer about it with the Marshal of this District. The triangular or quadrangular contest in Massachusetts has been opened by a savage speech from Mr. Phillips, to which a correspondent alludes in another place. There seems to have been more than one candidate ready to avail himself of the vote of several parties, and Mr. Chattaway, who was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by the Labor party, has been repudiated for showing that he valued more highly the subsequent nomination of the Democrats. In Rhode Island, the Republican convention in Mr. Jenckes's district was unable to renominate him or to agree upon a candidate in his place, and the party must make its choice at the polls among the three, including Mr. Jenckes, whose names came before the convention.

"Tom Hughes, of Rugby," as we have heard him called, has gone home, after having made the most effective, and we might, we think, almost say pleasantest, trip ever made by any Englishman in the United States. We doubt if any private man ever met with such a welcome from a foreign country, or ever was so successful in putting a new face on an old story. His lecture in Boston contained nothing but facts which, to the best of our belief, have been laid before the American public about two hundred times without producing much impression; but such is the weight of Mr. Hughes's character that his utterance of them made scores of people confess that their opinions on several points in the *Alabama* case were changed. His lecture in New York was equally successful, and for somewhat similar reasons. When a man of as much truth and sincerity as he, and who has for so many years made the workingman's cause his own, tells workingmen that the remedy for their troubles lies in co-operation—that is, in self-restraint, economy, and industry, and not in "politics" and blatherskite and strikes—he reaches thousands of ears which have been deaf to everything which, on this subject, has come from honest men of education hitherto. We are glad to say, too, that Mr. Hughes's audience contained a large body of workingmen, and many of the leaders of the labor movement.

We are able to say positively that there is not a particle of foundation for the stories which have been set afloat that Secretary Cox's resignation was due to "personal reasons," such as his inability to live on his salary. He knew perfectly what the salary was before he took the place, and has never complained or thought of complaining of it as insufficient. There has been only one cause for his retirement, and that is the failure of the President to sustain him against the politicians in the matter of civil service reform. This would appear fully if the correspondence between him and the President were published. Mr. Cox's lips are sealed for the moment by a very proper sense of official decorum; but his reticence furnishes a strong reason why the President should either publish the correspondence or check the exertions which some of his pretended friends are making to spread false versions of the cause of the rupture. We may add that they are anything but friends of the President who are circulating the report that he and Mr. Cox have had differences about the McGarrahan claim.

Senator Morton, it is positively announced, has declined the mission to England, and may very naturally have come to this conclusion apart from the consequences of the Democratic victory in Indiana. He is supposed, like most American politicians or "statesmen," to have ulterior designs in regard to the Presidency, and though a minister to the Court of St. James has been known to become afterwards President, absence from the country is regarded as almost equivalent to retiring from competition. We do not allege that this was Mr. Morton's chief motive in declining, and can readily believe that reflections on the minister's salary and the cost of living properly in England were enough to decide him against going abroad. It would not surprise us greatly if this latter consideration should deter any one whom Grant is likely to nominate from undertaking to supplant Mr. Motley; in which case an argument would have been found in favor of the meanness of our diplomatic stipends, if not of discontinuing our foreign legations altogether.

It is a comfort to know that all our misgovernment has not prevented New York from becoming the focus of art, literature, and refinement. That, at least, we may believe on Mr. Greeley's assurance, as expressed in a letter to the Convention now assembled at Cincinnati to discuss the removal of the national capital. This preposterous movement has failed to obtain the appearance which it sought, of representing all parts of the country—Governor Hoffman, for one, having declined to appoint a delegate to the Convention, and other governors apparently not having taken even the trouble to decline. Mr. Greeley's recommending New York as the proper seat of government must have been rather a damper to the leaders of the enterprise, as they had not probably counted upon opposition from the East except as against a Westernwards removal of the capital. To move it one inch, however, towards any point of the compass, would be as great folly as to move it a thousand miles. To say nothing of the cost of the undertaking, or of the sectional jealousies to be overcome the moment moving was decided upon, there are two facts which outweigh any argument in favor of it: one is, that the eccentricity of Washington is diminished every year by improved means of transportation, and offers already no serious impediment to any Congressman's returning home on an emergency; the other is, that Western men are, and for a long time will be, glad of an excuse to come to the East, which collectively is for them the "focus of art, literature, and refinement." Meantime, careful observers are convinced that Washington is rapidly attracting to itself as regular visitors, or as permanent residents, persons whose society is eminently worth cultivating, and who will draw after them artists and scholars inferior to none in the country. The climate of Washington has been greatly misrepresented, and the surroundings are hardly to be surpassed in natural beauty.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

With people who preserve into mature life the childish faculty of being pleased with names while remaining indifferent to the qualities of things, there is little use in discussing the chances of success enjoyed by the persons in France who are now engaged in an attempt to set up a republic. For what we talk of as the "French Republic" is in reality nothing more than a number of men trying to establish one. Whether they will succeed or fail depends not on what they call themselves, or call the state of things which they are trying to bring about, but on the mental, moral, and material condition of the people of France. If a certain number of city missionaries should in troublous times in New York succeed in getting possession of the City Hall, and inducing a portion of the police force to obey them, and should then announce that the kingdom of God was at last established in this city, there would be a great laugh all over the country, and people would ask the reverend gentlemen many unpleasant questions, first about the extent to which their authority was obeyed, and next about the morals and manners of the denizens of Cherry Street and Mercer Street, and divers other slums and purlieus; and the laugh would be all the louder if the missionaries insisted on treating those who doubted their statements as limbs of Satan.

What we are about to say, we say to that rational portion of the community which knows and remembers that politics are made up of facts and deductions from facts, and that we can no more make a republic by giving that name to a form of government than live within our income by making the figures in our account-books balance at the end of the year. We can hardly hope to produce any impression on that large class who look on republics as the divinely-appointed form of government—that is, claim the "divine right" for majorities, and treat progress as simply a long series of attempts to set up republics, foiled by kings and nobles. Progress means the growth of mankind in wisdom, in humanity, and in self-restraint, under whatever form of government, and kings were as natural and legitimate a product of society in certain stages as courts of law or police. They were contrivances to which it resorted for the preservation of order, and which were the only ones suited to its ideas and culture. To treat them as enemies of mankind is about as sensible as to treat pack-horses as the great enemies of rapid transportation. A republic is a governmental contrivance suited to people who have reached a certain stage of development through a certain process of training: to say that a people has not reached this stage is no more a sign of hostility to republican government than doubting a man's fitness to take charge of an observatory is a sign of hostility to the study of astronomy, and of want of sympathy with his desire to better his condition. The French have, unfortunately, not passed through any process of training for a republic, except such as they got in the brief reign of Louis Philippe. They broke with their kings before they had got ready for presidents. Nothing is easier, as they have shown, than for a nation to thrust the past out of its institutions; but no human power can get the past out of a nation's character.

We suppose there is no liberal in the world who would not heartily rejoice to see France in possession of an orderly, democratic government; but the reasons for believing that this great consummation is not within her reach are, unhappily, not far to seek; and some of the weightiest have been brought into very disagreeable prominence by the crisis through which she is now passing. As a general rule, it may be said that a people's success in carrying on a government will depend on their truthfulness; and by truthfulness we do not mean simply the habit of speaking the truth in the transaction of the ordinary business of life, but readiness to face facts just as they stand, without blinking them, or arranging drapery about them, or throwing artificial light on them. This disposition of mind is familiar to everybody as a fundamental condition of success in business; in fact, it forms the most prominent feature in the character of the personage known as "the good business man;" but it is just as essential to the good politician. Now, without admitting the complete accuracy of the witty saying that "the Celtic mind is engaged in a perpetual struggle to escape from the control of facts," it cannot be denied that the attempts the French have hitherto made to govern themselves have been characterized by a strong dislike of facts, and a sort of desperate determination not to be governed by them, but by some ideal with which the formation of facts had nothing to do. This tendency was strikingly manifested in 1789; it was still more strikingly manifested in 1848; and the downfall of the republic in both cases was due to the arrival at the surface of affairs of men with the sort of truthfulness which consists in seeing facts just as they are, and governing one's self accordingly. The possibility of maintaining a republic in a country blessed or burdened with such traditions as France possesses, in conjunction with a strong executive and a large standing army, of combining love of liberty with love of glory, and the constant exaltation of brute force with popular reverence for law, is a pure product of the imagination. No man could have entertained that notion who had trained himself to look facts in the face. The Bonapartes have owed their rise to their keen and rapid perception of its absurdity, and the fortunate concurrence of circumstances which enabled them to act on their perception.

Another thing necessary to a republic is, that the people should have something in the nature of reverence for a certain order of ideas, or certain legal formulæ—should, in short, strongly incline to and be accustomed to one kind of government rather than another; should, for instance, possess more respect for the acts of a legislature than for the decrees of a monarch, or for the process of a court of law than for a military order. Now, to the great body of the French people all these things possess about equal value and equal claims to obedience. The number of persons in France who are really shocked by the irresponsibility of public functionaries before the courts, and by the power of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment which this places in the hands of the police, and which every régime has kept up, might easily assemble in one New York parlor. To the great body of the population, these things are not only natural, but necessary. In short, a republic must have as a basis either a very high order of mental and moral training, on the part of the mass of the people, or else a whole system of political habits, which will take the place of the conclusions of philosophers and historians. Prévost-Paradol held that the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the responsibility of government officers in damages for abuse of their authority, and a regulated liberty of the press, were necessary to a free government; but he had reached these conclusions through prolonged study and reflection. An Ohio farmer, with only twelve months' schooling, without any reflection at all, would laugh at anybody who questioned them. He holds them as ultimate facts of life, just as he holds the propriety of wearing clothes or paying his debts.

But the French not only have no special faith in any set of political ideas or any particular form of government, but have no attachment, even through the imagination, to any of the proposed plans of government. There are three things possible in France—a legitimist monarchy, an Orleanist monarchy, and a republic. There is not one of them to which any considerable or influential portion of the people is attached. There is not one of them which the nation has not seen overthrown with indifference or approval. There is probably no sentiment more completely dead in French hearts than the sentiment of loyalty. There is one thing, and one thing only, which the majority of Frenchmen ardently desire in the matter of government, and that is security. Any government which can supply this in combination with a fair share of "glory" may be pretty sure of everything in the shape of devotion which the Frenchmen of this generation are capable of feeling towards the powers that be; but security they will have, and they will sacrifice everything else for it. The Republic was proclaimed after the fall of the Empire, not because it was what the French people wanted, but because, as has been said, "it was what there was least division of sentiment about;" or, in other words, it was the form of government which has to be set up when nothing else offers, and it was set up, just as the Orleanist monarchy was set up, and as the Republic of 1848 was set up, and as the Empire was set up, by a *coup d'état*. Whether the legislature of a country be set upon and turned out of doors by the general of the army, or by a mob rushing in from the street, makes, as far as the effect on the political education of the people goes, little difference. A nation which has once grown accustomed to seeing governments it has organized, voted for, and obeyed destroyed in this way, as the French nation has, has fallen into a slough from which nothing but a long course of training or a special interposition of Providence can extricate it.

It is always dangerous as well as presumptuous to attempt much in the way of political prediction; but the outlines of the situation in France are so strongly traced that almost anybody can follow them without much speculation. If anything can be safely deduced from a nation's history or character, we may safely conclude that, whatever government makes peace with the Prussians, whether on Bismarck's terms or Favre's, is sure to be overthrown with ignominy, and become an object of great odium and ridicule. The Constituent Assembly will be composed, as the last was, very largely of conservatives sent on by the peasantry and landed proprietors and priests to look after the interests of property and religion. They will draw up a constitution which will be, perforce, republican in form, but they will not dare to leave the government or property in the great towns at the mercy of the Reds; and the Reds, in the period succeeding the war, will probably be unusually violent and threatening. Nor will they venture to treat the terrible wounds inflicted on the national pride by the war either as irreparable or of small consequence. The Republic will consequently either be saddled as before with a strong executive officer at the head of a large standing army, or will, as a defence against another *coup d'état*, commit the executive power to a commission of the legislature, an arrangement which will make the general in command of the army inevitably very formidable and the army difficult to manage; for nothing would irritate the French army more than to feel that it was in the hands of a small coterie of civilians, and it would probably rally round any chief who promised it deliverance from what it would regard as a humiliating and ridiculous situation. If he then began to intrigue on behalf of himself, or on behalf of the Orleans princes, or on behalf of something else than the Republic, and at last got into open collision with the legislature, it would be what experience justifies us in expecting. If, too, the Reds, disgusted with what they would very naturally regard as a sham Republic, should indulge in violence both of speech and behavior for the express purpose of driving the authorities into a recourse to military measures, and should at last succeed in causing the disappearance or violation of most of the constitutional provisions for the protection of individual rights, it would also be what experience warrants us in expecting. In short, there is nothing which our observation justifies us less in expecting than that a few devoted and enthusiastic men in Paris can, by willing a Republic, make one. Of course it may be said that by pretending to believe it possible we help to make it possible. But, for our own part, we believe that all real reforms in the world must rest on the sober recognition of the facts of life, and that he is the worst enemy of the French, as of all, who helps people in the practice of any of the pleasing little games in which so many of our progressive men try to forget the hard, stern work of the world.

THE FUNDING BILL AND THE RATE OF INTEREST.

The persistent and indefatigable Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that he is about to give notice that he will shortly be prepared to receive subscriptions to the new national loan into which he proposes to fund the existing six per cent. bonds of the United States. As this elaborate preliminary announcement of some probable future act, which may without discredit be left undone, looks somewhat like a mere attempt to feel the financial pulse, we might, after the repeated consideration bestowed in these columns upon Mr. Boutwell and his funding schemes, be excused for awaiting in silence the result of this disguised enquiry, were it not that the interest excited by other recent national loans—an illustration of which will be found among our correspondence to-day—tends to throw entirely new light upon the prospects of our own Treasury in its attempts to reduce the rate of interest upon the national debt.

Under the act of July 14, 1870, which Mr. Boutwell pressed through both branches of Congress with such feverish anxiety and at so great a sacrifice of official dignity that every one was justified in looking long since for the announcement of its complete success, he is authorized to issue in all $1,500,000,000 of new bonds: $200,000,000 at 5 per cent., $300,000,000 at 4½ per cent., and $1,000,000,000 at 4 per cent. He is not allowed to sell any portion of these bonds for less than par in gold, but he may exchange them, bond for bond, for other United States bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest. It is evident from Mr. Boutwell's notice of his intention to give notice that he expects either to make sales or else to have bonds presented for exchange. It is equally evident that, under the terms of the act, he will have a better prospect of selling or exchanging the 5 per cent. bonds than those bearing a less rate of interest. If, therefore, it should be found that the prospect of selling or exchanging the 5 per cent. bonds is a very slight one, it would not be necessary to dwell upon the prospect for the 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds.

The 5 per cent. bonds now out, known as ten-forties, and in no essential particular different from the proposed new issue, sold in this market on Saturday, October 22, at 106¾ in currency, or, at the then ruling premium of 113 for gold, equal to 95 in gold, or just five per cent. below par. On these bonds there had then accumulated one and three-quarters months' interest, or precisely three-quarters of one per cent. in gold. Deducting this accumulated interest, American buyers were willing to give just 94¼ for the 5 per cent. bonds then in circulation. Why in all the world should Mr. Boutwell expect that American buyers should give him 5¾ per cent. more for his new bonds than they can buy precisely similar old bonds for, without the annoyance, risk, delay, and red-tapeism of a Treasury bargain? The general belief among the honest supporters of a funding scheme seems to be, that with the decline in gold by some mysterious process the value of the bonds will advance, until our domestic investors will be willing to pay par and even more for a 5 per cent. bond. But it is very clear that the decline in gold every day reduces the currency income received from all gold-bearing securities, and to that extent lessens their value as an investment. The decline in gold, even if it continues, will not therefore necessarily advance the market value of bonds for home investment. It is very true that heretofore, that is to say, within the last two years, an average decline of twenty per cent. in gold has not been accompanied by a corresponding decline in the currency price of bonds; but this firmness has not been due to the domestic demand for them, it has, on the contrary, been accompanied by a steady selling-out on the part of American holders, who have, wisely or unwisely, preferred to buy railroad and other mortgage securities, which yield, or are promised to yield, a much higher rate of annual interest. The exchange of Government bonds for railroad and other securities continues up to the present moment without interruption, and unless some very startling event should supervene to destroy confidence in this class of investments, any further decline in gold would only tend to increase it. It is not at all likely, therefore, that the expected decline in gold will advance the price of our bonds through any purchases by American investors.

The reason why, in spite of the decline in gold, and in spite of the steady selling by domestic holders, American bonds have failed to decline, is simply that they have been bought by foreign investors; and the question immediately arises, will foreign investors continue to buy—will they buy in sufficient quantities to maintain the price—will they buy enough to advance the price to a point where Mr. Boutwell can sell his new four, four and a half, or five per cent. bonds at par? It is on this point that the recent experience of Europe and the probable immediate future seem to throw enough new light to warrant a recurrence to this threadbare topic.

We have more than once referred to the recent loan of the North-German Confederation, of which a correspondent gives us the only trustworthy account we have so far met with. This loan for a limited amount, offered by the Government in the midst of most marvellous military successes, while money in the principal financial centre was a drug at two or three per cent. per annum, was a comparative failure. A five per cent. bond, for which Mr. Boutwell expects to get par, was offered at 88, twelve per cent. *below* par, and of 125,000,000 offered, only 80,000,000 were subscribed. It is true that the unsubscribed balance was entirely withdrawn from the market, and that the bonds actually issued have since advanced from 88, the issuing price, to 94 or 94½, or precisely the same figure at which American bonds are quoted that bear the same rate of interest. But the fact remains that the five per cent. bonds of the nation which holds by far the largest amount of our securities, and whose credit can in no sense be considered inferior to our own, are not readily taken *at home* at five or six per cent. below par. Why should we expect the same people to take ours at par and over? Would peace, if declared to-morrow, alter this state of affairs? Scarcely any thinking person doubts that peace would almost immediately bring France, as well as every German state, into the markets of the world as borrowers. Would this additional competition improve the demand for our bonds? The competition of governments is not even the only competition to be considered. Since the breaking out of the war, the idle transferable capital of both Germany and France has been added in large amounts to the idle capital of England, swelling the coin reserve of the Bank of England to almost unprecedented figures, and reducing the interest rate for money in London to a merely nominal one. A considerable portion of this idle capital is reported to have been temporarily invested in American securities, thereby helping to maintain the price under the sales of both German and American investors. Peace will not only restore this idle capital to its former owners or employers, but will create a demand for further amounts of English capital, to be employed in repairing the waste and destruction of war. Who does not remember how, from 1865 on, and to this present day, the capital of the world has been pouring into our country to replace what we had destroyed? Something similar, though less in degree, will no doubt take place in France after peace, and to some extent even in Germany. The capital of all nations will be in a measure drawn upon to repair *their* waste. While thus the individuals of two great nations are likely to compete with their own governments for the idle capital of the world, it would be palpably unreasonable to expect a decline in the ruling rates of interest in the European money-markets. And if, at the extremely low rates of interest recently prevailing, bonds as good as our own could not be sold in the home market better than 94, or six per cent. less than par, it does not seem sound reasoning to expect that ours will advance to par, *as interest becomes higher and money scarcer*. And again, if there is little probability of Mr. Boutwell getting par for his $200,000,000 of five per cents., how much probability is there of his getting par for his $300,000,000 of four and a half per cents., or his $1,000,000,000 of four per cents?

"Banks and responsible bankers will be designated for the negotiation of the loan, and paid a commission upon the amounts negotiated by them respectively." There may lie hidden in this clause, or in some other part of Mr. Boutwell's programme, a charm of potent virtue to stimulate the foreign or domestic banking interest to overcome the laws of trade and finance. But to the insight of all ordinary financial observers, Mr. Boutwell's resumption of his funding scheme at this momemt is only one more illustration of his complete inability to recognize the essential fact: that the finances of any one great nation cannot be administered successfully without some regard to the financial situation of other nations of equal rank. Congress or the Secretary of the Treasury may decide upon the rate of interest they would *like* to pay. But the rate they will be *obliged* to pay is not settled by them, but rather by a silent and unconscious congress of other nations, whose verdict is not announced in "notices of an intention to give notice," but is quietly recorded upon the price-lists of two or three stock exchanges. Unless we much misread the signs, that record is likely to be that some time must yet elapse before we can hope to refund our debt at 4, 4½, or even 5 per cent.

THE COMPARATIVE MORALITY OF NATIONS.

WE had, four or five weeks ago, a few words of controversy with the *Christian Union* as to the comparative morality of the Prussians and Americans, or, rather, their comparative religiousness—meaning by religiousness a disposition "to serve others and live as in God's sight;" in other words, unselfishness and spirituality. We let it drop, from the feeling that the question whether the Americans or Prussians were the better men was only a part, and a very small part, of the larger question, How do we discover which of any two nations is the purer in its life or in its aims, and is not any judgment we form about it likely to be very defective, owing to the inevitable incompleteness of our premises? We are not now going to try to fix the place of either Prussia or the United States in the scale of morality, but to point out some reasons why all comparisons between them should be made by Americans with exceeding care and exceeding humility. There is hardly any field of enquiry in which even the best-informed man is likely to fall into so many errors: first, because there is no field in which the vision is so much affected by prejudices of education and custom; and, secondly, because there is none in which the things we see are so likely to create erroneous impressions about the things we do not see. But we may add that it is a field which no intelligent and sensible man ever explores without finding his charity immensely stimulated.

Let us give some illustrations of the errors into which people are apt to fall in it. Count Gasparin, who is a French Protestant, and as spiritually-minded a man as breathes, once talking with an American friend, expressed in strong terms his sense of the pain it caused him that Mr. Lincoln should have been at the theatre when he was killed, not, the friend found, because he objected in the least to theatre-going, but because it was the evening of Good Friday—a day which the Continental Calvinists "keep" with great solemnity, but to which American non-episcopal Protestants pay no attention whatever. Count Gasparin, on the other hand, would have no hesitation in taking a ride on Sunday, or going to a public promenade after church hours, and, from seeing him there, his American friend would draw deductions just as unfavorable to the Count's religious character as the Count himself drew with regard to Mr. Lincoln's.

Take, again, the question of drinking beer and wine. There is a large body of very excellent men in America who, from a long contemplation of the evils wrought by excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks, have worked themselves up to a state of mind about all use of such drinks which is really discreditable to reasonable beings, and leads to the most outrageous platform excesses, and, we are sorry to say, to considerable unscrupulousness of speech, and is perfectly incomprehensible to Continental Europeans. To the former, the drinking even of lager bier connotes, as the logicians say, ever so many other vices—grossness and sensuality of nature, extravagance, indifference to home pleasures and repugnance to steady industry, and a disregard of the precepts of religion and morality. To many of them a German workman, and his wife and children, sitting in a beer-garden on a summer's evening, which to European moralists and economists is one of the most pleasing sights in the world, is a revolting spectacle, which calls for the interference of the police. Now, if you go to a beer-garden in Berlin you may, any Sunday afternoon, see doctors of divinity—none of your rationalists—but doctors of real divinity, to whom American theologians go to be taught, doing this very thing, and, what is worse, smoking pipes. An American who applied to this the same course of reasoning which he would apply to a similar scene in America, would simply be guilty of outrageous folly. If he argued from it that the German doctor was selfish, or did not "live as in the sight of God," the whole process would be a model of absurdity.

Foreigners have drawn, on the other hand, from the American "diligence in business," conclusions with regard to American character far more uncomplimentary than those the *Christian Union* has expressed with regard to the Prussians. There are not a few religious and moral and cultivated circles in Europe in which the suggestion that Americans, as a nation, were characterized by thoughtfulness for others and a sense of God's presence would be received with derisive laughter, owing to the application to the phenomena of American society of the process of reasoning on which, we fear, the *Union* relies. Down to the war, so candid and perspicacious a man as John Stuart Mill might have been included in this class. The earlier editions of his "Elements of Political Economy" contained a contemptuous statement that one sex in America was entirely given up to "dollar-hunting," and the other to "breeding dollar-hunters." In other words, he held that the American people were plunged in the grossest materialism, and he doubtless based this opinion on that intense application of the men to commercial and industrial pursuits which we see all around us, which no church finds fault with, but which we know, bad as its effects are on art and literature, really coexists with great generosity, sympathy, public spirit, and ideality.

Take, again, the matter of chastity, on which the *Union* touched. We grant, at the outset, that wherever you have classes, the women of the lower class suffer more or less from the men of the upper class, and anybody who says that seductions, accomplished through the effect on female vanity of the addresses of "superiors in station," while almost unknown here, are very numerous in Europe, would find plenty of facts to support him. But, on the other hand, an attempt made to persuade a Frenchman that the familiar intercourse which the young people of both sexes in this country enjoy was generally pure, would fail in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That it should be pure is opposed to all his experience of human nature, both male and female; and the result of your argument with him would be that he would conclude either that you were an extraordinarily simple person, or took him for one. On the other hand, we believe the German, who thinks nothing of drinking as much wine or beer as he cares for, draws from the conduct of the American young women whom he sees abroad, and from what he reads in our papers about "free love," Indiana divorces, abortion, and what not, conclusions with regard to American chastity very different from the *Union*; and, if you sought to meet him in discussion, would overwhelm you with facts and cases which, looked at apart from the general tenor of American life and manners, it would be very hard to dispose of. He would say, for instance, that we are not, perhaps, guilty of as many violations of the marriage vow as Europeans; but that we make it so light a vow that, instead of violating it, we get it abrogated, and then follow our will; and then he would come down on us with boarding-house and hotel life, and other things of the same kind, which might make us despise him, but would make it a little difficult to get rid of him.

There is probably no minor point of manners which does more to create unfavorable impressions of Europeans among the best class of Americans—morally the best, we mean—than the importance attached by the former to their eating and drinking; while there is nothing which does more to spread in Europe impressions unfavorable to American civilization than the indifference of Americans, and, we may add, as regards the progressive portion of American society—cultivated indifference—to the quality of their meals and the time of eating them. In no European country is moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of the table considered incompatible with high moral aims or even a sincerely religious character; but a man to whom his dinner was of serious importance would find his position in an assembly of American reformers very precarious. The German or Frenchman or Englishman, indeed, treats a man's views of food, and his disposition or indisposition to eat it in company with his fellows, as an indication of his place in civilization. Savages love to eat alone, and it has been observed, in partially civilized communities relapsing into barbarism, that one of the first indications of their decline was the abandonment of regular meals on tables, and a tendency on the part of individuals to retire to secret places with their victuals—probably a remnant of the old aboriginal instinct which we still see in domesticated dogs, and which was, doubtless, implanted for the protection of the species in times when everybody looked on his neighbor's bone with a hungry eye, and the man with the strong hand was apt to have the fullest stomach. Accordingly, there is in Europe, and indeed everywhere, a tendency to regard the growth of a delicacy in eating, and close attention to the time and manner of serving meals and their cookery, and the use of them as promoters of social intercourse, as an indication of moral as well as material progress. To a large number of people here, on the other hand, the bolting of food—ten-minute dinners, for instance—and general unconsciousness of "what is on the table," is a sign of preoccupation with serious things. It may be; but the German love of food is not necessarily a sign of grossness, and that "overfed" appearance, of which the *Union* spoke, is not necessarily a sign of inefficiency any more than leanness or cadaverousness is a sign of efficiency. There is certainly some power of hard work in King William's army, and, indeed, we could hardly point to a better illustration of the truth, that all the affairs of men, whether political, social, or religious, depend for their condition largely on the state of the digestion.

Honesty, by which we mean that class of virtues which Cicero includes in the term *bona fides*, has, to a considerable extent, owing, we think, to the peculiar humanitarian character which the circumstances of the country have given to the work of reform, been subordinated in the United States to brotherly kindness. Now, this right to arrange the virtues according to a scale of its own is something which not only every age but every nation has claimed, and, accordingly, we find that each community, in forming its judgment of a man's character, gives a different degree of weight to different features of it. Keeping a mistress would probably, anywhere in the United States, damage a man's reputation far more seriously than fraudulent bankruptcy; while horse-stealing, which in New England would be a comparatively trifling offence, out in Montana is a far fouler thing than murder. But in the European scale, honesty still occupies the first place. Bearing this in mind, it is worth any man's while who proposes to pass judgment on the morality of any foreign country to consider what is the impression produced on foreign opinion about American morality by the story of the Erie Railroad, by the career of Fisk, by the condition of the judicial bench in the commercial capital of the country, by the charges of corruption brought against such men as Trumbull and Fessenden at the time of the impeachment trial; and by the comically prominent and beloved position which Butler has held for some years in our best moral circles, and by the appointment of such a man as Sickles as a national representative, and by the condition of the civil service.

The truth is that it is almost impossible for anybody to compare one nation with another fairly, unless he possesses complete familiarity with the national life of both, and therefore can distinguish isolated facts from symptomatic facts. The reason why some of the phenomena of American society which shock foreigners greatly do not shock even the best Americans so much, is not that the latter have become hardened to them—though this counts for something—but that they know of various counteracting and compensating phenomena which prevent, and are sure to prevent, them in the long run from doing the mischief they seem to threaten. In other words, they understand the checks and balances of their society as well as its tendencies. Anybody who considers these things will be careful how he denounces people whose manners differ from his own for want of spirituality or morality, and we may add that any historical student engaged in comparing the morality of the age in which he lives with that of any other age which he knows only through chronicles, will do well to exercise the same caution for the same reasons.

WHAT CITIZEN-SOLDIERS MAY DO FOR FRANCE.

NEAR TOURS, October 8, 1870.

SLIGHT as it may be, there is an undoubted change for the better; faint as it is, there is the possibility of a ray of hope. There is this possibility, because, through the most frightful misfortunes that have ever crushed a nation in modern times, the situation of France seems likely to become a true instead of a false one.

I must explain. So long as France was fighting for institutions and ideas of the past, the situation was a false one; as false as it would have been if the ghosts of the volunteers of 1792 had risen from their graves to fight with an Austrian army against Italian freedom. So long as France fought thus, she was doomed, for her German adversary represented a higher and more forward state of civilization than she did.

Now, it was not merely the fact of fighting for the maintenance of Imperial despotism which condemned France to retrogradism and therefore to defeat. It was something worse, even, and more radically false than this: it was the belief in the *professional* soldier, in the hired butcher set apart, fed, and fattened for the sole purposes of dynastic massacre—the most hideous of all remnants of the dark ages in this our age of light. Unable to understand the pure national power which, armed for the right, struggled on through four years to ultimate and inevitable victory in the United States; convinced that the German element of weakness would be found in that which constitutes its strength—in its all but countless regiments of armed citizens—France relied on the professional cut-throat, and fell. She believed to the very hour of her disgrace that the honor of a country can be surely defended by those who are either more or less than men—tyrants or slaves, as the case may be, never plain, honest men—and, leaning on this utterly obsolete creed, she gave way.

But there is a higher, fuller national life in France than this, and if *that* is developed in her to its utmost she may yet be saved. Now, at the present hour, and not at Reichshofen or Sedan, is the crisis of her fate. If she can rise to the level of our time, if she can once discard the fictions of the past, and learn that by their worth are nations powerful, and that no worth is above that of a duty-loving, true man—that right is always easy to uphold, and that standing armies are only needful to support possible wrong—if France can learn this, she will eventually drive the Germans from her soil.

Herein lies the truth of the situation of this country; and if I have ventured to speak of a ray of hope, however faint, it is because I think I see certain signs of a proper apprehension of things as they really are in the French. There are many in Tours who, thank God! agree with me in all this, and circumstances seem to be forcing on all the creed which is that of our age. Wherever the mere professional soldier appears in this war, he is beaten—not merely beaten, but panic-stricken, and he flies in abject terror. There is no worth in the man, for the plain reason that he is not a man, but an instrument, a machine. Not all the preaching or scolding or shooting of General Trochu, or any other general, will infuse the requisite ardor into these wretched linesmen or Zouaves; they have no worth—they must go—they are of the past; and in their place must rise up the citizen-soldier, the man of this our time; the man who, for defending what he defends—his home, his loved ones, his right to live in freedom and peace—is more a man, a man in a higher and better sense than before.

Now, as I said, there are certain signs—faint and far between as yet—that this is in progress; and when it becomes the general condition of things, France will be saved, for France will then be stronger than Germany. The moment that to the million of armed men of Germany France opposes the two or three (or, for that matter, four) millions of French citizens, fighting to defend their liberty and their homes, France becomes invincible; because, if she gets rid of her belief in professional butchers, she represents a larger amount of liberalism than does Germany; and Germany knows it. Politically and socially, all Germany (and even Prussia) is still shackled by feudal customs and distinctions, whereas, if France resolves to deserve, she is in advance of the whole of Europe. Her weakness has been her readiness to let slip the radical gains of the Revolution of '89. Having secured equal rights and a relative degree of freedom, she allowed military glory to dazzle her, and utterly lost sight of the fact that the worth and power of a nation depend on the worth of its individual sons. The present lesson is a severe one, but perhaps nothing less would have sufficed; and if this lesson is duly learnt by the French, no price can be esteemed too high for it.

I have said that everywhere the beaten armies have proved worthless; but there are signs that the young citizen troops may not be so. Such a revolution as France is now going through must needs proceed slowly, and step by step. Well, the steps taken hitherto are favorable to the energetic, though it may be inexperienced, defenders of the soil. At the first sortie made by the garrison of Paris the Zouaves ran away like scared rabbits, whilst the Mobile Guard stood its ground manfully, and, when forced by the panic of the professional soldiers to retreat, retreated in good order. Since then, on every occasion where the armed civilian has been called into action, he has done his duty, and on more than one occasion has succeeded in routing the enemy. Three days ago, the dislodging of the Prussians from several small points occupied by them in the neighborhood of Orléans was again the work of the Garde Mobile, and, in truth, this is the first *serious* success of the second campaign. On the other hand, the correspondents of the London *Times* all record the mischief done on the line of the Vosges mountains by the local free-shooters; and throughout the north and northeastern parts of France you may now hear of Francs-tireurs having managed to intercept provision-wagons or repulse reconnoitring detachments. All this, you will say, is very little when compared to the tremendous gains of an army that has swept away in forty days the entire army of Imperial France. So it is; but I set out by saying that the possibility of hope was the very smallest in the world, and it must also be remembered that Imperial France is what has been ruined (and most righteously so), and that what is now attempting the gigantic work of salvation is Republican France. It is not because here and there a few skirmishes have within the last week ended favorably for the French that even the faintest ray of hope is allowable; it is because each of these miniature successes has been achieved by the pure democratic element, by the citizen armed for the defence of his home, and not by the professional soldier—by the slavish instrument whose monstrous trade it is to fight, and do nothing save fight. Let there be time for the nation to rise here and resolve upon resistance, and the Germans may yet be expelled, for they have this time the disadvantage of being the aggressors, and more than one respected and honored voice in Germany is raised to remind them energetically of this.

There can be no doubt that since Count Bismarck refused the offers of peace made to him by Jules Favre, he has morally changed the relative positions of the two countries, and taken upon himself a responsibility almost as heavy as that assumed by Louis Napoleon in the month of July. When the King of Prussia agreed to the abandonment of the claim of Prince Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne, war need never have broken out; and by forcing it on, Louis Napoleon committed the most heinous crime that modern history chronicles. He committed it for purely selfish, dynastic (and, probably, pecuniary) ends. He paid for his guilt. When the destruction of the entire French army, and the annihilation of the shameful and dangerous Empire, had made France harmless for aggressive purposes, and when the men at the head of the new Government frankly avowed the wrong she had been made to share, and courageously said she must bear the penalty of it, then peace might have been made, the war *need* no longer have gone on, it might have been quickly and most honorably ended for both sides. And by determining upon its continuance, Count Bismarck and his master have committed an undoubted wrong, sacrificing, as did Louis Napoleon, what was just and right and Christian for dynastic and selfish ends—for the mere lust of conquest.

To succeed rapidly and completely becomes, therefore, now as great a necessity for Count Bismarck as it was for Louis Napoleon when he unjustifiably declared war upon Prussia. If the German armies, having now assumed the part of aggression, can enter Paris quickly without paying very dearly for this satisfaction, such bystanders as have no rule for their judgments save success will say Count Bismarck was right in rejecting peace, and that in so doing he "knew what he was about;" in this case, he can inflict his own terms, leave France resolved to seize the first opportunity for making war anew, and disperse to the winds all and any notion of disarmament in Europe. But if the French *nation* rallies—if by the virtue of republicanism men, money, and arms are forthcoming throughout the land, and the prolonged resistance of Paris forces the Germans to pay a very high price for entering it, that price will probably be voted too high, and the terms of peace will be modified by the invaders. It must not be forgotten that Germany has obtained already all, and more than all, she wished for; she has secured her absolute unity; she may be "the empire" once more if she chooses, or a federation, or whatever she likes best; she is utterly her own mistress, and becomes, without doubt, the strongest power in Europe. Nor must it be forgotten how just and reasonable a people are the Germans generally, how devoid of mere glory-hunting tendencies.

If, then, I say again, there is such a genuine upheaving of the national spirit in France as to oppose to the invading (and now aggressive) Germans an armed and determined *nation*, the Germans will have to retire. In that case, they will have to do so because they themselves will admit that the price to be paid for Paris is too dear, and because a really strong republic will always be stronger than any monarchy.

Correspondence.

THE PRUSSIAN WAR LOAN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of the 8th instant, amongst other most valuable and excellently written articles, contains the one headed "Prussian War Loans." (This expression is not quite correct, for it is the loan of the North-German Confederation.) This article, written evidently with some very good knowledge of financial matters in general and of Prussian financial affairs in particular, is only to some extent correct in its arguing and trying to prove the loan an utter failure. Pardon, therefore, my endeavor to correct some misstatements which, in my opinion, led the financial writer of the *Nation* into some errors.

1. I cannot call the not taking up of the loan in full a "total failure," since of the 125 millions only about 80 were offered to the public, and actually a subscription of about 66 millions took place.

2. The insufficient taking up of the loan cannot be considered a "surprise," since, although the commencement of the article speaks of the *favorable terms* of the loan, yet in the further arguments, and more particularly by comparison with the then quotation of the 6 per cent. American bonds, it proves that the terms were by no means favorable—the issuing price of the loan being 88 per cent. and the 5 per cent. Prussian stocks being down as low as 82 per cent. And to this reason, chiefly, I attribute the failure (though not *utter* one) of the subscription.

Besides this, it was a mistake on the part of the Treasury to make Berlin the chief subscribing place, for though one might subscribe at any other place of the Northern Confederation, he was charged with the cost of transmission, chiefly postage to and fro, on the amount paid up as, or deposited for, security—and in Prussia the charge is rather heavy for registered money-letters—and other accumulating costs, which amounted in all to about ½ per cent., thus lessening the "favorable terms." Had this mistake not been made, a good many smaller cities would have participated in the subscription, for there is more "idle money" (one of the three sources spoken of) in these small towns than at the capital or the chief provincial cities. At places where "exchanges" exist, every penny of idle money is immediately invested, either in speculation or for interest, which the minor places have less chance to avail themselves of.

I doubt whether the loan would have been more successful if Prussia had opened the subscription at foreign markets also, or if Prussian stocks had had a quotation at places out of her own borders. Had this latter been the case, Prussia would have been obliged to take up a large amount of returned stocks, and I think Prussia was saved a good deal of financial embarrassment by her stocks not being in foreign markets. In proof of this, take the return to France, chiefly from England, of an immense amount of French "rentes" at the time of issuing the new French loan, causing a depression of at least 3 per cent., or rather 3 in 65.

It is stated that the true nature of the negotiation has not transpired. Begging your pardon, it has, and the statement of the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, telegraphed on the 18th of August, that 40 millions were sold at 63, is not only incredible, but decidedly incorrect, to use no stronger phrase. For it is well known here (and every banker at this place will affirm it) that 80 millions only were offered for subscription; that 66 millions were actually subscribed for; that the remaining 14 millions were taken up by the Seehandlung at above 88 per cent. (not 63), and that the unissued 45 millions are up to this moment not even brought into the market. An application of a party of Berlin bankers (Mr. Bleichröder, agent for Rothschilds, at the head of it) to take those 45 millions at 94 per cent. was rejected, the Government stating that it wanted no more ready cash at present.

By the bye, the Seehandlung, of which the article speaks rather disparagingly, stating the establishment to have dwindled down from the position of a "Matschapey" or East India Company to a Crédit Mobilier or Crédit Foncier, is no more than a financial agent of the Government, like any other banking establishment. Those two French Imperial institutions, which are mostly answerable for the financial ruin of France, have ruined through their swindling transactions (benefiting only the Péreires, Mornys, and a few others) thousands of French families. The Seehandlung could never take up, with a capital stock of 12 millions only, a subscription of 60–70 millions without being looked upon as a swindling establishment. For with a loss of 20 per cent. only on so heavy a sum—and in war-times such a loss is easily possible and would have been quite certain had Germany been less successful in repulsing the shameful French attack—the establishment would have been ruined. Calling such a transaction a mere blind to hide the Treasury defeat is an ill-chosen accusation against the establishment as well as against the Government, for, thank heaven, in Prussia financial matters are all so much above-board that such illegal proceedings could not well be hidden, since the Government as well as the Seehandlung are responsible for their respective budgets to the legislature of the country. It has hardly been heard of that transactions of a cloudy nature were ever entered into by Prussian ministers with their subaltern officials, and such are the directors and board of administration of the Seehandlung.

Finally, I believe the failure of the subscription is *chiefly* to be attributed to the high price at which it was issued, as is easily proved by comparison with the price of American 6 per cent. bonds then made, viz., 80 per cent.

$1,000 6 per cent. at 80 per cent. or at 1 5-12 R. Th. = R. Th. 1133.10, giving at 6 per cent. R. Th. 85 interest.
R. Th. 1,000 5 per cent. at 88 per cent. = R. Th. 880, giving at 5 per cent. R. Th. 50 interest.

Capital has neither conscience nor patriotism, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that a good many people rather held their American 6 per cent. bonds (not to speak of the difference in the security between a bond of a state that enjoys peace and a loan issued by a Government that stands before a struggle of such magnitude as a war between Germany and France) than sell and exchange them for a *dearer* 5 *per cent. war loan.* And the proof of this financial pudding is in the eating. Let me invite you to the dinner to-day, at 12 o'clock, at the Berlin exchange:

1,000 R. Th. at 96 = R. Th. 960, against R. Th. 880, as above;
$1,000 at 95 = $950, R. Th. 1345.25, against R. Th. 1133.10, as above,

besides the difference of 1 per cent. per annum interest. On about 700 million dollars invested in American bonds in Germany, the difference of *profit* amounts in these few weeks to more than one-half of the whole war-loan.

I think I have proved the contrary to the "*surprise*" of the *Nation*, and, in my opinion, it would have been a surprise if the loan had been taken up in full or subscribed for above the sum total. It was not cheap enough, and German capitalists know how to calculate; that is the reason of the failure. Patriotism has nothing to do with it.

R. W. & Co.

BERLIN, September 27, 1870.

[We take pleasure in making room for the foregoing communication, the signature to which will probably be recognized by many of our readers among business men as that of one of the leading banking-houses of Prussia. It is especially interesting to us as admitting in the main the fact at which we then expressed our surprise, viz.: that in spite of the marvellous war enthusiasm of Germany, a loan on favorable terms for a very small sum had been virtually a failure. With the imperfect knowledge of the facts then in our possession, many of which (like the *Tribune* telegram referred to by our correspondent and discredited by us at the time) have since proved to be untrustworthy, we sought to explain this remarkable anomaly. Our correspondent takes exception to our statement of the facts, and repudiates our explanation. With regard to the latter we must be permitted to adhere to our own opinions, which are not, indeed, controverted by R. W. & Co. But with regard to the former we are bound to accept our correspondent as an authority not to be questioned, and hence recommend his statement to our American readers as the only complete and trustworthy one which we have met with anywhere.

An interesting feature of our correspondent's letter is the unquestioning faith in American securities, the safety of which is, in this case certainly, as we have always claimed, admitted to surpass that of any loan offered by any European nation in times of war. But it is also noticeable that we should be warned, by the example of France and the anticipations of Prussia, of the fate likely to overtake our own finances in case of war here.

The indignant rejection of our qualified comparison of the Seehandlung with the Crédit Mobilier, and the emphatic defence of the Prussian Government against our implied charge of financial "manœuvring," is an illustration of the spirit of honesty which has repeatedly been recognized in these columns as the foundation of German successes. That the balance which the Seehandlung subscribed for, and which repeated and detailed telegrams clearly showed to be a very large one, was in reality, as our correspondent explains it, only a much smaller sum, alters somewhat the nature of the transaction which we condemned; but it does not seem to us to remove the reproach, that the Government became morally compelled to subscribe nominally to a large part of its own loan. However, the very idea "that the responsibility of a financial institution to the legislature of the country" is considered proof positive "that illegal proceedings could not well be hidden," raises us to such heights of financial purity that our own financial atmosphere seems doubly pestilential and miasmatic by comparison; and possibly even that remnant of reproach may be undeserved.

The most striking statement of the whole letter is this, that the profit from the advance of American bonds held in Germany during a few weeks was sufficient to pay more than one-half of the entire war-loan. Query: Whose is the gain by this advance, and—whose is the loss?—ED. NATION.]

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S "PHILOSOPHY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with pain, though without surprise, your recent articles entitled "Tertullian in the Amphitheatre," etc., in which you treat of Mr. Wendell Phillips and his school of political thinkers. Your remarks betray a failure on your part to appreciate the true functions of these philosophers—for philosophers, believe me, they are, your authority to the contrary notwithstanding. I speak with the more confidence on this point as I once thought of them as you do now; but they demonstrated their superior wisdom in a method I could not ignore.

Let me illustrate my meaning. In his speech in Boston, on the 18th inst., Mr. Phillips thus defines his past and future sphere of utility: "Into everything, it (the Republican party) has been forced by an outside criticism—every single step. . . . What are we doing to-day? Just what we have done for ten years: watering the Republican party to make it grow; pressing it in order to make it act; drawing off somewhere by some method a force that shall compel its recognition of the duty of the hour. . . . Well, gentlemen of the press, correspondents, and editors, I belong to a section of men whose example taught you about all you know as to political matters. . . . I intend to teach you a great deal more before I get through."

Holding myself to be "an advanced thinker," I pronounce every word of this true, and find profit in my own individual experience. During the war of the rebellion, I was in the army. I saw no little service, and got some hard knocks. Then I had not attained the development of political thought which I hope I now have. I did my duty to the best of my ability, and fought the enemy before me. I almost laugh now as I recall my great but simple indignation, at that time, when Mr. Phillips, in opposing the re-election of President Lincoln, made his famous comparison between him (Lincoln) and a mud-turtle—coax him, drive him, turn him over; he only draws his head within his shell, and is impenetrable; if you want to make him move, put a live coal on his back. The Cleveland Convention was the "live coal," and Mr. Phillips applied it. At the time, the jeopardizing, in this way, all the results of the war made me very angry; from my position at the front, it seemed like a fire in the rear. I have, however, long seen how wrong I was, and how correctly Mr. Phillips judged. No one, I presume, will now deny that we owe the whole work of reconstruction to the Cleveland Convention.

Again, you doubtless remember Mr. Phillips's extreme ground in regard to Southern repression and confiscation. Here, too, he was right; again he was applying the "live coal" to the back of the mud-turtle. Our people were too generous, too good-natured, too merciful; I was myself, I know. Mr. Phillips took the extreme ground in order to force public opinion up to even a moderate degree of sternness, and the fruit of his labors is apparent to all in the present reliable and satisfactory Republican organization throughout the Southern States. This course was a painful one for Mr. Phillips, for he is always and ever a philanthropist—one who loves to bind up wounds and alleviate misfortune. How painful it was, you might, if you chose, form an idea from his recent utterances as regards Count Bismarck and France after the surrender of Sedan. There the philanthropist had full play, and the political teacher felt no duty incumbent upon him; his voice was loud and clear for mercy and humanity; he abhorred and denounced even a moderate exercise of the hard-won privileges of victory. The friend of men could afford a protest for prostrate France; the instructor of his countrymen had a duty to perform as regarded the conquered South; did he not, I ask you, perform it? Think you it was pleasant exacting that pound of flesh?

One point as regards Mr. Phillips has not been sufficiently dwelt upon; I wish now to do justice to it: I refer to his magnanimity. I do not think that even General Grant exceeds him in this respect. And the mention of Grant's name suggests an instance of the trait referred to in this very speech. You doubtless remember that Mr. Phillips was formerly bitterly opposed to the election of Grant; he opposed him politically, he opposed him morally. In a public speech, he referred to him as having been seen, on one important occasion, "drunk in the streets of Washington." No one will deny Mr. Phillips's devotion to the cause of temperance. The speech of last evening, from which I have quoted, was delivered by him as the candidate of the temperance party, and was largely devoted to that subject. If one thing could demand from Mr. Phillips a sterner sacrifice than another, it would be, under a sense of public duty, to place in the President's chair, as an example to all the land, a victim of intemperance. Here you see Mr. Phillips's magnanimity. In this Boston speech—made, mark you, as candidate of the Prohibition party, he frankly withdraws all his opposition to the President—he does more, he yields him a hearty support: "I care a great deal that Ulysses S. Grant shall be the next President of the United States." Is not this real magnanimity? The exponent of temperance, he yet recognizes in public servants other things more important than temperance. Overcome by the lofty policy, searching political reforms, elevated moral tone, and pure example of that Administration the selection of which he so bitterly opposed—unable to retract the painful charge which he evidently feels he had but too good occasion to advance—he yet silently ignores both his own past utterances and the principle of which he is the exponent, fairly vanquished by the lofty moral and political attitude of a great man.

Before, sir, you again exercise your wit at the expense of Mr. Phillips, ask yourself whether you could make the same frank confession of error to one as regards whom you had committed yourself by a censure equally harsh. Meanwhile, in a recent number of the *Nation*, you divided the class to which Mr. Phillips belongs into "the Cæsarists and the Sentimentalists." I certainly am not a Cæsarist, but you doubtless would set me down as A Sentimentalist.

Boston, October 19, 1870.

[We shall, perhaps, best dispose of the sophistries on which the above feeble production is based by stating the facts which our "Sentimentalist" tries so clumsily to manipulate. Mr. Phillips has been "in politics" just nine years. During that time he has proposed one grand piece of tactics, which was brought out at the Cleveland Convention—that is, the division of the Republican party in the most critical period of the war, for the purpose of procuring a change of Presidents, or, in other words, of throwing the whole administrative machinery of the country into confusion. What the result of this would have been, the American public then guessed at with tolerable clearness. Their previsions have since been curiously verified by what is passing in France. We there see what a change of administration under the guns of a determined enemy means. Had we tried it, Mr. Phillips would, doubtless, have consoled us as his brother, Victor Hugo, consoles the French, by "scathing" the enemy with epigrams. He next opposed the election of Grant on the ground that he was a street drunkard; and when Senator Wilson bore testimony to Grant's sobriety, he replied that Wilson was a shocking example of the badness of the men whom Democratic institutions brought to the surface, and that his denial that Grant was a drunkard satisfied him (Phillips) that it was only too true. He now, two years later, calls savagely before a prohibitory audience for the re-election of this same Grant. Our "Sentimentalist" calls this "magnanimity," which it may be, but it is something besides. The one great contribution which Mr. Phillips has made to the philosophy of politics is, "that you should never forget or forgive at the polls." He has for six months been hawking this chunk of wisdom round the country, exhibiting it to admiring crowds, and protesting that it is entirely his own work, which nobody ever doubted. But how can he expect even the most docile colored man to put much value on it, in the face of his own forgiving and forgetting in the case of the President, and his asking people at a temperance meeting to re-elect to the highest office in the country a man who has been seen drunk in the streets, and to whose sobriety Mr. Wilson has testified? It may be that there are Boston editors who have got their political training from Mr. Phillips; but if there are, they ought to give occasional *séances*, at which the public might be allowed to examine their bumps and specimens of their work. The later Phillips "ideas" run through the average brain of his editorial disciples, and would always be interesting at least as curiosities.—Ed. Nation.]

SCHOLARS IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Allow me to send you a little contribution to your further answer to "A. T."

In the battle at Mars-la-Tour, Aug. 16, fell Dr. Jul. Brakelmann; and in the battle at Rézonville, Aug. 18, Paul Herlth, both estimable and esteemed contributors to the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, which is published in Berlin and ranks as high as any literary journal in Germany.

Brakelmann was lately in Paris, studying the Provençal and old French literature, and left Paris on July 17 in order to join his regiment. In 1866, he stood in the army of the Main under General Vogel von Falkenstein. He also was an occasional contributor of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Herlth was in Goldberger's banking-house in Berlin correspondent for Italy and France. In his leisure hours he studied modern languages, and gradually mastered most European tongues. Sanskrit he had studied at the University of Breslau. His translation of Calderon's "Life a Dream" was played in Weimar with great success. His latest work was a translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline." For the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* he furnished valuable reviews and articles on the literature of Sweden and Spain. He fought, 1864, in Schleswig, and, 1866, at Sadowa, where he was promoted to a lieutenancy. The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, of Oct. 8, contains an account from a member of the Sanitary Commission, wherein the writer mentions his meeting, on the chain-bridge between Corny and Novéaut (near Metz), "Dr. M., now professor of political law (Staatsrecht) in Halle, who closed his lectures and entered the army with his students."

In some German bookstore in New York they may, perhaps, have a catalogue of the University of Halle, where the full name could be found.

Yours, respectfully,

E. C. F. Krauss.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The *American Law Review* has so raised the standard of law periodicals that new ones cannot expect to satisfy easily the profession. The remark is applicable to the *United States Jurist*, for example, which Messrs. W. H. & O. H. Morrison announce that they will publish on January 1, at Washington, as a monthly "devoted to the practical wants of the American bar." It will contain "articles on subjects of professional interest, discussions on law reform, a regular summary of legal intelligence, and reviews of the latest law books;" besides passing notes on Congressional legislation, a digest of decisions in the U. S. Courts, abstracts of changes made by acts of Congress, noteworthy decisions of State courts, leading English cases, etc., etc. Mr. James Schouler, author of a recent treatise on "Domestic Relations," is to be the editor. The first volume will be rendered attractive by a series of familiar letters on the "Lawyers of American History" from the pen of an experienced writer. In what way the subject will be treated is not stated, but a good many volumes might without difficulty be filled exclusively with sketches, more or less complete, of men who have stepped from the bar into politics and official position.——Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, it is understood, is to assume the editorship of the *North American Review* with the January number, the publishers being, as heretofore, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. Mr. Adams has been appointed to the new chair of history at Harvard, so that the University does not lose its immediate connection with the *Review*, while the *Review* will gain not a little, we may expect, from Mr. Adams's past attention to politics, and in general from those qualities which the descendants of John Adams have inherited in a marked degree, making them valuable allies and very uncomfortable adversaries.

—A glance at the contents of Mr. Edward McPherson's "Hand-book of Politics for 1870"—in reality for 1869 also—recalls attention from the great political changes which are taking place in Europe to those which this country has witnessed in the past two years. We have, to be sure, no month of September to compare with that which will be ever memorable for containing the overthrow of Napoleon III., the fall of the Pope's temporal power, and the recovery of Strasbourg by Germany. Our famous battle-months, perhaps as precious to the human race, were past when the Fortieth Congress opened its third session in December, 1868, and listened to the last annual message of President Johnson. Mr. McPherson's manual begins with naming the members of the Cabinet and then of Congress at the time mentioned—and it seems long since Mr. Seward was Secretary of State and Mr. Evarts Attorney-General, there have been so many Cabinet changes meantime! Then we have the action of Congress in burying repudiation and passing the Fifteenth Amendment; the members of Grant's Cabinet and of the Forty-first Congress; Grant's inaugural address, message on reconstruction, and various proclamations; then the progress and end of reconstruction; the votes by yeas and nays of State Legislatures on the Amendment; statistics of the Presidential election and of several State elections in 1869. The financial record embraces the measures proposed and adopted by Congress to increase the currency and fund the national debt, and to reform the revenue and revise the tariff, together with those declaratory resolutions which from time to time were deemed necessary, touching repudiation and inflation and the tariff, and other minor questions of policy. The judicial record contains decisions of the Supreme Court on some of the most important issues, also very diverse, that can arise in any country. Such were those in regard to the Legal Tender Act, the McCardle case, the right of colored men to hold office in Georgia, intermarriage of blacks and whites in the same State, the validity of contracts in Confederate money; the right of States to tax United States certificates of indebtedness and notes and United States National Banks, and the right of the United States to tax State banks; the validity of coin contracts, etc., etc. There is also a very valuable list of land subsidies from 1827 to 1870, and statement of the amount of public land still left to be given away or plundered; the national debt statements; the fortunes of female suffrage in Congress and Massachusetts; the new constitution of Illinois; and other documents of permanent interest, down to July of the present year. We cannot too much praise the industry and intelligence of the compiler, whose services, it should not be forgotten, are not rendered to one party at the expense of the other, but impartially to the whole people.

—It is rather late to notice a little guide-book published by the Messrs. Appleton, called "Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain," of which Mr. Henry Winthrop Sargent is the editor. The design is a novel one, and is so well expressed by the remainder of the title that we give it here: "with various ways of getting from place to place, the time occupied, and the cost of each journey to a party of four; with some of the principal things to see, especially country-houses." No better basis for a guide-book can be had than carefully-kept notes of actual travel, and these are what Mr. Sargent seems to have used, with good results. The attempt to compete with Murray or Baedeker in the grand tours would, of course, have been out of the question; but the editor having had the taste and good fortune in journeying to leave the beaten tracks, he has opened up fresh regions even for those who have "done" Europe till sated. This is especially true of England, where he and his party carried out a plan of visiting all the country places worth seeing, large or small, all the cathedrals, the university and school towns, and the various watering-places and spas. We do not doubt that, as Mr. Sargent pretends, any one who follows the same course will see and know more of England than most Englishmen. The expenses, it ought to be stated, which are here reckoned, are lower *pro rata* than they would be for a single person travelling in the same way, by first-class conveyances and with every comfort of food and lodging, but still amount to from eight to ten dollars a day. The English tour, however, is precisely adapted to pedestrianism—in everything except the light in which a pedestrian is commonly regarded by English country people, to whom "the tramp" is apt to be the pedestrian type; and we trust that some who enjoy walking for its own sake, as well as those to whom it is a necessary economy, may be able to express their obligations to Mr. Sargent for directing their steps. For the sake of Americans who believe in knowing something of their own country before going abroad, as well as of foreigners who come over here, we may as well mention in this place "Appleton's Hand-book of American Travel," of which we have before us in a neat volume the Northern and Eastern Tour—from Canada to the Maryland line. One must not consult it for out-of-the-way places without being prepared for occasional disappointment; but it is nevertheless full, if not complete, and has evidently been carefully revised. For this reason, we call the editor's attention to two slight errors which we have observed in passing—the statue of Everett in the Boston Public Garden was not made by Powers, but by Story; and Bashbish Falls are not in Connecticut, as the index, apparently misled by Mr. Beecher, states, but belong either to New York or to Massachusetts, being nearly on the border line.

—While speaking of-guide-books, we must not overlook Robert von Schlagintweit's brochure on the Pacific Railroad—"Die Pacific-Eisenbahn in Nordamerika" (New York; L. W. Schmidt). The author had the privilege of passing over the entire line on the day following the opening, and again subsequently, and having taken some pains to gather trustworthy statistics of the great enterprise, used them for a series of sketches in a German periodical. These he now by request republishes in their present form. The book, notwithstanding Herr Schlagintweit's scientific predilections, is a strictly practical one, and he half apologizes for mentioning that between Omaha and Platte City he took plaster casts of the heads of four Indian males and five squaws. But the story of how the road was built, and what one sees by the way, is anything but drily written, and an American especially will read with satisfaction the author's praise of American good-nature at railway-stations, of the absence of haste and worry in the depot at Omaha (so different, he says, from one's experience on German roads), the punctual start (wonderful!); the generous allowance in regard to baggage, the system of checks, the construction of the cars. He does not fail to note that these grow more comfortable the further West one gets; and in describing the Pullman sleeping-cars he does not omit the spittoons nor the colored attendant; and puts both the bell and the cow-catcher into his picture of the much-praised locomotive. The wood-cuts, by the way, are all from photographs, and give a fair idea of some of the chief features of the road and the country. There are numerous tables; showing the equivalence of English and German miles—as that 9 of the former equal nearly 2 of the latter, 60 nearly 13, 300 nearly 65, and 3,200 exactly 694; also the fares from all parts of the United States to San Francisco; the rate at which the two roads were built; the cost of freight; the stations and number of miles (both English and German) from New York to Omaha, and the same data, with elevation added, for the remainder of the route. At the end is a serviceable map of the road, with stations marked from Chicago to San Francisco. We do not know of any work in English that contains more information, more agreeably told, on the same subject.

—In explaining why we in this country cannot produce a comic paper, no hypothesis wears better (or, to borrow a slang phrase, "washes" better) than that our national humor is so diffused as to seek and to have a thousand channels for its expression, and that what thus becomes our daily food, as it were, in all our newspapers, cannot be served up as a delicacy in any one. This view is certainly supported by the number and diversity of our more prominent humorists; and it is worth observing that, with Artemus Ward only lately deceased, we should have as contemporaries Mark Twain, Nasby, Josh Billings, Bret Harte, Orpheus C. Kerr, and the irreverent and matchlessly impudent Town-Crier of the *News-Letter*, all writing actively, and each entirely distinct from the others—which may be said even of the three California humorists here mentioned. For sustained humor, independent of cacography, Mark Twain will probably be allowed the place that we have assigned him at random in the enumeration; and he is quite the antipodes of Josh Billings, who indulges in no prolonged efforts, who does have "bad spells," as he says, and whose humor finds vent in short aphorisms on all phases of human experience and conduct. His "Farmer's Allminax" last year was immensely successful, and that for 1870 is even better. Our English cousins have, we believe, taken kindly to Billings (whose real name, by the way, is Shaw), and we can recommend them to count his "Allminaxes" among their regular aids to digestion. To be sure, he is humorous on rather a low level, but he is seldom guilty of a *double entendre*, and often writes in what would be high style if expressed grammatically. His attentions to the mule are as persistent as they are droll, and almost constitute a distinguishing feature. Thus, in his "Housekeeper's Guide," he says: "To find the solid contents ov a mule's hind legg, feel ov it clussly;" and of coons: "They want az much waiting on az a blind mule on a tow-path." And this might almost be offered as an addition to Christian evidences: "The man who wont beleave enny thing he kant see, aint so wize az a mule, for they will kick at a thing in the dark."

—The one figure in the French kaleidoscope whose change of position since the beginning of the summer has moved nobody to pity, is Émile Ollivier. He came into office inspiring the highest hopes in the friends of constitutional liberty, and seemed to hold in his hand the destiny of personal government. He kept his place long enough to develop the weakness of an easily flattered vanity, to make inexcusable and fatal mistakes of policy, to serve as the despised instrument of the Opposition, to share in bringing on his country the most humiliating war in all her history, and then fell, carrying with him the sympathy of no party and scarcely of any individual, and has passed into the obscurity of virtual exile, disregarded when not remembered with bitter reproaches. It is now stated on his behalf that he went to Italy to engage the Government to interfere to save France from her self-invoked fate, when his brother chanced to fall sick at Turin, and required his attentions. While thus occupied he heard of the proclamation of the Republic, which determined him not to return to France. He accordingly retired, upon his brother's recovery, to Pollone, near Biella, and there, as the guest of the Deputy Valerio, he is preparing a work in two volumes entitled "Mon Ministère du 2 Janvier." Volume one will discuss "le plébiscite;" volume two, "la guerre." As might have been supposed, Ollivier will undertake to prove that the war was provoked neither by France nor by Napoleon III., but by Prussia. That will be good reading after the capitulation of Paris, and about as instructive as Alexander H. Stephens's "Constitutional View of the Late War between the States."

—On the 1st of October an eminent Italian author, Luigi Cibrario, passed away both from political and from literary life. He was of humble origin, but died a senator, count, knight, minister of state, and fellow of the first academies in the world. He was born in Turin in 1802, became a doctor of laws at the age of twenty-two, and already had signalized his talent by several historical monographs when, in 1839, he acquired a European reputation by his "Political Economy in the Middle Ages," which ran through several Italian editions, and was translated into French and German. In 1840 appeared his "History of the Monarchy of Savoy," by which he is best known, and which was followed by a work on "Artillery from 1300 to 1700." In the midst of these graver studies, he found time, with extraordinary but truly Italian versatility, to write poetry and novels, and edited Petrarch's *Rime*. His history had won for him the attachment of Charles Albert, whose liberal innovations he discussed in a brochure entitled "Pensieri sulle Riforme di Carlo Alberto" in 1847. He assisted in the campaign which ended with Novara, and was deputed to visit the king at Oporto, after his abdication, in order to persuade him to return to Italy. This suggested the narrative known as "Ricordi di una missione in Portogallo." The work which engaged his waning strength was worthy of his learning: "On Slavery and Serfdom" ("Della schiavitù e del servaggio").

—Under the signature of "Cantoniensis," a writer holding, we understand, an official position under the British Government, furnished the late *Notes and Queries on China and Japan* with some curious details of the Chinaman's domestic expenses, which are worth reproducing for the bearing they have on the problem of Chinese labor in this country. It may be well to state as a preliminary that three monetary denominations exist in China: the *tael*, or ounce of silver, worth at par \$1 33⅓; the Mexican dollar (our U. S. dollars are rejected as containing too much alloy); and the *tsien*, or "cash," of which nominally 1,000, but usually from 1,200 to 1,500, constitute the dollar. This infinitesimal coinage has obvious advantages in the facility it affords for the purchase of goods in small quantities. Its queer-looking appearance is familiar to most people, the thin casting being perforated by a square hole in the centre, through which strings of native grass or bamboo filaments are rove for convenience of carriage. The prevailing material is slightly alloyed copper; but iron, brass, and even clay, the two former pure, and the latter in combination with iron, have at times been used to serve as mediums of exchange. It having been stated that a Chinese beggar can sustain life on 30 *cash*, or but little over two cents, per diem, "Cantoniensis" admits that life can be, and frequently is, sustained for a considerable time on even a less sum by the wretched beings who form the pariah class of the Chinese population. He prefers, however, to place the average somewhat higher—say 90 cents per month for food and lodging—if lodging, indeed, it can be called. And this he estimates as the lowest sum upon which existence can be indefinitely prolonged. Ascending to the ordinary laborer, or "coolie" as we denominate him, food alone is estimated at from \$1 20 to \$2 per month. On the latter sum he would live sumptuously, and above the average style of his class. Upon one *tael* per month he would have a sufficiency of rice, fish, and vegetables; pork (the common meat of the poorer classes) once a day, and some of those little extras in the way of sauces, oils, etc., in which the Chinese palate especially delights. Upon one dollar per month he might for a time exist in a condition fit to labor, but would probably succumb before long to cutaneous or other diseases especially resulting from poorness of diet, combined with exposure and hard work. Amongst the better classes who are enabled to live comfortably, but without display, "Cantoniensis" estimates the monthly expense for food to each individual at \$4 per month. These number in their ranks the lowest grade of officials, writers, and copyists in the public offices, doctors, etc.

—In the matter of rent, the Chinese enjoy superior advantages; for in no country in the world can a man live so cheaply in proportion to his means and position. If the laborer be married, he will probably share equally a house, having three rooms, with another similarly situated, at a total rental of \$2 per month. The cheapest domiciles for a single couple run as low as 840 *cash*, or about 70 cents, per month; and even these are, in many cases, shared by two or more families whose poverty compels them to put up with such straitened quarters. The remarkably pliable and contented disposition of the Chinese is herein strikingly exhibited, the utmost concord usually existing between the partners in these limited establishments. But then drunken husbands are almost unknown amongst our "debased" fellow-creatures on the other side of the Pacific. The class above alluded to as expending an average of \$4 a head per month for provisions, would generally occupy a house renting at from \$72 to \$96 per annum. Attendance is, of course, an item which falls only upon the well-to-do classes. The average rate of wages is from 60 cents to \$1 40 a month, in addition to food. Three servants form the ordinary establishment of a married man with children; and in this case two dollars per month is supposed to cover the expense of each. Sometimes, however, they are found in clothes, especially when engaged by mandarins. The total expenses of a Chinese laborer for self and wife may therefore be fixed at \$2 80 for food and \$1 for rent, making a monthly disbursement of \$3 80, irrespective of clothes. The lowest sum on which they could live and labor would be \$2 35 for food and rent. It is impossible to particularize the various grades between the common laborer and the lower "better class." But the expenses of the latter—say a man, wife, and three children—may be put at \$30 per month, thus divided: Rent, \$8; food for three servants, \$3; do. for parents, \$8; do. for three children, \$8; wages of servants, \$3; total, \$30. Cheap as are the prime necessaries of life in China, the silly stories of Chinese want of nicety in devouring offal and garbage are devoid of foundation as they are ill-natured, none but the lowest beggars eating anything which would offend the fastidious palates of "Hans" or "Patrick." In the matter of clothes, the Southern Chinaman is greatly favored by the climate, which permits him to dispense with any but the lightest upper garments. In the agricultural districts even the cotton jacket is seldom worn, the field laborers being naked from the waist. The average expenditure of a native in the rural districts does not amount to much over $6 or $7 per annum. With the richer classes, the scale of expenditure varies precisely as it varies here. Nothing is more untrue than the assertion, so frequently made, that Chinese fashions are unchangeable. The cut of his coat is as important in the eyes of a Chinese dandy as in those of his brother swell on Broadway; and it generally happens that Chinese clothing is, owing to the materials used by the "respectables"—silk in summer and valuable furs in winter—more expensive than the broadcloth and tweeds in which we choose to encase ourselves. Upon the whole, living in China appears to be cheap for the Chinese. That they find no difficulty in living cheaply when removed to other countries, we know very well. It remains to be seen what effect upon their tastes their surroundings here will produce, and how much tradition and custom will shield them from the temptation to eat, dress, and lodge like native Americans.

THE PROPOSED REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

III.

THE PLAN PROPOSED.

THE revision of 1611, usually styled the "authorized" or "standard" translation of the Bible, because it was executed and "appointed to be read in churches," by royal authority, has been generally accepted by English-speaking Protestants as both an eminently beautiful and, in the main, a sufficiently accurate version of the sacred Scriptures. It has, nevertheless, been much criticised, and numerous attempts have been made, sometimes by dissenting sects, sometimes by individuals both in and out of the English Church, to correct its alleged errors, to improve its diction, or to supplant it by an entirely new translation. These experiments, though frequently begun under imposing auspices and conducted with much labor and learning, have met with but indifferent success, and we believe that no English Protestant denomination now habitually reads the Bible in any other text than in that of the Version of 1611.

The necessity of a new authoritative recension of the English Bible has been much discussed in the Anglican Church, and measures have at length been taken, by a branch of that organization, for carrying into effect a proposal so often made and so often rejected in the ecclesiastical councils of the State Church of England. On the 10th of February, 1870, Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, submitted to the Upper House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury a resolution providing for the appointment of a "joint committee of both Houses, with power to confer with any committee that might be appointed by the Convocation of the Northern Province, to report upon the desirableness of a revision of the Authorized Version of the *New Testament*, whether by marginal note or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Greek text originally adopted by the translators, or in the translation made from the same, shall, on due investigation, be found to exist." The resolution was favorably entertained, but, to use the words of Blunt,* "in the course of half an hour it underwent a gigantic transformation, by being made to comprehend the *Old Testament* and the Hebrew text also." Seven bishops of the Upper House and fourteen members of the Lower were appointed on this committee.

The committee, for reasons not stated by Blunt, "met with no co-operation from the Convocation of York," but on the 11th of May, 1870, it submitted a report, recommending a revision of the Authorized Version, "comprising both marginal renderings and such emendations as it may be found necessary to insert in the text of that version." The third article of the report was thus worded: "That, in the above resolutions, we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except where, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary;" the fourth, "That in such necessary changes, the style of the language employed in the existing version be closely followed;" the fifth, "That it is desirable that Convocation should nominate a body of its own members to undertake the work of revision, who shall be at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong."

The report was accepted by the Convocation, though not without opposition in the Lower House, and a joint committee of sixteen persons was appointed "to consider a scheme of revision on the principles laid down," and "to invite the co-operation of those whom they may judge fit, from their Biblical scholarship, to aid them in their work."

On the 25th of May, 1870, the committee adopted ten resolutions, the first seven dividing the members into "two companies, the one for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, the other for the revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament," nominating the members of the two companies, and advising that several "scholars and divines," indicated by name, but not belonging to Convocation, though all, we believe, Englishmen, and nearly all clergymen of the Established Church, "be invited to join" the respective companies. The eighth resolution lays down the general principles to be followed by both companies, among which are:

"1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness.

"2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions.

"3. Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally.

"4. That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating.

"5. To make no changes in the text, except two-thirds of those present approve the same.

"6. To refer, on the part of each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions."

The remainder of the resolutions refer only to the mode of proceeding and form of the revision, and are of no special interest, except as indicated hereafter.

The report and resolutions of the committee were adopted by Convocation, and it is understood that the two companies of revisors have begun their labors.

The proceedings of the Convocation excited a good deal of interest in England, and, on the 14th of June, Mr. Buxton moved, in the House of Commons, "that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to invite the President of the United States to concur with her Majesty in appointing commissioners to revise the Authorized Version of the Bible." This motion was supported by Mr. Buxton in a very able speech, and a debate followed, in the course of which Mr. Gladstone, in the name of the Ministry, opposed the motion, chiefly on the ground that it was inexpedient, or at least premature, for the Government to take any steps in regard to a revision, and that it was better to leave it to the "free agencies of those powers of piety, zeal, and learning" which, as Mr. Gladstone had no doubt, "existed in England in ample sufficiency for the attainment of the end." Many eminent members of Parliament took part in the debate, and, among others, Mr. Beresford Hope, proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, whose speech was distinguished by that minute and intimate knowledge of the American people, their history and their institutions, that candid and generous appreciation of their character and their action, and that conscientious and painstaking regard for exact truth, which are so conspicuous in all this gentleman's writings and discourses on the United States, as well as in most of the articles on American subjects in his *Review*. Mr. Newdegate also enlightened the House on an obscure point of American history by informing the members that, "when Washington desired to establish a church in the United States, he was prevented by Jefferson, behind whom was Carroll, the brother of the first Jesuit who was made a bishop, and in the Jesuits' history that achievement was boasted of as one of the successes of their order."

In consequence of the opposition of the Ministry, Mr. Buxton withdrew his motion, and the sole responsibility of the undertaking now rests with the Convocation of the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

Two objections suggest themselves at once upon a view of this plan. The first is that it is a purely sectarian, not to say schismatic, movement, and, as such, calculated to widen rather than to narrow the divisions which exist between the different Protestant churches of the English speech; the other, that it is evidently a half-measure, aiming at no thorough work which shall establish the readings of the original text and of the English Bible on a reasonably satisfactory and permanent basis.

It is remarkable that the scheme recommended by the Committee of Revision is narrower and less liberal than that proposed by the report of the Bishop of Winchester, which is itself again less broad and comprehensive than the resolutions first moved by that prelate in Convocation.

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* "A Plain Account of the English Bible, from the Earliest Times of its Translation to the Present Day. By John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A." London: Rivingtons. 1870.

The Bishop of Winchester's original resolutions provided specifically for the correction of errors in the English *New* Testament arising from the adoption of a faulty "Greek text" by the translators of 1611, and they were amended in Convocation so as to comprehend the *Old* Testament and "the Hebrew text also." The report of the Bishop of Winchester accepted by Convocation does not refer at all to the Hebrew and Greek texts, but it authorizes the Committee of Revision "to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong." The scheme of the Committee of Revision, in the fourth section of its eighth article, directs that, "when the text adopted differs from that from which the Authorized Version was made, the alteration be indicated in the margin," but otherwise it nowhere alludes to the original texts at all, and, instead of inviting the co-operation of learned foreigners and dissenters, it empowers each of the two companies "to refer, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions."

It would be uncandid to deny that some critical revision of the Hebrew and Greek originals is implied in this scheme, but it is evident that such revision—a labor which ought to form the very basis of the whole undertaking, and which requires for its execution the most advanced Oriental and Biblical learning of our times—occupies but a very subordinate place in the minds of the committee, and that when they narrowed down "the co-operation" of eminent scholars, without regard to nationality or religious denomination, to simply asking "the opinions of divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, when considered desirable" by either of the companies, they meant to exclude all such scholars, except the few English divines and laymen whom they invited to join the companies, from any general participation in the work, and from all equality of authority in the decision of questions of reading and interpretation.

But, as an indication of the superficial character of the work proposed by the committee, the third section of the eighth article is the most remarkable and the most important. It is in these words: "Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally, and on principles of voting [by two-thirds] as hereinafter is provided." Upon two readings, then, the recension of the original Hebrew and Greek texts, and the wording of the translation—a translation which, as has often been shown, is the growth of many centuries—are to be definitively settled by a two-thirds vote of such members of the respective companies as may happen to be present when the vote is taken! The proof-sheets of the simplest writing in our own language require much more than "two readings" before an experienced compositor feels any confidence in the accuracy of the typography, and certainly not one of the reverend gentlemen of the committee would allow a sermon of his own to go forth to the world upon such a revision as this. We freely admit that it is probable the committee means by this language more than it expresses, and that, in the way of critical labor, its members will perform more than they promise; but making every allowance which a liberal construction of the articles, and a due respect for the intelligence of the divines who compose the committee, authorize, it is not too much to say that the plan in question manifests, in itself, no just appreciation of the real character and extent of the duties and responsibility involved in the satisfactory performance of the important task the revisers have undertaken.

On the other hand, so far as the rules go, nothing can be sounder or more judicious than the principles laid down by the Committees of Convocation and of Revision in regard to the extent of changes in the standard translation and the diction of those changes. They are these:

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness.

2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorized and earlier English versions. We say these rules are sound, *as far as they go*, but they leave us wholly in the dark on one of the most important points involved in this whole discussion—the question, namely, to what extent they propose to modernize the vocabulary and style of the standard version. The first rule allows as few alterations as possible "consistently with faithfulness." But faithfulness to what? To the original text, or to the idiom of the English language considered as altogether a *living* speech? Will they retain all Wright's hundreds of archaisms, provided they are, or rather once were, true translations, or will they replace obsolete by still current words and phrases, and, if so, by what principles will they be guided in the substitution? On this question—a question which more than any other concerns the taste and intelligence of the ordinary reader, a question upon which, more than upon any other, will depend the quality of attractiveness of form in the new revision as compared with the old—the report of the committee gives us no information whatever.

We spoke of the plan of Convocation as a sectarian, if not a schismatic, movement. It is sectarian, because it was originated and organized, and is to be controlled wholly, by divines of a single sect—the Established Church of England; and it is not uncharitable to ask, whether a proposal to remodel the English form of the authoritative basis of the Christian faith by a fraction of that sect, and upon a plan in which one of the two great ecclesiastical provinces of that church refuses all participation, does not savor of that tendency to schism which the Anglican Church, beyond all others, condemns as evincing an antichristian spirit.

The Bible of 1611 is the common property, and substantially the religious oracle, of sixty or seventy millions of English-speaking Protestants, of whom scarcely a tenth are directly or indirectly represented in the Convocation of the Southern Province of England, or in any manner admit the spiritual or ecclesiastical supremacy of that body. The proceedings of the Convocation do not recognize the remaining fifty or sixty millions—except their recusant brethren of York—as having any acknowledged religious status, or any common interest in the true interpretation of the law to which all Protestants alike appeal.

It would be invidious to discuss the personal fitness or unfitness of individual members of the companies of revision for the labor they have undertaken. Indisputably, there are among them many of England's most learned divines, as well as several gentlemen eminent for a thorough knowledge of the English language; but it will not be pretended, by any unprejudiced person who is acquainted with the sacred learning and literature of the day, that these companies embrace the ablest living Biblicists of Protestant Europe, or that, as Hebraists, Grecists, or Scriptural exegetists, their members have yet given proof of superiority to the foremost class of American scholars in the same departments.

If it is worth while now to undertake a new recension at all—which we by no means admit—the interests of Christian harmony require that the labor be inaugurated under the most catholic auspices, and that the composition of the board of revisers, and the principles upon which the revision is to be conducted, shall furnish every guaranty that the task shall be executed with all possible learning, all possible discretion, all possible fairness, charity, and candor. We find no such guaranties in the plan before us. It does not appear that the revisers propose to avail themselves of the amplest existing instrumentalities, or of the ablest living scholarship, or that they take sufficiently into view the claims, the capacities, and the wants of Protestants educated in theological schools different from their own. We admit—and this expectation is founded on a high appreciation of the general intelligence of the committee, not on satisfactory evidence of their special qualifications or of the soundness of their views in regard to the duties they have assumed—that their labors will result in an English text probably superior in accuracy of interpretation, and possibly even in uniform felicity of expression, to the standard translation. But we see no ground whatever for expecting that this recension will satisfy the reasonable demands of learned criticism, or that it will be a text which any considerable body of Protestants will adopt in place of what they have so long reverenced as an authoritative rendering of the original Scriptures, still less a version which the Christian public of England and America will accept, or ought to accept, as the only substitute which can be justifiably offered for the English Bible of 1611—namely, the best translation which the Biblical learning of the world and our present mastery of our mother tongue are capable of producing.

G. P. M.

PROFESSOR PORTER ON AMERICAN COLLEGES.*

Of all forms of literature, perhaps, there is none more carefully shunned by general readers than so-called educational works. Even when not distinctly and specifically technical, they are apt to be one-sided, are usually dry and limited in treatment, and often puerile. The weary associations of the *shop*, of the dull fagging at grammars and sum-books, is apt to hang about them; and whoever reads them does it as an unwelcome duty, not otherwise. But such a work as this of Professor Porter's claims the interest, or at least the attention, of all cultivated men. Even those who are not warmly interested in popular education as such, who care little or nothing about Pestalozzi and Froebel and Horace Mann, and nurse themselves with the soothing conviction that Tim O'Flaherty, and the other budding Presidents his playmates, will "tumble up" somehow without the necessity of such elaborate educational apparatus as is now lavished upon them—even these will be likely to recognize the supreme importance to the educated classes of the college and the university. That essential differences in these institutions produce specific results among the higher classes of the community cannot be overlooked or denied. In that compound function which we call national character, to the three principal variables, race, climate, and political organization, must be added a fourth—school and university education; and no one who believes that social influences act from above downward can fail to recognize the immense effect in this regard of the college and college systems. It would be a lively illustration of this point to take the three types, the Yale or Harvard "graduate," the Oxford "honor-man," and the Berlin or Heidelberg "doctor," and examine in how far his marked individuality is a product of his peculiar university course, and in what way he in turn reacts upon the community which has trained him. But for the present we are concerned only about the American student and the American college.

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* "American Colleges and the American Public. By Noah Porter, D.D." New Haven: Chas. C. Chatfield & Co. 1870.

Among the advocates of various educational systems, Dr. Porter occupies what a Frenchman would call the Right Centre, or certainly a very moderate Right. To state his doctrine briefly, he is prepared, in a liberal spirit, but firmly, to *stare constitutis.* He accepts the conventional college system as it existed thirty years ago, as, in its main outlines, the right and the best, and the modifications which he consents to, or in some instances proposes, are corrective, not subversive.

In his first, or historical and introductory chapter, he reviews the efforts made in the last thirty or forty years to give greater scope and elasticity to the prescribed courses in the American colleges, and to open the way to a more liberal study of the so-called practical branches of science and literature. Without formal statement as an argument, considerable emphasis is laid on the fact that these efforts are by no means as new as many suppose, but date as far back as 1825–6, and that they have been experimental and not always satisfactory; that, indeed, to quote from Dr. Wayland, "we have been taught that the public does not always know what it wants, and that it is not always wise to take it at its word." By a candid statement that he does not "regard the college system as faultless," but, on the contrary, believes it "to be capable of some very important modifications and improvements," he clears the way for Chapters II. and III., the "Studies of the American Colleges" and "The Prescribed Curriculum."

In these chapters he plunges at once into the vexed question—perhaps the most important one in College Reform—the great case of Prescribed Studies *vs.* Electives, or, more properly, of Classics and Mathematics *vs.* Modern Languages and Natural Science. Here he takes decided though not bigoted ground. Admitting that an exclusive attention to the studies of the conventional course may be injurious, and should properly be supplemented by a fair quantum of History, Modern Languages, and Elementary Science, material and moral, he vigorously contests the expediency of omitting them, or even of materially diminishing their rank in the course. Assuming that college education is not, and in general should not be, professional and technical, but gymnastic, or, as a German would say, *propædeutic,* he earnestly defends the value of the classics and mathematics as pure training. He lays great stress on the fact that the study of the ancient languages is not, as has been asserted, a mere study of words and practice of memory, but, from their subtle and complicated grammatical structure, a very high and delicate metaphysical training, the most effective, perhaps, at least in connection with mathematics, which the youthful mind is in the average capable of receiving. This gymnastic merit he in great measure denies to the less philosophic structure of the modern languages, but consoles us with Mill's assertion that "the mastery of Latin makes it easier to learn four or five of the Continental languages than it is to learn one of them without it." As good mental furniture, and as a liberalizing and humanizing influence, he makes an eloquent defence of ancient literature, and quotes Goldwin Smith to the effect that, "though the classics are no longer what they were in the sixteenth century, they are still, perhaps, the best manual of humanity, and they are capable of being practically enlarged in their scope, and *liberalized* to an almost indefinite extent in the way of commentary and illustration." Professor Porter's suggestions as to various minor methods of rendering the study of the classics more attractive in character and fruitful in results to average college classes are worth serious attention from practical instructors.

His argument against substituting for these studies that of natural science, though somewhat diffusely stated, may be summed up in this, that a mind untrained by the preparatory work he commends is not in condition to turn to physical science with the requisite vigor, nor with the philosophical breadth and acuteness, of the thoroughly trained student. This argument he further develops in the chapter on elective studies, in which he urges that a too great extension of the elective system leads to onesidedness, overhaste, and superficiality in the choice and method of studies, and condemns the attempt to engraft the purely technical preparation of the professional schools on the more universal curriculum of the undergraduate department. On this point he makes a bold statement, which, however, most friends of the highest culture will probably view with favor—that "the student who begins the study of theology or law in his sophomore or junior year, or pursues a course of reading which has special relation to his future profession, in ninety out of a hundred instances becomes a greatly inferior theologian or lawyer in consequence, and does not appreciably abridge the time required for his professional preparation." Very noteworthy, too, is his reminder that the German *universities* form no standard for the American *college;* that the true counterpart of our college in studies, age of the students, previous preparation, and the like, is rather the German *gymnasium,* which in its whole character is precise and strict, and as far removed as possible from the democratic freedom of choice now sought to be introduced into our own institutions.

It would have been interesting to follow our author from step to step with argument or comment, but he tells his own story so well that we are fain to let him do it for himself. So far, probably, a fair share, perhaps even a majority, of the most discriminating friends of thorough intellectual culture will be inclined to agree with him that the classics and mathematics in reasonable measure and up to a reasonable age are, on the whole, the best average pabulum for the average human mind; that, this being so, it is wise to surround the study of them with certain safeguards of prescription; and that, in postponing the more special professional studies till the period of physical and mental manhood, we are only following the profound common-sense of the French proverb, "reculer pour mieux sauter." We are equally inclined to approve the chapter on college recitations in contrast to examinations and lectures, but could have wished to see more attention given to the objections against the marking system as a distracting weariness to the professor, and more emphasis laid on the necessity of careful classification in the recitations, to avoid the utter demoralization consequent on setting the best scholars, for some hours per day, to listen to the blundering and shirking of the incapables. But we can heartily commend the professor's comments on the duty of self-sacrificing work at actual *teaching* to many aspiring professors *in ovo,* as well as to many actual incumbents, who, like Browning's alderman, with slight alteration,

> "Hope because they're old and obese
> To find in the furry *college* robe ease."

The chapter on the Religious Character of Colleges is one of those thorny tracts which the reviewer would gladly step over as gingerly as possible. Undoubtedly, in all quarters of the country out of sound of the bells of Brattle Street and the Old South, this chapter will find almost universal approval. With many of its arguments and its conclusions we are disposed heartily to go along, but the general question, whether it is wise to attempt to engraft any formal religious instruction, so-called, on the college course, or to imprint any technically religious character on the college as a body or a system, seems to us still open, spite of the Professor's well-meant efforts to set it at rest. In view of his avowed liberality and aversion to sectarianism, it might be pertinent to remind him that what he stigmatizes with the name of "irreligion," "atheism," and the like—the doctrines of men like Emerson and Parker or Longfellow—might, by a not very forced construction, be considered to form a sect or sects of religious belief at large, though not perhaps of the Christianity which Professor Porter believes to include all religious possibility. In view, too, of the wide and almost preponderating influence of transcendental doctrines among the cultivated classes of New England, the Professor, according to his own theory of allowing any important sect a university or college organ, could hardly grumble if Harvard College came to represent even more distinctly than at present the extreme left of these tendencies.

It is to the credit of the Professor's heart and temper that, in the chapters on Internal College Discipline, the Dormitory System, etc., he warmly defends the social intramural life of the students as a necessity to the full enjoyment of all the advantages of university residence. In this chapter, as in all the others, let us say, once for all, his suggestions of useful modifications in the college government, the appointment of fellows, the intercourse between officers and students, and, in short, all the practical minutiæ of college life, are extremely valuable. Nor are his hints less worthy of attention when he treats of broader matters, and throws out propositions as to the establishment of professional and scientific schools, and the enlightening and modifying, though not subverting, of the conventional systems hitherto existent. It is with regret that, in deference to the limits of time and space, we drop the consideration of this very able, earnest, scholarly, and, in almost all points, liberal treatise. We cannot refrain from quoting, as the key-note of the whole, a few of its last words:

> "As long as study is valued for the money or position it procures, and the theory of disciplinary study and of liberal culture is openly scouted in the forum and the market-place and attacked in the newspaper and the review, so long will the true university be unknown among us. It is in the name and interest of true progress and of real reform that we protest against the supercilious and positive spirit in which the professed guides of the people—some of them graduates of colleges—have treated the aims and objects of education, as well as the contemptuous and ignorant appeals to the prejudices and ignorance of their readers which many have allowed themselves to employ."

Robert Falconer. A Novel, by George Macdonald, author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," etc. (Boston: Loring. 1870.)—Unless our memory serves us ill, the hero of this novel was first presented to Mr. Macdonald's readers in his last year's story of "David Elginbrod," where he figured toward the close of the book in the character of an amateur detective, possessed of a sort of Scotch second-sight, which stood him in good stead when he had on hand the business of discovering and restoring to her friends a young lady who had been spirited away by a villain who had thrown her into a magnetic slumber. That he was a remarkable person, whose history was well worthy to be recorded, even by his present biographer, we were assured even then—and it is, of course, a by no means bad story in which he now appears. Mr. Macdonald is always readable, both for what he says and for his way of saying it, although, for our part, we have never succeeded in liking him so well as in "Alec Forbes," in which we first made his acquaintance. In the present story, Robert Falconer appears as a boy of fourteen, a half-orphan, living with a Calvinistically-religious and severely-kind grandmother, and with a disreputable father, whom he has never seen but once and never hears mentioned, roaming somewhere about the world. It was to be expected that Robert's grandmother should occupy a very prominent part in this history. What would become of Mr. Macdonald, or, indeed, of many another writer of Scotch novels, if he could not draw us a character crushed or else drawn awry between the natural religious sentiment which inspires a belief in the benignity of God and the Calvinistic theory which contemplates his justice only? It is a sort of retribution, we suppose, which provides that what miserably edified the last generation should drearily amuse the present.

Robert is brought up by his grandmother after the straitest Calvinistic fashion; deprived of all amusement, made to study hard and to pray aloud in a corner of the parlor, not allowed to solace himself with music, for which he has a passion, and even doomed to see his grandfather's violin, a genuine Stradivarius, which he had found, and on which he had secretly learned to play, laid on the kitchen fire as a burnt-offering to the supposed divine decree against pleasure. Nevertheless, being a boy unusually large-hearted as well as large-brained (or else, the reader is told, he would not have been Mr. Macdonald's hero), and being informed, likewise, with a true Scotch sense of duty much akin to his grandmother's own, he sees under all this apparent harshness the real kindness and profound love with which she regards him—a love held in check, it is true, by the doubt whether he is foreordinate unto salvation, but for that very reason all the more painfully sincere. He grows up, therefore, with undiminished respect and affection for his grandmother, but with growing doubts as to whether she has a true conception of God. Presently he falls in love with a woman several years his senior, who is herself in love with his dearest friend. Having an opportunity to go abroad, he tries to dissipate his grief by travel, and at the same time to provide himself with a theory of the universe which shall not only satisfy his theological doubts, but at the same time furnish him with a satisfactory answer to the questions of why he should suffer and how he shall best provide for his immediate future. Such a theory he works out for himself in the course of his meditations on the four Gospels; what it is, Mr. Macdonald states in a number of propositions which we do not quote; the practical result being that his hero betakes himself to a life of philanthropy—having first been furnished by a relative with the means of living without a profession. As the particular object of his life, he proposes to himself the discovery and reformation of his father, and in the pursuit of this filial end becomes a familiar and affectionately respected acquaintance of all the poor and vicious people in London.

What particular end Mr. Macdonald proposed to himself in the creation of such a character as his hero, we find it difficult to conjecture. Beyond the story of his life, which is more interesting than probable, he seems to be intended to point a moral which we do not find it easy to draw. If it be, as we suspect, that Mr. Macdonald feels sceptical of accomplishing any really good work except by individual effort, and regards all organizations for effecting moral purposes as mere appendages to the individual which he does well to shake off as soon as possible, he seems to us to be elaborating in his own mind and suggesting in his novel a fallacy which a consideration of his own methods with his hero might perhaps show him. Undoubtedly, as he says, "God will take care of the man" when he undertakes God's work—but before he can undertake it on this wise even Mr. Macdonald has to provide him with an exceptional character, exceptional training, send him a disappointment in love, condemn him to a single life, and last, but by no means least, endow him with a fortune before starting him on his solitary philanthropic pilgrimage. His heroine, too, who, after her lover's death, betakes herself also to works of charity, and whose co-operation is almost the only one that Falconer will accept, has likewise to be rich and have a house of her own, where fallen women and stray babies may be taken in without the painful restraints of rules and regulations. Is it that an effectual call to good works may be known by its being accompanied by private means and perfect freedom from private duties? Mr. Macdonald would, doubtless, not say yes to such a question, but if he has any purpose at all it seems to be the preaching of individualism as opposed to combination; and that, in matters of charity at least, besides doing greatly less good to the innumerable objects of it, is likely also to ruin the charitable themselves, by inducing such spiritual pride as in the case of Falconer himself.

Still, apart from any consideration of the ideas suggested by the book—considerations which it is not so easy to set aside as it would be if Mr. Macdonald were less of a born preacher than he is, his story is readable and interesting.

The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America. With their Influences on the Oceanic, Atmospheric, and Land Currents, and the Distribution of Races. By George Catlin. (London: Trübner & Co.)—Mr. Catlin's narrative of what he has seen in traversing North and South America and among the Antilles is, as usual, interesting to read, albeit his theories are little likely to attract the attention of the scientific world. That the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea have been the scene of vast volcanic disturbances, and that Central America and the West Indies have undergone one or more submersions, is, to be sure, no speculation, but a fact for which there is abundance of testimony. Whether the two continents were ever continuously united, as Mr. Catlin thinks, or whether the cataclysm to which we owe the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque gave rise to the Gulf Stream, is yet to be established. The origin, or any modification, of this heated current evidently holds an important relation to the climatic changes that have taken place on both sides of the Atlantic along its course, and is worth ascertaining if possible. The destruction caused by nature's cataclysm naturally leads our author to compare it with the subsequent destruction of the aborigines caused by the European settlement of this continent. From the fate of the Indians in this country—always a source of melancholy and shameful reflections to the American people—he passes in an appendix to his personal griefs, more particularly to the injurious slanders committed to print by the late Mr. Schoolcraft, and embalmed in the libraries of the world, under the sanction of the United States Government. Mr. Schoolcraft's defects as an Indian historiographer are now, however, so well understood that it seems at first a little unnecessary in Mr. Catlin to seek to protect himself against attacks from that source. Something, nevertheless, must be allowed to the sensitiveness of a man who in other ways has seen his labors dishonored by his countrymen; and we are quite sure that Congress might properly order the number of copies of "O-kee-pa" which Mr. Catlin wishes to have distributed as an antidote to Schoolcraft, and still more properly redeem that invaluable collection of Indian portraits and relics which is now in pawn to Mr. Catlin's necessities.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1870.

The Week.

THE great event of the week is the surrender of Metz and the entire army of Bazaine, which took place on the 27th of October. This is another Sedan and another Strasbourg in one, if we take Napoleon for no more than he was worth on the 1st of September. The figures of the captures, unparalleled in all history, are perfectly stupendous: three marshals, three corps commanders, forty division generals, a hundred brigadier-generals, sixty-seven infantry regiments, thirty-six cavalry regiments, thirty-one battalions of chasseurs and depot troops, one hundred and fifteen field-batteries, seventeen batteries of mitrailleuses, and thousands of position guns. The total number of sound prisoners is stated to be 140,000, all that is left of the 230,000 commanded by Bazaine on the 14th of August, when he began his disastrous retreat from the right bank of the Moselle. The battle of that day, those of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, a number of sorties, and diseases—the consequence of scanty food—destroyed or disabled the other 90,000. Whether the ravages of disease and the scarcity of food within the walls and camps were so terrible as the first somewhat sensational reports received depict them, and actually rendered a longer resistance impossible, will soon be revealed. The French, in their first burst of grief and shame, have no hesitation in branding Marshal Bazaine's capitulation as an act of treason; and their histories, even in calmer moments, may continue thus to stigmatize it. Impartial observers will at least severely condemn the strategy—whether it was Bazaine's or Napoleon's—which made it possible to the victors to stop in its retreat, to beat and force back, to isolate and imprison, so vast an army in its own country. The Prussians themselves will justly inscribe this unexampled achievement, executed with a strategical precision and a staunch perseverance the merits of which no French blunders can diminish, among the greatest marvels of military history.

How little, however, the Prussians are inclined to rest on their laurels, and slacken their operations, is shown by the fact of one of the corps of their army before Metz receiving orders to break camp even before the capitulation was finally concluded. The two hundred thousand of that army will now spread in every direction, reducing the neighboring fortresses—of which Longwy and Mézières are first to be besieged—preventing the formation, announced by General Bourbaki, of an army in the North, strengthening the besieging camps around Paris, and chiefly increasing the forces operating on the Loire and against Lyons. That all further resistance, in the field, by compact French bodies, is henceforward impossible, is now evident to everybody, and King William has accordingly begun to distribute the highest rewards of victory. General von Moltke, the great planner of the campaign, who on the day preceding the surrender of Bazaine completed his seventieth year, has been created a count, and the Princes "Fritz" and Frederic Charles, of whom the former commanded before Sedan and the latter reduced Metz, have each received a field-marshal's baton. In the same pleasant mood the King has ordered General von Falkenstein to remove all obstacles, imposed by the state of siege, in the way of free voting in the pending elections for the national assemblies of North Germany, to allow public political meetings, and to release all persons arrested for violating the former restrictive regulations. We also hear that Prussia has promised Denmark to fulfil the so long disregarded stipulation of the Treaty of Prague in regard to the restitution of North Schleswig, and has announced to the Government at Madrid her readiness to acknowledge Amadeus of Aosta, if elected, as King of Spain, unmindful of the Hohenzollern candidature. On the other hand, we hear that the negotiations for the final settlement of the general affairs of Germany are soon to be crowned by the unanimous proclamation, north and south of the Main, of William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany. This will probably not take place before Paris opens her gates. She was summoned to do this on the fall of Metz, and the refusal, if persisted in, is to be followed by a bombardment, for which all the preparations are said to have been completed. The city is beginning seriously to feel the hardships of the siege, but as late as Oct. 28 Trochu continued to make warlike demonstrations, a sortie on that day driving back the German outposts at Le Bourget, east of St. Denis. The French fortified the position thus gained, which was, however, retaken by the besiegers on the 30th, after a hot but decisive fight.

Whether the news of the surrender of Bazaine will ultimately have the effect of making the Parisians, both people and Government, inclined to yield to the dictates of common sense, at the last sacrifice ot national pride and vanity, can as yet only be guessed at; for the doings in the besieged capital are now more than ever wrapt in impenetrable obscurity. The first impression produced by the announcement of the catastrophe at Tours and in the regions not immediately threatened by the armies of invasion, seems to have been one of patriotic rage, and loud vent is given in proclamations, resolutions, and addresses to the determination to die rather than submit to the terms of the conqueror. The proclamation issued by Crémieux, Glais-Bizoin, and Gambetta, though calling upon the French nation "to rise above misfortune," has the merit of announcing almost the full extent of the disaster, and, among others, the saddest of truths, namely, that the corrupting power of Imperialism, to which France submitted for twenty years, "extinguished in her the springs of greatness and of life." From "the extremity of misfortune" they expect the renovation of the nation's "political and social morality and manhood"—and they expect it now, forgetting, or feigning to forget, that the history of the two months that have elapsed since the day of Sedan does not warrant even the faintest belief in the possibility now of a national revival so sudden and so powerful as to save the honor and integrity of the country. While Tours resounds with patriotic oaths and exhortations, the French camps in its vicinity offer a disheartening spectacle of weakness, both material and moral, and in no part of France is any display of energy visible corresponding to "the fearful height of the perils" which have broken upon her. Besides some slight successful skirmishes reported from the neighborhoods of Amiens and Chartres, we hear only of one considerable French success, said to have been achieved between Besançon and Montbéliard—and this decidedly lacks confirmation, the report coming from Switzerland, and the capture of Dijon by the Prussians, on Sunday last, proving that the advance of the latter on Lyons is unchecked, and takes place through the valley of the Saône, and not through that of the Doubs, which the Basle news seems to imply. Garibaldi is with a very small force in Dôle, on the last-named river, and, as stated by a *Tribune* correspondent, rather low in spirits. The French army facing the Prussian forces south of Orléans seems to be shifting its position from the vicinity of Salbris, between that city and Bourges, to the left, towards Blois and Vendôme, with the object of covering Tours. A considerable concentration of Gardes Mobiles is taking place in Maine and Brittany.

What is the object of holding Paris, now that Metz has fallen, and that all hope of raising the siege by assistance from any army outside has absolutely vanished, it would be hard to say. "The Army of the Loire" is, of course, as we have often said, a shadowy and half-organized body, which a division of Prussians is sufficient to scatter. The formation of anything worthy of the name of an army in any part of France has, indeed, become impossible in the presence of the large force which the Germans now have disposable. The pretence which the Provisional Government is keeping up of being able to accomplish anything more in the field against the invaders is simply—to speak plainly—a piece of cowardly imposition on a credulous and excitable people. What they can accomplish, and what they are fast accomplishing by their irregular levies and bombastic proclamations and "Francs-tireurs," is the total destruction of French industry and the dissolution of the social bonds among a people singularly dependent on the administrative machine for the preservation of order. The calling in of Garibaldi, after his incapacity against good regular troops had been demonstrated both in the campaign of 1859 and his raid on Rome, is a melancholy evidence of the broken-down condition of the French morale. General Trochu, indeed, in his famous book, cites Garibaldi as an illustration of the worthlessness of irregular troops in great modern wars, and Gouvion St. Cyr gives an awful account, in which Napier heartily concurs with him, of the influence of guerillas in Spain in producing complete social disorganization and filling the country with robbers. Thousands, we may be sure, who begin as Francs-tireurs in France, will soon become common brigands, and very few there will be of them but will, if the struggle last long, return to a peaceful life after having suffered irreparable injury, both moral and mental.

We do not venture to predict that Paris will fall within the present month, but it is difficult to see what is to prevent it. The most sanguine and boastful of the French chiefs has never pretended that it was provisioned for more than two months, and it has now been six weeks cut off from communication with the outer world. It is pretty certain that the army and people are both on short rations—and short rations, of course, mean severe suffering to the large body of delicate persons which must exist in a population of a million and a-half. There will, no doubt, too, be great loss of life from this cause long before the extreme point of endurance has been reached by the majority. Count Bismarck has called attention, in a circular to the German ministers at foreign courts, to the terrible consequences which are likely to result from a prolongation of the resistance to the starving point. The railroads and canals have been destroyed by the French for many miles in all directions from Paris, so that on the day on which the city surrenders from lack of food there will of course be nearly two millions of people on the verge of perishing, and no means of supplying them in less than a week, if so soon. The mere contemplation of such a possibility ought to be sufficient to put an end to the barbarous practice of enclosing populous cities in fortified lines, of which the French have in this war given us three examples—Paris, Metz, and Strasbourg. The only good military reason for making Paris an entrenched camp is, that it is not only the seat of Government, as London and Berlin are, but that Frenchmen have been accustomed by two centuries of minute centralization to look on it as the only possible seat of Government. The consequence is that its fall into an enemy's hands is equivalent in the popular eyes to the loss of everything. The remedy is to throw the provinces more on their own resources, by teaching them the art of local self-government. If the Republic will do this, it will not only do much for the national character, but render the Paris fortifications useless. The best defences of the capital are not *enceintes* and outlying forts, but unconquerable and self-reliant hearts in Brittany, and Normandy, and Picardy, and Languedoc, and Auvergne.

It is to be presumed, of course, that the members of the Provisional Government know their own countrymen, and that, when they loudly accuse Bazaine, and, indeed, nearly every other officer who fails in high command, of treason, they have reason to believe that the accusation, whether true or false, will stimulate the popular ardor. But to the foreign looker-on, who sees that the great difficulty in the way of organizing new French armies is the profound distrust of all commanders, great and small, entertained by the levies, it would seem as if this perpetual crying of treason was as good service as could possibly be rendered to the invader. Organization is impossible as long as all but universal distrust of military men pervades the community. There is not the least reason to suppose that any French generals have really been guilty of treachery in the present war, shameful as have been the *insouciance* and incompetency of a great many of them. The Provisional Government seems to forget, too, that it is impossible to accuse a man like Bazaine, whom it was only a fortnight ago lauding to the skies, of betraying his country, without producing in the minds of all foreigners a profound sense of the thorough rottenness of French society. If a French soldier of forty years' standing—a "Marshal of France" to boot—can make up his mind to surrender a great fortress and a great army to the enemy for anything the enemy can give him, people not unnaturally will conclude that the country which can produce such a moral monster can hardly be worth saving.

On the 9th of October, amid great rejoicing at Florence, a Roman deputation presented to the King the result of the plebiscitum. His reply was remarkable for not alluding to the transfer of the capital, which last month was announced to take place immediately, with a rashness which the Ministry have since had leisure to repent of. The fact is, there are no accommodations at Rome, even of a temporary character, for the Government, and if the proper buildings were to be erected, a space of two or three years would be required. The Government, on other accounts, would be not unwilling to postpone removal. They have undertaken to guarantee the Pope's independence, but it is not so easy to see how they will accomplish this, or how they can reconcile it with the presence of the King in the same city. Giving the former a separate post-office and telegraph office, as has been done, does nothing to settle the difficulty, which on the one hand may involve international obligations, and on the other affects the relations of parties in the Peninsula. As good advice as has yet been offered the Government by its own friends appears to be this: to leave the Romans and the Pope to adjust themselves to each other for a few years, the capital remaining where it is until the new provinces have had time to be educated in liberty, and to indicate the natural solution of the Papal question. The Pope, however, is only a part of the Roman elephant. His debts being annexed along with his territory, the deficit of the Italian budget will be increased by about three millions of dollars in the shape of interest and necessary outlay for various purposes of administration, and the Romans have yet to be tested in regard to their endurance of taxation. Their behavior, however, thus far, has been very generally complimented, and they are said to have exhibited a greater aptitude for organization than that possessed by any other part of the population. On the day of voting, they marched to the electoral urns by guilds and companies, with appropriate banners, as if they had been used to it for centuries.

What effect the surrender of Metz will have upon the success of the new French loan now being negotiated—or should we say offered?—in London, it is dangerous to foretell in this age of financial as of military surprises. The news concerning this loan, although it is announced as introduced by the highly respectable Anglo-American banking firm of J. S. Morgan & Co., seems as yet to partake somewhat of the character of the French postal arrangements generally, being slightly airy and indefinite. On the 24th, it was first announced by telegraph that ten millions of sterling bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest would be offered at 85 (about 14 per cent. less than our 6 per cent. are selling at), and it was "believed that it would be promptly taken up." Nevertheless, the buoyancy in the London stock market was checked by the announcement. On the 25th, the city was excited, "the loan project is received with great favor, and the subscriptions to it are of very large amount already." On the 26th, "books of subscription have been opened in seventy out of the eighty-nine departments of France," and "the success of the loan is now assured." On the 27th, "the prospects are said to be very favorable," since when we are without any additional information from this excellent source. The aspect of the London money-market—scarcely, however, owing to the French loan of fifty millions of dollars—is certainly somewhat less favorable, and prices, including American securities, have slightly declined. But there is nothing as yet to indicate any important change.

In our own markets, neither war nor peace seems to produce any influence worth noting, although the varying rumors of peace created some little excitement in the cotton market, with a general tendency to greater firmness in spite of liberal receipts and favorable crop prospects. Breadstuffs continue unchanged, the supply being rather in excess of the export demand, the latter being limited by a deficient supply of shipping and high freights. General trade is not active—many articles, especially groceries, being affected by the new tariff which comes into force January 1, before when many people will not lay in supplies. Coal, much to the satisfaction of all classes, has materially declined. The most interesting feature of general business at the present time is the condition of real estate, which has been largely dealt in during the week, and generally at lower prices, some large pieces of unimproved property having been sold for one-fourth of what they would have brought a year ago; which must be very encouraging to the insurance and other companies, who have been advancing money on mortgage of similar property to the extent of one-third or one-half its recent market value. Money continues easy, although some efforts have been made to render it artificially scarce. Stocks are dull and without any speculative movement, interested reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Business all over the world appears to be gradually settling down into a far more steady state than it has ever been in since the influence of the great California and Australian gold discoveries first began to be felt in the markets; and as business becomes too tame to absorb all the activity and ambition of fiery spirits, there are indications in other quarters as well as in New York City that public affairs are about to receive some portion of the attention to which they are fairly entitled.

The correspondence between the President and Secretary Cox has been published, and confirms all we have said with regard to the causes of the retirement of the latter from the Cabinet, and puts an end, we hope, to the spread of the impudent invention that it was due to personal reasons. It is, however, on the whole, rather melancholy reading. Mr. Cox says, in plain terms, that his attempts at reforming in his department had roused against him the hostility of the politicians to a degree which might prove embarrassing to the Administration, and that therefore he had, for the President's peace and comfort, better go. The President does not gainsay this statement of the facts of the case, does not offer to support his reforming Secretary against his enemies, and does not even allude to the reasons given by Mr. Cox for his withdrawal, but simply utters a commonplace expression of good-will, and bids him good-by in terms such as would be appropriate if Mr. Cox had been simply taking him for a fast drive on a plank road.

We believe there is little doubt that Mr. Fish will follow Mr. Cox early in the winter, and for similar reasons, and then General Grant will be fairly under the control of the old hands, and without, as we have remarked once before, that familiarity with the ways of politicians and that share of their low cunning which kept even such men as Pierce and Buchanan from getting into worse scrapes than they *did* get into. It would be difficult to imagine a more deplorable termination not only to General Grant's administration, but to his public career. He was elected as emphatically an independent President, but the fact is that he has sunk rather deeper in the mire of abuse than any of his predecessors, except Andrew Johnson. The compensation for all this is found in the fact that nothing has yet happened which has fixed public attention so strongly on the necessity of a reform in the civil service as Mr. Cox's failure and resignation. It is now plain that it will not do to trust even to the most promising President, and that a system must be enforced by law which will save honest officers from being made the victims of the wretched gang who have driven Mr. Cox from the Department of the Interior. We do not remember to have seen on any similar question an expression of indignation from the press so nearly unanimous. The thing for Mr. Cox to do now is to get home to Ohio, and make a clean breast of it before his neighbors; and the thing for his neighbors to do, and everybody else, is to agitate the question till we have the reform of which he has been one of the martyrs.

The most striking political event of the week has been the production by the Democrats of Fisk as an orator, at a ratification meeting, at which such men as Belmont, the banker, and Horatio Seymour figured also, apparently without shame. Fisk's remarks, which were loudly applauded, were in every way characteristic and curiously full of a droll contempt both for the laws and morals of the society in which he lives. He did not say in express terms that he considered the whole machinery of popular elections a humbug, but he indicated it very clearly. The incident was altogether striking and suggestive, and we commend it to the attention of all the moralists, philanthropists, and political philosophers in the country. Fisk is not the product of "caste," about which so many of these gentlemen are troubled in mind; he is the product of corruption, dishonesty, falsehood, and chicane, and you can't get rid of him, or the like of him, simply through "equality" or the ballot.

We said recently that some of the Woman's Suffrage champions seemed inclined not to wait for the Republicans to insert their plank in the party platform, "but were determined to have their plank in some platform or other, and accordingly talked of carrying it to the Democrats, and seeing what they would do." The *Woman's Journal* alleges of this statement "that it would be difficult to condense into the same space a greater amount of untruth than is contained in it," being apparently exasperated into this strong language by our deduction from this and other things that the female leaders of the movement "were displaying a remarkable capacity for a low order of political intrigue." It quotes, in proof of its charge, three resolutions passed at a meeting at the Tremont Temple, in Boston. The first binds "the friends of Woman's Suffrage not to support any candidate for a State or local office who is not in favor of Woman's Suffrage;" and, where no such candidate is nominated, "to nominate and support independent candidates of their own." The second instructs a committee to ask the Republican and Democratic Conventions to insert Woman's Suffrage planks in their platforms. The third directs all friends of the movement to meet in their districts and work for the election of Woman's Suffrage members of the Legislature. With regard to the pleasing little charge of condensed falsehood, therefore, which the writer in the *Journal* brings against us, all that the tenderness of our nature will allow us to say of it, after reading the above resolutions, is that it amazed us; but we may add that nothing of this kind will amaze us much longer.

Anybody who peeps "inside politics" in Massachusetts just now will there witness a fearful scene. As soon as Wendell Phillips got in, extraordinary noises began to issue from the premises, accompanied by dust, tufts of hair, and pieces of coat-tail, and now the bursting open of the door from within has revealed a shocking struggle to the heartless gaze of the worldlings outside. Wendell Phillips is laying on lustily in company with his friend, one Cummings, a "labor reformer," who, according to Mr. Frank Bird, sold the "labor reform" votes to the Hartford and Erie Ring, last winter, for money which he is now using in the present "labor reform campaign," and Mr. Bird challenges Cummings to come into court, where he says he will prove it, or pay Cummings "more money than he ever earned by honest labor." But Wendell Phillips says Mr. Bird belongs to a club of base "managers" who meet in a "grog-shop," whom he describes in terms which, if true, would prove them a disgrace to humanity; wherefore Bird says Phillips has "either lost his wit or memory, or is a deliberate liar," and he is now publishing a series of articles on Phillips in the Boston *Journal*. "Warrington," of the Springfield *Republican*, is publishing another series, and the beauty of the affair is that they have at last got to accusing each other of "lying." The fact is, however, that Mr. Phillips is now doing to the Radical chiefs in Boston what he has been for some time doing to a good many other people; and as these chiefs enjoyed it as long as they had him on their side, we believe that most honest men take satisfaction in seeing him rub their own gunpowder into their wounds. A vituperator and falsifier is always a dangerous animal to train and use, for there is no knowing the day he will turn on his masters. Wendell Phillips has not for ten years rendered any better service to the world than pour forth spicy but incoherent abuse of anybody who caught his attention as he ran along, or the cut of whose coat he did not like, and without any more regard to the correctness of his assertions than Brignoli has for the sense of the libretto. The revelations that his old backers are now making, that he says one thing at one time and another at another, and does not care what he says at any time, is simply a confession of their own fatuity or of something worse, and the world owes them no sympathy either in their sorrow or indignation. Truth, we trust, they will hereafter remember, is not a bit too good for the service of any cause. We hope nobody will separate the combatants until all the crockery and furniture of the establishment are broken. "Politics" will gain by their ferocity, and so will other and better things.

THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT IN FRANCE.

In judging of the expediency of the persistence of the Germans in prosecuting the war, after the French have suffered what every military man knows and acknowledges to be irremediable defeat, we have no right to consider the conflict now raging as having been begun in July last. Those who say that King William ought to have been, and might safely have been, satisfied with his victory of Sedan, can only have reached this conclusion by shutting their eyes to the whole of French history during the century and a half previous to the battle of Wörth, and by carefully refraining from any examination of French character. As a matter of fact, the absorption of enough of German soil to make the Rhine the eastern frontier of France has been the one fixed object in French policy since the accession of Louis XIV. No régime or dynasty has since dared to abandon it openly. Napoleon I. attained it; Charles X. felt it was necessary to recur to it, and had in contemplation an active effort for it when he was dethroned. Louis Philippe owed much of his unpopularity to his having failed to keep it more prominently in view, instead of turning the national attention to Algeria. The Second Empire, almost as soon as it was founded, began talking of it in pamphlets, maps, speeches, and articles. If anybody will look at the debates in the French Chamber in 1866–7, he will find the battle of Sadowa, which apparently rendered the realization of the scheme impossible, treated by all parties as one of the greatest calamities which ever befell France; and, indeed, the unification of Germany, and the consequent strengthening of its hold on the Rhine, made such a mournful impression on the French mind that the Emperor felt that the safety of his dynasty required him, if possible, to put a stop to it. Had King William, therefore, marched home after Sedan, he could only have justified himself to the German people by being able to show that the French had abandoned an ideal which had been cherished by six generations of the rich and poor, learned and simple, simply because Prussia had inflicted a terrible humiliation on French arms in a struggle in which the feelings of all Frenchmen were so far enlisted as to lead Jules Favre, the leader of the Republicans, to talk the other day of Bazaine, one of the most unprincipled and guilty tools of the Empire, as "our glorious Bazaine."

But to make this theory even plausible, he would have had to go further back, and show that there had occurred in the French character a change so great as to make the people bear serious defeats with perfect equanimity, and look on them as inflicted on them by the chastening hand of Providence as a punishment for their sins and to disgust them with military glory—that is, with the thing which has had for two centuries almost undivided possession of the national heart; for the sake of which, when just emerged from a great revolt against a degrading tyranny in 1794, they deliberately submitted for twenty years to one still bloodier and more degrading, and actually learned to love it so much that the man who was overthrown at Sedan owed his elevation to the popular remembrance of it. That any such change had occurred in French character nobody pretends—not even those who criticise the Prussians most severely. The sole reason they give for desiring Bismarck to trust the frantic promises offered by Favre on behalf of the French people, is that it would be a handsome, kind thing to do, and sound well at public meetings. But the man who did it, and who—when, ten or fifteen years later, France had recovered from her comparatively slight injuries, and her broken armies had returned home to madden the people with stories of the way they had been betrayed by their generals and of the humiliations inflicted on them by the Germans, and opposition orators and poets had begun to fire the popular heart against the government of the day by cries for vengeance on Prussia—turned to the German people for levies to resist a fresh French onslaught on the Rhine, would be a bold and bad man if he could look without wincing in the face the widows and orphans of those who fell at Forbach and Wörth and Gravelotte. No German statesman dare end such a war with such a people by a merely romantic peace. If an American statesman did such a thing, the denunciations of those who are now railing against William and Bismarck would rend the ceiling of every hall in the land.

There may be, of course, a great variety of opinions as to the nature of the guarantees the Germans should exact. We have already given several reasons for thinking the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine cruel and inexpedient. But it is safe to say that no arrangement which left the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg standing, and in French hands, would be fair and satisfactory. After having stood so long as a menace to German peace, they ought to be levelled or taken away from those who have misused them. To make any peace lasting and effective, too, it would, in the absence of a government sure of the confidence of the French people, be folly to stop the war before the mass of Frenchmen had felt its effects, and were acquainted with its general results.

After the battle of Sedan, what with rage, and with the persistent falsehood and misrepresentation of the Government in Paris, and the bombast of the poets, novelists, and rhetoricians, the French people did not know the full extent of the disaster which had overtaken them. Paris was waiting for the Prussians, "the thunder in her hand," as Hugo said; the Francs-tireurs were going to cut their communications and slaughter them in detail; the Uhlans were "weeping," as they rode about the country, at the thought that none of their comrades would ever see Germany again; and, above all, "the Army of the Loire" was organizing, and "the glorious Bazaine" was holding Prince Frederick Charles in a grasp of steel, till he could get at him and finish him, after having massacred the Crown Prince on the way. There could be no permanent or honorable peace made till this mendacious fog had been cleared away, and the French people were brought once again face to face with the cold, stern, but wholesome truth of the situation.

But even when all France knows, what the world now knows, of its own condition, there would still remain a serious difficulty in the way of anybody who, having vanquished her, proposed to form with her a lasting peace. This difficulty lies in the serious deterioration which, no matter how, has apparently taken place in French society, and which the events of the last five months have brought to light. In the first place, there is something positively childish in the attempts one constantly hears, and which the Republican leaders are now busily making, to establish a broad distinction between the Empire and the nation. All governments not imposed by foreign force are the products of the society over which they rule. There are plenty of unscrupulous adventurers in every civilized country like Louis Napoleon, Morny, and Fleury, who would like to get hold of the government, and make themselves emperors and dukes, and to use the public treasury for their private needs. But in no other civilized country, it is safe to say, could such a gang have done what they did in France. There would everywhere else be enough conscience, and honor, and pride in the people, if not to overthrow them at once by force of arms, to overwhelm them with such hatred and indignation as would make their rule impossible.

In France, they found, after one small fight in the streets of one city, complete and passive obedience. In one short month after their crime, they obtained the popular condonation of it by an overwhelming majority of votes. They afterwards obtained another when the nature of their system had become well known, and the character of its founder been fully revealed. All this did not prove that the Empire was the government best suited to the French people—the ruin it has left behind it shows that it was not—but it makes it somewhat absurd to deny that the French people were responsible for it; and we confess we do not remember a piece of quibbling in every way less respectable than the pretence one constantly hears put forward, that because the people did not approve of the present war by a formal vote, therefore the Germans ought to treat it as a quarrel with the Emperor individually, and sheathe their swords on taking possession of his body. The people approved and upheld for eighteen years the government which engaged in the war, well knowing its character and tendencies; and the doctrine that, under these circumstances, they can avoid the consequences of its blunders and defeats when quite ready to profit by its triumphs, would not simply be something new in international law, but would, perhaps, prove in practice as fruitful a source of political immorality as was ever opened. The follies and barbarities by which the French people avenged its first checks were, too, a sorry preparation for the plea which they now put forward. Nothing more cruel and inhuman has ever been committed since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, than the expulsion from France of the 80,000 peaceable and inoffensive Germans—a distinctly popular act, which followed the news of Forbach and Wörth. It was worthily succeeded by weeks of "spy-hunting" which would have dishonored Turks, and by which dozens of helpless foreigners were done to death, not one voice being all this while raised for peace. Bad as was the mendacity of the Empire, too, it is safe to say the mendacity of the Republic has far surpassed it; and small as was the control over the resources of the country which the Emperor appears to have exercised when he went into the field, and insane as were the delusions which he appears to have cherished and spread about the strength of the enemy, it certainly cannot be said that in either of these particulars he outdid his republican successors.

It is undoubtedly the interest of civilization that France should be both great and free, and that her people are capable, with time and harmony, of being both one and the other, nobody can doubt. But they are not true friends of hers who seek to hide from her, now, the extent of her own weakness, and the real nature of the defects which have brought her to her knees before the invader. That these defects are, in the main, moral, nobody can deny. The Empire was born not of force only, but of ignorance, want of principle, want of courage, and want of truthfulness; and any foreign nation which, having suffered from it, and having overthrown it, is called on to make peace with the community which produced it, may well be pardoned if it asks for stronger guarantees than the verbal protestations of those who six months ago confirmed the hero of the *coup d'état* and of the Mexican war on the throne by an overwhelming vote. The fact which has recently been revealed, that the poor man whom this vote crowned for the second time found no difficulty in getting the President of the Court of Cassation—the French equivalent of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, or the Lord Chief-Justice of England—to act as a go-between to negotiate, with a concubine, his release from the paternity of an illegitimate child, gives one a glimpse into a moral abyss which must, in some way, be filled before France can find real political repose, or win the hearty sympathy of those who have—as who has not?—the strongest admiration for the many great qualities of her people and a real human pride in the glories of her history.

THE CANADA BANKS AND THE USURY LAWS.

We have repeatedly pointed out in these columns the fact as well as the cause of the great decline in speculation everywhere and of every kind. Speculation is nothing but a more or less successful attempt to reap advantage from a correct discernment of the fluctuations of prices likely to result from natural causes. Wherever in a civilized community natural causes produce violent fluctuations in prices, there will be much speculation, and then speculation is not only justifiable on the strictest grounds of public or private morality, but becomes positively beneficial, by anticipating the fluctuations, preparing for them, and thus actually preventing or moderating them. The moment the natural causes cease to operate, that moment speculation declines and becomes reduced again to its minimum amount.

There is an entirely different class of operations, which is apt to be confounded with speculation, which indeed grows out of speculation, and which has been the main cause of the general disrepute in which speculation is commonly held, but which is in reality no more necessarily connected with speculation than breaking into a bank vault is with the art of safe-making. If there had been no safe, there would be no temptation for the burglar; if the construction of safes did not become known to burglars and their associates in the process of making them, it would be almost impossible for burglars to break them open. So it is with the operations we refer to. Were there no speculation, could the position of speculative markets be kept a close secret, it would be impossible to do what has in the last few years become known, in contradistinction to speculation, as "manipulating the market." This manipulating of markets, which, though not a crime in the eye of the law, is yet nothing but sheer robbery, comprises operations and combinations of such variety and complexity that it would require columns to give even an imperfect description of them. Some of the schemes have become historical. Nolte's great manipulation of the cotton-market is still remembered by men now living. Two or three bright campaigns in the early days of the great California crash, one or two Chicago corners in grain, the gigantic Harlem harvest credited to Mr. Vanderbilt, the Erie swindle, and, *facile princeps*, the great gold bubble of September, 1869, are fresh in the memory of most of us. Almost all of these manipulations were based upon the existence of large speculative operations, intimately known to the prime manipulators, and out of which they expected to reap their profit. Wall Street, as the great centre of speculation of every description, has naturally been more exposed to these manipulations than any other market. But speculation in Wall Street being more thoroughly dead than it is everywhere else, manipulations there have become next to impossible. There are, however, men who, blind to the fact that all their power, all their wealth, all their unscrupulousness, cannot affect prices without the aid of natural causes, still believe that they can fleece the community, even when the latter refuse to deal with them. Two or three of these men, who are noted only for an occasional and open defeat of their nefarious plans, are now engaged in a manipulation of this kind, which would not deserve notice were it not that it threatens to have a most injurious influence upon the entire financial community in a direction perfectly indifferent to these professional tricksters, but of the utmost possible importance to the entire community, as well as to New York City.

It appears that one of these manipulators, in anticipation of a natural or artificial rise in railway and other stocks, had purchased a very large amount of these stocks, with the intention of selling them at the advance. There being few or no dealings in stocks, the market refused to rise except when the brokers of this "bull" manipulator bought for the purpose of putting up the price. At the same time, another manipulator, in anticipation of a natural or artificial decline in these same stocks, had sold a large amount of them, with the intention of buying them back as soon as prices should go down. The same absence of dealings which prevented prices from going up prevented prices from coming down, and the two manipulators thus stand face to face prepared for battle, each one counting on the events which refuse to come to the aid of either. All Wall and Broad Street stand idly by to watch this fight between a dark, hidden, half-mysterious, silent spider and a gay, lusty, pugnacious, bright-colored blue-bottle fly—the one from his marvellous den weaving dangerous, tenacious webs, the other boldly tearing them aside, trusting to his active wings to escape the meshes.

But now another element appears upon the scene, which alone lends dignity to this petty fight. At this season of the year two changes take place in the affairs of commerce. Our import merchants pay their debts abroad by buying bills of exchange upon London. These bills are drawn principally by foreign banking-houses (who are not, however, as many people think, foreigners, but mainly Americans engaged in banking with foreign countries) upon their correspondents in London, payable sixty days after the time when they are first presented to the London house. These bills, when drawn by responsible firms on well-known English bankers, although not due for sixty days, are almost as good as cash to the holder, for they can be readily discounted at the low rates of interest (two or three per cent. per annum) now prevailing there. The drawer here is not, however, obliged to pay the banker on the other side until the bill is due, so that if at any time within the sixty days he sends over bills drawn by other parties here (which can in their turn be readily discounted), he complies fully with his obligation to his correspondent. Now, at this season of the year we commence the export of our principal staple, cotton, which annually pays for one-half our imports. Sixty days from now, we shall be shipping large amounts of it to Europe, when the shippers will be drawing bills in large sums upon their customers there for the cost of the cotton. These bills will be bought by the foreign banking-houses here, and remitted to their correspondents in London in payment of the bills drawn by them to-day and sold by them to the merchandise importer, who has his debts to pay abroad. It is evident that the foreign banker who carries out this operation in reality borrows money in London for sixty days and lends it here, for although he does not actually bring any money here, he gives to the importing merchant something which is just as good as money in London and without which the importing merchant would be obliged to take the money, the actual cash gold, from here and send it to Europe by steamer. This, then, is one of the two changes that take place in financial affairs about this season—foreign banking-houses lend European capital here, and thereby save this market from the temporary withdrawal of its own capital which would otherwise be inevitable.

It is not to be presumed that these foreign banking-houses carry on this operation from motives of philanthropy—indeed, they derive very handsome profits from the operation, in a way which we will not now stop to explain; but it is very certain that, while deriving a just and liberal advantage themselves, they are at the same time materially and largely benefiting the entire community. For, in the first place, if the bills were not drawn by them, the importer would have to send the gold, and after a little while the cotton-exporter would have to bring it back again, at a double and unnecessary expense, which ultimately would have to be borne by the cotton-planter on one hand, and the buyer of imported merchandise on the other. In the second place, if the gold were shipped away to Europe, it would largely aggravate that other change in financial affairs which we are now about to explain.

About this season the supply of gold is generally at its lowest point. During the summer months we are at all times exporting more or less of it. The production of it is frequently diminished by the dry weather, which stops the essential water supply. The Pacific coast, instead of sending us gold, pays us in bills drawn upon London for California wheat sent to Liverpool and Havre. The merchants have been large buyers of gold to pay duties on their summer importations, and the Treasury has paid out nothing for four months, as during that time no interest falls due. For these various reasons, gold at this season always becomes scarce. If, therefore, the importers were obliged at this time to buy gold for export to pay their debts, which would be the case if the foreign bankers did not draw on London as described, we should probably witness at this season of the year complications of the most serious kind, violent fluctuations in the price of gold, and a consequent general disturbance of our entire foreign and domestic trade. It is, therefore, clearly true, as we have stated, that the drawing of these bills by the foreign bankers is an essential benefit to the entire community.

Now, the largest drawers of bills of this character are the resident agents or branches of some of the Canada banks, which are powerful corporations, controlling large capital of their own and of others, and consequently able to draw large amounts of bills. This fall, as usual, these Canada banks have been large sellers of bills to importers and others, in anticipation of buying sixty days hence, or during the next sixty days, the bills of cotton-exporters to remit to their London branches in payment. While waiting for the cotton to come forward and the bills against it to be drawn, these banks hold, of course, the entire amount of the money received from the importers for the bills sold them, frequently rising to very large figures, and reported now, but no doubt with exaggeration, in the case of one bank alone to exceed ten millions of dollars. This large sum of money the bank naturally lends out on interest until required to pay for the cotton bills which it expects to purchase subsequently, and it is from the high rates of interest which ordinarily prevail at this season (and which would be very materially higher if this money were not lent) that the bank derives the largest share of its profit by the operation. And thus it happens that about this season the Canada banks, as they are loosely designated, become the largest lenders of money in the market; and it is in this character that they become suddenly involved, as third party, in the "blue-bottle-and-spider" fight just referred to.

In a city like New York, where, in spite of our boasted wealth, loanable money is extremely scarce when wanted, and where, owing to habitual "high-pressure and small-margin" bank management the least increase in the demand, or the smallest diminution in the supply, leads to instant and serious perturbation, the temporary ownership or absolute control of even a much smaller sum than ten millions of actual cash is a tremendous power in affecting the prices of stocks; and naturally the two contestants eagerly sought the alliance of the Canada Bank manager, who seemed to them a very god of battles, holding within his hand victory and defeat. The one party naturally sought his alliance so as to borrow his money, in order to buy more stocks and put up the prices. The other party, less naturally to outsiders, but quite as intelligibly to Wall Street, sought to borrow his money or to induce him not to lend it, in order to prevent his antagonist from getting it, and thus compel him to sell his stocks and put prices down. It is said that the manager of the largest Canada bank has not in the past always been prudent enough to keep clear from such entangling alliances, but that he has on this occasion been ever so remotely compromised remains to be seen. It is far more probable that he has lent money to both parties in turn—perhaps to both parties at the same time—and that each in turn has thought to wield the bank's entire power and influence. However this may be, one of the parties to the contest is evidently seeking to gain his object by involving the bank in another difficulty, which is the one that concerns the public in general, and which increases in importance from the fact that it seems likely to enlist considerable sympathy from the press and people, and may, if thoroughly agitated, lead to a repeal of one of the silliest and most mischievous enactments ever recorded upon our statutes.

The enactment we refer to is the usury law. It is highly probable, nay, all but certain, that during the eager contest for the money which the bank had to lend, the borrowers offered, and the bank may have accepted, more than seven per cent. annual interest, placing itself thereby in a very dangerous position for a corporation that has any money to lose, to wit, in the position of a desperate criminal in the eyes of our immaculate, efficient, and ever-watchful city officials. It is boldly given out, possibly only as a threat, that the farce of eighteen months ago, an indictment by the Grand Jury, is to be repeated, but this time with more serious determination, and already public sentiment is being officiously manufactured against the culprit, on the ground that he is, or represents, a foreign corporation, which "comes here to violate our laws and plunder our citizens." It is said that the same parties who were somewhat prominent in last year's prosecution have secured the aid of the same legal talent to convince the District Attorney of the necessity there is of vindicating the majesty of outraged law, and to arrange the ultimate compromise, should one be effected. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance to the entire city of New York of this scheme, should it ever be carried out. With a tariff to destroy our shipping, with an Opera-House manager to ruin the credit of our railroad enterprises in the markets of Europe, with a few more swindling usury prosecutions to drive foreign banking capital away from us, we may soon find ourselves at that goal before reaching which, Mr. Tweed is reported to have said, we shall never resist. "New York, sir, will stand anything while it has one dollar left, and the hope of making twenty-five cents more by dickering with it." Is it true?

BUSINESS MEN AS LEGISLATORS.

A PAPER by Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, of Boston, was read by Dr. Eliot before the Social Science Association at Philadelphia, on "The Relations of Business Men to National Legislation," which is, especially at this moment, deserving of more attention than it is likely to receive as merely a part of the discussions of a society commanding unfortunately but a limited share of public attention. The essential part of this paper commences with a statement which is not new to our readers, but which seems to be entirely lost sight of by the great majority of even the more thinking portion of our voters: "From this time forward," says Mr. Hill, "it will be incumbent upon Congress to devote its time and thought chiefly to material questions. What is the adaptation of Congress, as now constituted, for meeting such a responsibility? Sixty-one per cent. of the members of both Houses of Congress are members of the bar, while only twelve and one-half per cent. are connected with trade, transportation, or finance."

Few persons are aware to what an extent Mr. Hill's description of the future duties of Congress is correct. The seemingly vague term, "material questions," disguises to many minds his true meaning. He should perhaps have said, questions affecting the material welfare, the business prosperity, the income and expenditure, the profits and earnings, the bread and butter, as it were, of every citizen. It is unfortunately true that, in a large measure, all these things are dependent upon the action of Congress in relation to measures which affect them all. The great war of the rebellion rendered necessary, or was at least thought to have rendered necessary, a series of Congressional enactments the result of which has been far different from what was anticipated; which have led to the most remarkable change in the distribution of wealth ever before accomplished without violence; which have entirely arrested the production of wealth in some directions, and in others have led to an unprofitable production; which nothing but the intelligence of our people and the amplitude of our resources have made possible without individual exhaustion and national prostration. It is these enactments that the people are determined to have changed. It is this change that now lies before Congress as its most imperative duty.

There can be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Hill's statement of the issues to come before the Congress now elected; for the platforms of both leading parties, whether issued by Congressional committees or State committees, or more local organizations, give almost, without exception, most prominence to questions affecting the material welfare of the people. From a very imperfect list of the platforms issued during the pending canvass, we find that no less than eighteen make important planks of the tariff question, eleven take strong ground on the subject of the public lands, eight make an important issue of the national-bank privileges, five complain of legislation injuriously affecting our ship-building and navigation interests, almost every one has reference to the internal revenue, while only three make it a distinct issue. Only two demand a civil-service reform. While these platforms of themselves, or separately, are not entitled to overmuch consideration; while many of them display a profound ignorance of the true nature of the questions with which they attempt to deal; while some of them are contradictory in their various parts and inconsistent with themselves; and while our collection of them is quite imperfect—and a full list might materially change the result—yet the figures given show conclusively enough what questions the politicians at least thought were uppermost in the public mind, on what issues they could best hope to gain popular support. The politicians agree with Mr. Hill, and they are right. The questions now before the country *are* material ones.

Mr. Hill's conclusion is that, the questions now before the country being material ones, the best men to solve them are those who are most in the habit of dealing with material questions—the business men of the community. He proceeds to show, upon somewhat questionable data, that the business men of the community amount to eighteen per cent. of the whole, and that the entire wealth of the country is either produced by them or else is constantly passing through their hands—while they are represented in the councils of the nation by only twelve and one-half per cent. of the whole, against sixty-one per cent. of lawyers and twenty-six per cent. of all other professions. But here occurs a complete hiatus in the argument; for he does not attempt to prove that evil results from this imperfect representation, or that a more perfect representation is possible, or that merchants would necessarily make better legislators than lawyers. The speaker assumes that a more perfect representation of commercial interests by commercial men is highly desirable, and then goes on to show how that may be obtained. But it is precisely this assumption that we feel inclined to contest.

Judging by analogy, we should certainly not be disposed to look to business men for good legislation on business questions, since in a Congress consisting of sixty-one per cent. of lawyers, almost any work is better done than the regulation of legal proceedings or the administration of justice. The various Reconstruction Acts, and, above all, the Georgia Bill, were striking illustrations of the confusion which is allowed to make its way into legislation even under legal auspices; the spirit displayed by Congress in its actual and proposed legislation concerning the Supreme Court of the United States is a still better illustration; the Bankrupt Act, exclusively the work of Congressional lawyers, needs endless tinkering, and furnishes probably more business to our courts of law than any other statute; and, not to go further, the very enactments in which Congress expresses its own will on miscellaneous subjects are frequently so imperfectly constructed as to accomplish results the very reverse of what was intended.

But if analogy leads us to doubt the superior fitness of men of any one occupation to legislate upon the interests of their class or of any other class, what is there in the training and experience of business men to make them an exception to this rule? Nothing whatever. From the earliest ages, when a merchant or a trader was an object of contempt to soldiers, priests, and princes, the mercantile community has been looked upon as the convenient victim of rapacious or necessitous rulers. Even to this day the commerce of all civilized countries is called upon to contribute the largest portion of the expenses of the state, and half the evils suffered by our people during the last ten years of war and war consequences are systematically attributed not by the ignorant only, but by those who ought to know better, to the trading portion of the people—from the hucksters that disturb the rest of the *Times* and the *Tribune*, through the foreign importers who absorb the profits of the interior dealers, to the bankers and brokers of Wall Street, who revel in their ill-gotten gains at the expense of every member of the rural districts, and in open violation of every rule of public and private morality. Since merchants have been merchants, they have been victims of law. Law has hampered them, regulated them, interfered with them, injured their business, and taxed them beyond all patience; and hence the one prominent sentiment regarding law in all business communities is, that it is almost certain to be inexpedient and to discriminate against them unjustly, but that it is useless to struggle against an overwhelming majority, and that all they can do is to adapt their business, as far as possible, to the laws as they find them, or else transfer their skill, knowledge, activity, enterprise, and capital to other fields of operation less injuriously affected by mischievous enactments. No one at all acquainted with men of business can fail to hear our assertion emphatically confirmed, or can have any difficulty in learning detailed cases of the immense injury inflicted upon business by legislation during the last few years alone.

It may be said that this is only another argument in favor of electing more business men to Congress, and apparently the argument is good. But we are considering the question of their fitness for legislation acquired by the training and experience of business, and we say that the habitual struggle with bad laws, the almost unavoidable contempt for all laws, and, worse than all, the daily necessity of seeking to adapt one's self to the consequences of injudicious legislation (and adaptation often means evasion) is the worst possible school for a lawmaker.

There is another reason fully as weighty, and just as little thought of. Trade of all kinds is an endless succession of bargains, a ceaseless repetition of petty struggles between two individuals, each striving to get as much as possible, and to give as little. Whatever the nature of commercial, financial, or even of manufacturing business, it ultimately resolves itself into giving as little as possible and getting the largest possible return. Let us not be understood as joining in the silly outcry against bargaining or dickering. There is nothing dishonest or dishonorable in it; there is no deception connected with it; it is perfectly fair and aboveboard. But it is just the nature of trade that success in it depends upon always getting much and giving little. Of no other occupation is this true in the same degree. The lawyer—the more time, skill, study, and labor he gives to his clients' cases, the more likely he is to win; the more certainly his practice will increase. The mechanic, the artist—the better work they give, the better their pay. The farmer looks for larger crops from fields bountifully manured and industriously tilled. The physician, the clergyman, need no bargain to obtain their reward; their talent, their conscientious labor, bring prompt recognition and pecuniary advantage. The merchant alone at every stage of his career is compelled to keep up the daily struggle to give little and to get much. In no other occupation is it necessary to keep the ultimate gain so constantly before the eyes, and look so steadily at the profit in dollars and cents.

This habit, this necessity, while it creates men of clear, practical insight, of incessant industry, of rapid decision, men of much knowledge of men and of much knowledge of things, at the same time diminishes the ability to look on any subject except for its prospective profit; it disables men, incessantly occupied in the study of their own interests, from examining, much less understanding, the interests of others; it incapacitates them for deep thought on all questions the direct, practical results of which are not readily visible; it produces the habit of considering the entire community as engaged in incessant trade, where each one is supposed to be capable of driving his own bargain, and thereby fosters the belief that no consideration is due to the helpless, feeble, or ignorant.

The very first quality of a legislator should be unselfishness; not only the minor principle which prevents a man from prostituting his position to individual gain, but the broader virtue which enables him to understand the wishes, to study the interests, to assume in thought the position of those for whom he is to legislate. Unselfish, fair-minded, earnest—these are what might be called his moral qualifications. His mental qualifications should be of an equally high order. Nothing is more erroneous than the belief that so-called practical men would make good laws. Law-making is essentially a matter of theory; and although theory without a knowledge of facts is a non-existent delusion, or, at best, the dream of a brain imperfectly developed, yet the knowledge of facts alone is useless, nay, injurious, without the theory that classifies them, that knows their relative importance and their connection with one another as cause and effect. It is only too evident that nothing in the training or experience of men of business is likely to develop in them, to any special degree, either the moral or mental qualifications necessary to make good legislators. They may not make worse law-makers than lawyers are generally found to be; but it is idle to anticipate that a larger infusion of the business element into Congress would necessarily lead to better legislation on the material questions now before the country.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Oct. 14, 1870.

THE *Times* of this morning announces in its opening leader an event of such thrilling interest that even the approaching bombardment of Paris will for the time cease to monopolize attention. This overwhelming event is nothing less than the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. The existence of a common bond between royalty and ordinary humanity has been acknowledged in this way before now, but not for some time, and we are once more invited to be overcome by the gracious condescension of our rulers. The daughter of a Queen is to be led to the hymeneal altar—no less poetical language will suit the occasion—by the son of a duke; and as instances are not infrequent of dukes marrying commoners, we may arrive by a mathematical proportion at some estimate of the distance between royalty and vulgar flesh and blood. I could not do less than give to this announcement the place of honor in my letter; though I must regret that the telegraph, with its usual impertinent interference, will deprive the intelligence of the charm of novelty. Of the persons principally concerned I believe that nobody has anything to say but what is in their honor, and British loyalty will, of course, indulge itself in appropriate manifestations.

I sometimes ask myself what is the true value of that passion. As a mere personal sentiment, it is probably weaker than usual at the present moment, in spite of various protestations to the contrary. The Queen has retired more than is exactly wise in a great official destined to be the ornamental summit of our constitutional edifice, and therefore suffering to a rather unfair degree from any social eclipse. The Prince of Wales is distinctly unpopular, although the stories which were current to his prejudice a short time ago do not seem to have had any serious foundation. And yet, in spite of such temporary clouds, the power of what some people call loyalty, and others spitefully describe as flunkeyism, every now and then reveals itself with unexpected intensity. I do not speak merely of such avowed manifestations as may now be seen in Hyde Park, where the monument of the late Prince Consort is beginning to display its gorgeous decorations to passers-by. The statue of the prince is placed beneath a Gothic canopy of solid architecture, surmounted by a lofty cross, with angels at the top and the four quarters of the globe below, and all kinds of historical or allegorical personages looking on from different niches. The quantity of carving and gilding and enamelling is something amazing, and when one reads the inscription, stating that the monument was erected by a sorrowing Queen and people in recognition of a life devoted to the public good, we can only suppose that, if affection be accurately measured by the quantity of money spent in its name, the prince must have been loved more warmly than Chatham, or Peel, or Wilberforce, or any of the great patriots and philanthropists of England. It is true that we have found out some of his virtues since his death, and that, though our affection was previously of a very calm and temperate character, we now generally acknowledge that he was really a very able and useful man in his generation. Supposing, however, that we deduct from the sums spent upon this and the other monuments in his memory with which England fairly bristles that part which is due to genuine enthusiasm, and supposing that that enthusiasm was equal to that with which we regard our purest heroes, there remains an enormous balance to be accounted for in some other way. I do not venture to decide how much is to be set down to the genuine loyalty which is one form of patriotism, and how much to the more objectionable variety which is nearly allied to snobbishness. The task would be in many ways ungrateful; and I will confine myself to the remark that, in my opinion, the genuine article is rather dwindling, whilst the kind which commends itself to the souls of footmen and court tradesmen is undoubtedly rampant and powerful.

We have lately heard some talk about English republicans. The name is rather more common than formerly, and we have some fair specimens of the reality. Yet republicanism does not show itself, nor indeed is there at present much reason why it should show itself, in any unequivocal shape. A certain impulse has been lately given to it by the popular sympathy with France; for I think—though it is difficult to form any accurate opinion—that the working classes are beginning to incline rather to the French side of the question. The Comtists continue to make speeches and call meetings; but the enthusiasm which they excite seems to be still of a languid character. The general impression that the war ought to cease, and that Prussia is chiefly responsible for its continuance, is the only sentiment to be distinctly discriminated. Though I do not sympathize with the contemptuous tone in which these meetings are treated by the press in general, and especially by the poor *Standard*, whose conservative sympathies for France are terribly perplexed by the apparition of these unhallowed allies, I cannot attribute much importance to them. After all, non-intervention is still at the bottom of our hearts, and it is not to be wondered at. A workingman observed the other night that, if we sent an army to France, as Prof. Beesly wished, the Prussians would "eat them for breakfast." There was a painful degree of truth in the remark, and, though Prof. Beesly said that our soldiers were amongst the best in the world, he was obliged to add that perhaps the Prussians would be too much occupied to attack them—which does not suggest a brilliant strategical prospect. Till we can hit harder, we must be content not to strike at all.

As I have been speaking of loyalty, I will notice one fact in this connection. Mr. Trevelyan, a young and able member of parliament, who found himself unable to submit to certain necessities of official subordination and therefore left the ministry last session, has been just addressing his constituents. He spoke upon the subject of army reform, to which he has paid considerable attention. The papers have generally praised his remarks, but they have passed over or treated with great delicacy one observation which was of some importance. He said that the army would never be reformed so long as the Duke of Cambridge was at the Horse Guards. The duke is a well-meaning man, but an obstinate conservative in military matters; and there can be no doubt that the presence of a royal duke in a position of this kind very much hampers reform, and renders more ineffectual than it could otherwise be the supposed responsibility to parliament of the military authorities. This is a fact which may not improbably excite some feeling before long; and Mr. Trevelyan deserves credit for speaking out plainly on the subject. The strange thing is that the divinity which hedges the royal family should have kept reformers so quiet as they have actually been; but there is probably the tacit consideration that if kings are not to have a hand in the management of the army, it will be rather difficult, as the old woman said of the devil, to see what is the use of having any kings. And as I seem to have got fairly into these sublime regions, it is impossible not to be reminded of the great Dr. Russell. An amusing incident has made him specially notorious at the present moment in connection with great personages. He was sent out by the *Times* with a great flourish of trumpets to continue the duties which he discharged in the Crimea, India, and America. There is no doubt that on the first of these occasions he made the position of correspondent more important than it had ever been before, and wrote some really admirable letters. But the poor doctor has somehow lost his old vigor of style. It is to be feared that, in his recent expedition with the Prince of Wales up the Nile, he caught a certain contagion which is apt to be very dangerous to dwellers in courts. The book in which he recorded the history of that journey was a really melancholy performance. And unluckily he seems now to be working in much the same vein. The Prussian authorities received him so civilly that it has been insinuated—not, as I think, with any probability—that the *Times* was attracted to the Prussian cause by the civilities extended to their correspondents. At any rate, Dr. Russell's letters have been devoted to the war only in a secondary degree; and the real pith of them has been the description in the most flowery terms of all the grand personages who have treated him with condescending familiarity. If the impression given be not inaccurate, Dr. Russell must have been hand-in-glove with the Crown Prince, with Bismarck, and with all manner of other notabilities. This being so, he gave us the other day a narrative, which you have no doubt seen, of the conversation between the King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon, derived "from the best sources." The best sources could scarcely mean in such a mouth anybody lower than the Prussian Chancellor. Hereupon Count Bismarck telegraphed to all the papers that the conversation in question was founded on "pure invention." So cruel a rebuff was really calculated to appeal to our sympathies. The *Times* did not publish the telegram; but to-day it comes out with an explanation of the circumstances. The official organ of the Prussian Government says something civil about Dr. Russell, explains that the narrative in question was "slightly inaccurate," and declares that the doctor was no doubt honestly convinced that he had it from the best sources. The *Times* is of course triumphant, and says that Count Bismarck's disavowal was merely one of those hasty denials which statesmen are apt to give to any inconvenient revelation. I leave the puzzle to the reflection of your readers. I know not whether Dr. Russell will forgive his antagonists in a Christian spirit; but if it be one of the consequences of this blow to teach him not to put too much faith in princes, or to presume too closely on their intimacy, it will give him a lesson of which he seems to be urgently in need. I may remark that by far the ablest correspondence throughout the war has been that of the *Daily News*, which still retains the superiority in an interesting series of letters from Paris. If it tells us less about dining with princes, it gives far more important details as to the progress of the war.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS AND THE EXPENSES OF THE WAR.

BERLIN, October 15, 1870.

THE eyes of Germany and of all Europe are once more turned towards Paris, where the finishing stroke of the present war is every hour expected. The French capital is now on all sides surrounded by German troops. They are numerically too weak for the investment of a circle of about sixty miles in circumference—so large is the *enceinte* of all the fortifications around Paris—but, nevertheless, our excellent cavalry has succeeded in hermetically closing all ingress into and egress from the city. If not sooner reduced by hunger, which I for my part do not believe, or by disorder and anarchy, which is more probable, the German generals expect to capture the place before the end of this month—some of them even put down the time between the 23d and 26th for the occurrence of this great event.

It is extremely difficult to move the heavy ordnance and place it in proper position. It must be brought from fifty to sixty miles over a common turnpike, as the railroad has been destroyed by the French between La Ferté and Meaux. The ground around Paris is uneven, often precipitous, and almost all the roads are in a bad condition. Whatever the energy of the commanding officers and the zeal of the soldiers can do will be most cheerfully done, for every man of the army knows that with the surrender of Paris the miseries and privations of the war will substantially be ended. The guns will be put in position by the 18th inst., and can then begin their work. The Parisians are under the impression that their city cannot be bombarded so long as the surrounding forts are not taken, as the distance from the city is supposed to be too great. This view is erroneous, for they are ignorant of the carrying distance of our improved heavy pieces. It is true the centre of Paris is about five miles from the forts, and as our rifled twelve and twenty-four pounders carry only two or three miles, they can only reach the outskirts of the city. Nevertheless, our forces will first try to take one or two forts, and thus gain a foothold for the bombardment of the interior of the city. Besides, our large rockets carry 11,000 paces, and we have also other town-breakers at our disposal—I mean our 72 and 96-pounders, which, being 15 to 17 feet long, and weighing 180 to 200 cwt.—throw, when directed high enough, bombshells of 200 to 300 pounds a distance of five miles. About two weeks ago, I saw them pass through Berlin; they came from our eastern fortresses, and are now being placed in position before Paris. They will open the negotiations for the surrender of the city by demonstrating the terrors of war to its boasting and vaporing population, whereupon the faubourgs will be attacked by the rifled 12 and 24-pounders. The effect of the 72 and 96-pounders is so tremendous that a common house in which their bombs explode is blown to atoms, and that the houses in the immediate neighborhood are so fearfully shattered that they are unfit for further use. A few of these bombshells would be sufficient to destroy the Hôtel de Ville and the other possible centres of resistance. As, with the assistance of detailed plans of the city, the distances can be precisely calculated, these tremendous instruments of destruction do not fire at random, but strike any given point. In this line of its business the Prussian artillery has won some practical experience. Besides Toul and Strasbourg, where it has lately profited in its profession, the Prussian fortress of Jülich (Rhenish Prussia), which had lost its significance in consequence of the new artillery inventions, was, some ten years ago, by order of the Government, used as a target to test the efficiency of the heavy pieces. Thus the Germans feel quite sure of their present undertaking. The late capture of Orléans, and the defeat of the new French army which was in the process of formation south of the Loire, has swept the last possible difficulty which could have disturbed the German armies round Paris out of the way, and has placed one of the richest and most fertile territories of France at their disposal, from which they will be provided with victuals, wines, and other necessaries. The Germans will hence profit from the strategical importance of Orléans as a centre and terminus of the southeastern and southwestern railroads. The next consequence of the capture of the city will be the removal of the Government from Tours south to Toulouse, Bordeaux, or some other place.

The only gain, if gain it can be called, France has made during the last week is the arrival of Garibaldi, who has been appointed commander-in-chief of all irregular French forces. What a perversion of political ideas! One of the most prominent men of that country which owes the possession of Venetia and Rome to the success of the German arms, now fights against us for the benefit of our common enemy, who has torn Nice and Savoy from Italy. But, nevertheless, I pity poor Garibaldi. The old hero has deserved a better end for his past services to humanity than to ruin himself on a Quixotic errand. He fancies himself fighting for the most beautiful of all ladies, the noble maid Dulcinea, whom he imagines to be adorned with all the charms of pure womanhood, while cool matter-of-fact people take her for what she really is—a common and ugly peasant girl. Garibaldi is the most eminent exponent of that radical doctrine so common on the continent of Europe, which confounds the means with the end, and whose believers make the revolution a creed. Thus they become sectarians, and consider it their holy duty to make propaganda all over the world, and threaten the present state of civilization. Every intelligent historical student will admit that the French Revolution was a blessing and a necessity, but he will not deny that its calling and business were only of a negative character. The rotten European society could by no other means be saved from its stagnation and lethargy than by the rupture of its component parts. The French nation, with a real fanaticism for destruction, devoted itself to this business, and thus made itself well deserving of humanity. But the masters of destruction have proved themselves poor bunglers in erecting a new building in place of the old one, and out of the enthusiasm of a great historical movement only imprudent and frantic successors have grown, who fancy that they have the monopoly as undertakers of revolutions, and firmly believe that the world exists for the sole purpose of being pulled down by them. "Everything must be ruined" is their motto—to make room for the new Utopia. "The Empire is peace," Napoleon III. said; but to establish peace there must first be war for the benefit of France. The international league of European revolutionists, presided over by Garibaldi himself in 1867 at Geneva, substantially spoke and acted on the same principle. They will also secure eternal peace to the world, after first destroying everything in their way. This policy emanates from the same arbitrariness of the individual, which puts its own selfish caprice in the place of organic development, and which turns revolutionary infallibility into religion. Its adherents speak the same slang, use the same obscure and abstruse phrases; and as the Catholic Church in "holy Rome," so this radical church of faithful believers sees the centre of the world in "holy Paris." Victor Hugo is not an isolated fool, but the representative man of a whole class, which is spread all over Europe, and even has its apostles among a few hundred Germans and French residing in the United States.

The first duty we have to attend to in Europe is to terminate the era of revolution. Each people is ruled by moral laws, but it has its own national and individual development; each people must work out the forms of its polity and of its civilization, which cannot arbitrarily be checked or accelerated, or forced into strange laws. The question of German nationality having been settled by this war, we have next to build up a commonwealth in the heart of Europe, founded on nationalism in place of Cæsarism, parliamentary institutions instead of personal government, peaceful development under constitutional laws rather than military glory—in short, a state which, working out the oldest and noblest political tendencies of the Teutonic race, will rest on self-government and popular freedom. Garibaldi will do us no harm; on the contrary, his stepping in for the present French republic will clear the ideas of many good but simple men. It will thus contribute to a better appreciation of more rational principles, and finally advance our interests more than injure them.

In order to have a guide for the calculation of damages to be assessed upon France in the negotiations for peace, Bismarck has ordered a synopsis of all the payments made in cash and contributions by the provinces, districts, and cities to the French while they occupied Prussia, then a poor and exhausted country of not quite five millions of inhabitants. The *Staats-Anzeiger*, the official paper, publishes a statement, according to which the amounts paid for the two years from November, 1806, to the end of 1808, foot up to 245,091,801 thalers, to which among others the following cities and districts have contributed, viz.: Berlin and Magdeburg, 57,717,855 thalers; Neumark, 12,252,237 thalers; Pomerania, 25,196,101 thalers; East Prussia, 57,080,261 thalers; West Prussia, 34,319,901 thalers; Lithuania, 10,088,886 thalers; and Breslau, 18,520,659 thalers. The French occupation of what was then called Prussia lasted about six years and a half, so that in the above proportion she paid for the whole time about 750 millions of thalers. The other German territories which now belong to Prussia were bled in the same way; it is consequently a very moderate estimate if we assume that, besides the losses in war material and the contributions paid by the defeated government, what constitutes present Prussia paid 2,000 millions of thalers to the French. At that time, money was worth three times as much as in our days. If we nevertheless ask only 2,000 millions of francs, or about 500 millions of thalers, as cash damages from France, I think the demand will be a very moderate one. In making up a final settlement, our diplomatists will probably arrive at a somewhat higher figure, as, for instance, the damage done to our shipping interest and to the brutally expelled Germans from France, as well as the expenses for boarding 160,000 French prisoners, are not included in the above bill. Each of our poor landwehrmen should have his daily wages paid at a moderate rate of say one-third of a thaler—24 cents—from the moment of his leaving home to the hour of his return. The costs for buying even, small annuities for our cripples and invalids will amount to at least 50 millions of thalers, for which France, of course, will have to come down. Besides, there are thousands of losses which cannot be compensated. Apart from the field-hospitals, we have at present in our military and private hospitals alone not less than 78,000 sick and wounded, not one-half of whom will fully recover.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

THE PRUSSIANS AT VERSAILLES.

[THE following remarkable piece of description is from an American boy of 16, and sent to his father in this country.]

VERSAILLES, Sunday, Sept. 18.

Just now, Louis (the servant) came in and said the Hulans were at the Mairie. We all rushed out; on the way I passed some officers of the Garde Nationale calling to arms, drums beating, people excited, some running, others talking in knots. I hurried on, and soon saw a large crowd in front of the Mairie. It appears three Hulans, rambling ahead, had lost their way, and had stumbled on Versailles while reconnoitring. They were bold enough to ride up to the gate and demand admittance, which the porter—who was a buzzard of the first water—gave them, and they came prancing in, driving terror and dismay with them. They said they wished to be directed to the Mairie, after having looked round as much as they liked. When they got to the Mairie they asked the Mayor on what conditions Versailles would surrender. The Mayor said "he didn't wish to have anything to do with them, but would see their officers." They answered, "Very well, there are five hundred of us outside. You come to the gates." He agreed, and they galloped off. By this time there was a dense crowd and lots of Garde Nationale, all talking and wishing "to put a couple o' balls in their nobs, and prevail on them to stop." But they got off all right, and in a short time the Mayor and a lot of old pods got into a large carriage, and (with an escort) started to meet the Hulans at the gates, and soon returned. Not a single Hulan was to be seen at the place where the three foxy Prussians had agreed that five hundred should meet the old pods. These knowing fellows had been into Versailles, seen the place, the Mayor, the people, found how few soldiers there were, and what large accommodations for soldiers, in fact, all that the enemy wanted to know, and then quietly rode off unmolested.

Every one was awfully mad, and the crowd were all swearing, when all of a sudden a soldier, such as I had not seen before, galloped up full speed, covered with dust, and rushed to the Mairie; the gates opened, and he went in, leaving the crowd waiting outside in suspense. In two minutes out he came and galloped off. All this seemed very mysterious. In ten minutes he returned from the woods with two others and a bugler. Every one thought they were Prussians, but they were "Guides" sent out from Paris to scout, and bring information of the enemy. They said there was a battle then going on. Two of their party had just been shot, and they called for a surgeon for somebody who was wounded somewhere, and then dashed off in desperate haste, to get back to Paris before the enemy could cut them off. This was very exciting, and I staid about a long time, but didn't hear more.

Monday, Sept. 19.—This morning, on coming down to breakfast, we found a great commotion. We heard heavy cannonading, and could distinguish the deadly roll of the mitrailleuse. There was a great deal going on in and outside of this house (Hôtel des Réservoirs). All along the streets were every kind of cart and carriage, men tacking on red crosses, surgeons and *infirmiers* hurrying round. We found they were going to the field of battle. Great numbers of men were offering aid, and numbers of priests and Sisters of Charity were getting the stretchers ready. I ran down and filled lots of tin cans with water for the wounded. At length all was ready, and they went off. Aunt Mary and I then went to the work-room, where they were very busy, and everything to be done right off. The Prussians had sent word to send all "secours aux blessés" immediately to the field. So Aunty sewed, and I tore paper for cushions and cut out red crosses for three hours, and then went home to breakfast. After breakfast L. and I went to the Place d'Armes, and saw two wounded Hulans being helped into the palace. At the Mairie there was a great crowd, and we stopped a minute. All of a sudden there was a shout and a rush of people, and up galloped eight Prussian cuirassiers with an officer. They had light hair, and were very thickset, but small, covered with dust, dirty and torn clothes. They had good horses, but they looked very tired. They wore the Prussian helmet and spike, a sabre on one side, and on the other a huge horse-pistol two feet long; and they carried little carbines in their hands, all ready if they should be necessary. But all the French had left, except a few harmless Nationales. So they met with no opposition. They waited a minute, then clapped spurs to their horses and went off full speed. The people seemed very sad. Many women were crying, and many men looked as if they would like to.

Then we walked on and looked down a road, and through an arch in the distance, beyond which the road made a turn, and we could see no further. Suddenly we saw a troop of horsemen come through the arch; behind came more and more and more. We were uncertain whether to run or stay, so we stayed, and they came up. The first were fifty Hulans; then fellows in blue, on horseback, very handsome; next three very funny ones, with silver death's-heads and cross-bones on their hats; then hundreds and hundreds of mounted fellows with needle-guns and sabres. Then three regiments of infantry, marching in superb time. Every five hundred men had a drum corps and fifes playing in perfect unison. You could almost feel the ground shake with the steady thud, thud, thud, tramp, tramp, tramp. I declare it was splendid.

All these men looked dirty and tired, but fat, jolly, and laughing. Looking down the road as far as we could, we still saw the helmets, spikes, and guns, all leaning exactly the same way, and glistening in the sun. All the officers looked like perfect gentlemen, with great whiskers, and jolly, fat faces. None of the men talked, much less sang, the way the French do.

At last these passed, and then came a splendid band of sixty pieces, playing beautifully, and then regiment after regiment of cavalry (not carrying nearly so much as the French cavalry do), but horses in excellent order, many very handsome. Lots of the soldiers were smoking great German pipes (such as you see in Brown, Jones & Robinson's). This was the army of the Crown Prince—less than a third of all that have come. They passed through Versailles, only stopping to mend the roads which the peasants had torn up. After these came artillery and baggage-wagons and carts of ammunition, more infantry, more bands, fifty pontoons on carts, more cavalry, then hundreds of soldiers on peasants' carts, which they had stolen, then ambulances and carts full of wounded (who were brought to our house and to the palace). They began to come at a quarter past one, and passed our house till half-past four; and I saw just as many more going by another road, where they passed till seven at night. I saw all along the street the people saying "Oh!" in such a sad way, and the women crying; and I noticed two French soldiers surrounded by little Prussians. One was a soldier of the line; he was crying like a child, all his arms were taken away; it was very sad. The other was a giant of a cuirassier, who stalked along in a most dignified manner, with his head up in the air, and hands in his pockets, looking as if he despised these dirty little fat Prussians, and was "merely overcome by numbers." He stepped along in a jaunty manner, and I couldn't help thinking how much he looked like that picture of Jones being carried off.

There seemed at times to be a hunting corps, for every man would have a fat hare or rabbit, and hens, ducks, pheasants, partridges, slung on his back. One man I saw with a live sheep, full size, over his back.

Only four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery remained here all night. They camped upon the Place d'Armes, and lit fires and cooked. Everything was in perfect neatness—the cannon and powder-carts arranged in order in a circle; horses all fastened inside the circle; soldiers all sleeping round outside. They took off their knapsacks, stacked guns, put their helmets on top of their bayonets, unrolled their greatcoats, and lay down, still having on swords and pistols, and their guns at arm's length. Thus they pass the night, rain or shine (no tents), and they look as hardy and strong as lions. Their discipline is something wonderful. I saw a drum-major tell his corps to stop drumming, and all did but one, who hit his drum with one stick after the others had stopped. The major rushed up and cuffed his ears, and took away his sticks, and then told the others to go on, while the crowd laughed.

All last night, till twelve (and long after, I dare say), there was a continuous rumble of carts and gun-carriages. In the evening the ambulances returned, bringing lots of fearfully wounded men. We saw them as they were taken to the Palace. In the afternoon, officers came to our house, and marked in chalk the names of the counts and generals, and all the rest of them, on the doors of the rooms they were to occupy.

To-day (Tuesday) the barracks are filled. You understand I began this letter yesterday, Monday, and am finishing it to-night.

I feel that this is the greatest sight I ever shall see, and enjoy it greatly. It alone is worth coming 3,000 miles for. Now, I don't wonder that the Prussians beat, since I've seen what soldiers they are. The people seem much less frightened, and more friendly to them than I supposed. Lots of the peasants can talk German; and when the Prussians halt, they chat away, and interpret to the eager listeners, who laugh and give them wine and water. One Prussian asked L. for some "schnaps." L. said he had some for the wounded, but none for him, and added, "There are plenty of schnaps in Paris," at which he laughed, and said "he would soon get it then." Lots of the soldiers asked us the name of this place, and whether Paris was fortified, and how far off it is.

I saw a young girl give a handsome Prussian officer some claret, and when she came back, an old man and woman called her all sorts of names and slapped her. There was a great row, and she fled with her sister. A Prussian patted me on the head as he passed. All the infantry are small men, and the officers large, tall, and very handsome and clean.

When they stopped, they seemed to have good dinners of bread, cheese, butter, sausages, and wine. In the evening they were very jolly; lots of fires flickered all round, the soldiers singing and smoking; many were milking cows they had stolen, and cooking game. It was all very pretty. The formal way in which everything is done is very curious. At every gate where officers live there are two guards, and every time an officer passes, these sentinels go through five movements with their guns. On all the doors of all the houses are marked, in chalk, the names of the men stationed there. To-day they laid a telegraph through the street, connecting every officer's house with the Mairie.

Wednesday.—To-day I got up at seven, and went down to the Place d'Armes, and found it filled with Prussians; some sleeping, some cooking, building fires, eating, grooming horses, washing cannon, and all smoking. There were but two tents, belonging to high officers. In front of one was a great swell dressing. He had two men waiting on him, and a guard pacing up and down in front of his tent, with a drawn sword. When I got there he was brushing his hair and putting on his cravat; a little French boy was holding a glass for him; he had a bright-red shirt on, and boots up to the hips, and large silver spurs. When I came back he had dressed himself, and his horse, a beautiful great black one, was brought up. His coat was covered with decorations, and he had a very brilliant sword. He looked exactly like Mr. T. S., and was a very big wig, evidently.

In the other tent there were two officers at a table, writing. They had about fifty bottles of claret and champagne piled up by their tent, and a guard by it.

In a little while all was bustle, but no confusion. All the cannon and powder-carts were arranged in numerical order; the horses the same; and every bucket and every pot was numbered like the cart to which it belonged. Soon the bugles sounded; every man jumped, and knew what he had to do. There was a ringing and rattling of chains, and the horses were fastened to the cannon; soldiers gobbled their last mouthful, strapped on their knapsacks, and in a few minutes everything was moving; officers giving their orders; the horses neighing; the line was formed, and off they went.

When I got home I found the ambulances just going off again, and Prussian officers giving orders about the rooms to be prepared for the Crown Prince, who was to arrive at one o'clock.

After breakfast the troops began to pass again in a steady stream: "The King's guard of honor" they were called. Some brought in prisoners—poor peasants who had made a faint resistance against their houses being pillaged, and horses, and cows, and sheep being stolen. They had fired on the Prussians, and were to be shot; it was very sorrowful. We heard that the Crown Prince had pardoned them, but it is not confirmed. Also, some noble Zouaves were brought in, and the crowd cheered them. L. saw a German boy with a French bayonet, and the people were laughing at him, and a little French *gamin* went up and gave him an awful kick; it caused much merriment.

About one o'clock came a squad of Hulans, with long lances and black and white flags. After them came men on horseback leading other horses, all very beautiful, and belonging to the Crown Prince. About two hundred passed—then the royal baggage, cart after cart, mostly painted purple, with a great gold crown. Amongst them were some carts which had belonged to the French. One of the bands had a brass drum with the Imperial eagle and "3d Zouaves" painted on it; the soldiers showed it to the people and laughed. After the baggage-train came a group of the most elegant and beautiful soldiers I ever saw, every one different; they came to get things ready for the Prince. We found he was to be received at the prefecture, which is a large and handsome building with a huge court in front and a black-and-gilt fence and gate, such as they have round the Park and Palace.

We went there at once. The *Garde d'Honneur* were drawn up in front, and a full band on each side of the gate. In a few minutes up galloped some hussars with great silver skull-and-bones on their hats, and all the troops presented arms. Then came lots of Hulans, and more death's-head hussars, and then the Crown Prince surrounded by his splendid and numerous staff. Gen. Sheridan was not there. The Prince is quite handsome, with large bushy beard and moustache. He was dressed like the others, and wore a cap such as they all wear, with a scarlet band, and he had lots of decorations and a large diamond star. They all had most beautiful horses and looked very kingly. It was a splendid sight; the bands all played a smashing tune, and the soldiers all presented arms. The Prince rode in front of them; then they marched into the court-yard and took possession (as it were), and the Prince and his suite dismounted and entered the house. There was a great crowd, and it was indeed a fine sight.

Next day he went to the palace on foot with two generals. Gen. Sherican arrived and has the room next to ours. I met him and his aid in the entry. He spoke to me in German, then in French, and then said, "Well, what are you?" He seemed to be pleased to hear that Americans are here, and was very communicative. He told me lots of news about

Metz and Strasbourg, and the Germans, all of which you know, however. He came to see grandpa, and is very nice and agreeable.

He says everything is laid waste the other side of Paris, and that they have been fighting at St. Cloud and Asnières; that first the Prussians would take something, and then the French would come out from Paris and retake it. He says Bazaine has no chance in Metz, and is now eating up his horses.

We now hear cannonading all the time. The Prussians look very blue to-day, Sept. 25. Troops are hurrying through, and we think they must have been beaten. The Prince left yesterday to see the King at Ferrières, and returned to-day. They have turned all the French wounded out of the Palace into the city hospitals. I saw lots of wounded Turcos; Aunt Mary went up and saw them and gave them chocolate. We have laid in plenty of ham and flour. We hear that butter will soon give out here.

Prussian swells drive about in dog-carts, with servants in livery behind them.

Later, 25th.—To-day there was a great review in the Place, only about 15,000 men, but it was very beautiful—a superb band playing. We saw the men all inspected to see if they were clean, and neat, and hadn't French real estate on them. Soldiers go off in hay-carts foraging all the time. Cannonading still goes on. We see balloons going up all the time.

Correspondence.

THE ANNEXATION OF ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to hand you herewith a copy of the *Weser Zeitung*, of the 13th instant, and to draw your attention to its leading article on the annexation to Germany of Alsace and part of Lorraine, as a condition of peace between that country and France.

I know that I speak the sentiment of many Germans in this city when I express to you, as I have long wished to do, my warm acknowledgment of the rare ability, independence, and justice with which, from the beginning of this grand struggle, your paper has interpreted the cause of Germany to the American public.

The only point on which a German can take exception to your views is that of annexation, and I confess to you that, when that question was first raised, I was inclined to side with you against such a demand, fearing that my native country would thereby be drawn into that unprofitable policy of conquest which we so much condemn in France, and which would justly wound the susceptibilities of such neighbors as Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Russia. A careful observation of public opinion in Germany, as expressed by their leading journals and numerous pamphlets published by their most eminent political writers, has, however, convinced me that the all but unanimous desire for the restoration of those provinces to Germany is not based on grounds which would justify such fears, but derives its strength from the earnest conviction of the necessity and the justice of that condition of peace.

You will observe that the enclosed article deals with the question only with a view to its political justice, leaving its more important feature, that of its necessity for the future security of Germany, for future treatment. As far as it goes, however, I think you will find the argument well put.

I will not pretend to change your own views on the subject, but I venture to suggest that, by translating such articles or stating their substance, you would further interpret to your readers the existing public opinion in Germany, and thus add to your claims on the gratitude of your German fellow-citizens.

I remain, yours, very respectfully,

GUSTAV SCHWAB.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1870.

[The argument of the *Weser-Zeitung* is ingenious, but not much else. It is in substance this: That Germany has not, as has been alleged, done, in the case of Schleswig-Holstein, what France did in the case of Alsace and Lorraine. Schleswig-Holstein is a German province, and what Germany did was to prevent Denmark making it Danish against the will of the people. Nor does the partition of Poland by Frederic the Great resemble Louis XIV.'s raid on Germany; but, supposing it did, the kingdom of Poland no longer exists, so that there is nobody to give back the plunder to. If the kingdom of Poland did exist, however, and it stood in the same relation to Germany that Germany now stands to France—that is, if the King of Poland had seized on Dantzic, Thorn, and Posen, and were besieging Berlin—the Germans would at once "acknowledge the corn" and give up the conquered provinces. (We confess we find this hard to believe.) However, the origin of the German title to Posen is far better than the French title to Alsace and Lorraine. Frederic the Great took part of Poland in order to rid his border of anarchy and confusion, and prevent Russia taking the whole, or, to use the *Weser-Zeitung's* words, "as a painful necessity;" while Louis XIV.'s seizures were naked robbery. (We also find this very hard doctrine.) But no matter how Prussia got her share of Poland, neither France, Austria, nor even moral England can decently call on her to make restitution. They have all done the same sort of thing. England, luckier than most of her neighbors, committed her principal rascalities at an early period, when men's nerves were tolerably strong, and when there was no European public opinion to condemn wrong-doing. Nobody defends her mode of acquiring Ireland, but what sensible man would call on her now to atone for it by handing Ireland over to the Fenians? She has atoned for it by giving Ireland a higher civilization than Ireland would probably have got of herself, and Prussia has atoned for her seizure of Poland by doing the same thing for her share of that country.

The main point in the argument, and, indeed, we may say the only strong one, is that whatever right to Alsace and Lorraine France may have acquired by prescription, Germany has for two hundred years respected. It has now been swept away by France's own wilful aggression on Germany, who may therefore lawfully fall back on her original right. In the whole article, however, we do not find one word with regard to the feelings of the inhabitants, although the consideration which weighs most with us, and, we presume, with the greater number of foreigners who are opposed to the annexation, is the hearty attachment of the people to France. They are Frenchmen in the only way in which men can really belong to a nationality, and that is through affection and tradition. To make them Germans, now, by way of punishing the robberies committed by Louis XIV., is to treat them like cattle that had been "lifted" by a moss-trooper. That Germany would be justified in doing it by precedent, we do not deny; but one of the advantages of being as strong as she is, is the ability it gives her to do without the support of precedents. As the world has hitherto gone, doubtless her demands are not unreasonable, and she may fairly be forgiven for not abating them as long as she is met with shrieks and war-whoops, poems and epigrams. But if France ever gets her senses back, and offers to treat like a rational being, most people will look to Germany for something better, by way of settlement, than the letter of the law. Still, we confess we think the Germans have won the right to do what they consider necessary for their own safety, and it does, we admit, amuse one mightily to hear gentlemen and ladies in New York and Boston telling men who have left wife and children, to be mowed down by the mitrailleuse, that they are unconscionable ruffians if they do not go straight home, now that Napoleon has fallen, and trust for future safety to the French love of peace and art and literature. Nor do we entirely appreciate the "library and museum" argument which is now coming to the front. We heard nothing about the libraries and museums of Berlin or Dresden or Munich from any quarter when the French started on their "promenade" last July, and we must protest against the doctrine that a people may go out to rob and murder their neighbors, and when they are foiled and driven home, and followed up by the strong arm of justice, seat themselves at their easels and writing-tables, and wail over the cruelty of tearing them away from their books and pictures. Art and literature must not be used in our day to furnish a shelter or excuse for the passions and practices of a barbarous age.—ED. NATION.]

MORE SENTIMENTALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notwithstanding the "sophistries" of my previous "feeble production," which I was unfortunate enough "so clumsily to manipulate" in vindication of Wendell Phillips's philosophy, I hope you will give me a chance to respond by a few plain truths to your ill-tempered criticisms on my communication in your last issue. Your wrath seems peculiarly excited by Mr. Phillips's generous condonation of President Grant's habits of intemperance, in consideration of the other great qualities he daily displays. I cannot wonder at it. Now, sir, let me a simple tale unfold. Why do you grow cool in support of Gen. Grant? Why does Wendell Phillips cleave to him closer and closer? I will tell you. You belong to that honest, doubtless, but small and cold-blooded class known as revenue and civil service reformers. This is evident, not only from the columns of the *Nation*, but I remember seeing your name as one of a little knot of conspirators who last spring met in Washington to organize a crusade against all that is peculiarly American in our political system. You are one of a clique of disappointed men. You thought when Grant was elected President that he was in sympathy with you. Mr. Phillips thought so too. Naturally, you then sustained Grant and Mr. Phillips denounced him. Day by day since that your party has been losing ground; day by day, also, the "Phillips philosophy" has been gaining ground. Consequently, the estimate each entertains of the President has altered. One by one your friends—men who would organize a government on a twaddling system of class examinations, or a petty knowledge of letters and figures, instead of a basis of generous instincts or services rendered to freedom—one by one these men have lost their hold on our noble President. He has come out refined gold from the furnace. Wells, with his miserable formulas as a substitute for the patriotic impulse which alone carried us through the war—he was dropped first. Would statistics ever have freed the slave? Hoar, with his intolerable brusqueness, which was an insult to every generous lover of equality, next followed; then came the turn of Cox, who thought to make a poor knowledge of the alphabet and the multiplication table a stronger claim for place than faithful services rendered through the heat and burden of many a close election—as though reading and ciphering had suppressed the rebellion! Next Fish is doomed—the slave of formulas and traditions, who alone stands to-day between our eager sympathies and the oppressed of other lands. As the President, with that "true patriotic spirit which holds him straight in the public duty the people desire he should pursue," as Phillips himself well says, has gradually sloughed off these barnacles on his administration, you naturally have grown more and more disgusted. Not so Wendell Phillips. He at last recognizes, to use his own words, "the man who reflects the sentiments of the largest number and keeps in the front rank." The gradual development I have indicated you will not deny has been the great characteristic of Gen. Grant as President. Mr. Phillips sees it, and refers to it in his own way when he said the other day that "Grant embodies the sentiments of the American people more fully than any previous President." Now, Wendell Phillips has no faith in your men of formulas and inductions, who would reason on that in regard to which inspiration should be our guide. He *knows* what is right, and does not need to investigate it. So, day by day, as he saw Grant fling off these remnants of an exploded past and put himself in close communion with the beating heart of the people, he revised his opinion of him, and has been generous enough to acknowledge it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

There is no man in public life to-day so acutely alive to the glowing instincts of his countrymen as Gen. B. F. Butler; there is no man in politics with whom, as is well known, Wendell Phillips is so closely affiliated. The two have long been in hearty accord; and, in fact, "the grim soldier of New Orleans" is the one Massachusetts statesman in regard to whom our great mentor has never felt compelled to utter a harsh criticism. Butler is now a power with the Administration. Boutwell, Chandler, and Morton are men of the same patriotic glow; the chosen advisers of the President, these statesmen are the natural allies of Phillips and Butler. Beaten as you and the formulists are at every point, and seeing the inevitable draw near, I do not wonder you scold at Mr. Phillips and attribute his altered estimate of the President to ungenerous motives; but all these noble men and women who believe in the heart as a safer political guide than the head will hardly share your discomfiture. With Secretary Fish disappears from the Cabinet the last of the barnacles; then at length, and that not shortly, we may hope to see a true American policy carried out by such statesmen as only America can produce, or, perhaps, our noble young sister republic of France.

Before I conclude, will you pardon me for saying that I sometimes wonder if the *Nation* ever appreciates an immortal name or utterance not two centuries old—whether it ever realizes the grandeur of the present times? In spite of the recognized critical ability which marks its columns, and a certain intimate acquaintance with causes and events which induce me to tolerate its shortcomings, I can never lose my sense of its lack of sympathy with the genius of the day. For instance, was anything finer ever witnessed than when Wendell Phillips's friend and our dear sister, Julia Ward Howe, stood up in New York the other day and uttered these immortal words: "Dr. Howe, my husband, once led a crusade against the Sultan of Turkey, flinging a heart of flame against the ice of the century. In like manner I, his wife, here declare war against Bismarck!" You sir, will, I know, carp and sneer at this; Bismarck will not! Count Bismarck is a man of profound sagacity and quick instincts; he will recognize, if you do not, the master-hand striking the key-note of the age; he will cower like the Assyrian of old when he reads this fearful *Mene, Mene* over against him upon the wall. And then to think that laws, the relics of slavery and barbarism, exclude the gifted being capable of this utterance from the halls of national council! But I will not pursue the theme; the cynical columns of the *Nation* are no place for such reflections.

In conclusion, pardon me for expressing the opinion that a few "Phillips's ideas run through the editorial brain" of the *Nation* will do no harm, even if they do come from one whom you sneer at as

A SENTIMENTALIST.

BOSTON, Oct. 29, 1870.

WARNINGS TO "A SENTIMENTALIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you not allowed "A Sentimentalist," in your current number, to practise upon you in the same manner as did that famous protectionist, "A Poor Author"? or did the same hand set up the pins and roll the ball? In the former case, it is certainly excellent fooling.

Respectfully, etc., J. P.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pardon me for warning you against the "Sentimentalist" of this week's issue. He is evidently an own brother to the "Poor Author" of last spring, if indeed he is not nearer than that.

Some of our "reformers" use strange arguments and strange logic, but surely not the most sentimental of sentimentalists would attempt to laud the object of his admiration in such sort as this. The man has no more admiration for Mr. Phillips than you yourself. Witness the quotation of this rare piece of egotism: "Well, gentlemen of the press, correspondents, and editors, I belong to a section of men whose example taught you about all you know. I intend to teach you a great deal more before I die." (I give you it as I heard Mr. P. deliver it).

He can only have spoken of Mr. Phillips applying the live coal to Mr. Lincoln in contempt of the former gentleman. If you doubt this, look a little further down, where he gives his idol the credit of "the present *reliable and satisfactory* Republican organization throughout the Southern States." The whole letter is full of similar dubious compliment, but this will suffice.

WM. HAMILTON.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Oct. 29, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE quarterly *Record* of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society is to be enlarged, beginning with the number for January next and the subscription price will be raised to two dollars per annum. It has steadily increased in interest from the first, and should have a commensurate support.——Messrs. Roberts Bros. have in press a reprint of "The Brahmo Somaj," the first and second series of lectures and tracts by Keshub Chunder Sen, edited by Sophia Dobson Collett; and the following books for the young: "Max and Maurice," a juvenile history, in seven tricks, with a hundred illustrations, and "Poesies for Children," selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell.——The publishing and bookselling house of Messrs. Oakley, Mason & Co. has removed from down-town to Nos. 142 and 144 Grand Street, near Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, and not far from the Appletons, on the same street.——A suit which we suppose to be a somewhat unusual one, and to have a general interest for the book-trade, has been brought by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. to recover a manuscript from Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. The plaintiffs allege that the author of the work had availed himself of their services and influence to secure certain advantages for his book, and had, moreover, entered into a formal contract to give it to them, a copy of which is annexed to the complaint. Notwithstanding this, they allege that he subsequently placed the book in the defendants' hands for publication, and that the latter, after a full representation of the facts in the case, declined to give it up. This suit is brought in the Supreme Court of Kings County.

—To the German, French, Italian, and Spanish periodicals which are already published in this city must now be added a Portuguese monthly newspaper, *O Novo Mondo*. It is of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, which has also supplied it with most, if not all, of its illustrations, and these will again be recognized as having originally appeared in the *Graphic*. When we look at the contents, however, there is visible an absence of padding and a variety of original matter which indicate an earnest purpose in the conductors. This is stated by the editor, Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, to be to help fix the attention of Brazil and, to a certain extent, South America on the affairs of the United States, not by furnishing current news but by discussing the principles, policy, and progress of this republic. He does not aim to Americanize Brazil or any other country, believing that each people and each race has a development of its own, and under Providence may reach the perfection of the highest. *O Novo Mondo* will advocate emancipation in Brazil, and in fact has an able article on the subject in this its first number, along with others on a university for Brazil, on Grant's administration, the European balance of power, on Cuba and Spain, on neutrality, on German unity, on infallibility; and there is a well-selected miscellany on the events of the day, and relating to the material prosperity of both continents. The book-notices are genuine specimens of criticism; there are biographical sketches of Uhrich, Trochu, Moltke, and Bismarck, whose portraits are given; and more particularly of Sr. de Magalhaens, lately Minister of Brazil at Washington, and of Hon. Henry T. Blow, our actual minister to Brazil; and altogether we must pronounce *O Novo Mondo* from this sample a very respectable enterprise, abreast of the times, and ably edited. We shall be glad if it can assist in giving strength to Dom Pedro's latest purpose to begin the abolition of slavery as the first need of the empire. That it will be a valuable medium for spreading still further knowledge in Brazil of the products of American invention and skill, already so popular there, we have no doubt. It will regularly appear on the eve of the sailing of the monthly packet *via* St. Thomas. Three dollars is the subscription price, and the place of publication, 24 *Times* Building, New York.

—As we have already announced, the *North American Review* is, hereafter, to be managed by Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, who, during the last two or three years, has been among its ablest contributors, and whose establishment at Cambridge as a professor in the college makes it now possible for him to assume editorial duties. For some three years these have been performed by Professor Gurney, whose recent appointment to the office of Dean of the College imposes on him an amount of labor which is of itself enough for one man's strength, and which, joined to the necessary labor of editing a periodical like the *North American*, is much more than the majority of men could well do. Most editors of American periodicals find half their work in the rejection of all except a few of the immense number of articles sent them for acceptance. Everybody believes himself and herself—and there seems not much reason why they should not—competent to turn out the ordinary magazine or newspaper love-story, or critical notice, or poem, or essay; but to get good writing for a periodical of the character of the *North American* must, on the whole, be about the hardest thing that an editor in this country can be called upon to do. The men able to write political, social, educational, philosophical, financial, economical, or literary articles worth the attention of the thoughtful readers who constitute the *North American's* public are so very few, and so very busy, that the task of getting out annually four volumes such as Mr. Norton, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Lowell have been giving us, is a task far more difficult than it would ever occur to most people to think. And it is true, too, that the people who read such articles are few in number, though each year there are more of them. Not much money can be made by the publication of such a magazine as the *North American* has been; and, of course, not much money can be expended upon it. The fact that, on the whole, it has been kept abreast of its English contemporaries, being better than they fully as often as it has been worse, is greatly to the credit of our American men of letters, who have wanted much of the stimulus which money, reputation, and influence have given their English brethren who write quarterly literature. Under Mr. Adams we expect to see the present enviable character of the *Review* maintained; and we hope to see its prosperity increased. It would be for the general good if the number of newspaper editors and newspaper readers who now see the *North American* could be doubled and tripled, for in all the country there is hardly another source of sound scholarship and criticism in literature, and of careful thought on the questions that should occupy the politician, legislator, and sociologist. To sociological subjects it is said that Mr. Adams intends the *Review* to give particular attention; and as the problems of the next few years of American politics are to be sociological rather than moral, and as for the last decade or so we have been moralists rather than sociologists, most of us may thankfully welcome the help which the *Review* will be able to lend us in the more intricate studies upon which we are just entering. Of absolutely new features, the new management contemplates, we believe, but one—a chronicle, quarter by quarter, of noticeable events in politics, literature, science, and art.

—"The most distinguished descendant of the men who, nearly two centuries and a half ago, founded the city of New York," is recalled to mind by the publication of Judge Charles P. Daly's address before the Century Club, in April last, on "Gulian C. Verplanck; his Ancestry, Life, and Character" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) In the limits of about sixty pages the writer has traced the descent of Mr. Verplanck and the salient features of his career, in politics and in letters, in a very interesting manner, and with something of the frankness with which posterity is supposed to make up its judgments and record them long after the event. Except in the genealogical part of this address, we do not find much that is new or that needs to be added to our notice of Mr. Verplanck's decease in March. In a literary point of view Judge Daly regards him, as a political satirist under the name of Abimelech Coody, as the "pioneer of a kind of writing in which Artemus Ward and other humorists have been so successful, where much of the effect is produced by the way in which the words are spelled, and in the clever imitation of the style of an illiterate person." He better deserves, however, to be remembered by reason of a single discourse in 1818, before the New York Historical Society, in which he both vindicated Las Casas against the charge of suggesting the substitution of African for Indian slaves—which had never been done before—and started on its journeying as a familiar quotation Bishop Berkeley's line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The judicial strength, and almost infallibility, of Mr. Verplanck is naturally dwelt upon by his biographer, who says of his "Essay on the Doctrine of Contracts as affected in Law and Morals by Concealment, Error, or Inadequate Price," which sought to introduce some modification of the rule of *caveat emptor*: "Having been engaged for many years, in the chief commercial city of the Union, in the discharge of duties involving the practical application of this legal rule, I am enabled to say that the law is coming round to the recognition of some of the very distinctions insisted upon in this derided book; and I may add, as the result of my experience, that, if a more strict and just rule had been applied, we should, I think, have had a higher standard of morality in buying and selling, without any diminution of our commercial prosperity as a people."

—By a coincidence of which we shall avail ourselves, there appears in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record* for October a discourse on Mr. Verplanck by Mr. Charles Henry Hart, before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, delivered about a month subsequently to Judge Daly's, but evidently independently of it, though there is much that is common to both. In the genealogy it is at once fuller and not so full as the latter. Mr. Hart, for instance, was not informed that Abraham Verplanck, the first ancestor, married his wife in this country, and in 1630. On the other hand, in enumerating the half-brothers and sisters of Mr. Verplanck, he names two sisters not recognized by Judge Daly. With the tone of a professional genealogist, he professes to have shown "each successive generation to have been a most worthy representative of its progenitor," while the character of the Abraham just referred to is conceived by the Judge to have been a sufficient reason why Mr. Verplanck never showed any disposition to write the history of New Netherland. Certainly, his connection with the massacre of the Indians at Pavonia was such as to make him a very disreputable ancestor, of whom to be said to be "most worthy" could only be regarded as a cruel compliment. There was, in fact, perhaps but one trait of his which his descendants did not lose from the admixture of other blood: his carefulness of his possessions, which no duties to the public or to government were allowed to diminish. Thus in 1655, says Judge Daly, "his name appears upon the list of those upon whom a compulsory tax was imposed for the defences of the city; and it may be mentioned as a characteristic, that it does not appear upon the list of those who had previously made voluntary loans for the building of the wall from which Wall Street takes its name." Mr. Hart tells a similar story of him in regard to his quartering English troops ten years later, when, although he had taken the oath of allegiance to the

English, he returned "the decisive answer, 'Cannot take any,'" and had to be assessed in consequence. Passing over his grandson Samuel, who saved his property by a delicate neutrality during the Revolution, and coming to Samuel's grandson, Gulian, we quote from Judge Daly for the last time: "He did little, if anything, during his long life to aid public objects by pecuniary assistance. I have never seen or heard of his name attached to a voluntary subscription for such a purpose." But he defends him, and with good reason, from Clinton's charge of avarice, shows that his fortune had been much exaggerated, and instances the large number of modes in which he was constantly serving the public without the thought of reward or return of any kind.

—The *Williams Review*, a magazine published at Williams College, has begun an act of publication which will strike most people as being, to say the least of it, in very doubtful taste. The editors have come into possession of a series of papers, which they look upon as having been the property of the late Professor Parker Cleveland, who for half-a-century was an instructor in Bowdoin College. It would seem, however, that in strictness these papers were never to be regarded as Professor Cleveland's property in any other sense than that he, as a teacher in the college, received from students in his charge certain essays which were written as college exercises, and which thus, with or without the good-will and consent of the writers, came into his hands and there remained. In all probability, it would be difficult for a collegian to prove at law his right of property in the manuscripts of such literary works as he had produced in obedience to the command of the college authorities; but it would seem that there should be a probability, indeed a certainty, that neither the college, nor any chance instructor in it, should ever be able to publish without the writer's consent the *puerilia* of any graduate, and especially of graduates who, by a lifetime of labor, have made for themselves and hold as their dearest possession a high reputation as workers in literature. Yet the *Williams Review*, having access to Professor Cleveland's papers, announces its intention of publishing the commencement "parts" of Longfellow, President Pierce, Hawthorne, Ephraim Peabody, Senator Fessenden, and other eminent graduates of Bowdoin, and has actually begun with a Latin essay of Hawthorne's. To do so is certainly to take a responsibility which most people would be extremely unwilling to take. One can imagine the acute misery of Hawthorne, say, or the sensitive Fessenden, or even of the sweet-natured and good-tempered Longfellow, at the thought of seeing in print the imposed task-work of his twentieth year. As of Tennyson's poet, it may be said of each of them, that for a generation

> "His worst he kept, his best he gave;"

and that, doubtless, he was nearly as anxious to keep back the bad, as to give us for our pleasure the good. And though it is not well for a man to care too much about such things, nevertheless it is hard on him to be dragged out of what he would assuredly consider a decent and desirable obscurity and reserve. We do not know that distinguished men are wise, or even have the right, to go the length of the late Mr. Edward Everett, and call upon their correspondents for the return of letters written in mature years; though how a correspondent so called on should justify a refusal to comply with the request, we do not clearly see; but in the case of the boyish performances of eminent men, we should say that nine times in ten even the most conscientious and curious investigators of the development of the powers of such men, get not the least really valuable help from listening to their imitative lispings and watching their untried movements; while to other people than these most curious investigators, the investigation is commonly the gratification of the idlest and most futile curiosity. We suggest to the editors of the *Williams Review* that the question for them to consider is not whether the victim can afford the disclosure they meditate, for usually he can afford it, or it would not be made; but whether, if he could have his way, he would wish it, and whether without his wish any one has any right to make it.

LUBBOCK'S PRIMITIVE MAN.*

THERE is a pleasant old story of an honest Scotch farmer, who, waiting for the laird in his library, took up the dictionary for pastime, and, when questioned by the great man as to the pleasure it afforded, replied, "Hey! they're bra' stories, your lardship, but unco *short!*" Something like this is the impression produced by Sir John Lubbock's amusing but rather chaotic work. In his attempt to furnish us data for the study of the laws of human progress, he has gathered from every quarter, with amazing industry and research, a mass of detached facts and observations on the dress, habitations, arts, weapons, customs, laws, superstitions, and languages of savage nations, which furnish an abounding wealth of material for induction, and for which the anthropologist may well be grateful. The induction itself is but faintly and imperfectly carried out; the body of the work is fairly open to Mephistopheles' criticism—

> "Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
> Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band!"

Only in the appendix is this deficiency somewhat repaired by the two papers read before the British Association at Dundee and at Exeter, in which the author, with great pains, but not very clearly or conclusively, develops his theory of the steady advance of civilization from the lowest to the higher stages, without noticeable periods of retrogradation. But whatever our opinion of his method, or whatever the assent we give to his conclusions, the facts presented by the author's unwearied reading of all the travellers who ever "walked, or flew, or swam, or ran," are in the highest degree curious and interesting, though the perusal of some of his chapters leaves the mind of the render in much the same state as if one had been living for a week on a steady literary diet of "Sunbeams," "Brief Jottings," or any other of those spasmodic and fragmentary columns which, under similar headings, adorn the daily journals.

Those who have groaned under the evils of what a contemporary calls the maternal-in-legal relation, will take a malicious pleasure in Sir John's quotation from "James's Expedition," that, among the Omahaws, "neither the father-in law nor mother-in-law will hold any direct communication with their son-in-law; nor will he, on any occasion or under any consideration, converse immediately with them, although no ill-will exists between them. They will not on any account mention each other's name in company nor look in each other's faces; any conversation that passes between them is conducted through the medium of some other person."

No less singular is the custom existing in Béarn, under the name of *La Couvade*, and among many races of South America, Greenland, Kamtchatka, China, Borneo, Spain, and Corsica, alluded to in Brett's "Guiana" in the following terms:

> "On the birth of a child, the ancient Indian etiquette requires the father to take to his hammock, where he remains some days, as if he were sick, and receives the congratulations and condolence of his friends. An instance of this custom came under my own observation, where the man, in robust health and excellent condition, without a single bodily ailment, was lying in his hammock in the most provoking manner, and carefully and respectfully attended by the women, while the mother of the new-born infant was cooking, none apparently regarding her."

In his chapters on Marriage and Relationship, Sir John Lubbock cites a variety of authorities and observations in support of his thesis that "the lowest races have no institution of marriage. True love is almost unknown among them; and marriage, in its lowest phases, is by no means a matter of affection and companionship." It would be tedious to follow him through the discussion of the various stages of polygamy and polyandry (or plurality of husbands), as of the various races which fall under the head of exogamous, or those who must marry wives from without—and endogamous, or those who must marry within—their own tribe. Many of his facts indicate at least a tendency on the part of primitive races to the state of communal marriage, or property in wives shared with all the members of the tribe. His discussion with Mr. M'Lennan as to the conclusion to be drawn from the actual or typical practice of marriage by capture, if it does nothing else, clearly establishes the fact that the idea of marriage—with us the most sacred, intimate, and tender of all relations—to the savage mind brought no associations but those of wrong and spoliation. The aboriginal wife was a victim and a slave, not an idol or a companion; and the Fifth Avenue bride, as she moves up the aisle to the solemn peals of the organ, blushing beneath her wreaths of gauze and orange-flowers, would sicken and turn pale if she could see her Australian prototype "stunned by blows, with clubs or wooden swords, on head, back, and shoulders," "dragged through the woods by one arm" over stock and stone, and left in the bush to recover from her insensibility as she may, the needful social pleasantness being restored by "a certain compensation price being paid to her relatives."

In strangely logical, but to us shocking, relation with this view of marriage stand "those curious cases in which Hetæræ were held in greater estimation than those women who were, as we should consider, properly and respectably married to a single husband. The former were originally fellow-countrywomen and relations; the latter captives and slaves. And even when this ceased to be the case, the idea would long survive the circumstances which gave rise to it." In singular appropriateness of contrast with the late excited discussion of the "social evil" is the following little bit of Indian history, which reads like a sketch from some Hindoo *Régence :*

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* "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

> "In the famous Indian city of Vesali 'marriage was forbidden, and high rank attached to the lady who held office as Chief of the Courtesans.' When the Holy Buddha (Sakyamuni) in his old age visited Vesali, 'he was lodged in a garden belonging to the chief of the courtesans, and received a visit from this grand lady, who drove out to see him, attended by her suite in stately carriages. Having approached and bowed down, she took her seat on one side of him, and listened to a discourse on Dharma. On entering the town she met the rulers of Vesali gorgeously apparelled ; but their equipages made way for her. They asked her to resign to them the honor of entertaining Sakyamuni, but she refused ; and the great man himself, when solicited by the rulers in person, also refused to break his engagement with the lady.'"

We spare the reader anything more than a hint at the chapter on Religions and Superstitions, from which, as we have suggested above, the student emerges, his head in a whirl with feverish visions of fetiches, charms, stars, idols, incantations, amulets, and the like articles of "bigotry and virtue," and out of which he is lucky if any clear thought or consequent conclusion remains. Very suggestive, however, although not, perhaps, very novel, are the passages about the savage who pummels or mutilates his fetich in order the better to get his will of him, or eats him that he may absorb his qualities. As an illustration of the firm faith of certain savage races in a future state, and their vivid realization of its close and immediate relation with this, the author quotes from Wilkes's Exploring Expedition an account of the Fijians which somewhat strains our powers of belief. The old people, he declares, believing that they shall carry with them, on their journey over to the awful Unknown, the same provision of bodily activity and vigor they possessed at their death, are anxious, on the approach of decrepitude, to be put out of the way as soon as possible ; and it is a high and sacred duty, which no good son will willingly entrust to any deputy, to preside at this friendly removal of his own parents. Thus, Mr. Hunt, on being invited by a young man to attend his mother's funeral,

> "Joined the procession, but, surprised to see no corpse, he made enquiries, when the young man pointed out his mother, who was walking along with them as gay and lively as any of those present, and apparently as much pleased. Mr. Hunt expressed his surprise to the young man, and asked how he could deceive him so much by saying that his mother was dead when she was alive and well. He said in reply that they had made her death-feast, and were now going to bury her ; that she was old ; that his brother and himself had thought that she had lived long enough, and it was time to bury her, to which she had willingly assented, and they were about it now. He added that it was from love for his mother that he had done so ; that in consequence of the same love they were now going to bury her, and that none but themselves could or ought to do such a sacred office! Mr. Hunt did all in his power to prevent so diabolical an act ; but the only reply he received was that she was their mother, and they were her children, and they ought to put her to death."

And the patient old lady was accordingly strangled in pursuance of this singular law of filial affection. After this, the quip about the lover who was so fond of his mistress that he wanted to eat her seems quite simple ; if we could add that the young lady was equally anxious to be eaten, the analogy would be complete. We cannot, however, suppress an emotion of doubt at the closing paragraph, that "so general was this custom, that in one town containing several hundred inhabitants, Captain Wilkes did not see one man over forty years of age, (!) all the old people having been buried."

The author's essay on language, in less than thirty pages, is, of course, hasty and crude ; though replete with ingenious suggestions, original or borrowed, it is, on the whole, an odd mixture of learning and whimsical invention. Where, however, he illustrates the impossibility for the lower savages of conceiving numbers higher than three or four, he gives a very droll illustration from Galton's book on Tropical South Africa, where the traveller, after describing the confusion of a Dammara savage at the stupefying calculation that two sheep at two sticks of tobacco apiece made four sticks, adds :

> "Once, while I watched a Dammara floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half-a-dozen of her new-born puppies which had been removed two or three times from her, and her anxiety was excessive as she tried to find out if they were all present or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them, backwards and forwards, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague notion of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Dammara, the comparison reflected no great honor on the man."

The author's essays in the appendix seem, as we have hinted above, a little confused in statement, and not very consequent in logical form. But without quarrelling with him about route or conveyance, most readers will probably land very cheerfully with him at his journey's end, namely :

That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors.

That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism.

That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves.

On the whole, the kaleidoscopic picture of human imbecility, cruelty, superstition, and brutal stupidity or insensibility presented by the volume before us is suggestive of reflections far too wide and pregnant for the limits of our review. A very lovely and gifted woman, whose name is now historical in the associations of the great war, used to say that before the broad solid ground of natural likeness and common humanity in all men and women, petty and partial differences of race or temper, habit or education, sank into insignificance. We must sadly confess that we rise from the perusal of this work with a different conviction.

MOLLOY'S GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.*

THE most remarkable feature about this little volume is that it is the work of a Roman Catholic priest—a professor in the College of Maynooth, the fountain-head of the faith in Ireland. It surely is not without meaning that, at the very time that the mother church is making a last desperate fight against the science of to-day, two of its ablest fathers—our author and Pianciani, in Rome—should be at work trying to reconcile its most heterodox teachings with the doctrines of the true faith. His first two hundred and seventy-nine pages are occupied by Dr. Molloy with a tolerably well-written account of the elementary teachings of geology. He evidently knows nothing of the science in an original way, but his training in exegesis has enabled him to ascertain and set forth the essential teachings of the great masters of geology with greater clearness than we find displayed in many synoptical works on this subject from the hands of professional geologists. Some mistakes there are, as when, depicting the life of the triassic time, he speaks of our knowing "foot-prints of birds at least twice the size of those made by the horse or camel." We have guessed at their bird-like character ; the creatures which made them may be, in fact, about as like a "horse or camel" as true birds. But the range of error in the statements is, as may be judged from our example, very small.

The second part of the book covers only about one-third the space occupied by the recapitulation of the history of the globe, yet it is the only part to which the author lays any claim to originality, and this he may fairly claim ; for, although it is in the main a restatement of the arguments which have been made for the correspondence between the geological and Mosaic record, by Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Buckland, Hugh Miller, and others, there is no doubt that it is on some accounts stronger than any yet made. Yet we cannot but believe that the source of the strength is something which shows the inherent difficulties in the way of a reconciliation of the Mosaic account of creation and that which is given us by the geologists. Of course, at the very outset of his argument, Dr. Molloy endeavors to show that the Mosaic word *day* means not the time of the earth's revolution, but some great division of time. This view is not at all improbable on its face, and we may acknowledge freely that the arguments urged for it are quite convincing. His arguments in support of the idea that there was an interval of indefinite duration between the creation and the first Mosaic day are also very ingenious, and do much to help us to clear away the more apparent difficulties arising from a literal acceptance of the Mosaic record. The infinite cleverness of the educated priest in dealing with all matters of interpretation is beautifully shown in all this preliminary critical work. It is worth reading as a fine specimen of clerical tactics of that difficult kind which can only be compared to the hazardous manœuvre of changing front in the face of an enemy. Under a fire of quotations from the heavy guns of the church—St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Victor, and much more of the best church ordnance—our author tries to withdraw the forces of the church from positions so long held in defence of the true faith, but which are becoming untenable under the attacks of heretic investigators, to other and stronger grounds for defence. The movement has been well made, but we cannot consider the line of retreat very well chosen. Our author makes the task of reconciliation easy by proving that Moses meant nothing like what his language must have been supposed by his hearers to mean. We do not think any one would maintain that a mortal ever thought that Moses meant something else than a day when he used the Hebrew term for that division of time, until the progress of geological science made it necessary to suppose that he might have intended to have it taken in some other sense. Despite the enormous patience and learning which have been given to the interpretation of this much-discussed chapter of Genesis, our author has not been able to find a single authority among the early fathers who has believed this word day (*yom*) to have the meaning which has been assigned to it by persons seeking to reconcile the Bible and the great stone-book. But at the same time, the accepted canons of criticism are in nowise violated in this interpretation ; and, if it would do away with our difficulties, we might accept it.

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* "Geology and Revelation ; or, The Ancient History of the Earth considered in the Light of Geological Facts and Revealed Religion. By the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., Prof. of Theology in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth." American edition. New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1870. 12mo, pp. 380.

Unfortunately, the greatest difficulties lie beyond this point. Having replaced the six days of four-and-twenty hours by as many æons, and beyond all of them existing matter, we then proceed to compare the modified scheme with the geological record. Our author tabulates the result by assigning the Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, and Devonian formations to the first and second days ; the Permian and Carboniferous, to the third and fourth days ; the fifth includes the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous ; the sixth, the whole Tertiary ; and the seventh day, or the day of God's rest, is the existing or Historic age. It is quite unnecessary to tell any geologist that this scheme has no foundation in fact. It may not be important that there is no sort of proportion about the duration of time of the several days, the first two taking probably twice as much time as all the others ; but, to have the scheme mean anything, we must suppose that the divisions between the sections made by this arrangement of the geological record must have some sort of importance. But a broad separation between the Devonian and Carboniferous, or between his second and third days, is one of the things of the old books of our science ; the separation is not more marked than between many geological periods of either set of formations. The separation between the other groups of formations which he takes to represent the other days are no longer believed by geologists of the present time to indicate the same great breaks in the course of events which it was once supposed they did ; on the contrary, each step forward in geological discovery serves to carry further the conviction that the great breaks which once were described as separating the stages of the earth's history were rather in our knowledge than in the facts themselves. Little by little the series of events has been filled out, until now it seems questionable whether any of the great events of the earth's history have been separated from those which preceded or came after them by sudden and extensive changes. The idea that we are living in a period of tranquillity which is only a calm in the midst of great convulsions is rapidly disappearing, so that we cannot hope that some other arrangement of the scheme for parallelizing the series of geological changes by sharing the periods among the "days" in some other way would be more successful than this we have just discussed. And after all it does not seem that the most devoted Christian need trouble himself about the question of the reconciliation of the Mosaic and geological records : there are many statements in the same set of books which have long since been abandoned as literal statements of fact, as clearly irreconcilable with known physical laws, without seriously impairing the faith of mankind.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

"Facts in Relation to the Expedition ordered by the Administration of President Lincoln for the Relief of the Garrison in Fort Sumter" is the title of the most noticeable article in the magazines of the month. It appears in the *Galaxy*, its author being Mr. Welles, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, and its object, or rather its result, being to show that Mr. Seward prevented Major Anderson's getting the effectual relief which it was Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Welles's purpose to send him. Mr. Welles charges, in substance, that had it not been for Mr. Seward's engagements with the Secessionists, the commander of Fort Sumter would have been reinforced and provisioned, and that the responsibility for the fall of that fortress rests not with himself nor with Mr. Lincoln, but with Mr. Seward, who, deceiving the President and overriding the Secretary of the Navy, rendered the expeditionary force of no avail. Precisely what weight should be allowed this accusation, which probably will soon be contradicted, it would, no doubt, be premature to say. It will confirm in their opinion of the late Secretary of State those people who think of him as a veteran politician, with more faith in his own manipulations of other veteran politicians than he ever had in political ideas or in the good sense and good feeling of the party which raised him to office and power. Such persons will see in this paper many things which will make them readier than before to believe that Mr. Seward neither respected nor understood Mr. Lincoln ; but that he was willingly and knowingly a traitor it would require more evidence than Mr. Welles furnishes to make anybody believe who remembers Mr. Seward's career, and can recollect the difficulties and uncertainties of the first winter of the rebellion.

The *Catholic World* has for its most interesting article, so far as concerns the literary reader, a translation by Dr. Thomas Parsons of the First Canto of the "Purgatorio." For the religiously minded reader of American birth, perhaps the most interesting article is a review of the book in which Dr. Kent Stone, some time a High-Church Episcopalian, gives an account of the way in which he became a Roman Catholic. "Prince Clement von Metternich," and a sketch of Rachel, and other articles make the *Catholic World* worth looking at.

Scribner's Monthly opens with a poem by Dr. Holland, who appears to very little advantage as a comic writer. In fact, nothing could well be more undesirable as family reading, by reason of its vulgarity, than this performance of the new editor of a magazine which has for its object to study the tastes and wishes of the average family. "A Day with Doctor Bowles" is a lively and pleasant account, by Mrs. M. E. Dodge, of the New York Juvenile Asylum at Fort Washington ; Mrs. Harding Davis writes the first instalment of one of her intensely disagreeable stories ; the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson takes up the subject of the tameness and weakness of sermons ; Mr. William Morris contributes a poem ; Mr. George Macdonald begins a novel ; Dr. Hayes has a story of Arctic adventure ; and, altogether, *Scribner's Monthly* serves as a good substitute for *Hours at Home* and *Putnam's*, which henceforth it displaces.

The November number of *Putnam's* is one which will make it less easy than other numbers have done for the admirers of this magazine to reconcile themselves to its departure, there being several articles in it which are pleasant reading. Miss Wentworth's anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln's hearing petitions are, if not well told, new ; Mr. Crane's essay on the Indian and Dutch elements of English, as spoken in America, is entertaining ; and the "Pilgrimage to Peking" is opportune.

Of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* for November it is not necessary to speak, as neither is different in any respect, whether as regards author's subjects or treatment, from the ordinary numbers of these magazines. Mr. Curtis talks agreeably of King William's predecessor and of Father Hyacinth's harmless Protestantism, and Mr. Howells has several very readable book-notices. Readable, too, is Colonel Higginson's "Footpaths ;" and Miss Kate Field's essay on Mr. Fechter's rendition of *Hamlet* will please that gentleman's most enthusiastic admirers.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1870.

The Week.

THE lull in military operations which prevailed after the surrender of Bazaine seems now to be fairly over, and the Prussians appear to resume the offensive in every direction, their forces in the field, as well as around Paris, having been considerably strengthened by detachments from the two armies, the First and the Second, which besieged and reduced Metz. The main divisions of the First Army are to operate in the North, besieging Thionville, Mézières, and the adjoining fortresses on the Belgian border, and advancing into Picardy and Normandy, and those of the Second to join the armies operating against Paris, Tours, and Lyons. Verdun is reported surrendered. The advance on Amiens and Rouen, suspended for a time, has been resumed. Some skirmishing has taken place in the western parts of Eure-et-Loir. The French forces on the Loire, consisting of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps and of the Seventeenth in process of formation, have been concentrated chiefly on the right bank of that river, in the vicinity of Mer, between Blois and Orléans, and, according to latest accounts, have fought a severe battle against the heavily reinforced army under General Von der Tann. The report comes from Tours, and states no result. Bourges seems to be more or less uncovered.

In the East, a severe engagement with no definite result is reported from St. Jean de Losne on the Saône, between Dijon, which was recently occupied by the Germans, and Dôle, the headquarters of Garibaldi. From the latter place the "special correspondent" of the *Tribune* continues to send mournful despatches, quite indiscreetly detailing the almost hopeless condition of affairs in that locality, as well as the despondent utterances of the Italian commander, who is far from meeting, on the part of the French officers and people, with that cordial co-operation which his zeal for the French cause so well deserves and the desperate state of things so urgently demands. Whether General Von Werder is seriously operating against Garibaldi and General Mihiel, who has replaced Cambriels at Besançon, with the intention of cutting them off from Lyons, and perhaps eventually forcing them to lay down their arms on the Swiss frontier, or whether his attacks in this direction are merely feints destined to mask a sudden advance westward, towards Nevers and Bourges, in co-operation with Von der Tann, our information is too scanty and too vague to indicate. If the report which comes from London be true, that south of Belfort "the French have been driven back beyond Montbéliard, the fugitives pouring over the border into Switzerland," the position of Mihiel and Garibaldi must become critical indeed in case of a combined and serious attack. It would certainly become untenable should a speedy surrender of Belfort and New-Brisach—which is hard-pressed, one of its outer forts having capitulated—allow the German forces now besieging those fortresses to pour from Alsace into Franche-Comté.

No active operations of any account have taken place around Paris since the fall of Metz. The news of this disaster, which was made known in that city on the 30th of October, was soon followed by rumors of negotiations for an armistice, and the exasperation of the *peuple* grew to such a pitch as to encourage Gustave Flourens, the cashiered but not removed commander of a Belleville battalion of National Guards, and other "advocates of the Commune," to attempt a *coup d'état* against the Provisional Government. The Hôtel de Ville, where the Government holds its sittings, was, on the afternoon of the 31st, surrounded and forced open by a mob, in spite of some Mobile Guards who defended it. Trochu, Favre, and even Rochefort vainly tried to make themselves heard. The Reds, having invaded the Council Chamber, immediately proceeded to hold an election of members of a Committee of Public Safety, throwing out bulletins to the people below. The names of Victor Hugo, Félix Pyat, Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Blanqui, and Rochefort were among those honored by the nominations, besides the name of the great Flourens himself, who had arrived at the scene of action on horseback, at the head of his battalion. The members of the Provisional Government were kept prisoners and roughly handled. About 8 in the evening, however, Trochu, Arago, and Ferry were freed by a battalion of National Guards, and by their exertions, which met with enthusiastic aid from every quarter of the city, Favre, Simon, and Garnier-Pagès, who for a moment were threatened with death, were subsequently delivered, and before daybreak order was restored.

Flourens and his associates, however, were allowed to go free, and publicly to continue their denunciations of the unfortunate Government of National Defence, who saw themselves compelled to appeal for a supreme judgment to a general vote of the people of Paris. This was rendered overwhelmingly in their favor, and ultimately emboldened them to promise a vigorous prosecution of all offenders against the public order. The real meaning of the vote, however, is a matter of conjecture, as the verdict may signify the readiness of the people of Paris to capitulate just as much as their confidence in their actual rulers. That scenes like those of October 31 cannot but render all sensible inhabitants of the city, who thus find themselves placed between the fire of the Prussian siege-guns and the no less dreaded incendiarism of the crazy "advocates of the Commune," more and more inclined to give up a resistance which, in any way, has such terribly small chances of success, while it is certain to inflict on them most extraordinary losses and sufferings—can, of course, not be doubted. And yet, while Marseilles and some other cities of the South are exposed to the ravings of demagogues inferior even to Flourens in character—witness General Cluseret and his gang—Trochu and Favre have rejected the overtures for an armistice made to them by Bismarck through Thiers.

These proposals for an armistice have been most profusely telegraphed about by reporters pretending to know all about the matter from the most trustworthy sources, and now and then speaking in the name of very important personages—such as Earl Granville, Laurier, the London agent of the French Government, and Von Kendell, Bismarck's secretary—and yet, after all, we know only that Thiers has been admitted to an audience with King William at Versailles, has talked a great deal with Bismarck, has seen Trochu and Favre, and has failed in his undertaking to bring about an armistice. Nothing definite concerning the terms offered and rejected by either side can be learned. Each side, of course, now accuses the other of stubbornness and disregard for the obvious dictates of humanity. The refusal of Bismarck to grant the revictualling of Paris during the suspension of hostilities and the participation of Alsace and Lorraine in the election for a Constituent Assembly, is plausibly reported to have been the main cause of the breaking off of the negotiations. The fixing of a *status quo* for the invading armies, scattered in numberless detachments over a third of France, and of the ways and means for their supply—when forcible requisition becomes impossible—must have formed another great difficulty in coming to an agreement. On the whole, it is likely that both some harshness in Bismarck's terms and the pressure exercised by the still threatening attitude of the Reds—at Paris as well as elsewhere—have contributed to bring about a negative resolution on the part of the French Government. There may also have been some difficulty in obtaining a harmonious concert by both branches of that Government, during the active continuance of the siege of Paris and of military operations against Tours. But, whatever reasons may have led to the result, we cannot but consider it deplorable, looking at it from whatever standpoint we may.

The agitation for "La Commune," and the confidence felt by the agitators that if they could only get "La Commune" something wonderful would happen, recalls very forcibly the humors of the first Revolution. "La Commune," however, is neither more nor less than the representation of the city in a general assembly composed of two or more deputies from every arrondissement, and the committal to this body of the powers now exercised by the Government of National Defence. It would be hard to say what are the grounds on which it is believed that this assembly would fare better than its predecessors in carrying on the war. What tells most in its favor is, perhaps, that it would be something new—for which, now that it has been found that the Prussians do not fly before the proclamation of the Republic—there is a not unnatural desire.

At the bottom of it is, however, also that curious, almost superstitious, faith in names which is one of the characteristics of all Sentimentalists, and which enables them, after having fastened on a name and grown excited over it, to deduce all sorts of metaphysical comfort from it, and have glowing visions over it, in which the facts of life count for absolutely nothing. Who, for instance, has not heard from the Sentimental platform in this country exhortations and arguments like the following, which Citoyenne Camille Bias addresses to her fellow-women through that tremendous paper, *Le Combat:*

> "The Commune—can it, yes or no, repair the faults of traitors and blockheads, and save France? Yes, the Commune can do so, because it will, because it is the people, and the people is all-powerful, having audacity—having, above all, love. Well, then, women, decree the Commune, and the Commune will be. Can you not go in a mass to the Hôtel de Ville and take possession of the palace of treason as our mothers took possession of the palace of despotism? You do not want guns; you have moral force; you are mothers, you are sisters, you are daughters, and you are citizens—march! If that does not suffice, you will gain it all the same; return to your homes; shut the door against him who does not return bringing with him the honor of the country. Cannot the people take what is refused it, when it is convinced that salvation is there? Courage during the battle goes for little: animals have it. What is necessary for republicans is civic courage. Citoyennes, repudiate those who have it not, and they will acquire it. No longer room at the fireside, no longer a place at the family table, no longer a place even beside the cradle of the new-born, for him who does not know his duty and his power, who does not exercise his rights. No longer a place in our esteem nor in our hearts. Banishment and contempt, these are our arms! They strike well; employ them. Close your doors, you soon will reopen them to see the triumphant Commune pass, and later, when we shall have merited it, Victory, bringing in its train universal peace and fraternity."

The financial affairs of the contending nations continue to attract increasing attention, though the advices, both by mail and cable, are meagre and unsatisfactory. The Prussian loan announced by the Barings has been temporarily withdrawn, which certainly, whatever the motive, does not look like weakness. Nevertheless, even the warmest admirers of the Confederation marvel how even Prussian administrative skill has been enabled to keep its gigantic armies in the field so long without a further appeal to its credit. But that the financial position both of Berlin and Frankfort is strong, is shown by the ease with which the recent Bavarian loan has been paid for in coin, one payment alone of five millions and a half having left the former city in one train of cars—a sum large enough to disturb materially our own market if withdrawn at once, in the midst of peace—a lesson, by the bye, concerning the difference between Continental banking and our own "high-pressure and small margin" system. Of the French loan, over one-third is reported to have been taken in France itself (ninety out of two hundred and fifty millions), and on the London Stock Exchange the new security is quoted, even after the failure of the armistice negotiations, at about two per cent. premium, which must be considered a fair success, considering the desperate state of French affairs, civil and military. In every other respect, the most gigantic war of modern times seems to leave the commercial and financial interests of neighboring nations as undisturbed as it does ours on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The *Tribune* has lately been calling attention to some very singular discrepancies between the telegraphic despatches received by the *World*, giving an account of a certain monster working-class meeting in London, which called for interference in the war on behalf of France, and forced the Government to put the troops under arms, and threatened the British monarchy with overthrow, and the accounts of the same meetings published in the London papers. According to the latter, the meeting in question mustered about 300 strong, and the proceedings consisted of speeches delivered from the top of a cab, interrupted by the vigorous and somewhat profane protests of the driver. We are also ourselves compelled to call attention to a very remarkable difference between the accounts given by a correspondent of the same paper and those of our own correspondent, of the proceedings at a meeting of the British Cabinet, at which the conduct of Bazaine in surrendering Metz was discussed, and at which it was decided that he was a traitor. Now, our correspondent was present at that same meeting, under the same table, and had procured admission by precisely the same means, viz., the presentation to Mr. Gladstone of a barrel of American pippins—and for veracity and acuteness of hearing he is certainly the equal of the *World's* correspondent. What he says is, that when Bazaine's case came up for consideration, so far from pronouncing him a traitor, it was unanimously resolved that he had defended himself to the best of his ability, and was entitled to the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. How this discrepancy is be accounted for we must leave it to the public to decide.

Unusual quiet attended the elections this week, and nowhere more than in this city, where the Government had made the amplest preparations to preserve order. New York of course went Democratic, though the city majorities were greatly diminished; and the Republicans have lost three Congressmen. In New Jersey, on the other hand, they have gained one, besides the State legislature, which ensures a Republican successor to the present U. S. Senator. In Massachusetts a very heavy vote was polled, and the entire Republican ticket elected. Mr. Phillips had no better following than the labor reform candidate last year, and has hardly succeeded in scaring anybody. Mr. Wilson is sure of being returned to the Senate. Mr. Jenckes, we are extremely sorry to say, was defeated in Rhode Island by the Sprague candidate, Mr. B. T. Eames, in spite of a very damaging charge brought by the former against the Senator of having sold arms to the rebels during the war. Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois have gone Republican, with apparently a loss of one Republican Congressman each. Minnesota remains Republican. In Missouri Mr. Gratz Brown is elected Governor, and the Democrats have the Legislature at least. Returns from the South are generally meagre. In Maryland and Delaware the Republicans were successful only in reducing the majorities of their opponents, even Mr. Swann being re-elected. The Republicans have carried Louisiana by a considerable majority, electing four Congressmen, and perhaps the fifth. The result in this city proves pretty conclusively that it is not the machinery which is to blame for the present state of our affairs, but the motive power. The result in Missouri gives the President a sharp and well-merited rebuke, by which we trust he will profit.

The newspapers of all shades of opinion, and in every part of the country, continue to denounce the arrangements which have led to Mr. Cox's withdrawal from the Cabinet with unsparing vigor. We do not, we repeat, remember to have seen so near an approach to unanimity and so much earnestness in the press on any similar subject. As might have been expected, too, the incident has given an impetus to the movement for Civil Service Reform for which, a year ago, no one would have ventured to hope. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the determination of the public is already strong, and grows stronger, that the party which has possession of the Government shall, with all convenient speed, place it out of the power of either President or politicians to permit the recurrence of such scandals as have caused Mr. Cox's resignation. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, in a speech to a great meeting of his constituents last week at Chicago, probably traced out pretty accurately the policy which the Republican party will, *nolens volens*, have to follow if it means to remain in power; and the leading points in this policy, according to him, are: 1. A return to specie payments, not by buying up bonds, or dreaming over impracticable funding schemes, but by contracting the legal-tender circulation, of which only a small amount would now have to be withdrawn in order to bring it up to par; 2. The reform of the Civil Service, by the selection of Government clerks and other employees by competitive examination, and their appointment for a fixed period or good behavior; 3. The settlement of the *Alabama* claims somehow—Mr. Trumbull thinks by the cession by England of the British provinces on this continent; but, for the bestowal of belligerent rights on the confederacy, which Mr. Sumner held to be the worst of her offences, he substitutes the deliverance of Mason and Slidell, the settlement of which by Mr. Seward he pronounces by implication unsatisfactory and improper, and declares roundly that the rebel emissaries "stood on precisely the same footing as contraband of war," and though it is now too late to go to war to revenge their rescue, some atonement for it must still be made by England.

We have given some reasons elsewhere for thinking that a demand of this sort will defeat its object, and render settlement more difficult than ever. There are, moreover, certain difficulties in the way of getting satisfaction from England for the *Trent* affair which were great when it occurred, and would now be tenfold greater. Admitting what Mr. Trumbull claims, that belligerents have a right to seize enemy's despatches on board neutral ships, in this case the despatches were not seized, but the men carrying them. Moreover, there is no belligerent right recognized in international law to stop a neutral ship and take certain things out of her, and then let her go on her way. There is not a shadow of authority for any such practice. Captain Wilkes was bound to bring the *Trent* into port, and submit her and her cargo to a prize court, which he did not do. Granting, too, that belligerent cargoes may be seized in neutral ships, can they be seized in ships plying between neutral ports, as the *Trent* was? Could a United States cruiser, for instance, have taken Slidell out of the English Channel steamer between Dover and Calais? And, finally, every foreign jurist and every home jurist who has discussed the question on purely legal grounds, has pronounced the seizure of Mason and Slidell a mistake on some ground or other. So that the proposition of the Chicago *Tribune*, on which it bases its agreement with Mr. Trumbull, "that the ministers, agents, and despatches of a belligerent on board a neutral vessel have from time immemorial been held contraband of war, and legally liable to seizure on the high seas," even if correct as it stands, does not cover, or anywhere near cover, the *Trent* case. Our own belief is that the real offensiveness of England's course in that matter lay, not in her view of the law, but in the violence and precipitation, and even eagerness, with which the Palmerston Ministry prepared to enforce it, before they had heard a word from Washington. But then, who is the statesman who will say that it is not too late to wipe that insult out in blood, or that it is wise to ask England for one of the last acknowledgments of defeat without having the smallest intention of fighting her? There is something positively puerile in making demands which no great power has ever conceded, except after a Sedan or a Sadowa, when our army is hardly sufficient for police duty or our fleet for revenue service.

There have been within the week indications of the way the tide is flowing, widely different in character but very significant. A meeting was held last week in New Haven, at which President Woolsey presided, and at which most of the professors of Yale College were present, as well as many of the principal inhabitants of the city, and at which a warm letter of sympathy, addressed to Mr. Cox, was read, denouncing, in strong terms, the condition of the civil service as the root of much of our political corruption, and expressing the fullest confidence in the speedy triumph of the reform of which he has been the first martyr. The occasion carries one irresistibly back to the letter which was addressed to Mr. Buchanan, thirteen years ago, from the same quarter, touching another reform, which has also since then achieved some success. The second sign is the selection of the "Politician," or "Man Inside Politics," as a subject for his lecture at Philadelphia, last week, by the Reverend Petroleum V. Nasby. The "Man Inside Politics" is a gentleman to whom we have paid considerable attention ourselves, and we may, with all modesty, claim some of the credit of having called popular attention to him as, probably, the meanest and most discreditable product of modern civilization. We now hand him over with delight to Mr. Nasby, and trust he will deal plainly with him, and—as we are sure he can't be reformed—help to kill him.

We are glad to see that the *Worcester Spy* finds it necessary to assert that Mr. Boutwell has no connection with him. We say he has; he is his half-brother, and admires him very much, and helps him greatly. Mr. Boutwell is an enemy of Civil Service Reform; he refused his coöperation to Mr. Fish and Mr. Cox in trying to introduce it, and cautiously withheld even any sign of sympathy with them, and gave the Treasury up to the politicians, and has all along allowed them to make it one of the principal scenes of their "sinful games;" that is, a place in which poor clerks are robbed and tortured, the country cheated of their services, and decency and justice outraged by a pack of knavish intriguers and jobbers; and in this system Mr. Boutwell believes as the "democratic sytsem." Now, don't let us hear anything about his "fidelity" in trying times. That is a reason for not visiting a man's offences severely; but it is not a reason for continuing him in high office to the public detriment. The Administration is not an hospital for veterans. It is rumored that he will have to resign, too, which is what he deserves, for having helped to turn out Wells, who is of more value to the country than twenty Boutwells.

Dullness reigns supreme in all the money markets at home. Stocks continue to be manipulated to some extent by a few of the leading professionals, after a reported reconciliation between the recent contestants, and a sharp rise is looked for. But the public stands aloof, buying neither for investment nor for speculation. Money in New York is easy; in the West and South a moderate degree of activity is visible, with some little signs of uneasiness. Cotton is coming forward very rapidly, and a large crop, from three and a-half to four millions, is confidently looked for. Under active foreign orders, based on the armistice, the price advanced, but has since partially receded. It is difficult to see upon what grounds a maintenance of present prices can be expected in view of so large a crop. Breadstuffs continue to decline. Gold has touched the lowest point since July, 1862. Mr. Boutwell is preparing to force his funding scheme upon unwilling markets, and will probably make mischief, and perhaps cause a revival of speculation in gold, which now seems dead. Real estate has been active and unsettled, but in the main lower. Very distressing accounts are received from California, where the real-estate bubble has burst sooner than elsewhere. Dry goods continue to decline. On the whole, the prospects of consumers generally are more encouraging.

The last number of the *Christian Union*, discussing "Our Judiciary," said:

> "The press is moreover apt to be carried away by local excitement into sweeping and unfounded censures. Thus, some years ago, during a temporary panic, Judge Clerke, who was one of the most thoroughly honest and independent judges in this city, was virulently assailed for discharging a person accused of murder, and at a later period—indeed, up to this very time—the *Nation*, which we consider as usually a model of temperate criticism, has constantly spoken of certain acts of Judge Clerke in terms which nothing but a suspicion of corruption could justify. Yet the *Nation* very rightly favored his re-election within a month after he had committed these 'outrages,' as did all the Republican papers in the city. The fact was, of course, that the editor had never investigated the matter, and denounced as an act of villany a proceeding founded upon law and justice, simply because it was attended with disagreeable results."

Now, we remember no time when we did not hold Judge Clerke in the highest respect; we have no recollection of ever having "assailed" or criticised him for any official act; we doubt, indeed, whether his name has ever been mentioned in our columns, as we have searched our files in vain for the slightest allusion to him. Moreover, we have applied to the editor of the *Christian Union*, without success, for a reference to any passage or passages in the *Nation* in which Judge Clerke was ever even spoken of. We are, therefore, reluctantly driven to the conclusion that "he has never investigated the matter," and has been accusing us of making very foul insinuations against the character of an upright judge by mistake for some other paper. We hope to see in his columns next week either a rectification or such citations as will enable us to apologize or explain or defend ourselves.

THE "ALABAMA" CASE AND THE CANADIANS.

THE *Alabama* case is now in a somewhat curious phase. Our readers may remember that the treaty signed by Mr. Reverdy Johnson was rejected for two reasons; one was that the machinery which it provided for the adjustment of the *Alabama* claims was defective; the other was, that the satisfaction proffered under it for the wrong done to the United States was insufficient. In other words, the mode of choosing the arbitrators was bad, and the work given the arbitrators to do did not cover the ground in dispute. The position taken up by the present Administration has been, indeed, one which all impartial observers, at home and abroad, concede to be sound, namely, that Great Britain owes not only full pecuniary compensation for the losses sustained by the operations of Confederate cruisers built or equipped and suffered to escape from her ports, but something more. Now, what is this "something more?" The failure of our Government to say frankly what this is, is what, at this moment, arrests the negotiations, and, possibly, the settlement of the whole question, for it may be that, on learning what it is, the British Government would concede it. It has been very curious to see how steadily everybody who has touched on the subject has refused to clear up this point, or do more than vaguely, and indeed darkly, hint at it. The claim that England must pay "consequential damages," on the ground that, by her concession of belligerent rights to the Confederacy—or, in other words, her declaration to her own subjects that a state of war existed between the United States and the rebel Confederacy—she worked all the subsequent mischief, has, of course, not been seriously maintained by any respectable authority, and the only result of its public production has been to give a slightly comic aspect, in the eyes of foreign jurists, to the American side of the case. But it is, nevertheless, admitted on all hands that the mere cash payment of the *Alabama* claims, which we believe England is quite ready to make, cannot and ought not to settle the controversy; but the thing which, over and above this, England ought to do, the present Administration, no less than the last, steadily refuses to state, and, until it is stated by somebody, England announces that she will make no further move. Nay, the delay has, if we are to believe the *Pall Mall Gazette*, produced in English opinion some symptoms of a withdrawal from the advanced ground which she occupied on this subject a year ago, the doctrine having begun to find favor "that the rule sought to be enforced against them [us] was a very modern and very doubtful innovation on international law; that the law of nations, regarded in its integrity, did not in any way impose on the British Government the duty of preventing ships of war, constructed by private traders, from getting to sea; that the general and public obligation which that law created was the duty of submitting, without complaint, to the capture and confiscation of such vessels by the ships of the United States." Whenever an American politician takes up the question now, however, it is generally for the mere purpose of going once more over the old allegations and proofs, with which ten years of discussion and iteration have made the public so familiar.

In the meantime, however, the men who lost their ships during the war, and to whom the *Alabama* case has, therefore, a personal as well as political interest, are getting old or beginning to die off, and, having been thoroughly familiarized by orators and newspapers with the nature and extent of their losses, and with the obligation which rests on England to make them good, and being constantly reminded that it is now the business of England to come forward at once with "the cash," and learning that England is ready to pay "the cash," some of them are not unnaturally anxious to get "the cash" in. But here the very newspapers which are most clamorous for "the cash" step in and say that the sufferers ought not to receive it except through the Government, and by virtue of an agreement with the Government. In this they are undoubtedly right. The owners of vessels destroyed by the *Alabama* have no direct claim on the British Government, and the losses they have suffered were also offences against the United States, the atonement for which it belongs to the United States to exact. But then there rests on the United States Government an obligation of the strongest kind, either to adjust and pay their claims at once itself, and then take its own time to exact reimbursement from Great Britain, or to push the settlement of their claims now with all convenient speed. It has no right to use the claims merely as weapons of offence, and, while making the world ring with accounts of the destruction of our commercial navy by English cruisers, treat the complaints of the owners of the navy as of no consequence. No prospect of advantage to the country at large through intentional delay in the negotiations will justify total indifference to the demands of the individuals whose losses really give our case most of its weight; for it is the extent of those losses which makes it worth while to hold England to a strict account. If the *Alabama* had sailed just as she did, but had afterwards done American commerce no injury, her sailing would certainly never have been made the subject of complaint against England.

Now, what are the causes of this unwillingness on the part of the Administration and of a portion of the press to define the satisfaction which Great Britain must give in order to close the *Alabama* controversy? They are two in number: one, which probably only actuates a comparatively small number of persons, is the desire of revenge. They expect that England will some day get involved in a European war, and that then the United States will have an opportunity of paying her off in her own coin; and we can tell the *Pall Mall Gazette* that nothing could please this class better, or serve its purposes better, than that fine old rule of international law, which it says is being revived in England, that the only obligation which rests on a neutral power with regard to the starting of war vessels from its ports, for the service of belligerents, is the obligation of submitting to their capture without complaint. If any power in the world has an interest in preventing the revival of any such rule, it is certainly England. With this class, however, there is little use in arguing. The impolicy of revenge, and the uselessness of nourishing revengeful feelings, and the essential barbarism of introducing revenge as a force into politics in our day, is too well known, and has been too often dwelt on, to leave any ground for the belief that those who take this view of the *Alabama* case do so through ignorance. We who believe that there are such things as principles in politics, and that they are not limited in their application to one country or one continent, have only one thing to say to these gentlemen, and that is to request them to refrain, for decency's sake, from openly preaching magnanimity and moderation and general utilitarianism to Bismarck and King William.

The second class consists of persons who hope that by holding out we shall get Canada eventually in satisfaction of the *Alabama* claims. In this class we believe we may include *Harper's Weekly* and Senator Trumbull. In mentioning these, we mention probably the two ablest and most respectable supporters of the scheme. Senator Trumbull has, in a recent speech in Chicago, set forth the undeniable advantages, political and economical, both to the United States and to Canada, of the annexation of the latter. In fact, it is something which anybody who knows anything of the circumstances of the two countries must wish to see brought about; but it is precisely because we wish to see it brought about, and that speedily, that we deprecate all advocacy of it on this side of the line in connection with, and especially as a penalty levied on England on account of, the *Alabama* case. It ought not to be necessary to point out to any man who has any familiarity with history, and has occupied himself with politics, that the cession of territory is regarded by all modern nations as a sign of defeat and humiliation. It is something to which no first-class power ever submits, except in exchange for something else, or as a terrible necessity imposed by irretrievable disaster in war. In the frantic resistance offered to it by the French, even in the throes of despair, we have a striking illustration of the horror with which it is regarded by the leading nations of Europe. With the feelings of the French about it, everybody who is capable of putting himself in other people's place—and anybody who is not ought to let politics, and especially foreign politics, alone—must sympathize. Now, Great Britain has not been defeated in war; she is, therefore, though willing enough to pay damages for the *Alabama* depredations, not prepared to submit to the payment of a penalty, and especially of a penalty so exceedingly humiliating as the surrender of territory. If Canada, therefore, be asked for as a penalty—that is, as something to appease an angry enemy without any reference to its pecuniary relation to the wrong for which it is expected to atone—it will of course at once bring into play the national pride and divers other worse passions, and then we may bid farewell for an indefinite period to all hope of a settlement of any kind.

There is one way in which the annexation of Canada to the United States might be made acceptable to England, and might be brought under that wise and just rule which *Harper's Weekly* applies to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, but apparently does not see the force of on this continent, and that is, its being demanded by the Canadians themselves. We have not a particle of doubt that if the Canadians called for a severance of the few remaining bonds which unite them to Great Britain, their application would be received by nine-tenths of the English public with open or secret rejoicing, and at once be acceded to. But it is just as safe to say that annexation against which the Canadians protested, men of all parties in England, *and more particularly the English Radicals*, would feel bound in honor to resist to the death.

What the Canadian feeling is on the subject we do not pretend to be able to speak of with certainty. We know of no trustworthy evidence that any considerable portion of the people as yet desire annexation, though we believe there is plenty of evidence that the feeling in its favor is growing, and that, if politicians on this side of the line will only behave with discretion, it will yet bear fruit. But it would be difficult to contrive a better mode of making annexation hateful to the Canadian people than for us to talk of it as a punishment for the commission, by England, of wrongs with which the Canadians had absolutely nothing to do, and for which they are no more responsible than we here are for the condition of Ireland. Annexation, on such grounds and under such circumstances, would not only violate all the rules which some of its advocates are now, with curious inconsistency, urging against Bismarck with regard to Alsace and Lorraine, but of several others of which Alsace and Lorraine cannot claim the benefit, and the breach of which would bring the Canadians more surely to the level of cattle, or, recurring to the original application of the term, to that of "blackmail," than any people in modern times have ever been brought. Canada is not part of England in the sense that Alsace and Lorraine are parts of France, and a more monstrous violation of right could hardly be contrived than would be involved in fastening on her the responsibility for defects in English foreign policy.

The delay in framing and producing distinct grounds of settlement in this controversy, and urging them persistently on England, becomes more and more discreditable to the Government and the public the longer it lasts; and what a proper regard to the interests of individual sufferers, to the dignity of the United States, and the interests of civilization and justice, calls for, has been, we think, well set forth by Dr. Bluntschli, in the article of which we gave a summary a few weeks ago, namely, compensation for all damage done by cruisers sailing from English ports, and the issue of such a joint declaration touching neutral duties as shall not only attest the illegality of the past course of Great Britain in this war, but settle the law for the future.

THE "POOLING" OF RAILROAD RECEIPTS.

"We learn that the three lines which carry passengers between Chicago and Council Bluffs have made an agreement to pool the earnings on through business between these two places, and divide them equally." This modest little announcement, taken from a contemporary devoted to railway interests, is deserving of more than a passing notice. It marks, indeed, the entrance upon a new stage of railroad development; whether for better or worse, remains to be seen. "Where combination is possible, competition is impossible." This aphorism, long ago enunciated, we believe by the elder Stephenson, is receiving new confirmation in this process of "pooling."

The last summer witnessed probably the most severe railroad "war" ever maintained between the leading trunk lines of this continent. It is greatly to be hoped that the public profited by it, for the railroads certainly have; though their lesson has perhaps been rich rather in experience than in money. The "war" broke out early in the season, and, as all business men know, rates between competing points tumbled down lower and lower, until they absolutely touched the zero point. For weeks cattle were drawn over the Erie and Central roads at a dollar a car on one line, in competition with a cent a head on the other. Fares and freights fell 50, 60, and 70 per cent., while the corporations seemed sternly bent on ruining each other. Considering who were the managers, or, rather, it might more correctly be said, the practical owners, of one of the competing lines, it is deeply to be regretted that they did not fight it out to the bitter end. No such good fortune could, however, reasonably be anticipated. One day in August it was intimated that the officials of the three great trunk lines were in conference, and on the next day competition ceased. A new tariff was then announced, the increased rates of which ranged between one hundred per cent. on first-class freights in general and fifteen thousand per cent. (the rise being from $1 to $150 per car) on live stock in particular. The conferring managers, however, did not stop here; being together, and in the mood, they conferred to some purpose. Long experience had demonstrated both the folly of "cutting rates" and the certainty that rates under the existing system were sure periodically to be cut. The moment there is not a glut of business for all the lines, that one which is least busy attempts to underbid its competitors, and thus begins a "war." Some radical measure only could put a stop to this. "Pooling" receipts, as it is called, naturally suggested itself. This certainly went to the root of the difficulty. By virtue of this arrangement, all money received for business done by any road between points of competition was to be paid into a common fund, or "pool;" this sum was then subsequently to be divided in fixed proportions among the parties to the agreement. Such a plan certainly held out small inducements to "cutting." Any road indulging in the practice would have the privilege of doing all the work in order to divide the receipts. It would not improbably be allowed to wear itself out without remonstrance while thus earning dividends for other lines, which could afford in the meanwhile to lay their own cars up in ordinary. The arrangement involved, in fact, a practical consolidation of all the great East and West trunk lines, and the creation of a united interest which was to control in close alliance some 10,000 miles of track, and in the neighborhood of $600,000,000 of capital.

This certainly has an alarming sound. At the same time, we are not clear that, even for the public, the arrangement would not possess decided advantages. It would, in the first place, effectually dispose of the existing system of railroad competition, than which few things can be more mischievous. Stability—something which eliminates the gambling element and renders calculation possible—is the first essential of a sound business condition. What with paper money on the one side, and railroad competition on the other, it is not easy to see how any legitimate business has been conducted in this country during the last ten years; there have been about as many elements of chance in trade as would naturally be encountered at the faro table. Few people realize how largely unregulated competition has contributed to this result. For instance, two years ago buyers would not go to Boston because the competition in carriage was wholly to and from New York, and did not extend into New England. During the last six months it has been just the other way; Boston has been the focus of the sharpest competition, and merchandise has repeatedly left New York for the East in order to find the cheapest road to the West. So, again, of all points out of the line of competition. Certain railroad companies have, as a regular thing, carried goods a hundred or two miles further to a competing point for less than half of the amount they exacted for delivering the same article at the nearer point not touched by another road Such a system of extortion is, of course, ruinous to local enterprise. It destroys all equality in chances. Anything, therefore, which replaced this wretched attempt at a law of supply and demand by an equable, regulated, and permanent system, could not be wholly bad. The combination suggested would at least establish a certain sort of responsibility—not the best, perhaps, but still better than nothing. Under the present system, no one can be held to any account; one line "cuts," or extorts, because another does it; a locality is ruined to-day and enriched to-morrow, simply because two or three men, over whom it has no real control, see fit to quarrel or be friends. No one controls; there is no defined objective against which public opinion can be directed—no one, in a word, is responsible. Now, in this country public opinion is the one thing which is all-powerful. Once arouse it, once set it going in a given direction, and no man, or set of men—whether owning three million slaves, or ten thousand miles of railway, or three hundred millions of banking capital—can long stand against it. If you wish, therefore, to perpetuate abuses, the best way to do it in America is to divide responsibility. One man can be held responsible; one hundred scarcely; a thousand never. Thus, our executives are generally much purer than our legislatures; for the one man has to stand up before the people and answer for his acts, while the many hide themselves behind each other. So of our judiciary; where the executive appoints its members, more care is always exercised in selection than when the duty devolves upon a caucus. What governor ever would have put a Barnard or a McCunn upon the bench? Not improbably, then, it would prove far easier to produce beneficial results when acting on a recognized and responsible railroad combination, no matter how powerful or widely ramified, than on the disconnected members of an unorganized system, each one of whom disavows responsibility, and, indeed, disputes its existence.

While all this is true, it must at the same time be conceded that the power held by such a combination would be a very dangerous one; it would, in fact, have its fingers around the throat of our whole system of internal communication. It could exercise an influence over trade, and levy taxes in a manner scarcely within the power of the Government itself. The character of the individuals in whose hands such a control over our fortunes seems likely soon to centre, becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest. This aspect of the case, it must be confessed, is most uninviting. We do not like to resort to strong language, yet none other does justice to the occasion. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and J. Edgar Thompson—here is, indeed, a trio in whose hands an enlightened people are invited to confide most delicate interests! The contemplation of them in this new capacity certainly puts a heavy strain on the confidence one entertains in the future. These men, however, actually do, and long have absolutely controlled all our great trunk lines. If the adage be true, that, when one class of the community falls out, another and more deserving class comes by its dues, we can only say that honest men must have been enjoying themselves very much during the recent railroad "war." Here they are, however—avaricious, unscrupulous, often dishonest, always unreliable—as discreditable a triumvirate as ever domineered over Rome; and the question is simply whether they can best be dealt with together or separately. We now incline to the opinion that the public could, on the whole, take them best together. Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. James Fisk, jr., have not hitherto been found very responsible parties; they have, however, been tolerated. They have made themselves popular through competition and reckless management; the public has felt that it could use them. Remove all this, and then see how long they would last. Let them appear as part of a responsible and oppressive triumvirate, let them levy taxes and regulate trade, let them then abuse their power and make our people really feel their presence, and let us see how long Governor Hoffman, or "Tammany" Tweed, or Judge Barnard, could preserve them in place. Perhaps they might still hold their own, and new "Erie bills" would guarantee them a quiet possession; perhaps Vanderbilt and Thompson would enjoy the share of odium and danger which their associates in power would force them to incur; perhaps the West would appreciate and share the quiet subserviency evinced in the East; all these things may happen, but, though Issachar be a strong ass, yet even his back may be broken, when made to crouch between *three* burdens, and he will be far more likely to kick if he clearly sees a particular tormentor at whom his iron hoofs may be directed with effect.

It is useless, however, to theorize about that concerning which we are destined so soon to have a practical experience. The "pooling" arrangement, as regards the trunk lines, fell through at the September conference. It did so from no objection entertained towards it in any quarter, but because one individual whose concurrence was essential insisted upon including personal issues in the general settlement. It is delayed, not abandoned. The preliminary experiment of the system may be considered as now going on in the combination referred to at the beginning of this article. All the parties involved in this case are concerned in the other, and combination is now fairly on its trial as a substitute for competition. One thing may safely be predicted. This, at last, must inevitably carry the railroad and transportation problem to Washington. Congress must regulate commerce between the States, or it must go unregulated. A body more utterly unqualified for such a delicate task could hardly be conceived; but upon it the work must perforce devolve. The inevitable may not be avoided; but a future, big with the result of an attempt on the part of the United States Congress to regulate and control our railroad triumvirs, is to the philosophic mind the reverse of assuring.

OUR MINISTER TO FRANCE.*

BERLIN, October 7.

THERE being no interesting news from the seat of war during the last week, the two reports of the negotiations between Bismarck and Jules Favre, published by the parties themselves, have formed the principal topic of political importance. The present French rulers stick to their illusions, while Bismarck occupies a very clear, matter-of-fact position, which appears all the more logical and refreshing in contrast with the dim clouds of French fine phrases, theatrical sentimentalism, and special pleadings. As these negotiations, undertaken on one part without any authority, did not lead to a practical result, it is not worth the while to dwell on them more particularly; but there is one point in them to which I wish to call your special attention. Favre says in his report that the representative of a great foreign power did not wait until the Provisional Government was set up, and that, for the purpose of entering into relations with it, that representative hurried to its cradle at the Hôtel de Ville. Favre adds that official discretion prevents him from disclosing the name of that gentleman; but his highfalutin expressions, and other facts since published, prove distinctly that the French politician alludes to your minister, E. B. Washburne.

I am quite at a loss how to characterize his conduct in this instance. Your Government is a neutral one; it is its wise and time-honored policy never to meddle with European difficulties, whenever it can help it, and it is its interest and duty to acknowledge any *de facto* government. If Mr. Washburne had done so after having received his instructions from Washington, he would have acted in conformity with his country's principles. Mr. Fish is quite punctilious in maintaining the neutrality of the United States; but his minister sees fit to go into the streets and to search for the new government to which he can offer his homage. It seems as if Mr. Washburne had wished to make his former position at the Imperial Court forgotten by his present zeal for a republic created by the grace of German bravery and the rabble of the streets, as sober Frenchmen like Thiers and Laboulaye themselves acknowledge. While Napoleon was Emperor, Mr. Washburne was one of his foremost admirers and staunchest friends; he even received invitations to Compiègne, which were usually only extended to full ambassadors, not to ministers; and now Mr. Washburne is most eager to win the good graces of a provisional government. He may say for his excuse that, as a diplomatist, he does not need to be, and cannot be, consistent; that the interests of his country outstrip his personal views and wishes; but, generally, people think that it is the first duty of a minister to preserve the dignity, respect, and credit of his government. Whether he has succeeded in this I leave to your readers to judge. As able and useful a public man as Mr. Washburne may have been in Washington, he is entirely unfit for a position for which he lacks the elementary rudiments, having no idea of the language, history, and character of the country to which he is accredited. Therefore, he shows an utter inability to appreciate stern fact and naked reality. It may do for newspapers, speculating on the irregular appetites of their readers, to extol a government, whatever may be its spirit, because it has assumed a republican form; it may be pardonable for a stump-speaker to appeal to the republican sympathies of his hearers, by glorifying as great men and noble souls the remaining partners and-successors of a bankrupt concern; but a good minister never confounds the appearance of things with their essence. If the republican form alone were sufficient to support a government, the Southern States in their rebellion would rather have deserved the admiration of Europe, as Jefferson Davis's constitution had many features which were an improvement on the old model.

Here, all thinking men are surprised at Mr. Washburne's simple forwardness, for they supposed that, as a veteran practical republican, he would know how to distinguish between reality and pretence. There was a significant notice the other day in the London *Times*, stating that General Burnside had left the Prussian headquarters at Versailles for Paris, to confer with Jules Favre and the American Minister. Bismarck has for some time taken it amiss that Mr. Washburne was so rash in entering into relations with the present French rulers, and that he remained in the besieged fortress while almost all other foreign ministers had followed the Government to Tours. The answer which Bismarck lately gave to Favre's wish for free diplomatic intercourse with Paris was directly aimed at Mr. Washburne. General Burnside, it is understood, has been requested to recommend to his countryman to keep himself in future within the boundaries of strict neutrality. The negotiations with France are only the pretext for the mission; the Prussians can and will better attend to that themselves. If no complications of a more serious character arise out of Mr. Washburne's conduct, it is owing to the friendly relations which the Prussian Government wishes to maintain with the United States.

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* [This letter has been delayed a fortnight, but has lost nothing in interest in consequence.—ED. NATION.]

If Mr. Washburne had wished to exert himself in a neutral field, he would have found ample occasion for doing so in the protection of those poor 80,000 Germans who were brutally driven out of France for no other reason than that they belonged to the nation which had been provoked to this war. He had seen in his own country the cruelties which, from 1861 to 1865, the rebels committed against loyal Northern men visiting in the South, and, consequently, knew by experience what heart-rending distress, misery, and starvation attended these expulsions in masses. In the present case, a neutral could help and benefit thousands of innocent families. There was even no actual intervention required; the energetic protest of the representative of the United States would have sufficed for a discontinuance of these mean French practices; and, even if the Empire had insisted upon them, the acknowledgment of the Republic under the express proviso that it should stop this mediæval barbarity would, as we have learned since, have had the desired effect. But Mr. Washburne wrote home for instructions, and, instead of interpreting them liberally, as he did in the case of the so-called Republic, he pedantically adhered to the letter, and washed his hands of his German clients. Writing home instead of acting at once was his great blunder.

Some of your readers may say that the American Minister had nothing to do with helpless Germans. Certainly not, if he had not charged himself with their protection. But having accepted the trust, the best interests of his own country were at stake. I know something about the currents of popular feelings, about national sympathies and idiosyncrasies, and for this reason I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Washburne's efforts in behalf of the Germans would have secured to the United States at least 100,000 more immigrants, and that the moral effect of an earnest appeal would have been invaluable. In ciphers and numbers, I value the loss of Mr. Washburne's sin of omission for your country at one hundred millions of dollars, while the moral damage is incalculable. In the life and intercourse of nations, moral powers are of as much importance, if not more, than the physical. Immigrants are just as much attracted by the republic, the *free country*, as by its fertile and cheap lands and its high prices of labor—perhaps more so. Each event which increases the consideration of the United States in the eyes of mankind is at the same time a great economical gain for the wealth of the nation. You hardly remember the release of the Hungarian Koszta, effected in 1853 by the threats of Captain Ingraham. I remember it very well, for I was a poor immigrant myself at that time, and I still feel the thrill of joy and enthusiasm which electrified all your adopted citizens. This simple act of a South Carolinian marine officer did more to make your country popular all over the world, and to attract immigration, than the combined efforts of States, governors, private associations, and emigrant-runners. The old Democratic party knew how to manage this moral propaganda and to keep up appearances much better. The more it submitted itself to the slave-barons at home, the more independent and liberal it appeared abroad. The Republicans should act for the sake of principle, and should thus win the sympathies of the liberals of all nations. It is their interest and duty to do it; but Mr. Washburne shows that one of the principal leaders of the party does not understand or appreciate either. M. Girardin, however, praises him, and M. Girardin professes to be a republican—the same man who, in full earnest, proposed to let loose the famished beasts of the zoölogical gardens of Paris against our armies. To be called a great statesman by such a genius is an honor of rather a doubtful character.

Friedrich Kapp.

Correspondence.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am quite at a loss to understand the significance of the two notes to yourself which you were pleased to append to my last communication. The allusions they both contain to "a poor author" are beyond my comprehension. I suppose they have reference to some previous episode in the career of the *Nation* with which I am not familiar. I certainly am not an author myself, nor have I any brother in that vocation. I am a simple professional man, with more time than occupation; with strong philanthropic tendencies, and a natural aptitude for the discussion of social and political problems. So much for myself, which will interest no one. I now pass to a more serious subject. Your correspondents seem to impute a degree of bad faith to my first letter. I am simply amazed. If there is one characteristic of our rich American humor more commendable than another, it is its honest freedom from deceit. Take Billings, Nasby, and the rest who do our national taste such infinite credit—they instinctively recognize the dislike their countrymen have for all such frauds as your correspondents coolly attribute to me, and when they deal with irony or ridicule they call attention to the fact by saying, "This is writ sarcastic," or "This is sarkasm," or words of like effect. This is honest. Your correspondents impute to me a base fraud, and you, sir, owe me an apology for printing their letters. When I deal in scoff and sneer, I, too, shall spell badly, and put up a sign-board to give notice of the fact.

One thing, however, is evident: I am carrying the war into Africa—preaching a gospel to the heathen. The "Phillips philosophy" will yet, through me, secure a footing even among the sceptics who seek nutriment from the *Nation*. Like my great leader himself, I too can submit to your editorial carping and to the incredulity of your correspondents, provided I feel that the good work goes on. I was grieved, however, to see that I had, through my first letter, indirectly occasioned pain to Mr. Phillips. Your brutal comments on that communication he referred to, in his speech of the 3d inst. in Boston, in these grandly Christian words: "I have tried all my life to discuss systems. A New York paper laughed at me for being philosophical. I suppose I am not, but I try at least to be above heads. I have been dragged down lately a great deal." Can you, sir, read this reproof, in all its gentle, patient humility—the love of brother-man breathing through every word—and not feel a pang of remorse? If you can, I do not envy you. For myself, I am made happy by the belief that he has since seen my vindication of him in your issue of last week.

Let me pass on. This last speech of Mr. Phillips, I do not hesitate to say, has elevated him, if that were possible, even in my opinion. Perhaps a little vanity mingles with my admiration, for Mr. Phillips now leaves the moral atmosphere in which he has nor peer nor second, and descends unto that material ground on which I feel that I have trod before. He devotes a large share of his remarks to the relation of capital to labor, and states principles not usually found in ordinary treatises, in the pure, crisp English of the platform. He bases himself on this eternal truth, never heretofore so distinctly stated:

> "What makes New England different from Old England and our civilization different from European civilization is, that when the working-man has paid his grocer and his rent on Saturday night, he has got a dollar left in his own hand. That dollar means that he is an independent man. It is a spring-board by which a class lifts itself to a better level. The capital that threatens that it will raise a million dollars and import 100,000 Chinese means to take away that dollar. Mark me, I don't mean to say that it has not a legal right to take that dollar away: I only say that, considered from the standpoint of civilization and Christianity and progress, the class of capitalists that undertake to take it away are doing perilous service to the state."

Standing upon this truth, Mr. Phillips need not fear Dr. Whately himself in arms; his head is right on the glowing heart of the people. At the same time, irrefutable as the proposition is, so far as it goes, Mr. Phillips still betrays the fact that he is new to the study of this class of questions. He either does not clearly see as yet, or he is timid; we miss the giant stride with which he wades through the moral world. Presumptuous as it may seem, I propose here to walk in advance of the great leader. In the passage quoted, Wendell Phillips told but half the truth. He never should have limited his proposition to the Asiatic. It is equally true of Celt and Teuton. But these—and here notice the nice use of language—capital does not "combine" to "import;" they came as our fathers came, and as the Chinaman is free to come if he sees fit. The point is well taken. It is the combination of capital which threatens to or does import degraded labor; this is what is wrong. It is wrong; but why limit it to man? Will Wendell Phillips falter and stop here? Not if I know the man!

A short time since I visited the large mills of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, at Lowell, in company with my friend, its superintendent. In one large hall I saw many busy girls at work earning a hard support. Presently I came to one corner of the room where stood a new machine, just imported from abroad, by means of which two men could do the work of fifty of those girls. The superintendent told me that he proposed to import other similar machines and thus reduce his hands. In the name of New England labor, I protested on the spot! Capital combining to import machines from England to do work now done by American hands! Where was "the Saturday dollar"? My friend at once saw the point, and hung his head—for he is a humane man—but told me that the capitalists who employed him, in an unbridled lust of gain, insisted on the change. In the name of logic and consistency, I call on Wendell Phillips to join with me in holding up to public execration the Merrimack Manufacturing Company and all those similar combinations of capital which threaten, through the importation of improved machinery, to take "the Saturday dollar" from any American hand. "The class of capitalists that undertake to do it are doing perilous service to the state." Talk of a few Coolies—"heathen Chinee"—one such machine as I saw at Lowell will do the work of a thousand of them and not cost so much as ten. If "the dollar" is taken, what matters it to labor whether the machine takes it or the Chinaman? Here is the evil deep down under ground, and our mentor but scratches at the surface.

No! We of the advanced school—the philanthropist friends of labor—must take new ground. Labor must be protected; capital must not combine to displace it. That machinery which enables one man to do the work of many which is here, is sacred; it is property, and we wage no war on that. But for the future, taking the ground we have in regard to the Chinese, a decent respect for consistency must exact of us, even if philanthropy did not, a stern resolve to denounce and resist every combination of capital which threatens to import labor, or the equivalent of labor, within the limits of Massachusetts. We have had enough of labor-saving machines, whether made of flesh and blood or of catgut and iron; all importers and all domestic inventors of such are doing "perilous service to the state."

On this platform do I place myself, and Wendell Phillips is pledged to stand by my side. He never yet has failed to walk up to the logic of his convictions, nor will he now. A Sentimentalist.

Boston, November 5, 1870.

[The omission here of all mention of the Chinaman's "natural right" to go where he pleases and earn an honest living, is dishonest, but characteristic of the school. We have received a most absurd letter from another Sentimentalist, demanding "belligerent rights" for Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her war against Bismarck. We are unable to spare space for it; but we must remind its author that Mrs. Howe has no army, no fleet, no ports, no prize courts, and has as yet given no such evidence of her ability to protract the struggle on which she has entered as would justify our Government in recognizing her as a party to a *justum bellum*. Should Bismarck, however, prove unable to subdue her by next summer, we think a declaration of neutrality on the part of the United States would perhaps be justifiable.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

We are informed that the University of Michigan has secured the library of Prof. Rau, of Heidelberg, a telegram from Ann Arbor having anticipated, by one day, a similar telegram from Yale College.

—A private letter lately received from Prof. Marsh, who is now in California, states that the recent unfavorable comments of several newspapers on the action of the Yale College scientific party in obtaining some Sioux skulls are entirely unwarranted by the facts. The few collected had been exposed to the weather for years, and some of them, at least, had been much mutilated by wild animals. In rescuing them from further destruction for the benefit of science, the Yale party merely did what every naturalist would have done under the circumstances.

—A writer in the Oneida *Circular* has taken the pains to collect from the catalogues of New England colleges the names of families that have graduated to the number of twenty or more. The list contains one hundred and fifty-nine such names, representing a large share of the intellect of the country, but it of course omits names quite as distinguished as any that it embraces. We have selected out of it the following names as being known to our national literature, either directly as authors or as speakers or writers for the press. A comparison of the whole list with Allibone would doubtless oblige us to include many others:

Adams, Allen, Andrews; Baker, Baldwin, Bartlett, Bigelow; Chapin, Clark, Cleveland, Cook and Cooke, Crosby, Curtis: Dana, Davis, Day, Dickinson, Dwight [all the Ds]; Emerson, Everett; Fisher, Fiske; Gould [the conjunction is purely accidental]; Hale, Hill, Holmes, Howe, Huntington; Jackson; Lee, Lord, Loring; Marsh, Mason, Mills, Mitchell, Morse; Nichols, Norton, Noyes [all the Ns]; Osgood; Paine, Parker, Parsons, Perkins, Perry, Phelps, Phillips, Pierce, Porter, Potter, Prentice, Putnam; Read, Ripley, Robinson, Russell; Sargent, Savage, Shaw, Smith, Spaulding, Stearns, Stevens, Stone, Storrs; Taylor; Walker, Webster, Wheeler, Whiting, Whitman, Whitney, Wilson, Winthrop, Woodbridge, Woodward, and Wright.

Of these the most numerous graduates rejoice in the name of Smith, and are reckoned at 214. The Adamses come next with 115, followed by the Clarks with 96, and the Allens with 82.

—The October number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* contains a suggestive article by Prof. Wheeler, of the Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.), entitled "Our Spoken English." It starts from Mr. Marsh's hint as to "the strain put upon the English language in this country by the use of the literary dialect for all purposes, by all sorts of people," and treats this topic mainly on the side of phonetic corruption in the language as spoken. The principal point made is that there is a marked tendency in our community to develop "a spoken English departing widely from its *orthographical* brother"—a tendency which shows itself chiefly in the attenuation of sounds. We all recognize, in his words, that "American elocution is less round and full-volumed than English." This fact he attributes partly to the climate, partly to the influence of colloquial forms and usages, which in any other country would remain pure colloquialisms or dialectic peculiarities, while we carry them at once into our literary speech. Evidently this cannot be avoided in a country in which the language of literature is used in daily life; if, therefore, these attenuating influences are powerfully at work, without adequate counteracting influences, the result must be as he indicates. Instances cited of this tendency are such expressions as "*I'd'now*" for "*I do not know;*" the identity in sound of *accept* and *except;* the loss of the European *r;* and the consigning all unaccented medial and final vowels "to the limbo of a universal *u*." The author fairly states the counteracting tendencies, and leaves it undecided whether these will in the end prove stronger than the others. It seems to us, however, that he fails to do full justice to the working of our common-school system in this direction. This elaborate system, with its normal schools and teachers' associations, works very powerfully in cultivating an excessive and oftentimes unpleasant preciseness in articulation—falling in in this respect with that national habit which gives us tō, pŭt, of*t*en, Wor*ces*ter, and Nor*w*ich. Mr. Marsh, indeed, in his lecture on "The English Language in America," holds that the Americans articulate more distinctly than the English, for the very reason that they are a reading people. Mr. Wheeler, too, calls attention to the fact that the English language in itself is marked by "increasing laxity in the pronunciation of the unaccented syllables, accompanied by an increase of accentual stress," the result of which is that "sputtering out one half the word, and swallowing the other," which Mr. Marsh speaks of. The special American defect seems to be not carelessness, but dulness of articulation—the contrast which Mr. Lowell points out "between the rifle-crack of an Englishman's *yes* and *no*, and the web-foot drawl of the same monosyllables in the mouths of my countrymen." This is no doubt largely due to climate; but it could, we believe, be largely remedied by careful training. If our elocutionists, instead of inculcating, with infinite pains, artificial systems which the pupil will be at no less pains to forget as soon as he sees what he needs in real life, would only teach him how to use his lips and teeth, they would do real good; as it is, they are generally useless, or worse.

—The "Rev. Mr. Pickering, of Squashville," whom Mr. W. W. Phelps so violently assailed at the last commencement at Yale for persisting in retaining his place in the corporation of the College, has published a very pungent reply in the last number of the *New Englander*, which certainly shows that, however ill-fitted the reverend gentleman may be to manage a university, he is no mean dialectician. "Mr. Pickering" says that Young Yale's charges, that the college "wants living connection" with the world without, is not true; that the professors have as much connection with "the world without," through their various social relations, as anybody out of Wall Street; that Young Yale's plans for pushing the college, such as getting celebrated persons to attend commencement dinners, and distinguished poets and historians to fill professorships, in so far as they are not snobbish, are futile, and have a savor of dry-goods "drumming;" then coming down on the two "Alumni" who have appeared for Young Yale in the *Nation*, and one of whom assailed the clergy as a class in an impudent and indecent manner, he castigates them severely. He says the clergy, *as a class*, will compare favorably with any other class in point of ability and attainments; that success in money-getting is not a test of ability; that the education of ministers is more thorough than that of other professions; and that their special studies rank higher than other studies. He alleges, moreover, that, according to Young Yale's own admission, the professional chairs are admirably filled, the college funds have been for 170 years admirably managed, and that better things than these Young Yale could not do; and he insinuates that, if it had its way, it would manage the college on a sensational plan, as "Mr. Barnum manages his museum, or Mr. Bowen his *Independent*." "Mr. Pickering," however, reserves his strongest argument of all for the close, and it is the only one which admits of absolutely no reply, and that is, that however much Young Yale may wish the ministers to turn out and let the Alumni in, the ministers will not do it, and that there is no power on earth, as long as the Constitution of the United States stands, competent to make them do it. The reverend gentleman here limbers up, but not before firing a parting shot at the retiring foe, in the shape of a suggestion that it would not be a bad thing if some of the reformers would make up a university fund of half-a-million dollars, present it to the college for general purposes, and elect trustees from among the Alumni to manage it. His medium of communication with the public is, we believe, Dr. Bacon.

—A correspondent in California, who is abundantly qualified to instruct us on the subject, says of our recent complaint in regard to telegraphic facilities, that "in general what the *Nation* says ought to be done is done, and has been done for years. Messages are constantly being received by mail at our office to be forwarded by telegraph (notably in the case of Idaho and China business), and as regularly enjoy the benefit of the mail on the way to their destination." We shall take the liberty of judging from our own case, however, that this fact is not so widely known as it deserves to be; and we believe the telegraph companies seldom get credit for the laudable attention to the interests of the public which is vouched for in the following further extract from our correspondent's letter: "Finally, when the party sending the message *makes no request* to have it mailed, and when the person addressed cannot be found, the delivery-office not only notifies the sending-office of the fact, but, in addition to this, *mails* a notice to the person sought, stating that a message is waiting for him at the telegraph office."

—At the recent meeting of the American Oriental Society in New Haven, full-size photographs, the gift of the Palestine Exploration Fund Society, were exhibited of the impressions taken in soft paper from the famous Moabite stone lately discovered; and these were supplemented by plaster casts of some of the smaller fragments. President Woolsey exhibited a photograph of a commemorative monument of the best period and highest style of Greek art, exhumed at Athens last year. Impressions of a Sanskrit inscription of the fifteenth century, found on a column in the Buddhist temple at Peking, were exhibited by Mr. Taintor, who described another, still older, that he had seen in another part of the country. A series of unpublished letters of Sir William Jones to the early Sanskrit scholar, Charles Wilkins, were sent in by Prof. Fitz-Edward Hale, of London, and are valuable as showing the beginnings of the study of Sanskrit by Europeans. Among the other communications of most interest were reviews: by Prof. Hadley, of the first part of Westphal's new Greek Grammar, and by Prof. Whitney, of Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations"—both unfavorable; and Prof. Packard's discussion of the proper mode of pronouncing Greek, his own view coinciding with that of Prof. Sophocles, who recommends the nearest practicable approach to the pronunciation of the ancient Greeks. The German Orientals celebrated on the 2d day of October the twenty-fifth anniversary of their society, and bestowed gold medals on its founders, Professors Fleischer, Pott, Brockhaus, and Rödiger, who also received on the same occasion orders of high degree from the Emperors of Austria and of Russia.

—Our recent announcements of English publications require to be extended to almost an equal length, and the addition will scarcely be thought inferior in quality to the first collection. The war on the Continent has not had the anticipated effect of rendering publishers cautious—it probably broke out too late for that—though the movement of the book-trade is as low as it has been at any time during the past three years of dull business. Among works either in press or just issued we select the following: Of travel and adventure: "Autobiography of an Indian Officer," by Major H. M. Conran; "Honduras, Descriptive, Historical, and Statistical," by Mr. E. G. Squier, of this city (published by Trübner); the Marquis de Beauvoir's "Voyage round the World;" an old story revived in "Some Account of the Mutineers of the *Bounty*, and their Descendants," with illustrations by Lady Belcher; "The Travels of Marco Polo," Col. Yule's new English version, which we have already announced, and which will be accompanied by original maps and other illustrations (John Murray); "Wild Men and Wild Beasts—Adventures in Camp and Jungle," by Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming; "A Hunter's Adventures in the Far West," by Parker Gillmore, better known under his *nom de plume* of "Ubique;" "After Ophir—Adventures in Search of the Gold-Fields of Eastern Africa," by Capt. A. F. Lindley, containing some sixty engravings; "A New Sea and an Old Land," being papers suggested by a visit to Egypt at the end of 1869, by W. G. Hamley, Colonel in the Corps of Royal Engineers; a work of the highest interest, which we shall owe to the Palestine Exploration Fund Society, viz., "The Recovery of Jerusalem—an Account of the Recent Excavations and Discoveries in the Holy City," by Captain Warren, R.E., and Captain Wilson, R.E., with fifty illustrations, and an introduction by Dean Stanley; and, finally, "Travels in the Air—a Popular Account of Balloon Voyages and Ventures, with Recent Attempts to Accomplish the Navigation of the Air," by J. Glaisher, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. It might almost be said that if the siege of Paris could suggest the yet undiscovered mode of aerial locomotion on certain principles, it would be remembered as a blessing to mankind rather than as a misfortune to France.

—In biography, let us begin with David Macrae's "Life of Napoleon the Third," which it is still far too soon to attempt to write, unless, as in this case, to be sold for a shilling; "A Biographical Dictionary of the Judges of England," by Edward Foss, F.S.A.; "The Correspondence of the late Earl of Elgin;" "Lord Byron, a Condensed Biography, with a Critical Essay on Byron's Place in Literature," by Carl Elze; "A Bible Dictionary of Biography, History, Antiquities, Geography," etc., by Rev. Charles Boutell; "The Memoirs of Alexandra Feodorowna, late Empress of Russia," from the German of A. Th. von Grimm, by Lady Wallace, in two volumes; and the following, all in Mr. Bentley's list: "The Life of Viscount Palmerston," by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; "The Life of Richard Harris Barham," the famous author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," by his son, Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham; "London: its Celebrated Characters and Places," from 1413 to 1869, by J. Heneage Jesse; "Confidential Letters of the Right Hon. William Wickham to the British Government, from 1794," by his grandson, bearing the same name.

—The most noticeable scientific works are these: "On the Etiology and Prevalence of Diseases of the Heart among Soldiers," a prize essay by Arthur B. R. Myers; "The Descent of Man, and on Selection in Relation to Sex," with illustrations, by Mr. Darwin; "The Student's Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, which ought to prove a very useful manual; "Primitive Culture," by E. B. Taylor; "The Longevity of Man, its Facts and its Fictions," by W. J. Thoms; "The Mollusca of the European Seas," by J. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., in continuation of his "British Conchology;" "The Transformation of Insect Life," from the French of Émile Blanchard, profusely illustrated (Cassell, Petter & Galpin); "A Dictionary of Sciences," by J. Farrer Rodwell and staff. The long-looked-for work on "The Talmud," by Emanuel Deutsch, is the leading theological publication; and we are to have, besides, Dean Milman's "Essays contributed to the *Quarterly Review*;" "The Revolt of the Protestants in the Cevennes," by Mrs. Bray; "Letters of Spiritual Counsel and Guidance," by the late Rev. John Keble, together with his "Miscellaneous Poems," and the third revised edition of his "Memoir," by Coleridge; a new translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," by Rev. L. Gidley. The following will also bear grouping: "The Schools of Painting in North Italy," by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; "Titian Portraits," being seventeen photographic reproductions of rare engravings after Titian in the British Museum; "Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland and Italy," in chromo-lithograph from sixty-four original sketches by C. C. Pyne, with a map of routes, etc.; "The Art of Sketching from Nature in Water-Colors," by Prof. P. H. Delamotte, with chromo-lithographic illustrations; similar sketches to accompany "The Riviera, from Cannes to Genoa," by the Dean of Canterbury; and "Pictures from English Literature," the text by Dr. Waller, and full-page illustrations by the most eminent artists in the kingdom.

—The English tax on journalism known as the newspaper stamp, which was abolished on the 30th of September, had outlasted more than five generations of men. The original act was passed in June, 1712, in obedience to a message from Queen Anne, who was disturbed by the seditious publications of the time. From fear of popular opposition, it was tacked on to a bill taxing soaps, parchment, linens, silks, calicoes, etc. It continued in effect for thirty-two years, and from the beginning was the cause of the untimely death of numerous newspapers. From one penny the duty was advanced by Lord North, in May, 1776, to three half-pence; in August, 1789, it was raised to twopence; in 1794, to twopence half-penny; in May, 1797, to threepence half-penny; and in 1815, to fourpence, which it never exceeded. In the reign of William IV., Sept., 1836, the duty was at one stroke reduced to a penny, and thus was inaugurated the era of cheap journalism. In 1855, the compulsory use of the stamp was abolished except for transmission through the mails; and, finally, at the last session, Parliament repealed the Stamp Act altogether. Some one will, perhaps, hereafter undertake to trace the effect of this act on popular intelligence as well as on the institutions of Great Britain.

—A writer in the *Evening Post* of October 19, who signs himself "Americus," has something worth saying on the subject of plebiscita. He says it, of course, apropos of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine as a result of conquest, and in reply to those, among whom may now be reckoned Senator Sumner, who think the annexation would be quite unjustifiable without first obtaining the consent of the inhabitants—in other words, without taking a general vote or *plébiscite*. The French form of the word, the writer implies, is the true one, inasmuch as this sort of vote is a French invention, and indeed is the peculiar device of the Bonapartes. In its essence, it is a political instrument, designed to give a show of popular sanction where there is no real freedom of expression. For this purpose it is taken simply by yes and no, without previous debate or public meetings, and sometimes with a rider attached, like the clause to sustain the dynasty in the last *plébiscite*. The whole official administration is employed to secure a majority for the Government, the value of which, as a test of public sentiment, when had, is shown by the immediate collapse of the Second Empire after it had just been overwhelmingly vindicated at the polls. The *plébiscite*, in short, is a badge of conquest, and must necessarily be so, in Alsace as in Savoy and Nice, and still later in the Roman territory. Finally, to the theory of the *plébiscite* "Americus" objects that the right of the majority to vote away the allegiance or independence of the minority, much less of posterity, cannot be established by argument. The United States, he continues, of all countries, is debarred from reproaching Prussia for refusing a *plébiscite*. Texas is not a case in point, as it was considered an independent state before annexation. But California was got by conquest out of Mexico, and without thought of a popular vote to confirm it; New Mexico was merely bought in, without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants; and above all, Louisiana was purchased outright, on grounds of national expediency, but by extra-constitutional power, without asking the late citizens of the French Republic whether they preferred to make the exchange of rulers. The same was true of Florida when acquired from Spain. As to the dishonor involved in the cession of territory, "other people besides the French," concludes the writer, "possess the feeling of honor, but they have never been asked concerning that point by the French."

FACTS.*

WE doubt much whether it would be possible to introduce into schools and colleges a more useful exercise than the writing of compositions with the view simply of making the distinction between fact and inference, a distinction which even very young boys and girls are capable of making, and which may readily be impressed on the mind of those who have neither the time nor the inclination to study logic. It would give a kind of training, too, which few, even graduates of universities, get now, except those who go into lawyers' offices and learn to draw pleadings—and, it is safe to say, the want of which has a great deal to do with the rise and spread of most of the fallacies and delusions which appear in the discussion of the various social and political questions of the day, and which in a country like this form the main difficulty in the way of good government. Hardly any Sentimentalist, for example, has the least idea of what a fact is, and of the difference there is between facts and his own assumptions; or, if you listen to his speeches and read his articles, you will find that he mingles the two things together as if they were, if not identical, equivalent. He often talks on for hours proposing plans of reform which rest on nothing but notions of his own, which he really believes to be facts. We pointed out two years ago some striking examples of this in Mr. Parton's denunciations of alcohol and tobacco, as where he says: "The main *fact* that this admirable person (Goethe) lived always unpolluted by this seductive poison, is a *fact* of some significance; but the important *fact* is that he *could* not have smoked and remained Goethe." Now, it *is* a fact that Goethe did not smoke, or, to express it in the Parton dialect, "lived always unpolluted by this seductive poison;" but "that he *could* not have smoked and remained Goethe" is not only not an important fact, but is not a fact at all; it is simply an assumption of Mr. Parton's, based on his general hostility to tobacco. To his mind, however, the fact and the assumption were of exactly equal value. So also, after mentioning that Jefferson never smoked, which is a fact, he goes on to say: "There is no trace of the pipe in the writings of Washington and Franklin—*probably* they *never* smoked; *so that* we may rank the three great men of America, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, among the exempts." Now, here he assumes that smoking produces a certain influence on men's writings—that he can detect it on reading their writings—and that there is no trace of it in the writings of Washington and Franklin; and each of these three assumptions he evidently considers facts, and draws his conclusions accordingly. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely, and we recommend any young man who wants to acquire habits of correct thinking and writing to take up as a useful exercise any of the articles or speeches of the school of social philosophers to which Mr. Parton belongs, and go through them, separating the real facts from the facts which are only guesses or inferences. He will often find the work not only very useful, but very amusing.

The book before us, though intended for lawyers, may be read with great profit by laymen, because it treats of facts as they have to be submitted to and weighed by jurymen—that is, by the average man of the community; and, in view of their aspirations, we also cordially commend it to the diligent perusal of the readers and supporters of the *Revolution* and *Woman's Journal*. It must be remembered, however, that no work which treats of facts from the Anglo-American lawyer's point of view can be considered, or is intended to be, a complete treatise on evidence, because, under our system of jurisprudence, the whole of the evidence regarding any transaction is never submitted to a jury, inasmuch as jurymen are not supposed to be capable of assigning their due value to any facts which have only a remote or indirect bearing on the case. What we call "the rules of evidence," therefore, are rules framed so as to shut out from the juryman's view all circumstances connected with the case, for the proper arrangement or weighing of which his training or mental capacity is deemed insufficient. In short, the law treats him not as a logician or skilled generalizer, but as a plain, blunt man, whose powers are very good as far as they go, but who cannot safely be burdened with many details. On the Continent of Europe, on the other hand, and in all countries in which the civil law prevails, everything that has been heard or seen about or connected with the case, is brought together with the greatest diligence, and piled up in a heap before the judge, who is supposed to be capable of picking out the truth from the mass.

When we come, however, to enquire what forms the basis of our rules of evidence for legal purposes, we find it is always a consideration of the various qualities of human nature, including its physical senses, its mental powers, and the moral weaknesses. In other words, when we come to examine the nature of any transaction of which we have had no personal knowledge, the very first thing we find ourselves called upon to do—except in cases resting on documentary proof—is to consider the goodness of somebody's sight or hearing, or his powers of observation, or his memory, or the strength of his moral principle; and if we do not know much about the man himself, we carefully collect our knowledge of other men and of ourselves, and, by the aid of the standard which we thus unconsciously frame, proceed to draw our conclusions as to the value of his story. Mr. Ram's book, therefore, though in name a law-book, is really a treatise on "the average man," and especially on the defects of the average man, for in weighing evidence these are the important things. For instance, as regards perception, we consider what are the things which are likely to deceive or confuse it; as regards memory, what circumstances, whether moral, or physical, or mental, or social, are likely to render it imperfect; as regards recognition, what are the conditions which make it difficult and untrustworthy. In like manner, in treating of length of time, of speed, or of distance, we are in reality always considering simply the witness's estimate of them; and here again the question becomes one of his capacity to judge of them and remember them. If a member of Moltke's staff told us that he saw ten thousand men defile past a certain point in a certain length of time, we should attach a very different value to the story coming from him and from a German peasant, although we might have the utmost confidence in the peasant's truthfulness. The question of the credibility of a witness, too, is largely one of character; but even after we have satisfied ourselves as to the man's character, we are still in doubt about his narrating power. He may mean to tell the exact truth and nothing but the truth, and yet defective power of expression, or nervousness, or inability to arrange facts in his mind, may make his story an utterly unreliable hodge-podge; or his imagination may have been so deeply impressed by the moral aspect of one side of the case that his very conscience gets a twist in the direction of falsehood, which accounts for some of the outrageous untruths sometimes uttered on the platform by reformers.

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* "A Treatise on Facts as Subjects of Enquiry by a Jury. By James Ram, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. First American edition. By John Townshend, Counsellor-at-Law." New York: Baker Voorhis, & Co.

Mr. Ram treats all these points from the legal point of view—that is, not metaphysically, but historically. The light he throws on them is the light of experience, or, as lawyers say, of practice, and he illustrates very copiously, indeed too copiously, for the examples drawn from novelists and dramatists may fairly be pronounced worthless. It may be entertaining to read about the effect of smoke in obscuring the vision, as described in "Guy Mannering," or of distance in affecting one's judgment of the size of an object, as described in "Gulliver's Travels;" but these are, after all, scientific facts, and it would be absurd for a student to go to Swift or Scott for the verification of them.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FOR OCTOBER.

THE October number of the *North American Review* opens with an article from President Woolsey of Yale College, reviewing Professor Mountague Bernard's "Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War." Dr. Woolsey gives Mr. Bernard full credit for "upright intention and prevailing spirit of candor and impartiality;" but as he some time ago passed judgment on the work also in the columns of the *Nation*, the present article is most interesting as an expression of Dr. Woolsey's own opinions on the various points discussed in the Oxford professor's book. These have, of course, been made known to a greater or less number through his work on "International Law;" and more recently by his lectures to the students of the Senior Class at Yale on the *Alabama* case, apropos of Mr. Sumner's speech, and since reprinted in a pamphlet form, but never, we believe, published. Dr. Woolsey is, with the exception of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., the only American of learning and character who has passed the *Alabama* controversy in judicial review. Able as were Mr. Adams's despatches—and there are few things abler in diplomatic history—they were, of course, the labors of an advocate, and Mr. Seward was always too turgid and uncandid to make anything he wrote worth study. Mr. Bemis wrote very ably too, but it was in a hot controversy with Vernon Harcourt. The other gentlemen who have taken the matter up have been howling politicians, on whose lucubrations no wise men, not to speak of busy men, will waste time. We are sorry Dr. Woolsey has written so little on this theme, but what he has written all thoughtful men may peruse with profit.

The only other article relating in any way to political questions of present interest is Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's discussion of "Congressional Reform;" the reform consisting in the admission of the members of the Cabinet to places in the Senate and House, so as to defend and explain their own wishes in regard to the legislation affecting their departments, and, indeed, to mould such legislation. Mr. Bradford describes with a great deal of force the chaotic condition of business in both Houses at present, and the complete separation there is between the Executive —which alone knows exactly what laws are wanted—and Congress, which supplies the laws, owing to the practice of leaving the proposal of legislation completely to private members, and the shaping and pushing of it to committees sitting in secret. He points out, too, what has not been much noticed in discussions of this question—the effect the change would have in making cabinet offices attractive to men of a higher class of talent than now seek them, though how such men are to get the places, or make known their fitness for them, except through minority representation, he does not make very clear. But the whole article is worth careful perusal, and is an excellent specimen of the compact and pointed style of treatment of political questions which, we are glad to say, is every day becoming commoner.

In one of the chapters of her very agreeable "Recollections of Seventy Years," Mrs. John Farrar speaks of a ride which she once took in company with her husband and Mr. Bailey, the Astronomer-Royal, in the course of which the two scientific men amazed her by talking for an hour together perfectly good English, of which she understood not a syllable. "The effect was very curious," she says, "of hearing people converse in English without being able to comprehend what they said." We suspect a majority of the readers of the present number of the *North American* will, once in a while, have much the same feeling in reading Mr. Chauncey Wright's review of Wallace's "Theory of Natural Selection." The subject, too, is one more interesting to the general reader than any other in the whole range of science; and the dabbler in science may properly be condoled with on the difficulties which Mr. Wright's style interposes between the amateur student of Darwin and what even an amateur student easily perceives to be a very acute and able discussion of Mr. Wallace's arguments. That the style is evidently a good one if the reader were only master of the writer's vocabulary, and that the essay is in many places intelligible even to the uninstructed, will increase, rather than diminish, our supposed reader's regrets and aggravate his botheration of mind. Still, one may know too little about the Darwinian facts and arguments and yet find this essay highly profitable reading—as, for instance, in the various and seemingly conclusive attacks on Mr. Wallace's unnecessary and truly unscientific attempts at isolating human nature by cutting it off from other organic life by metaphysical boundaries; or, to use Mr. Wright's own language, which in this instance is certainly plain enough, Mr. Wallace seems to his critic to have laid aside his strictly scientific method in writing the final essay of the book, "and to have devoted his powers to the service of that superstitious reverence for human nature, which, not content with prizing at their worth the actual qualities and acquisitions of humanity, desires to intrench them with a deep and metaphysical line of demarcation." And in this place, as we have quoted these words, we may quote by way of supplementing them these others: "It is unfortunate that the prepossessions of religious sentiment in favor of metaphysical theories should make the progress of science always seem like an indignity to religion, or a detraction from what is held as most sacred; yet the responsibility of this belongs neither to the progress of science nor to true religious sentiment, but to a false conservatism, an irrational respect for the ideas and motives of a philosophy which finds it more and more difficult with every advance of knowledge to reconcile its assumptions with facts of observation."

It is fair to Mr. Wallace to say that this essay Mr. Wright conjectures, with what seems much probability, to express views which are the results of an earlier and less severe training than Mr. Wallace's scientific labors have since given him. It is fair, too, to say that his metaphysical theories —which Mr. Wright disposes of with skill and with occasional touches of great subtlety and acuteness—Mr. Wallace keeps carefully apart from his scientific work, and that for this latter, as embodied in the volume under review, his reviewer avows his cordial admiration and respect. It is fair, again, inasmuch as we have said what we have about Mr. Wright's style holding his reader off from his subject-matter, to admit freely the difficulty, while suggesting the propriety, of an observance, whenever possible, of Joubert's precept for metaphysicians—that they should not, as too many of them have done, put common thoughts into metaphysical language, but should study, as almost none of them have done, to put their metaphysical thought into the language of common people. The day will be a good one for thought, literature, and instruction when—decency being saved—the very last is seen of the practice, once prevalent and avowed, of writing for special classes and schools and coteries. By which general remark we certainly mean no impertinence to authors like Mr. Wright.

The three last articles in this number of the *Review* are the most readable of its contents. Mr. H. W. Homans, a writer new to us, makes a historic study of the late French Empire which is not only opportune, but is unexpectedly good and interesting considering how extremely opportune, so to speak, that subject is nowadays. We doubt if there is one of the opinions advanced by Mr. Homans to which exception could now be taken and sustained, though, of course, it may happen that the flood of light which we may expect to see thrown upon the ex-Emperor's career and upon the lives and acts of his associates, may to some extent modify the views of the Second Empire which most intelligent people are now holding.

Mr. F. Sheldon's "Pierre Bayle" is a pleasant sketch of a man, the present condition of whose reputation and vogue would never have been believed in by our ancestors of the last century. Too little thanks we give to him and certain of his contemporaries—half-forgotten soldiers in a half-forgotten fight, for fighting which our obligations to them are greater than we often stop to think—partly, perhaps, because the warfare is still going on, and it is easier to look with contempt on the character of their equipments, the methods of their campaigns, and their conceptions, real and imputed, of the nature of the issues involved, than it is to recognize their courage and services. Mr. Sheldon's writing is lively, perhaps a trifle too lively, and too much marked by a liking for point and a willingness to make aggressive remarks, which seem better as epigrams and evidences of discontent than as philosophical conclusions which the writer could make good; but it is not disagreeable reading, and this particular essay is instructive and worth having. Professor W. F. Allen's "Theodore Mommsen" is also good reading, and may be taken, we should say, as a correct, able, and judicious estimate of the distinguished historian's character and qualities, and also a record of his intellectual life. Like everything else from Mr. Allen's pen, it is thoughtful, and gives the reader an impression of the writer's careful accuracy.

Hardly so much could be said of the article entitled "Methods of History," which is not free from vagueness, and which seems to us to want freshness. It has, too, along with better things, a touch of a sort of oracular dogmatism, or rather oracular generalizing, which, to our taste, is not very agreeable, unless there is behind it strength of thought and depth of insight such as is very rarely indeed vouchsafed to man. For instance, there surely are better things than these to be said as to the "methods of history," and a better way of saying them: "States are at once the theme and the organs of history." "Property begins with agriculture." "Historic man was born, according to tradition, in Western Asia, precisely where speculative ethnology would place him." "The ages are genetically as well as chronologically related." "The age of the Argonauts reappears in the Crusades." "Reflection encounters Imagination in the Gulf of Salamis, and puts a limit to his sway." When one thinks of the willingness of all mankind—and we suppose we must say the exaggerated willingness of mankind in America, where thorough training in the more abstract kinds of thought is comparatively rare—to substitute easy and sweeping generalizing for the patient thinking out of things, one cannot refrain from condemnation of such men of ability as do anything to encourage in any way the lower classes in the "orphic" school of writers and thinkers. We do not know that Mr. Emerson has much to answer for, or anything to answer for, in this matter; for we certainly suppose his style to be the perfectly genuine expression of the character of his mind. And he is a man of genius. But it is certain that we have a number of men and women amongst us who have followed him to their own destruction as writers and thinkers; who are oracular without the least inspiration, and who utter disjointed platitudes and crazy fancies because they cannot discern the truth of their master's thoughts nor the links that bind them together, and at the same time can see so much as that he does not employ a formal logic. These are the men and women who have solved the universe. There is hardly a male among them who has not seen in a vision and could not teach a mother of six children what is the place of maternity in the cosmos; nor a female of them who could not teach Solon the true significance of government. One of these latter the other day—or there is a mistake somewhere—preached "a nobler, more soulful, more emancipating sermon," though based on the misconception of the meaning of some Greek words, "than ever rang out from any Boston pulpit." In short, wisdom, and probably geniality and earnestness, will die with them. But they have never done an hour's intellectual work in the whole course of their lives: for their opinions in law, politics, philosophy, theology, science, or literature, no lawyer, statesman, philosopher, theologian, man of science, or man of letters would give two straws; and no reasonably sensible parent would think of entrusting to their care, severally or collectively, a schoolboy who was to be taught anything definitely, or to be anything better than a conceited and feeble intellectual voluptuary, imagining his dreams and sensations to be the product of sound and valuable brains, and fit for use in lectures. We would not for a moment say that these remarks are to be applied to the writer whose article has suggested them; on the contrary, he has on various occasions done good service by opposing and attacking their works and ways; but it is certain, we should say, that he is not wholly unvitiated by their example, or rather that of their infinitely superior exemplar. However, the school is not what it was. And that it may wane still further and disappear, devout Americans who are friends of real thinking and learning may rightly pray hard.

"English Aristocracy and English Labor," by Mr. Edward Brooks, who is, we believe, an old contributor to the *Review*, though we do not remember him of late years, is a telling article expository of the condition since the Conquest of the English laborer, and more particularly of the farm-laborer as distinguished from the artisan. Mr. Brooks is careful as to the sources of his statements, which are drawn in most instances from laws and other authoritative records, and of course the picture that he discloses is a most painful one. It is too undeniable that rural England is even to-day in great part pagan, and, as its clergymen say of other heathen regions, "full of the habitations of cruelty," and we doubt if there could be successful dispute of any of Mr. Brooks's darkest assertions, though it is altogether probable that the general gloom depicted is, as was necessary to his method, too wholly unrelieved. But it is useful to look at what he reveals, if only for the reason that perhaps some of us Americans habitually allow ourselves to be too despondent in contemplating our own political and social state. We may add, in objection to Mr. Brooks's view, that, as it seems to us, he insists very much too strongly on the theory that the oppressing class, to call it so, in the England of the last century has been and is "Norman," and the oppressed class "Saxon." The amalgam of Saxons, Britons, and Danes was oppressing and oppressed before ever William landed at Hastings. And it would be a wise ethnologist who should undertake to say what fractional portion of the blood of the English middle and upper classes—landholders, merchants, and manufacturers—is Danish, what Saxon, what Celtic, and what Norman. In presence, however, of the practical question of righting the wrong, the ethnological question becomes of no importance. Still, even so, that is another reason why Mr. Brooks might have left this theory of his out of his essay.

Companions of My Solitude. By Arthur Helps. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.)—Messrs. Roberts Brothers, in reprinting this volume, have given us the seventh London edition of a little book of essays which first became popular some twenty years ago. It is much to the credit of the reading public in this country and England that they have had so long-continued a popularity; for the writer of them is a truly estimable and likable author, and wherever he is read there will be heard the words of a most kind-hearted man; thoughtful, and indeed often an acute thinker, if not often a very profound or subtle mind; a man of scholarship, and a writer over all whose writing is shed the grace of thorough good-breeding based upon soundness of the moral nature, great charity, considerate tact, and elegant cultivation of all kinds. It has been said of him that he is a somewhat smaller Emerson, so far as Emerson is a philosopher instructing men in the ordinary conduct of life; and so it seems to us that Mr. Helps may with approximate justice and accuracy be described. It is true, to be sure, that Emerson, though Lowell discerned in him the Concord Yankee in very close union with the mystical Brahmin, never, even when talking to us with most of prudential worldly wisdom, has forgotten to obey his own maxim, and to

> "Hitch his wagon to a star;"

and it is true that Mr. Helps's wagon generally is moved by motive-power less celestial; and that to travel with him, no matter what his theme of discourse, is a very different thing from travelling with the companion and guide whom he so much admires. But for all that, there is a wisdom which they have in common. Mr. Helps's wisdom may often be very far from absolutely wise; but oftener than most moral and social essayists he is really something of a seer and an independent thinker; and certainly, if sometimes it happens that he shows a temper not precisely that of the seer, it is much more likely to be because of the exceeding kindness and merciful justice of his heart than because he is ever wanting in the patience and tolerance which are so apt to be wanting in ethical and social reformers. Indeed, the closeness and kindness of his sympathies, the obviousness of his not very powerful but still delicately strong sense of humor, and the trained capacity for social observation which has borne fruit in such sketches of character as the portrait of Ellesmere, for example, have no doubt been sufficient, and will long suffice to make him directly useful to a much larger circle of readers than it is probable that our American teacher will ever at one time reach. It is easy to imagine Mr. Helps a great favorite with thoughtful men, not much engrossed with affairs, but still interested in affairs, and liking thoughts on various social problems better than they like the labor of thinking on them without assistance. And still easier is it to imagine him a favorite with women of the best class, asking for goodness of heart in their favorites, and refinement of manner and suggestiveness of mind—women in some respects very like, and in others very unlike, Walton's famous milk-maid who loved poetry, and "had not yet attained unto such age and wisdom as to load her mind with cares for many things"—like her and unlike her in loving what is fine and refined, and in not having loaded down their minds with cares of many troublesome things, though to some such things they habitually attend. To such readers Mr. Helps should be dear.

That Mr. Helps has been of any service in the settlement of the many questions which he has discussed with so much good feeling, cleverness of manner, and ingenuity, no one is yet able to say. The influence of a man who writes out generous and beautiful feelings and thoughts—which are yet, perhaps, too generous and beautiful to be formulated into rules for speedy action—is, as he himself somewhere says, not easily calculated: because what such a man writes is valuable rather as, sooner or later, inducing in a certain number of minds, some of them unpractical and some practical, certain habits of thought which, by-and-by, perhaps not for generations, get themselves realized in laws and customs. But that he has thus offered for the consideration of his own generation many views and opinions which his contemporaries have at least been none the worse for contemplating; and that the world of letters owes him thanks for the skilfulness of his method of presentation; and that the world of manners may look on his example as serviceable to the best refinement, will not be denied by any one who has read "Realmah" and "Friends in Council," and this "Companions of My Solitude."

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
Abbott (J.), The Juno Stories, Vols. III. and IV	(Dodd & Mead)	$1 25
Art, Vol. I., No. 2, swd	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 25
Bible (G. W.), Franco-Prussian War	(Bible Bros.)	1 00
Björnson (B.), The Railroad and The Churchyard, etc	(Sever & Francis)	
Collins (Rev. W.), Virgil	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Catholic Family Almanac for 1871, swd	(Cath. Publication Society)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 46, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
" " " " " No. 47, swd	" "	0 50
Coxe (E. B.), Mining Legislation, swd	(Philadelphia)	
Cassell's Illustrated Catalogue, swd	(Robert Turner)	1 00
Colloquies of Edward Osborne, swd	(K. Tompkins)	0 35
Daffy Down Dilly and Her Friends: A Child's Story	(Loring)	0 75
Eastwood (Frances), Geoffrey the Lollard	(Dodd & Mead)	1 50
Furness (Rev. W. H.), Jesus	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Grosvenor (W. M.), Does Protection Protect?	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hope (A. R.), My Schoolboy Friends	(Virtue & Yorston)	
Hill (H. A.), Relations of Business Men to National Legislation, swd	(Boston)	
Hutchinson (Dr. J. C.), Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene	(Clark & Maynard)	1 60
Hart (J. S.), The Sunday-School Idea	(J. C. Garrigues & Co.)	1 50
Light at Eventide: Religious Poems	(Lee & Shepard)	
May (Sophie), Little Folks Astray	" "	
Norton (S. A.), Elements of Natural Philosophy	(Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)	1 75
Pare (W.), Co-operative Agriculture	(Robert Turner)	
Rodrigues (J. C.), Chrestomathia da Lingua Ingleza	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	
Robinson (J. R.), Explosions of Steam Boilers	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Rosengarten (J. G.), Civil Service Reform, swd	(Philadelphia)	
Reid (C.), Valerie Aylmer: A Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	1 00
Samuels (Mrs. S. B. C.), The Springdale Stories, 6 vols	" "	
Sewell (Miss E. M.) and Yonge (Miss C. M.), European History, Vol. II. 1088–1228	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 75
Tennyson (A.), The Holy Grail, and Other Poems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	0 50
Thompson (Rev. J. P.), The Theology of Christ, from his own Words	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Part 10, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 50
White (Hon. E. E.), Primary Arithmetic	(Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)	0 35
Intermediate Arithmetic	" " "	0 50
Complete Arithmetic	" " "	1 00
Wedgwood (Julia), John Wesley, and the Evangelical Reaction of the 18th Century	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 50
Zschokke (H.), Labor Stands on Golden Feet	(Dodd & Mead)	1 25
Zundel (J.), Christian Heart-Songs	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 25

Fine Arts.

AUTOTYPES AND OLEOGRAPHS.*

THE drawings of Michael Angelo and Raphael copied in these autotypes are from the University Galleries at Oxford. They are mentioned by Mr. Ruskin in his last lectures as Slade Professor there, and will serve him and his readers for reference again. The remainder photographs are from original drawings and engravings of Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden, exhibited last year by the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The Dürer section comprised nearly all the copper engravings, many of the principal impressions being of the highest excellence and rarity, according to Mr. Wm. Scott. The "Knight and Death," exhibited by Mr. Morrison, was purchased by him in 1868 at the price of £94.

The autotype process of photographic printing is said to differ from the method employed in the French "carbon" photographs made and published by Braun, of Dornach, and exhibited here last winter. The French photographs imitated more closely, perhaps, the texture of the original drawings, and their surface was more pleasing to the eye. The comparison is a fair one as regards the copies of drawings; as yet, no photograph renders successfully the look of impression upon paper by copper, wood, or stone. The wax-paper process which first copied Albert Dürer's engravings and Rembrandt's etchings a dozen years ago—Bisson being the photographer—did not interpose the look of a varnished or horny substance between the eye and the copied lines of the graver. The whole impression seemed imbedded in the paper, and recalled the similar effect of an engraving. In this way their now faded charms had an artistic value unknown to the more secure process of the "carbon" and the autotype.

In these renderings of engravings, some mistranslations are particularly evident. The photographic proof gives much shorter gradations, and darkens the blank spaces between the lines; so much so that there is a marked superiority in the copies of those originals distinguished by large open masses or spaces of white paper—as, for instance, the "Prodigal Son," by Dürer—or of such as depend in great part for effect of ornamental beauty upon the distribution or spotting of the lights and darks, as is the case with Dürer's "St. Christopher." In this way, the light proofs, which do not make such a distribution, look pale and flat beside the darker ones, which somewhat heavily accentuate the original intention. With all these disadvantages, the harshness of a translation in which are lost the more delicate and the fuller vibrations of the original execution, does not detract from those greater qualities which the photograph can transmit absolutely.

We need not dwell upon the abundant merits of the drawings reproduced. They are, however, in both collections, but accidental fragments, however precious, of the vast collection of European studies by the masters. In the engravings, we can see, all together, what the French call the "work" of Dürer and Lucas van Leyden; its complete and definite result; the sum and object of their fullest powers; their monumental brass, indeed. Very naturally, our references have been made in preference to Dürer's works; it is to their cheap multiplication that we wish to call attention, as to the main importance of these fac-similes. For Albert Dürer, from what were hard circumstances with him, put his main strength into his engravings; and no great art can lose less than his and be more exactly represented by photography. In such a way, photographs from his famous engravings are fair examples of a noble form of cheap art, which we could hope to see common—as common as the nature of good things will allow. His most personal creations live with a life not outside of natural, untrained appreciation, however rich in increasing interest they are as subjects of observation and study. Take, for instances, the "Melencolia" and the "Knight and Death."

It is not merely that such things give the only easy sight of famous and costly originals, that they offer us cheaply to-day what a few years ago was hard to seek, but that they are preservatives against the duration of meanness and vulgarism. Their superiority to the objects of our usual liking; a certain necessary difficulty in their appreciation; the happy fact that they must always be somewhat foreign, and that we must always put aside some prejudice when we wish to see them truly—in other words, that they never can be patronized—gives us, through them, a chance of avoiding the debasing use of art as a mirror for self-admiration. If the foreign god can only seat himself humbly alongside of the domestic idol, some fine day surely the latter will come to grief.

The same impartial publishers advertise also the "Oleograph." This "oleograph" differs from its brother and our old friend the "chromo," in some cases, through a certain lithographic flimsiness, characterizing, perhaps, its easy Italian manufacture as compared with the heavier Teutonic pretensions to honesty of the "chromo;" in other cases, the oil-paint impression rivals in thickness the oil-paint of hand-painted pictures, and, of course, imitates that look of paint quite well. The specimens published are copies of very poor Italian work, and of old paintings famous for extreme finish and inimitable drawing. They are "confidently recommended" by the publishers as "admirable studies for young artists"—a recommendation which seems to us all the more unfortunate that we were just about to ask why it is that the chromo-lithographic imitation of oil-painting is a type of everything in bad art that is most disgusting to the artist and to the cultivated. It is not because of any cheap democracy of the "chromo;" a certainly more democratic art, to which no aristocratic art objects, is the wood-cut. It is not because of the disagreeable appearance of a smooth, oily impression on paper, since, as a recorder of facts, the chromo-lithograph is well used in publications of art and archæology, where it copies tapestry, enamels, metal-work, etc., with success. Even for the poor drawing and bad coloring of the chromo all allowance would be made, were there no easier and surer means of obtaining records of fine originals. At bottom of this disgust we shall find the sensation of sham, of a swindle which disappoints even while it deceives—the uneasiness which one feels in the presence of pinchbeck jewelry. And this last comparison might explain why persons of doubtful taste have taken a fancy to the chromo, and have made much of it in print. Perhaps it may be well to notice how the absurdity of the chromo-picture lies in this, that it uses oil-painting to imitate oil-painting, being therefore nothing but an inferior and more mechanical method of applying oil-paint to a given surface. Now, oil-painting has its laws of method, the result of long experience, and some of its worst stages correspond pretty well with the methods of chromo-lithography. Hence the fatal success with which a poor painting is duplicated by the "chromo." And hence, besides his moral disgust, the aversion of the painter to the chromo-picture. He must often fear that his painting may possibly look like it, and his soul protests within him.

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* "Autotype Fac-similes of Drawings (and Engravings) by Albert Dürer, Lucas van Leyden, Rafaelle, and Michael Angelo: printed in permanent colors." London: Edwards & Kidd. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, Agents.

* "Oleographs, or Perfect Representations of Fine Oil Paintings after Old Masters and Modern Paintings." G. P. Putnam & Sons, Agents.

It is then quite open for any one to see why the chromo-copy cannot imitate a good painting. That it deludes those who do not know, or that, as Mr. Parton says, it gives him all that he can enjoy of an original, is a misfortune to be remedied by cultivation, but assuredly is no particular plea in its behalf. As much might be said in favor of hand-organ music. Unfortunately, also, the "chromo," being mechanical in the process of its printing alone, depends for all its art qualities upon the superior art of its workmen. They do its drawing and choose its colors. So long as its workmen are not first-rate, the one great thing which it could give us, accurate and sympathetic copy of the drawing and composition of good or great work, we are as yet debarred from. This it is not yet the interest of the publisher to give us, both because he must have cheap work, and because he must not interrupt the course of trade. Let us remember that the chromo-manufacturer is not called upon by his profession of making as much money as he can to elevate the taste of the public, and to give us a better article than we ask for. What his interest is has been well shown by Mr. Parton, who, with Mrs. Stowe, has done much for the literature of the subject, viz.: there was a worse thing which this is replacing—the manufacture of cheap oil-painting by the wholesale, painted in a way not dissimilar to the chromos, but very much more dingy and disagreeable in color.

The foregoing considerations, perhaps too grave, will not interfere with our purchase of "chromos." We shall, most of us who know better, even our artist-friends, doubtless, buy them for our children, our servants, or for some of our acquaintance. To quote the artist in Mrs. Oliphant's last novel: "There's my brother, who doesn't know the difference. I shall buy him some of those vile chromos."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1870.

The Week.

THE French have finally had their first victory in the field. The contest was severe, and its fruit was the retaking of Orléans, which General D'Aurelles de Paladines entered on the 10th inst. There seems to have been no pitched battle, but a series of minor engagements, fought chiefly on the north bank of the Loire, near Coulmiers, west of Orléans, a place which a learned Cable telegrapher took pains to inform us was not identical with Coulommiers, between Paris and Châlons. Our transatlantic instructors are, however, less precise in imparting chronological information, for the closest examination of the many contradictory statements sent us about the "two days' battle" fails definitively to settle the question whether the struggle took place on the 8th and 9th, or on the 9th and 10th, though we are inclined to decide in favor of the earlier dates. That the statements concerning the losses on both sides are equally contradictory, nobody will find surprising, received, as they are, from the opposite camps. The victorious General states his aggregate losses in killed and wounded to be less than two thousand, "while those of the enemy are much larger." The defeated General, Von der Tann, acknowledges—in regard to both days, we presume, though but one is distinctly mentioned—only a loss, in killed and wounded, of "forty-two officers and six hundred and sixty-seven men"—which is a rather unusual proportion between officers and men, if the figures be correctly rendered. He has, however, lost besides—which the published Prussian bulletin does not state—about two thousand prisoners and two pieces of cannon.

That the Prussians, in their fight and retreat, lost no more than two pieces of cannon—according to the French General's own statement—is a sufficient proof that they suffered no signal defeat, and that the wild stories of victory which filled the Tours journals were but the natural and, under the circumstances, pardonable exaggerations of patriotic fancy. The good people of Tours, of course, expected the victor to march directly on Versailles, there to break through the lines of the besieging army before Paris, and to form his junction with Trochu, who was to sally forth at the head of 150,000 men. But Von der Tann was, immediately after the evacuation of Orléans, reinforced by troops under General Wittich, Prince Albrecht, and the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and D'Aurelles de Paladines advanced in his pursuit only as far as Chevilly, a few miles from Orléans, where he seems to have occupied a naturally strong defensive position. The comparative or absolute strength of the two armies, as it was before the first encounter, or as it is likely to be in the next struggle—which is said to be imminent—cannot be ascertained from the scanty and untrustworthy data before us. We do not believe, however, we run much risk of error in asserting that, at this writing, neither army can fall much short of, or by much exceed, the number of one hundred thousand. Reinforcements are hurried on from both sides, and both armies may be expected to fight well next time. The *élan* evinced by the French troops in the fights around Coulmiers is extolled by their commander, and the rigor with which he has endeavored to create discipline is the theme of many a correspondent. If the "Army of the Loire" has finally become a reality, it is the merit of D'Aurelles de Paladines.

In the East, the French have been much less successful. The repeated reports of successes achieved by Garibaldi or others in the Department of Doubs have proved to be inventions; and the whole region, with the exception, as it seems, of Besançon, has been abandoned to the invaders, who successively captured Montbéliard, Isle-sur-le-Doubs, and Clerval, and threatened to cut off the troops under Mihiel and Garibaldi, of which the main body retreated to Chagny and Autun. In this new position, between the hills of the Côte d'Or and the Monts du Charolais, they may, with the aid of reinforcements from Lyons and other towns of the South, attempt to cover Creuzot, with its mineral and industrial riches, and to get between the armies of Von Werder and Von der Tann—which Garibaldi expresses by "being near Gambetta;" but almost the whole of Franche-Comté, as well as the south-east of Burgundy, is sacrificed by this retreat, and the road to Lyons on the east bank of the Saône laid open. This city, however, is too strongly fortified to tempt a German advance on it by an outer line. The French have thus given up the Department of the East in order to save "the inner lines" between the Loire and the Saône, and in this they have acted wisely and in accordance with sound principles of strategy; for an obstinate defence of the line of the Doubs would inevitably have led to the surrender of the forces concentrated on that river, besides opening to Von Werder a broad road to the Loire.

New-Brisach, with a garrison of five thousand, has surrendered after a siege which cost the Germans but little. With the exception of Belfort, which is closely invested, the whole of Alsace is now in Prussian hands. In Verdun, the Prussians captured two generals, about four thousand men, one hundred and thirty-six guns, and a very large amount of military stores. Thionville is vigorously bombarded. The military movements reported from Picardy and Normandy are insignificant. Kératry is active for defence in Brittany, and Bourbaki at Lille, though his "army, if it exists, is certainly not here," the town having "but three battalions of National Guards partially equipped"—as we learn from one of those special correspondents who do not scruple to do from time to time a little espionage. Reporting from Paris, however—whether by balloon or pigeon mail—has almost entirely ceased, and all we know from that besieged capital is, that firing from the forts is rarely done, that the order within has not been violently disturbed since Flourens's attempted *coup d'état*, that Trochu is active organizing and drilling his "three armies," and that food is becoming distressingly scarce. The impression in unofficial circles at Versailles is that Paris, if unrelieved by the grand sortie which Trochu is presumed by some to be preparing for, must within a very short time succumb to famine, and that, therefore, no bombardment will be resorted to by the German commanders, who are confident of their ability easily to baffle any assault on their fortified positions.

The effect of the success of General D'Aurelles de Paladines—a very inconvenient name for a prominent man in a democratic age—upon the French public in the South, and on Paris, will help to prolong the war, if he is able to follow it up, even slightly, which we doubt, as Von der Tann grows stronger as he falls back, and Prince Frederic Charles is on the march with a force which will probably be able to destroy the army of the Loire in a single blow. Of course, if the new general is a genius of the first order, he might even yet raise the siege of Paris and save France. But he is hardly a genius; and his force, though it has behaved well, and will be improved by success, would fling itself in vain against the coming foe, and the fresh levies which the news of his success will bring in to him will probably embarrass rather than help him. That he feels the uncertainty of his position is evident from his fortifying himself.

Prince Gortchakoff has issued a circular, urging the right of Russia to be released from the obligations imposed on her by the Treaty of 1856, on the ground that it has been disregarded by others; but then he denies that Russia entertains any hostile designs towards Turkey, and says she is willing the Sultan should come into the Black Sea, too, on equal terms, and that she has no desire to rekindle the Eastern Question. The fact is that Russia is not in a position just now "to rekindle the Eastern Question," and could gain nothing by doing so, though it is yet very doubtful whether England will consent to the entrance of a Russian fleet into the Black Sea from the Mediterranean. It is a mistake to suppose that England cannot alone, or in conjunction with Turkey, prevent the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Nothing is easier; and, without the introduction of a ready-made fleet by way of the Dardanelles, Russia cannot make a formidable show in the Black Sea for some years to come. A fleet cannot be built or launched in a day, particularly where there are neither dockyards nor arsenals; and without a preponderating naval force in the Black Sea, a land advance on Constantinople is impossible.

The failure of the armistice, the threatened Russian complication, and the French victory at Orléans, have combined to disturb and unsettle all markets, but without producing any very material changes. The first resulted in a fall of cotton at Liverpool almost equal to the previous advance, while the latter two have failed to depress it further, in spite of the extremely favorable crop accounts and the large receipts of the week, amounting to over 130,000 bales—an amount, we believe, quite unprecedented for the season, and especially remarkable in view of the fact that the crop has heretofore been rather late in coming to market. Breadstuffs have been somewhat firmer, owing to the indisposition of farmers to sell at present low prices. The exports of both these leading articles have not been heavy, and there has, consequently, been a slight advance in gold, further stimulated by a very marked decline of our bonds in London and Frankfort on the Russian news. The financial markets have otherwise been dull and stagnant, though stocks have been higher on clique movements and combinations, of no interest to the general public. Money is easy and trade dull, coal low, and real estate inactive.

Rome is still the preoccupation of its new possessors. The irresolute ministry have at last dissolved Parliament, and thrown the questions of how to manage the Pope, and how to harmonize the Roman territory with the rest of the kingdom, back on the people. In the meantime, nearly all the regulations decreed for the Romans have been exceptional. In certain cases, the embarrassment of the Government was natural and pardonable, as, for instance, concerning a penal code. No less than four are in vigor in different parts of the peninsula, and a fifth prepared by special commission, to take the place of these and become general, yet waits the sanction of Parliament, and, if extended now to Rome, might shortly have to be modified. The Sardinian and Tuscan codes are on the eve of being abolished, and the retention by Venice of the Austrian code is one of those anachronisms under which Italy has too long labored. The decree in relation to the press has been justly resented, because of its penalties for want of respect to the Pope, and because journals from without, which avail themselves of the constitutional liberty of the press, are to be excluded if they offend in the manner indicated. The inference is strictly logical that the Government, if left to its own devices, would restrict the liberties of the kingdom at large; but nobody seriously apprehends that its anomalous, and perhaps unconstitutional, action towards Rome is due to any deeper cause than its anxiety to keep its promises to the Pope. That venerable pontiff, for his part, still maintains an attitude of passive resistance; holds on to the Quirinal; refuses to receive La Marmora, except as a private citizen; and, with the aid of a few foreign ambassadors, keeps up the singular spectacle of a court without subjects and without territory, and whose very seat depends upon the favor of other sovereigns.

We are informed on good authority that Colonel Forney was sent for by the President after the appearance of the Cox correspondence, and that it was he who wrote the explanation on which we have commented elsewhere, as well as advised that exceedingly foolish proceeding, the publication of the McGarrahan letter. A triumphant article on the change at Washington has also appeared in the Colonel's *Press*, in which he abuses Mr. Cox savagely; announces joyously that Grant is now going to rely on "his friends;" calls the Civil Service reform a "superfine idea" and a "sickly sentimentality;" tells some stories, which we are afraid he knows well to be untrue, about all candidates for office undergoing a "thorough examination" at Washington; denounces fiercely the opposition to assessments on office-holders as "mawkish and miserable susceptibility;" and, in fact, proclaims trumpet-tongued the sickening truth, which the country has for weeks been struggling not to believe, that the President has fairly committed himself into the hands of the Colonel and his kind. It is interesting, too, to run over the list of papers by which Cox is denounced and the new régime glorified. With very few exceptions—the *Hartford Courant* is one—everybody familiar with the press might have predicted which they would be, on *à priori* grounds which we will not now specify. One of the most striking incidents of the crisis is that the New York *Sun* is, we suppose for this occasion only, ranged on the President's side. Forney is talked of for the Postmaster-Generalship, but we believe the only foundation for this, thus far, is his having been called to Washington as a counsellor and scribe. Delano goes into the Department of the Interior, and his advent is generally received with great satisfaction by the politicians, who look on him as a good safe man of the Boutwell "stripe," "who will take care of his friends."

What is the meaning of all this? Well, the meaning is, that General Grant likes being President; that he wants the renomination; that he has been discouraged by the way in which Congress met the attempts at reform of the past year; that the politicians have got hold of him, and have succeeded in persuading him that he has committed an immense mistake, but that if he will put himself in their hands he can still retrieve it; that he must get rid of such impracticables as Cox, and fall back on the good old plan of "taking care of his friends" and waging war on his enemies. The first-fruit of their labors was the dismissal of Wells, for which, however, Boutwell, who sympathizes with them, and does not believe in Civil Service reform, or statistics, or study, but does believe in a metaphysical abstraction which he and men like him call "the people," was mainly responsible. Then Hoar went, but the President, who really liked and respected him, did not resort to dismissal till he had tried in vain to put him on the bench of the Supreme Court. Cox has now gone, and Fish, we repeat, will probably go soon. The dismissal of Motley was the result of rage against Sumner for his hostility to the St. Domingo treaty, which was concluded without Fish's knowledge, and of the iterated whisperings of the new advisers that the Minister in London represented not the Administration, but the Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Motley has now been summarily recalled. Other achievements of the new power have been the absurd attempts to influence the Missouri election, which has resulted in the overwhelming triumph of the bolters, and the bitterest hostility to the President on the part of the Gratz Brown wing of the Republicans, which will probably hereafter control the State, leaving the Administration to get what comfort it can out of Mr. Drake's rhapsodies.

It is altogether a pitiful story, one of the most pitiful in political history. The wreck of General Grant's fame is a national misfortune. That fame was a national possession, and it was the best people of the country, those whom he is now repudiating or refusing to rely on, who built it up by giving him the hearty and unfaltering support in the field and at the polls which alone enabled him to make head against the worthless gang whom he has now taken into his confidence, and who will now use him for his destruction and the filling of their own pockets. We believe the opinion of the shrewdest observer is that the work of "manipulation" and "management" will be done with sufficient dexterity to give him control of the convention in 1872. Of course it is rather soon to indulge in speculation on this subject, but it is not too soon for the friends of reform and good government to decide on what their course should be from this time forward. Their first duty clearly is to give no encouragement or support to the corrupt régime which is being established at Washington; the second, to do what in them lies to prevent any man's getting the Republican nomination for the presidency who seeks it as General Grant is seeking it; and the third is, to see that if he does get it, it shall profit him nothing. The time has come for all friends of reform to stand firm and fast before the tide of corruption rises any higher. The present breed of politicians will assuredly die hard and will "deceive many," as their progenitors have done in all ages, before they got their quietus, but get it they will eventually. We are not urging anything Quixotic on the public attention. A good measure of Civil Service reform would do two-thirds of the work, by depriving the whole crew of their gambling materials; the other third could only be accomplished by the gradual recovery of public opinion from the effects of the debauchery of the last forty years. The first result of the work, too, would probably be a considerable increase of crime and the multiplication of certain fraudulent callings, but the checking of these could safely be left to the courts. In addition to the indications of the increasing popular interest in this subject which we spoke of last week, we may mention that at Mr. Mundella's lecture on Monday evening, at the Cooper Institute, his declaration that he "stood before them as the representative of one of the largest constituencies in England, without the power to influence in the smallest degree the appointment of a custom-house officer or an exciseman," drew down thunders of applause.

We understand that it was found impossible, during the late canvass in this State, to get much, if any, money from anybody but office-holders, and this is alleged in excuse for the "assessments." The reason is, however, not far to seek. The number is small, and is growing smaller, of honest or patriotic men who, having any money to give, will hand it over to the class of persons who now do the "management" in this and many other States. Anybody who gave money to help Conkling to beat Fenton, or Fenton to beat Conkling, and to be expended by some of the gentlemen who recently called for it, must have had very loose notions of his duty with regard to his possessions, and we are glad to find such people were scarce. By all means let the supplies be stopped; no hardship will result from it; the Government will certainly not suffer; and as to the politicians who live by contributions and "assessments," the cranberry swamps and strawberry and lettuce beds await their industry in all parts of the country.

The late elections were marked in an unusual degree by local differences, which it is worth while to recapitulate. In Massachusetts the alliance of the Labor Reformers and the Prohibitionists was promoted, it is believed, with a view to sending Gen. Butler to the Senate not less than to putting Mr. Phillips in the Governor's chair. The result has shown that under the most favorable auspices the first-mentioned party could not muster more than twenty thousand votes, and that it has in all probability touched its high-water mark. The causes of Mr. Jenckes's defeat in Rhode Island have been, we are persuaded, correctly indicated; but, as they seem likely to be passed upon by the courts, we shall not dwell upon them now. The wealth and power of the Spragues have succeeded in preventing Mr. Jenckes's return to Congress, but he has the consolation of knowing that the reform with which his name is identified is sure, in some form or other, to prevail ere long, and that it has never had so many friends as now. The Missouri overthrow, besides its bearing upon national politics, secures the restoration of the disfranchised whites, and will probably lead to the framing of a new constitution for the State. The vote in Michigan upon State issues embraced sundry constitutional amendments, one of which was to strike out the word "white" wherever it occurs. This was undoubtedly adopted. Another was the one submitted by the Legislature after a special session, and was intended to counteract the previous decision of the Supreme Court touching the validity of municipal railroad bonds. The amendment did not authorize these bonds to be issued hereafter, nor did it validate those already issued, unless confirmed by a popular vote in every case. The adoption of this amendment, which the Democrats generally, for reasons good or bad, opposed, was in doubt at our latest advices. Kansas has done well to send Judge Lowe to Congress in place of Mr. Sidney Clarke, who has done more than any other representative to embarrass our Indian affairs and prolong border warfare and the reign of corruption. He hopes to be able to reach the Senate, but we trust that in this he will be disappointed.

On comparing the results of the elections, still incomplete, with our estimate in July, when we gave the Republicans a majority of 44 (more properly 43 or 45, since we reckoned six instead of seven Representatives from Georgia) in the next House, we have of course many corrections to make in detail, though we predicted quite accurately for two such mixed battle-grounds as New York and Pennsylvania. Supposing the States whose elections are yet to take place to have no effect on the relation of the two parties, we must now apparently set down the Republican majority at no more than 37, while the *Tribune* reduces it to 31. The power of the Opposition to obstruct legislation will thus be very considerable, and it is safe to say that the Republican party has just passed a crisis from which only extraordinary luck or extraordinary behavior will enable it to recover. It remains to be seen whether it contains the elements of regeneration which may yet give it a long lease of life, or whether another year will see it divided on questions which every one can name in advance, and which it will have to face.

Mr. Phillips, though nominated by two parties, "Labor Reformers" and "Prohibitionists," and fighting under the bright eyes of the ladies of the Woman's Suffrage Association, only polled 22,000 votes, being only very little more than the Labor Reformers alone polled last year. His canvass was enlivened by the horrible fight with the Radical politicians to which we made a brief and very inadequate allusion a fortnight ago. Both parties, and Mr. Phillips especially, have come out with marks of very severe "punishment," and present on the whole as improving a spectacle as the people, and particularly the young people of Massachusetts, have gazed on for many a long day. All is not over yet, we are glad to say. The two series of articles in the Boston *Journal*, of which he furnished the fruitful theme, have been suspended, but it is reported that Mr. Bird is going to exhaust the subject in a pamphlet. The views on consistency which the great agitator has propounded in defence of his various contradictions of himself have been very interesting, but not satisfactory. If a man has not been provided by nature with mental apparatus capable of producing opinions on any subject that will last over half a year, he is bound to modify them as often as may be necessary; but this, so far from warranting him in abusing and slandering those who do not change their minds as often as he does, puts modesty and silence amongst the first of his duties. A perpetually crowing weathercock is a ridiculous phenomenon, and an annoying one as well. There is one subject, we ought to add, on which Mr. Phillips's opinions never seem to vary, but we need hardly mention what that is.

Mr. Mundella, the English Member of Parliament who ousted Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield at the last election, delivered a lecture, at the Cooper Institute, in this city, on Monday evening, prior to his departure for home. It was devoted mainly to an account of the various administrative reforms in England which have been or are being effected under the liberal régime, but, what was most interesting of all, was his account of the Councils of Arbitration and Conciliation established, through his exertions, in Nottingham, where he is a large employer of labor. We have referred to them several times already in our columns, but workmen and employers cannot study their working too closely. They found the trade of Nottingham nearly ruined by incessant strikes, and with the bitterest hates raging between the trades unions and the capitalists. Since their establishment there has not been a single strike or a day's labor lost in any trade which has adopted them. The hosiery trade began them; the lace trade then followed its example; and the system then spread to other towns, and is spreading all over the country, even to the great iron districts. Nothing can be simpler than the machinery: Seven delegates from the trades unions meet seven delegates from the employers once in three months or oftener, and sit round a table in a private room, and talk over their differences and common interests. If they cannot come to an agreement—and in Mr. Mundella's experience this has only happened once—they call in an umpire. Everybody is satisfied, and this one little simple device has probably done more for the spread of Christian feeling, and the promotion of real civilization, and the security of property, than the legislation of the half-century. Any "labor reform" demagogue in this country who will come down off the stump and devote himself to work of this kind, instead of stimulating class hatreds, assuredly, if he is honest, will have his reward.

THE "EXPLANATION" IN REPLY TO MR. COX.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than the way the politicians have got General Grant into a scrape, except the way in which they are trying to get him out of it. When Mr. Cox's resignation was first announced, all their Washington correspondents and all the newspapers under their influence began declaring with great vehemence that it had been sent in for "personal reasons" solely, and notably on account of the smallness of his salary and the high cost of living at Washington. The way in which this pathetic invention was for two or three weeks rolled about from one to the other was very amusing to those who had any acquaintance with the facts and knew what was coming. When the correspondence was published and it was found that the reasons of Mr. Cox's resignation were not "personal," and that there were substantial differences between him and the President, the party hacks suddenly and unblushingly changed their base, and began declaring loudly that it was the McGarrahan claim which had driven him from office, and that civil service reform had nothing to do with it. Now we said three weeks ago (Oct. 27) that "they were anything but friends of the President who were circulating the reports that he and Mr. Cox had had differences about the McGarrahan claim." What has since taken place has strikingly justified this warning. The President's new advisers have—with that fatuity which distinguishes nearly all their appeals to the public—and indeed distinguishes every part of their policy in which the low cunning which is their principal mental characteristic cannot be turned to account—published Mr. Cox's correspondence of last August with the President about this claim, with running commentaries, made up partly of falsehoods and partly of absurdities—one of the silliest of the former being an assertion that Mr. Fisher, the Commissioner of Patents, was the author of an article or articles in the *Nation* on Mr. Cox's resignation.

Now, the history of the McGarrahan claim is this: It has been before the United States courts for twelve years in various forms; it has been by those courts four times pronounced "invalid and fraudulent," the last time by the Supreme Court in 1865. The subject of the claim is certain mining lands in California, which, if they do not belong to McGarrahan, belong to the United States Government. These lands or part of them are now claimed by the "New Idria Mining Company," who ask to have them surveyed and a patent granted to them by the Department of the Interior. McGarrahan has been trying to stave this off by appeals to the courts; having utterly and finally failed in the courts and drawn down on himself and his backers as severe a rebuke as ever fell from the judicial bench, he resorted to Congress, and lobbied fiercely for special legislation; and in two Congresses he has failed to get any such legislation, but he did get his claim before the Judicial Committee of the House, and, knowing well that this was his last hope, he was naturally anxious to keep it there, particularly if by keeping it there he could block all movement on the part of other claimants. Moreover, committees of Congress are not judicial bodies. They hear in secret; they take whatever evidence they please, and they report under the influence of whatever motives are most agreeable. A man beaten in the courts can hardly go to a more congenial atmosphere.

The New Idria Mining Company, however, now pressed Secretary Cox to pass on their claim to a patent, and an examination of their claim was ordered by the Land Office. McGarrahan thereupon obtained a mandamus, in the New York style, from the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, directing the then Secretary of the Interior to issue the patent to *him;* but the mandamus was set aside, on appeal, by the United States Supreme Court, with a sharp rebuke to the judge who granted it. The examination was again ordered, and McGarrahan, at his wits' end, got a written request from the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, at the close of the session, asking the Secretary not to proceed with the examination, as the Committee had the matter under advisement, and there might be legislation on it. Moreover, to make assurance doubly sure, he went into the same court again at midsummer, and got an injunction, in the absence of the majority of the bench, to restrain the Mining Company and Secretary Cox, and everybody else concerned. Secretary Cox argued the return to this himself, and got it dissolved by the full court, and he then submitted the letter of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee to Attorney-General Hoar, and asked him his opinion as to his duty. Here is that opinion:

> "First—That if, as I understand, the New Idria Mining Company are prepared to establish, to the satisfaction of your Department, their claim under the Statute of 1866, ch. 262 (14 Stat. 251), to receive a patent for certain lands in California, they have a legal right to have the question of their claim to such patent passed upon, such that your Department is bound to consider and determine the same, notwithstanding the request from the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives for a suspension of action. Their claim, as I understand it, is of a title to land created by law. If, under the law, they have this title, and are prepared to furnish the proofs of it, the law gives them the right to a patent, and the issuing a patent is not made discretionary with the Executive officers of the Government.
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> "The question, then, resolves itself into this: whether, when a right is created by law, and a duty devolved upon an Executive Department under the same law, the enjoyment or enforcement of such right can be suspended at the request of a committee of the House of Representatives? I am unable to see that this result could be attained by any action, even of any of the whole House of Representatives, or of both branches of Congress, unless by a change in the law itself. To deprive any person of a right which the law creates, at the request of anybody, would be a novel idea under a system of government which is supposed to be a government of laws and not of men. If it were a subject depending upon your discretion, where you might properly regard all the equities of the case, and the probability that a decision at one time or another might affect them favorably or otherwise, the probability that Congress would take material action upon the question involved might well have an important influence in determining your action, and the suggestion of a committee of Congress or its chairman would be justly entitled to great respect. But it cannot be that any person can rightfully be hindered in the enjoyment of his legal rights upon the suggestion of a possibility that the law may, at some time or other, be changed.
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> "I cannot suppose that the committee of the House of Representatives could have intended to ask you to delay your official action, except so far as it was a subject of your own discretion, and would not involve the denial of a legal right. The answer to your question thus depends upon the fact whether the New Idria Mining Company have a right to their patent under the law.
>
> "Second—The answer to your second question may be found in the suggestions already made. The Executive Departments have no right to omit or delay the discharge of the duties imposed upon them by law, at the request of a committee of the House of Representatives, and can only pay attention to such a request when it affects a discretionary power."

Secretary Cox's duty was then clear, to hear and determine at once, in the regular course of law, the application of the Mining Company for certain United States lands. To have denied their application at the request of a Congressman would have been a monstrous abuse, as Mr. Hoar points out. He therefore issued the following order:

> "You will, therefore, proceed in the ordinary course of business to take up and dispose of the application of the New Idria Mining Company for a patent, notifying McGarrahan or his attorney that the same will be done at an early day, to be fixed by you, prior to which time testimony or arguments may be filed by either party, and at the expiration of which period your decision may be rendered as your views of the law and the facts may warrant, and proceedings had thereon in the usual manner."

Ordinary men would in McGarrahan's place now have been in despair; but McGarrahan is not an ordinary man, and he has partners and backers in his claim who are not ordinary men either. So he, or they—it matters little which—go off to Long Branch, where the President was then enjoying himself, and induce him to write the amazing letter which they have recently had the audacity to publish. That letter, which the Queen of England, or the King of Prussia, or even the Emperor of the French, would not have dared to write, is despatched by the President from a fashionable watering-place, and without any consultation with his proper advisers; and, taking no notice of Mr. Cox's suggestion that he should come home and submit the matter to a cabinet meeting, directs the Secretary of the Interior to disregard the opinion of the Attorney-General, and to deny the legal right of an American citizen to have a lawful application passed on in a question of property by the proper officer, and to leave the whole thing in the hands of a committee of Congress which has no jurisdiction of it; and all this for the benefit of a party of persons who have been four times before the courts of the United States, and four times driven from them in disgrace. We do not believe the *Nation* has many readers who will find any further comment on this transaction necessary.

It is quite true that Secretary Cox did close his reply to this missive

Keep this paper between pages 324 + 325 of the Nation

all. The prospects of a session of considerable length are strong. If the two Houses once get started on business it will be hard to stop. Prominent Republicans would like to confine business to the one subject of Southern outrages, but the Democrats don't mean to allow that.

With regard to the Speakership of the next House, it is rumored that a combination of Republicans has required of Mr. Blaine as a condition of their support that he pledge himself to the appointment of Mr. Garfield as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and that, thus far, he had declined to do so. The Democrats will bestow their complimentary vote either upon Gen. Morgan of Ohio, or Mr. Cox of New York.

Gov. Clayton telegraphs to Washington that in order to save the Republican party in Arkansas from going to pieces he resigns his seat in the Senate to retain the office of Governor.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 25, 1870.

A ROMANCE OF CORRUPTION AND CHICANERY.

The Senate have refused so far to consider the joint resolution passed a week ago to-day, directing that the records in the General Land Office, known to be mutilated, and the patent which it is shown was fully made out in 1863 to William McGarrahan, and also withheld and mutilated, should be restored to the roll as they were on the 14th of March, 1863, and that the President then take such action as in his judgment he may deem equity and the interests of the United States to require.

The whole case of the United States vs. Wm. McGarrahan is one of the most remarkable transactions the history of judicial and legislative proceedings in this country has recorded. On the record the United States stands as plaintiff—a fact which speaks volumes for the shrewdness of the real operation—the New Idria Mining Company. It is a good thing for such a corporation to make the government bear the expense of defeating a man on whose land it is more than probable they are interlopers, while it is quite certain that whether McGarrahan or the United States are the rightful owners of the land claimed to be covered by the Panoche Grande Grant, the New Idria Mining Company had no title or any kind before the latter part of 1866, and since then could claim only the mining pre-emption rights of 4,000 feet for each of seven corporations, I think. But in all this fight the United States has been used to pull out the New Idria chestnuts. I have always hitherto been inclined to maintain the view Gen. Butler holds—that neither party are entitled to the lands—they being the property of the United States.

As the recent report, adverse to McGarrahan, made from the House Judiciary Committee, was framed and supported by Mr. Peters of your State, the matter, apart from its own merits, may have interest enough to warrant a

BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE CASE.

In 1844, the Gomez family obtained a grant, known as the "Panoche Grande," from the Governor of California. The records were destroyed with others, at Monterey. By the treaty of peace these Mexican grants were recognized. A commission was appointed to examine into them. Gomez in February, 1853 proved his title to the grant. The secretary of the Interior desiring him not to issue the patent, because the whole matter was before Congress.

Mr. B. The gentleman need not proceed further. I understand his question. I have opposed the present President as earnestly as any gentleman on this floor, and on this question, before I examined it, I was very much against him, taking the side of the Secretary; but after I saw that the President had only intervened to prevent the Secretary from granting patents to the New Idria Company until Congress had determined the question of right I became satisfied the President was right, and the threat of the Secretary to resign if he was not allowed, in defiance of the pending Congressional proceedings, to perpetrate this great wrong was unworthy of him. *I say that the act of the President was bold, manly, straight foward, and honest and I fully indorse and cordially approve his conduct in that regard* I am not partisan enough to refuse to do full justice to the President in such a case.

With the fact that the report of the majority is a purely one-sided affair, in which all is suppressed but what suits the conclusions, I leave the matter for consideration.

The vote of the House was a great surprise for the mining corporations and their attorneys. It was confidently expected that "Billy" McGarrahan would "come to grief."

HOW TO MANIPULATE A DOUBTFUL CASE.

It is conceded by all who are familiar with the House, that there are few men who equal the Hon. James B. Beck of Kentucky, in point of ability, and none who surpass his reputation for character and integrity—Democratic as he is. His advocacy of the minority report was a remarkably able argument and not at all smooth spoken in regard to the points as he saw them. He denounced the majority report for suppressing the facts that told for the petitioner, saying:

"Does the majority think that it is not worth while to tell the House that the docket-book and correspondence which would have proved McGarrahan's case in all probability had been abstracted from the Attorney General's office; that all the letters in the Land Office from January to July, 1863, covering the period when Mr. Lincoln signed the patent, had been stolen to prevent the truth from being proved? Do they think it unimportant to tell us that the circuit judge affirmed the finding of the commissioners on every point except the necessity of possession, and that the Mariposa case had settled that after their decision in favor of Gomez; that an appeal was granted to the United States March 15, 1858; that Goold had so informed Judge Black, by letter dated March 20, 1858; that the New Idria Company had no existence till January 28, 1858, and entered upon these lands without pretense of right, and with full knowledge of the adverse title? All these things are cautiously concealed in the report."

The New Idria Company, being in possession and working the mine, have been enabled to play the "Heathen Chince" with a vengeance, and stock the game. Ex-Attorney General Black, as well as almost every lawyer or good official, with whom McGanahan has had anything to do, or by whom his case could be affected, has turned up as in some way, before or after the time services were needed, as in the employ of the New Idria Mining Company. Dinner parties have been reduced to a scientific game in their behalf, while newspapers and correspondents appear to have been seen to a liberal extent. They could afford all this. The United States fight their legal battles and the mines supply them with the cash, necessary for those of any other kind.

What will be the end of the case is difficult to tell. It is claimed that a patent must issue to the New Idria, if this joint resolution fails, but if I understand Gen. Butler, it is for the United States to compel the Company as it

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support, and carried the Government into a new and better
He has apparently succumbed at the critical moment. It is
t too late to retrace his steps. If he does not retrace them, we
ssure him that, whatever assistance he may get from the Forneys,
rons, and Chandlers, he may count with certainty on their bring-
im to the end of his term of office with a sullied reputation, and
ng him back to private life under a load of popular odium.

THE SYSTEM.

E publish in another column perhaps one of the most singular
of correspondence ever laid before a civilized public. It shows
gents of the party in power not only attempting to levy blackmail
this is what "assessments" on office-holders amount to—but
lly rating the office-holder's ability to pay not by the amount of
awful salary, but by the supposed amount of his stealings. Gene-
arlow's salary, as United States Marshal, was $6,000, and this was
hat he, as an honest man, could or did make out of the place: but
rs have made out of the place as much as $50,000. Indeed, in
itical circles," this is well understood to be the value of the office
a practical man." The Republican State Committee last year,
ver, while flooding the State with stump speakers to inveigh
st Democratic corruption, and declaim about the economy, honesty,
efficiency with which the revenue was collected under Republican
ces, were actually sending round circulars in which thievings were
nized among the legitimate gains of a Government servant, pro-
l he paid his party dues upon them.
the particular case before us, the Committee happened to light
one of the class of officials for whom the President, in the early
of his administration, showed an honorable and hopeful predilection
aking his appointments—a man who served the country in peace
served it in war, because he loved it, and not because he was unfit
ny other occupation, and who held that the moral obligations of a
ernment official are the same as those of a man in any other position
fe. Accordingly, he resisted the attempt at extortion, and, the
for it having apparently arrived, lays the matter before the public.
We do not mean to say that all the members of the committee are
onsible for this singular transaction. Most of them probably know
ing about it; but during all canvasses the real work is left to a
men in each district, who are trained in all the dodges of the out-
ous system which has bred and supports them, and whose great
e to the party lies in their not sticking at trifles. The nauseating
ct of General Barlow's letter on these worthies, when they got it,
be more readily imagined than described, and, in fact, they gave
ng expression to it by sending the letter back. His "mawkish
eptibility," as Colonel Forney calls it, must have struck them very
h as a lecture on chastity would strike a French Zouave. But
e was probably not another official in the State who dared offer
resistance; and when we see that the income of $6,000 is levied on
f it were $50,000, it is hardly possible to keep down a feeling of
sement at the way in which the American people are cheated by
figures set down in the acts of Congress and of the State legisla-
s into the belief that their officers are only paid small salaries, and
he storm of opposition which the honest farmers raise against any
mpt to increase the nominal amount of these salaries. The fact
hat the office-holders of the United States are not only paid higher
es than those of any monarchy in the world, but receive the greater
of them in a way that does more to corrupt them, body and soul,
to sap the national morality, than all the sinecures, "gratifica-
s," and pensions bestowed by poor Badinguet did to corrupt and
ase the unfortunate people who for eighteen years owned him—
n-politician as he was—for their master.
This system of assessing officials for election expenses, though it is
y this year that it is generally attracting public attention, has been
ng on for a long time. What suffering it has imposed on the un-
unates whose salaries are small and opportunities for stealing
ited, it is difficult to estimate; and what a stimulus it has given to
aling amongst those who have ready access to the public funds or
ose powers make them worth bribing, it would be just as difficult to

estimate. But we know that it has converted the public service into a sink of corruption, the abominations of which have never been fully exposed. If they could be fully exposed in a way that would bring the whole people to examine and understand them, we believe there would be an outburst of indignation that would sweep them away, and their authors with them, in a single month. The newspapers are generally believed to exaggerate most of the abuses they denounce, but we say deliberately that no denunciation of the condition of the civil service of the United States which has ever appeared in print has come up, as a picture of selfishness, greed, fraud, corruption, falsehood, and cruelty, to the accounts which are given privately by those who have seen the real workings of the machine. The reason why "the men inside politics" are amazed at honest men's indignation over it is that they are literally hardened to it—as criminals are hardened to crime; and the reason why the general public is so little shocked by what even they see of it is, that they have so long been assured by party leaders that this system is a necessary part of party governments, and that there has to be a class of office-holders to be "rotated," and decapitated, and levied upon in a democracy (just as, according to some, there have to be prostitutes for the protection of female virtue), that they have at last got to accept it as a great political truth.

Of course, the system of assessment is a necessary consequence of the rule that "to the victors belong the spoils." If Government officers are the servants of the party and not of the country, and if the party is at liberty to use them not for the benefit of the country, but for its own, making them pay bonuses every year for the privilege of keeping their places is legitimate enough. We cannot put a stop to it unless we take away, *by law*, from the victors the right of removing any officer except for cause, or appointing anybody who has not undergone a prescribed test of fitness. We cannot trust the matter to any President or to any head of department. Both are liable to be overborne by the politicians. An act of Congress was passed in 1853 providing for the examination of persons appointed in the departments, and a more delightful example of "how not to do it" was probably never seen than its working. The character of the examination is left to the head of the department or bureau; if he desires the admission of the applicant, it is a perfect farce; if he does not, it is very severe; if he disapproves of examinations altogether, it consists in a chat and a smoke. But, in point of fact, the act has only been enforced fitfully, and at long intervals. The appointments are made, just as of old, on the requisition of members of Congress. Mr. Trumbull says some of the latter have regular accounts in "offices" opened with them; if the candidate fails to pass the examination, he still remains a clerk, though not appointed to any particular bureau, draws his pay, and does odd jobs, mostly political. It is Mr. Cox's making the system a reality which has drawn forth the shouts of rejoicing over his retirement from the political hacks all over the country.

One of the practical effects of the system has just been displayed in a curious way in this State. The smallness of the Republican vote as compared with former years, even in good Republican districts, is ascribed by the best judges in a great degree to the hostility of the Fentonites, who, disgusted by the appointment of Tom Murphy, who is a Conklingite, to the custom-house, and other slights and disasters undergone by their chief, stayed away from the polls. Now, why are the Republicans of this State divided into Fentonites and Conklingites? Why is the party torn to pieces by the contests of these chieftains? Why is every convention and committee a mere reservoir of Conklingite and Fentonite hates? The fact is that the two factions are not divided by any question of principle or policy any more than any two women who quarrel on the staircase of a tenement-house. There is no point of politics, home or foreign, on which they or their followers have any perceptible difference of opinion. The only reason why there should be Fentonites and Conklingites is that Fenton hates Conkling and Conkling hates Fenton. But how is it, the innocent looker-on will naturally ask, that a ridiculous personal feud like this can divide a great party, composed of male adults, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and in a great commercial State, into two hostile camps, and cause them deliberately to imperil the "cause of the Union" and the "cause of humanity," about which they prate so much as the dearest and most important of earthly interests? Their reply is, or should be:

"My dear Simpleton, at the bottom of the whole matter is offices. Long seclusion in your library, or else a seafaring life, has doubtless prevented your giving your attention to the manner in which God Almighty, when he made republicanism his appointed order of government, ordained that the machinery of administration should be worked. Know, then, that if Fenton could get no offices for anybody in post-office or custom-house, he would, when he took the field against Conkling, take it alone. Grown men would laugh when he asked them to stand by his side and be 'his friends' in this great struggle. In like manner, Conkling, though a far abler and honester man than Fenton, would likewise find that when he raised his banner he would have to stand under its folds by himself. People would be too busy to 'work for him' against any of his foes. So he and Fenton would go off to Washington, and, having nobody to 'see' about places, would devote themselves to what is called the study of the public business—as if politics needed 'study'—dull and stupid work, too. But each having some hundreds of offices to bestow on 'his friends,' in case he makes his influence in State politics so plain that the Administration feels bound to court him, their conflicts make one of the most exciting little games ever witnessed. Thousands 'rally round' them on one side or the other. The custom-house and post-office become fortified posts, which are carried now by one and now by another, and, finally, the whole politics of the State get drawn into the fray. To be a New York politician, you have not to understand the Constitution, the history of legislation, the finances, political economy, and statistics, but to love or hate Conkling or Fenton, and to know which of them 'owns' Smith, what Brown said after seeing Fenton last week, and how things are looking in Schoharie County since Conkling took those oysters at the Delavan House with T. P. Comstock. Good-night, you poor donkey."

ENGLAND.—THE NEW SCHOOL BOARDS.

LONDON, October 27, 1870.

A SUBJECT which is exciting a good deal of interest here at the present moment is the election of a Metropolitan School Board. The general effect of the legislation of the last session, as I may venture to remind you, was as follows: Certain returns were to be made from every part of the country, showing the extent to which education is already provided. When they have been received, school boards are to be formed in order to supply existing deficiencies. Now, although we are still rather in the dark, it may be said that in a general way there is a sufficient provision for elementary schools in most of the country districts—sufficient, that is, if the children could be induced to go to them early enough, and stay at them long enough. In most of them, very little alteration will therefore be produced. But the case is, of course, very different in the great towns. There it is sufficiently notorious that the schools are altogether beneath the requirements of the population, though it may be doubted whether they would be filled even if they were provided. For this purpose, some sort of compulsion seems to be absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, it was decided that the great towns should be allowed to start school boards at once, and that London, in particular, should elect a board with the least possible delay. The elections will take place in the course of next month. Now, the experiment is so novel that considerable difficulty is felt in forming any estimate of the probable character of the board. Perhaps I shall give you the best idea of some of the obstacles in the way, by describing a meeting which I recently attended in one of the metropolitan boroughs. In some respects, they will be familiar enough to your readers from their own experience; in others, they may see the special perplexities which attend the introduction of a new system in an old country.

The meeting in question had been summoned by a committee, appointed by no particular authority, with the laudable object of selecting the best possible names, irrespective of sect, party, or social standing. They had nominated four gentlemen, one of whom was known for his activity in educational matters, two others had a certain local reputation, and one was the representative working-man. The room was crowded by a respectable audience of about five or six hundred people. When I entered, it was in that state of hopeless confusion which generally testifies to the presence of an inefficient chairman. Some half-dozen gentlemen, in a state of intense excitement, were on their legs at once. A large number of other enthusiastic persons were venting their feelings by indiscriminate yells of applause to the rival orators, or frantic appeals to the chairman to preserve order. Let me endeavor to describe, shortly, one or two of the most prominent types. Before me, there stood the solid, impenetrable British tradesman, broad-shouldered, imperturbable, a very Atlas unremoved in the midst of the conflicting elements. He was speaking with a dogged persistence which enabled a few of his sentences to secure at times the attention of his audience; and the point which he urged with obstinate emphasis was the importance of assigning a special representative to each of the districts of which the borough is composed. A vigorous barrister was meanwhile boiling over with irrepressible impatience. Whenever the gaps between our friend's sentences were rather longer than usual, he sprang to his feet, or, rather, seemed to be jerked on to his legs by some hidden machinery. When at length he obtained a hearing, the only words audible were, "hole and corner," to which I presume "dictation" would have been added but that a roar of indignation drowned his voice, and, as I gathered, some sudden force was applied to his coat-tails. To him succeeded a clergyman, tall, black-coated, white-tied, and eminently respectable. I have every reason to suppose that he would have said something about the Bible; but his eloquence was interrupted by one of his brethren, who insisted upon carrying on a loud conversation with him from a distance of several benches. The result was that, beyond the fact that the clergy were exceeding anxious about something or other more or less connected with the Bible, nothing could be clearly ascertained; for, as they still strove for utterance, the genuine parish orator rose to his legs. He was a man of overpowering volubility of speech, and might have made some useful contributions to the discussion, if he had not unluckily chosen to begin by demonstrating the advantages of education to mankind in general with some eloquent digressions as to the merits of the Sermon on the Mount. He, too, collapsed, though, long after the yells of impatience had drowned his voice, his graceful postures testified to the fact that the stream of eloquence was still being discharged upon the empty air.

Then arose a gentleman who fairly eclipsed all previous performers in the energy of his attitudes. My memory paints only a wild confusion of arms and legs, in which his head somehow entirely disappeared, and shrieks of inextinguishable laughter drowned any sounds that he may have uttered. This remarkable discussion in dumb-show apparently wearied the audience, as it certainly wearied me; and we at length collapsed into partial silence to listen to the candidates themselves. Of them in general there is not much to be said. They all spoke with commendable fluency, but kept so carefully to the obvious commonplaces of the question that it required some attention to perceive that some were appealing entirely to the religious prejudices of their hearers, whilst others were counting more upon the advocates of unsectarian education. The working-man was amongst the most fluent of the party. He was evidently a man of much natural ability, and of considerable talent as a speaker. Unluckily it was impossible to listen to him without seeing that his ideas partook of that vagueness and impracticability which is common with partially educated men. His great argument appeared to be that, if we provided good schools, we should produce quantities of Bacons, Shakespeares, and Lockes. The meeting did not seem to be quite convinced that this consummation, desirable as it must be admitted to be, was to be anticipated with any degree of sanguine hope. It was more interesting to observe that he, of all the candidates, was most profoundly convinced of the necessity of compulsory measures. If he was a faithful representative of his class, we may assume that compulsion will be vigorously applied. I believe, indeed, that the more thinking class of working-men are perfectly awake to the necessity of such a course if the new schools are to be made of any great use. Whether it will be practicable to carry out the policy, or whether the first appearance of a policeman may not prove to be too much for the temper of the ordinary laborer in London, is another and a much more difficult question. The propriety, however, of compulsory action excited remarkably little interest. As the working-man retired from the platform, two or three schoolmasters arose in different parts of the room, and put, or tried to put, the question, whether he was in favor of teaching the Bible. They were so energetic in demonstration and cried out so vigorously that they would not be content with an evasive answer, that answers of any kind became impracticable. The whole meeting became for a few moments what is forcibly called a bear-garden, and, before any satisfactory conclusion could be reached, another candidate—this time a High-Church president of a training college for schoolmasters—was addressing us. He had the merit of being obviously far better acquainted with the details of the subject than any of his predecessors, and the demerit that he told us a little too plainly, by words and manner, that we were, as a general rule, shamefully ignorant. The meeting, however, had by this time got into such a feverish state of impatience, and there seemed so little prospect of a tolerably satisfactory result being elicited from such materials, that I thought it useless to expose my lungs any longer to the deleterious atmosphere, and retired reflecting profoundly.

The result of my reflections may be shortly summed up. In the first place, it is obvious that sooner or later the religious difficulty will come pretty distinctly to the surface. The jealousies of the rival sects are so strong that it will require the utmost tact on the part of the proposed school board to avoid any serious difficulties. They have, it is to be remarked, considerable latitude of choice. The one condition laid down by Parliament is that the schools are not to teach any formularies or catechisms distinctive of any religious sect. As the Bishop of Peterborough lately put it, it is forbidden to teach the children to say, "I believe in God," because that is a religious formula; it is not forbidden to teach them to say, "I do not believe in God," because that is a formula which has not yet been adopted by any particular sect. Of course, this is, and is meant to be, an extravagant way of expressing the difficulty; but the fact that one of our most distinguished prelates should illustrate his case by such an example shows how very distrustful will be the attitude of the strongest educational bodies. It is true that the difficulty may not turn out to be great in practice; and I imagine that most reasonable men would prefer seeing our street-children brought up to any conceivable form of religious belief to seeing them left in their present state of complete ignorance of all religious knowledge. That, however, is no reason why rival sects should not strive to get the command, as much as possible, of so powerful an engine, and the warmth of their contest will be measured much more by their mutual animosity than by the value to any of them of the prize at stake. Here, then, there is a palpable rock ahead which will probably cause trouble in future, and which is already exercising an injurious influence by dividing the efforts of those who might succeed, if united, in electing the most competent administrative body. The worst danger, however, is one which I suspect that you will be able to appreciate. It is that, whilst different parties are quarrelling over anticipated difficulties, and every little faction insisting upon the acceptance of its own shibboleth, the practical control of the system may fall into the hands of our parochial politicians. They have shown in their dealings with the poor-law and other affairs entrusted to their control such singular facility for every variety of mismanagement, overstrained economy in some districts, and downright jobbing in others, that it would be a serious misfortune if they got the new schools into their hands. The solid gentlemen who insisted on the rights of their own districts seemed to me to be rather dangerous enemies to their more enthusiastic opponents. We shall soon be able to judge by the event. Meanwhile, I am glad to say that, in spite of some ugly symptoms, there is also considerable promise. Many eminent men have come forward, as, for example, Lord Lawrence in this part of London, and there seems for the present to be a very general desire, in spite of much discordant opinion, to elect a board pledged to carry out its duties vigorously and in a good spirit.

AN AMERICAN SURGEON IN THE PRUSSIAN SERVICE.

Cassel, October 4, 1870.

It may, perhaps, interest your readers to look a little at the Prussian army in a surgical point of view; and, as I have recently come from the scene of active operations, and have had some opportunities for observing the workings of the military hospitals and the various appliances and appointments directed to the saving of life which war makes necessary, I send you a brief account of some things I have learned and observed.

These days of breech-loading rifles and murderous mitrailleuses have proved clearly that a change and an augmentation of the surgical forces of armies are required, and that the old quota of surgeons, apportionment of assistants, and allowance of supplies can no longer meet effectually the increased demand for their services in the care of sick and wounded soldiers. The Prussian army in a battalion of infantry (1,000 men) has two surgeons. There are, consequently, six surgeons in one of its colossal regiments of 3,000 men, or one surgeon to every 500 men. In the cavalry and artillery, the proportion is somewhat greater. A regiment of cavalry (about 600 men) has three surgeons; a battalion of artillery (about 500 men) has also three surgeons. This has always been considered a liberal equipment; but the field-hospitals, in the terrific battles which succeeded each other, with scarcely an interruption, from the 4th to the 31st of August, have been found, as all the world knows, wofully inadequate; and the fact that there are at the present moment more than 200 extra surgeons added directly to the army, as well as an innumerable swarm of volunteer surgeons and assistants of every degree of importance and usefulness, shows how great the deficiency has been. Private Prussian practitioners of skill and repute have been induced by the solicitation of the Government as well as their own humanity to join the army, and high special commissions have been created for them. I met in the hospital where I was engaged at Pont-à-Mousson, German, English, American, Austrian, Swiss, and Russian surgeons. The Swiss Government sent thirty of its own army surgeons to the field, fifteen to the German and fifteen to the French side, and valiant service they performed during those terrible days in August when the world stood amazed at the unprecedented slaughter.

The total number of surgeons at the present time employed in the army approaches 3,000, while it is ordinarily less than 2,500. An army corps of 40,000 men has sixty surgeons and provision for twelve field-hospitals, each accommodating 200 men, and supplied with five surgeons, about thirty *Krankenträger*, or bearers of wounded, and a proportionate number of nurses, assistants, ambulances, and carriages of supplies. Each field-hospital moves with the army, and is charged with the care of the wounded as they come directly from the field. One-half of the surgical force station themselves in action directly in the rear of the army, and do for the wounded whatever immediate emergency may require before they can be sent to the second station, which is more permanent, and where large operations are performed. Here blood flows freely, and suffering is dire; and the red blouse with which the surgeon envelopes his uniform is sadly significant in its hue. The remainder of the surgical force of each field-hospital is here employed, and here the wounded are retained until their removal is dictated by prudence or demanded by necessity—more often the latter; for after many of the recent battles there has been no possibility of finding shelter or beds for the wounded still lying on the field, until some of the neighboring buildings used as hospitals (churches, barns, farm-houses, or inns) could be evacuated by the transportation across the country, in trains of open wagons, of all soldiers whom it was possible to remove. The cold and rainy weather, of which we had so much, made this journey doubly painful and disastrous; and the number of wounded soldiers who have breathed their last upon the straw, jolting across the country in those wagons, if it could be exactly known, would form a sadly eloquent commentary on the sanitary and surgical supplies of the army. Nothing, however, is to be said in disparagement of the merits of the army surgeons: their zeal and ability are too well known to need any confirmation from my pen, and the misfortunes of the wounded were such as no human foresight could have anticipated or prevented. Moreover, as we cannot flatter ourselves that the days of the world's wars are yet over, we have the satisfaction of knowing that a rich lesson has been learned whose value in advancing military surgery the future will show.

In speaking of the army surgeons of the Germans, I must pay my tribute of respect to their profound science and skill, as well as their courage and *esprit de corps.* Let such men as Langenbeck, Strohmeyer, and Roser represent the former, while each member of their body is an example of the latter. They have almost universally discarded the red cross of the International Convention, scorning to be considered non-combatants. One of their assistant-surgeons, as he was succoring the wounded on the battle-field of Wörth, received a stray ball through his eye. He coolly took out his handkerchief, and, binding it over the wound, proceeded with his work. When he had completed in an orderly manner his care of the wounded man who was engaging his attention, he gave him to the charge of his *Krankenträger* and returned to the hospital, where it was found that his eye had been completely destroyed. He was rewarded for his intrepidity, and perhaps as well for the loss of his eye, by the reception of the decoration of the "Iron Cross" from the hand of the King.

You will perhaps allow me a few words on German operative surgery and surgical appliances as compared with those of our own country. The Germans are pre-eminent in deep investigation, skilful theorizing, and thorough information; but I endeavor to be perfectly candid when I say I have seen nothing which led me to think less highly of the surgeons and the surgery of America. One who has seen and studied practical surgery in any of the chief American cities will look in vain for the order, the skilful manipulation, the rapidity and brilliancy to which he is accustomed at home; and these are not compensated for by any diminution of the sufferings of the patient or increase in his safety. The operating-room, during the performance of an operation, is a sort of Babel. The preliminaries do not seem to have been arranged, the instruments are beyond the reach of the operator, and no one person is charged with the duty of handing them. When he calls for an instrument, several of the bystanders simultaneously attempt to comply with his request. Those who look on discuss the various steps freely and in loud tones, and offer any suggestions that occur to them. Their instruments, though made of far finer material than we get in America, are clumsy in appearance and construction, and awkward for the hand. The American models of the more common instruments exceed them by far in elegance and neatness. They know little concerning many convenient, ingenious, and tidy contrivances which are considered indispensable in England and America; and it is amusing to see the lofty indifference with which they listen to any suggestion of the possibility of methods or apparatus superior to their own; for there is in the average German disposition the least perceptible leaning toward illiberality when other countries, as compared with Germany, are in discussion. A comparison of the hospital wards of the two countries in the respects of convenience, neatness, and order would result favorably, I am certain, for America. Indeed, they concern themselves little about externals in surgical matters, while these necessarily engage the first attention of the observer; and for this reason this first impression is the most unfavorable; yet, if one looks more closely and studies a little deeper he finds that the essentials are never neglected, and that the *results* are perhaps all that could be expected.

I say all this after making every allowance for the exigencies of war in the enemy's country, and I do not speak of surgeons or hospitals that are exceptional, but of men of the highest reputation, and the hospitals under their charge, in the large towns of France like Pont-à-Mousson and Nancy, where every facility is at hand for furnishing completely the hospital and providing amply for the care of the patients. And there is now no longer any lack of provisions of any sort for the welfare of the wounded. The depot of supplies, under the direction of the Johanniter Ritter Society at Saarbrücken, has been enabled, by the liberal contributions from every part of Europe, as well as America, to meet every demand for materials required by the hospitals in the vicinity of Metz, which were at first so numerous and so crowded. The Sisters of Mercy attend fully, faithfully, and without intermission to the care of the patients. The number of surgeons and assistants of all sorts who have volunteered their services is even superfluous. The wounded are now being comfortably removed in large numbers to the reserve hospitals established in almost every city in Germany, and we begin to rejoice in the hope that the calamitous scenes of blood and suffering are over, although the sad reflection forces itself upon us that the most frightful suffering of the war is not physical, and that the deepest wounds it has inflicted are past all human surgery.

October 17, 1870.

In the two military hospitals with which I have been connected—one in France and one in Germany—I have made such observations as will, perhaps, enable me to give your readers some idea of those institutions as the present war has brought them into existence. I accordingly send you a brief account of some things I saw during my late connection with the hospital of the "Séminaire" at Pont-à-Mousson, and of some things I am now seeing here every day in the Royal Reserve Hospital No. II., at Cassel.

Early in September, as I rode into Pont-à-Mousson one dark, rainy evening, having come across the country that day from Rémilly, I noticed, as I crossed the old stone bridge which here spans the Moselle, a large church a short distance to my right, from whose spacious windows lights were shining. It was late for evening service, yet, thought I, perhaps this afflicted people are prolonging with unwonted ardor their supplications for divine mercy, or are rehearsing some *Miserere* or *De Profundis* with a new sense of the meaning of its lamentation. The next evening I learned better, for I joined until midnight in the services held at that church. The audience was composed of about 500 soldiers, French and Prussian. The ceremonies were directed by half a dozen surgeons, a force of Sisters of Charity assisting at the mournful rites. The sermon was uttered by a thousand tongues, speaking from the mangled flesh of those injured men, and was a powerful discourse on the present status of Christian civilization, from the text, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." For music, we had the groans which their sufferings extorted from those wounded soldiers; sweet incense was replaced by the odor of foul sores; and, instead of a benediction from the lips of the man of God, one could almost think Satan had pronounced from the organ-loft the curse which Longfellow somewhere puts in his mouth—

> "Maledictione perpetuâ
> Maledicat vos Pater Æternus!"

This church was a fine, large structure in the renaissance style of architecture, built side by side with an institution of similar style and dimensions, the two being connected front and rear by spacious wings, with corridors traversing their length, and porticoes opening upon the handsome court thus enclosed. The whole, known as the Séminaire, formerly a flourishing Catholic divinity school, was now converted into two immense field-hospitals, accommodating nearly 1,000 patients. When the Prussians took possession of the town, they found this spot deserted, pupils and professors alike having withdrawn to a safe distance, leaving accommodations of every sort requisite for hospital purposes: large, airy dormitories furnished with beds; apartments for surgeons and officers and nurses; complete housekeeping appointments; a handsomely laid out garden, with a beautiful arbor which it required little trouble to convert into a morgue (certainly not one of the "sweet uses of adversity"). Many of the windows commanded a fine view of the Moselle (which ought now perhaps to be spelled "Mosel"). In the court, pavilions were easily erected for the accommodation of contagious or infectious cases; indeed, it required only a few hundred mattresses to make up the number of beds, and the hospital was ready for its inmates. And the inmates came quickly enough, too. Pont-à-Mousson was then a centre of hospitals as now of military movements, and from all the battle-fields to the south-east of Metz the wounded were brought for weeks in an almost uninterrupted succession of wagon-trains. The result was something like eight field hospitals and five or six field dispensaries in that town of not more than 10,000 inhabitants, all employed to the utmost extent of their capacity.

In the church of the Séminaire before-mentioned, a large part of the wounded were first received. The floor was thickly spread with straw, the best available bed, and upon this they were temporarily disposed. Often when they arrived in trains of hundreds at a time it required the whole night to attend to their comfort; the church was so filled that in going down the aisles one could scarcely find a path among the disabled men as they lay crowded together on every side, and the halls and porticoes of the wings as well were packed to their utmost extent. From the church they were distributed as their cases required: the transportable were sent backward to the reserve hospital of Germany, the more severe cases retained in the Séminaire, the internal diseases assigned to their appropriate localities, the contagious to the pavilions, the French to the straw on the floors of the halls, as there were no longer beds for all, and to the Prussians belonged the first choice. The wounds of the Prussian soldiers, inflicted upon them by the chassepôt rifle, were remarkable for the straight and uncompromising lines which they presented. When arrested at point-blank range, the missile of that weapon takes a straight line through and through whatever objects come in its way; thus I have seen wounds through the *width* of the hand, the ball entering on one side and passing out on the other, shattering every one of the five bones in its course; wounds through both thighs, fracturing one of them; wounds through all the bones of the pelvis, as well as through all the bones of the face and skull, each of them made with the most undeviating directness, and turning neither to the right nor the left. Indeed, the Prussians themselves acknowledge the superiority of the chassepôt arm, and have equipped a regiment of their own with a *few* of those at present at their disposal.

In the hospital of the Séminaire, the duties of the nurse were left exclusively in the hands of the various orders, Protestant and Catholic, of Sisters of Mercy and Charity. In the church and in the lower rooms of the seminary, Sisters of the Society of Jesus, from the Rhine provinces, and Sisters of the Order of St. Franciscus, from Westphalia, were employed. The Jesuit Sisters all speak French, and were hence best employed in the care of the French soldiers, who were at first almost equal in number with the Prussians. In the upper rooms, the Protestant deaconesses from Berlin and the different parts of Rhenish Prussia had the care of the wounded, and the intelligent and faithful manner in which they each and all discharged their duties, as well as their excellent influence in the wards, need scarcely be expatiated upon here. In the medical conduct of the hospitals of the present war, drugs have been largely ignored. It has been the chief business of the dispensaries to furnish disinfectant, palliative, and hygienic measures, while the restoration of health has been left almost entirely to the unembarrassed efforts of nature, and this with the most encouraging results, I am happy to say. The statistics, as a whole, when they shall appear, will have great and deserved weight in doing away with the almost superstitious veneration of drugs which still exists among the people, and even among the doctors as well. This I say from seeing how drugs are dispensed with in the Séminaire, while good food, good light, good air, and good nursing were insisted upon, and from knowing how generally this was everywhere the case. The number of the operations made at this hospital was immense. Scarcely a day passed on which three or four capital operations—amputations, resections, ligations—were not required to be done. The largest of these were done personally by Prof. Roser, a surgeon of wide reputation from the University of Marburg (who, I see, has just been ordered as consulting surgeon to the royal headquarters at Versailles). The unfortunate subjects of these have not done well as a rule, and for reasons not far to seek. They came here after the most favorable time was past, having lain for days or weeks near the fields where they fell, in whatever farm-houses or barns or sheds room could be made for them, and insufficiently cared for in all ways. Hence, although they here had the benefit of whatever skill and care could do for them, their progress was unfavorable, and numbers of them were carried off by one or another of the pests which prey upon humanity in war-time in field hospitals.

The levity displayed by some of these French soldiers is greater than I could have believed, and diminishes my wonder at their overwhelming defeats. When recently, in the church, it was desired to separate a little the French and Prussian wounded, who lay side by side and often could not be discriminated, the question was put as to their nationality, and many of the French soldiers replied in a tone half-jesting, half-sycophantic, "*moitiê français, moitiê allemand.*" I will say, however, that when, afterwards, I endeavored to ascertain what soldiers had given this answer, I came to the conclusion that many of them were either thoughtless boys or indifferent Algerines.

R. S. D.

HOW THE THING IS DONE.

THE following correspondence, which explains itself, was begun by the receipt by General Barlow of the usual printed circular, calling for money towards the election expenses, the blank space for the amount being filled in with the words, "$1,000 for yourself and subordinates":

"NEW YORK, October 20, 1869.

"JAMES B. TAYLOR, Esq., Treasurer, etc.:

"DEAR SIR: I have received a communication from Hon. Hamilton Harris, chairman, etc., requesting a contribution of $1,000 from me and my subordinates to the Republican fund.

"I presume this amount was fixed upon under the impression that this office was very lucrative to me and my deputies. My income from the office can by no possibility exceed $6,000. The general rate of assessment on salaries I understand to be two per cent., and I enclose my check for $120, being at that rate. Whether in or out of office, I am desirous of contributing whatever I can afford to the necessary and proper expenses of the party, and I regret that I can now only afford to give this amount.

"As to my deputies, they must each contribute such amounts as they feel able to do. I cannot impose it upon them as a duty, and I cannot undertake to *collect* anything from them. I have submitted the communication to my subordinates, and you will no doubt hear from them.

"Yours, etc.,
"FRANCIS C. BARLOW, United States Marshal."

"Room E, Fifth Avenue Hotel,
"NEW YORK, October 23, 1869.

"Maj.-General F. C. BARLOW, United States Marshal:

"DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your communication of 20th instant, to James B. Taylor, Esq., treasurer, enclosing check for $120.

"The great discrepancy between the amount of the check and the amount asked for by the committee would render it, in the opinion of the committee, an act of great injustice to the other Government officials who have already responded to the calls made upon them, to accept in its present shape your contribution. I therefore, by order of the Executive Committee, return the check to you, expressing the hope that you will reconsider the views expressed in your communication.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"JAMES W. HUSTED, Secretary.

"P. S.—The assessments made upon the Government officials in the State are *not* made upon a basis of two per cent. upon their salaries, but upon the ascertained income of their respective offices. J. W. H."

"U. S. Marshal's Office, Southern District of New York,
"NEW YORK, October 23, 1869.

"Hon. JAMES W. HUSTED, Secretary Republican State Committee:

"DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of this date returning my check for $120, on the ground that the acceptance of it would be an act of injustice to the other Government officials who have contributed more liberally. You also express a hope that I will reconsider the views heretofore expressed by me in the premises.

"I cannot afford to contribute a larger sum than the one I have named, and that I may not seem discourteous to the committee I desire to explain why I cannot change the views heretofore expressed.

"I do not consider that the holding of a public office creates any obligation on my part to contribute anything, and whatever I do give is not given on any such ground. As a private citizen interested in the success of the party, I have always been desirous of giving what I could towards its proper expenses; and were I out of office I should give more now, because I could better afford it. Any person who holds public office in this country, and gives all his time and energy to it, I consider underpaid if he receives only the honest salary of his place. I know that *I* lose money every day that I am Marshal, and for that reason I shall shortly resign. The fact that I am working for the public for a less sum than I could earn in my private business is rather a reason why I should be *relieved* from assessments than why I should *pay* them, and this applies, in my opinion, to all public offices that I know anything about—they are all underpaid.

"You speak of the 'ascertained value of my office,' as distinguished from its salary, which is only $6,000. I do not know from where you ascertained its income; but I do know that whoever has received more from it than $6,000 per annum has not received it honestly. I should be sorry to believe that dishonest gains of public offices were so recognized and accepted as matters of course that they are made the basis of expected contributions.

"What I have said here will also explain why I cannot impose on my deputies the payment of contributions as a duty. They fully earn every penny they receive, and I cannot recognize the *right* of the Government or the party to call on them for any sum whatsoever. I presume, however, they will gladly contribute what each feels himself able to do. I make this explanation with entire respect for the views of those gentlemen whose opinions on this subject differ from mine. My views may seem Quixotic and unreasonable, but I am firmly impressed with their soundness, and we must all act upon our own views of what is right. The check for $120 is at the service of the committee if they feel that they can accept it.

"Very respectfully, FRANCIS C. BARLOW."

This last letter was returned to the writer without observation, and the check never called for.

Correspondence.

GERMANY AGAINST FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Agreeing in every respect with the letter of Mr. G. Schwab to you, I beg leave to make a few remarks concerning the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine.

The position assumed by you that the annexation is not a question of *right* in the strict sense of the word is, it seems to me, incontrovertible. France has forsaken every claim to have the great problem of her "natural limits" solved by any such considerations. Without the least provocation, she has appealed to the law of *force*, and she has to abide the consequences. The other great powers have made no serious attempt whatever to keep her from putting up the laws of this code—this true *Code Napoléon*—as the *ratio* by which the quarrel of 350 years' standing ought to be decided; therefore there is, evidently, no power on earth which has the least particle of right to take sides with her, simply because the judgment has—unexpectedly to most people—turned against her. *We did* stand on the basis of right, as far as she was concerned; she forced us from it, and now it would be suicidal for us and a never-to-be-forgiven crime against our brothers, who are buried in her fields, to act on the supposition that the Holy Scriptures and the Catechism will henceforth be her political textbook. "Nous n'avons pas été préparés!" Is it already forgotten, this ten-times-repeated cry of anguish of the "great" Thiers? That is the only atonement France has thus far offered for this wantonly provoked war. Now that we have the power, it is our *sacred duty* to take care, as far as possible, that she never again *can* be prepared to let loose the barbarians of Africa against the peace-loving inhabitants of our border provinces, because her *sensibilité* has not been heeded enough, or because she wants to change the face of the actual world according to the fancy maps she has been pleased to draw. We need no beautifying veil for the wrongs committed by Frederic II. against Poland, and no extra paint-box to give the annexation of Alsace by Louis XIV. a darker color than we bestow upon all other unjustifiable conquests recorded in history, in order to justify our demands. Against our will and most solemn protest *force* has been declared to be the law of the day, and now we mean to stand by the consequences just as far as it suits *us*, and not as it suits Mrs. Howe, or Wendell Phillips, or George Francis Train, or Garibaldi, or Victor Haut-Goût, as *Kladderadatsch* says; and it suits us to take Alsace and Lorraine. "That is what is the matter."

The only question at issue, I think, is how much or how little the rest of the world ought to be pleased that it is this which suits us. As far as Alsace and Lorraine themselves are concerned, I think you are not right in putting so great stress on their present state of feeling. They are now, and they will be for some time to come, in a fever-heat. Give them a few years to cool down, and then we will ask them again. The South went mad on Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. Ask now those of the fire-eaters who have any intelligence if they would want slavery back if they could get it. Alsace (and Lorraine still more so) is certainly strongly attached to France, and not without reason, because France has done away with the feudal rubbish which was lying there in vaster heaps than anywhere else. On the other side, however, she is much more closely linked to Germany than is generally supposed. From time immemorial she has been of the greatest moment in the development of the intellectual life of Germany. Gottfried, the greatest poet of his times (twelfth and thirteenth centuries), was from Strasbourg. All or almost all the heroes of mysticism, as Meister Eckart, Tauler, Nicolaus, Geiler of Keisersberg, as also Spener, the founder of the pietistic school, were Alsatians. No other part of Germany can boast of so many satiric poets of the first order. You remember Sebastian Brant, Thomas Murner, the immortal Fischart, Pfeffel, etc. And even in our days she has not lacked poets of note. I mention Hirtz, the two Stoebers, and Candidus. And so she has furnished *German* scholars of the greatest renown. You are—just to give an instance—well acquainted with Ludwig Spach and Ludwig Haeusser, the latter of whom many Americans who have studied at Heidelberg will remember with great affection. As far as the language is concerned, by far the majority of the inhabitants still belong to the old *fatherland*, all the tourists notwithstanding, who have seen but Strasbourg, Mühlhausen, and some of the other large cities. Boeckh, the best authority, asserts that but one-eighth is perfectly conversant with French; and an Alsatian of note assures us that the system of suppressing the German language in the "Volksschulen" creates a "silent but deep loathing" among the population. In the "Volksbibliotheken," which were established but a few years ago, the German books are in far greater demand than the French. In 1865, an exact return was made from nine cities; they showed a demand for about 42,000 German books againt 32,000 French. I have selected only a very few examples, and even those almost at random; but I think you will, nevertheless, acknowledge that they go far to warrant the hope that the Alsatians will ere long be more than reconciled to their having been reunited with Germany, especially as Germany has now to stand back before no country of the world as a political power.

I have trespassed already too long upon your patience. I therefore can but just mention one point which I should have liked to dwell upon at some length. We *must* have Alsace and Lorraine, because we can no longer allow France to prepare vast armies behind the impenetrable screen of the Vosges with which she could in a moment, under any government less incapable than that of the Second Empire, overrun South Germany, as has been proved only too often. *The passes of the Vosges* must be in our hands; then, and only then, we are comparatively secure from new attacks. Even this time nothing but the utter incapacity of the leaders kept the French from throwing 40,000 men over the Rhine, who would have been able to penetrate as far into South Germany as Munich, or at least as Stuttgart, before the Prussians could have been ready. We can no longer depend for our peace upon such pieces of good fortune as our having a Moltke and a Bismarck, and the French having a Napoleon III. Therefore, I am perfectly convinced that Bismarck will consult the *strategists* and not the *philologists* in drawing the line of the new border, though some thousands or some ten thousand Frenchmen may in consequence become annexed to Germany. And he will be right, and the world ought to be grateful to him for doing it, for it will help much more to secure the peace of Europe than all the orations of Mrs. Howe and all the—I confess touching—letters of Mme. Gasparin.—Very respectfully yours,

DR. H. VON HOLST.

NEW YORK, November 3.

THE PRUSSIAN MILITARY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By the law of Prussia, all able-bodied subjects—including, of course, "statesmen, financiers, men of science, and scholars"—between certain ages are, *in esse* or *in posse*, soldiers. In your last issue, your correspondent "A. T." considers that the Prussian military system is not what it purports to be, and that it is not strictly and honestly carried out. For the support of this assumption no evidence has been brought forward, either by the writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* article referred to, or by "A. T.," and it is no more incumbent on us to support our assertion that nearly all the leading Prussians are soldiers by citing names than it is for "A. T." to name the Chinamen who massacred the French near Peking, or to describe the personal appearance of the sick Turcos who dastardly assaulted the Sisters of Mercy who visited them in a Berlin hospital.

Glancing at a number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of later date than the issue which contains the article entitled "How to Fight the Prussians," we find that "*all the better class of Prussians . . . . have been called into the field or sent to the dépôt as men of the reserve.*" As "A. T." considers this paper a "highly respectable source," we will make one more quotation. In the issue of September 16, we are told that "there is of course a danger lest success should lead to an exaggerated estimate of the qualities of those who have obtained it; but, on the other hand, the steps which secure victory should be carefully traced, and among one of the broadest and firmest is the constitution and general education of the German army. An army of thinking bayonets, officered by men of liberal as well as professional education, who belong to the higher ranks of their country's society, and have been brought up with habits of command, is as nearly irresistible as the elements of what is falsely called chance in war will permit any army to be."

From the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, Halle, Kiel, and many others, some professors, and nearly all the students fit to bear arms, have become soldiers. Count Bismarck himself is in the army, and we have reason to believe that Dr. Sintenis, Dr. Elder, Herr v. Seebach, and members of the Cologne Chamber of Commerce, including the "wealthiest and most noted merchants of Rhineland," have also entered the army. Herr von Gersdorff, the former Prussian Consul-General in Egypt, is a landwehr captain in the same brigade in which at least one of the six Sanskrit scholars is serving. During the battles about Metz, the only son of Secretary Count Itzenputz was killed while serving as a private. Count Bismarck's two sons were present at the same engagements; the one who served in the ranks was severely wounded. The son of the Minister of War, Von Roon, has also been either killed or badly wounded. The proof that all distinguished Prussians are in the army is, on the spur of the moment, not so easily obtained as the knowledge that their sons are serving; for we only hear of that portion of the army actually in contact with the enemy; and Prussia has as yet not seen fit to place in French territory any but her youngest sons. But "A. T." may rest assured that, when required, the fathers of the men who have fought their way to Paris will be forthcoming at the first click of the telegraph. In a letter from the Duke of Mecklenburg's headquarters, in the London *Times* of October 6 (thought by a correspondent of the *Athenæum* to have been written by Mr. Motley, and attributed by others to General Burnside), it is stated that the Prussian troops which the writer saw were "all young men from twenty to twenty-six, except a few more elderly officers." This shows that, besides the able-bodied surplus, men of delicate constitution, old men, women, and children, there is still a large portion of the flower of the nation engaged in providing "bread to eat, clothes to wear, coal to burn, and other necessaries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries." We can see no reason why an "appreciable number of editors, printers, compositors, type-founders, lawyers, judges, professors, tutors, students, bankers, merchants, clerks, or skilled artisans" cannot as well ply their various vocations because they have merely exchanged their citizen's dress for the military tunic.

The supposition that the Prussian army is "principally composed of loafers, roughs, restless, reckless, shiftless, dissatisfied, unsuccessful men, who hail with delight a conjuncture like the present," is so flagrant and palpable an error that I will not trespass upon your space by refuting it; nor will I make quotations from the various numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* before me, which show that the military law is so rigidly enforced that *not even volunteers are received*, but each citizen is compelled to take his turn as a soldier.

At the time of the Austrian war, we were able to name many Prussian "statesmen, financiers, men of science, and scholars" who were in the service. As the present war has made larger demands upon the resources of the nation, we have a right to assume that their number has likewise increased. Although the natural way would be to enumerate the prominent Prussians who are *not* in the army, yet, a reasonable time being given, it would be a very easy task to obtain a list of names of the "leading men in every walk of life" who have either been killed outright, died from the effects of their wounds, or who are now serving in the North German army, such that, if printed, would cover nearly two pages of the *Nation*. The following list of men of science now serving in the Prussian army may be relied on as accurate: Dr. Beneke, of Königsberg, a distinguished microscopist; Dr. Gruenhagen, Professors Wagner, Burow, Mocker, Jacobson, of the same university; Busch, of Bonn; Willms, of Berlin; and Jacobson, of Tübingen.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE UPON "THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF PRUSSIA AND FRANCE."

BOSTON, October 24, 1870.

[A correspondent has kindly informed us that the Dr. M. referred to in a previous communication as professor of political law in Halle, now serving in the Prussian army, is Dr. E. Meier.—ED. NATION.]

YOUNG YALE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you have space and patience for anything more about the Yale "difference," it may be worth while to let the attention of your readers be called to the very apt and suggestive illustration of what "Young Yale" complains of, which has just been afforded by the visit of "Tom Hughes."

Every American boy who expects to go to college *somewhere* within the next four years has read everything his family newspaper has had to say about the doings and sayings in this country of that (to the boy at least) representative university man.

Has the boy had an opportunity to read anything in the connection to remind him that such an institution as Yale College exists? Has he not rather had much negative evidence that, if he wants to go to a college where he will have a chance to participate in "what's going on in the [college] world," he must go to Harvard or Cornell?

It won't do to call these suggestive circumstances accidental. They are entirely in conformity with the whole course of things which let the last freshman class at Yale be much smaller than the corresponding class at Harvard. Until lately, Yale was, time out of mind, pretty uniformly ahead. I would not admit mere numbers to be a test of the relative standing of colleges; but between two colleges so nearly on a level in other respects as Yale and Harvard, a remarkable discrepancy in numbers seeking admission is significant, especially when the discrepancy reverses the long-established order of things.

Let me repeat that I mention the Tom Hughes matter merely as a straw to show which way the wind blows. It will not be worth the while of anybody on the other side to try to be funny by assuming that I think the straw and the wind are the same thing, as some one did in criticising Mr. Phelps's mention of the President's son. LL. B.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1870.

MORE OF HIS IMPUDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the results of the recent election in Massachusetts, I do not think it worth while to further trouble you at this time. It is painfully apparent that the people even of this, the section of the common country most advanced in political thought, are not ripe for the supreme efforts at reform. Without this *point d'appui* it is premature to attempt a further prosecution of the war beyond our limits and among a less enlightened people.

From time to time, as utterances of peculiar weight or brilliancy—their more precious pearls of thought—are elicited from my associates, I may perhaps seek quietly to place them before the unsympathetic eyes which alone peruse your columns. Meanwhile, for the present, I have done. I will not even respond, as I might, to the ungenerous fling at myself and the class to which I belong with which you tried to dismiss my last letter. If there is one thing which a severe study of the "Phillips philosophy" has taught me, it is *not to bandy words*. Indeed, with the great example of Mr. Phillips, in this respect, before my eyes, I should be ashamed to do so, even did I feel disposed. At the same time, I cannot read your reference to that noble poetess who now is grappling single-handed with Otto von Bismarck in the cause of peace, or to that simple Christian gentleman now vindicating with clean hands, pure tongue, and guileless heart those friends of his who last winter rushed in aid to that just, but little understood, legislative measure, the Hartford and Erie bill—I cannot, I say, read your references to these two bright lights of advancing thought, without applying to you, in pity rather than in anger, these lines of Browning:

> "'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
> Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
> Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
> Who care not for their presence—flout or sneer—
> And all at once they leave you, and you know them!
> We are so fooled, so cheated!"

A SENTIMENTALIST.

BOSTON, December 14, 1870.

[We said nothing against Mrs. Howe. We simply drew the attention of a foolish Sentimentalist to the existence of certain rules of international law which, whether Sentimentalists like them or not, will have to be modified before any cruiser can take the sea against Bismarck, under that lady's flag, with the recognition of our Government.—ED. NATION.]

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A writer in your last week's issue, in an article headed "The 'Pooling' of Railroad Receipts," speaks by name of three leading railroad men, of whom Mr. John Edgar Thomson is one, and characterizes them as "avaricious, unscrupulous, often dishonest, and always unreliable." As one who has had some opportunities of knowledge on the subject, I beg to say, in behalf of Mr. Thomson, that there is nothing in the private character or public record of that gentleman to warrant a paper like the *Nation* in affixing to his name such damaging epithets. The appearance of this sentence in columns usually so carefully guarded against personalities must surely have been owing to some oversight or inadvertence.

PHILADELPHIA.

[The charges are certainly such as should not be made against anybody unless supported by specifications, and we regret their appearance, which was due to an oversight.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

ANY one in search of illustrated books for the holidays should consult the elegant "Illustrated Catalogue" of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, whose agent in this city is Mr. Robert Turner. It is a collection of pictures which may even be bought for its own sake, as no doubt it will be. The Bible, Milton's, Bunyan's, and Shakespeare's works, La Fontaine, and Dante, this house have published, with large illustrations, chiefly by Doré, of which a sample is here given in each case; together with Æsop, Munchausen, Gulliver, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Fairy Tales, The Swiss Family Robinson, Foxe's Martyrs, works on natural history, the industrial arts, education, etc. The Catalogue contains sixty pages quarto, and is sold for one dollar.——Some of the papers read at the late meeting of the American Social Science Association in Philadelphia have already been published in pamphlet form. To one of these we have recently referred—Mr. Hamilton A. Hill's, on the "Relations of Business Men to National Legislation." This may probably be procured of the author in Boston. Mr. Eckley B. Coxe's admirable essay on "Mining Legislation," and that of Mr. J. G. Rosengarten on the "Civil Service," may both be had on application to the latter, who is Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, at 532 Walnut Street.——Mr. Emanuel Deutsch's work on "The Talmud" is to be reprinted here by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, along with these: "The First Duty of Woman," by Mary Taylor, and Taine's "Art in the Netherlands." They also announce a new volume of poems by Mr. Robert Weeks, to be called "Episodes and Lyric Pieces."——An additional and important announcement by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. is "An Introduction to the Osteology of the Mammalia," by W. H. Flower, Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The work will be illustrated with elaborate woodcuts, executed under the author's personal superintendence.

—No department of literature, it appears, is so crowded that there is not room for inventions and novelties. Following the appearance of *Nature*, the *Academy*, and the *Graphic*, we have Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s monthly, *Art*—of which the full title is "Art, Pictorial and Industrial: an Illustrated Magazine, with which is incorporated the *Photographic Art Journal*." Photography, though not art in itself, had, however, reached the stage in which, as ancillary to art, it could no longer be excluded from the same category; and the union became a perfectly proper one. The carbon process may be considered the discovery which opened the way to this alliance; but, invaluable as it is for reproducing in fac-simile the drawings of the Old Masters, and putting them within reach of everybody capable of appreciating them, its usefulness is much less varied than that of the Woodbury, Albert, and similar processes. Different from the two named, as from the carbon process, is that used for the autotypes we spoke of last week, and again in *Art*. The second number (for August) lies before us, and has six illustrations—one from a water-color drawing; another from an oil-painting; a third from a drawing (by Rembrandt); a fourth from a steel engraving; a fifth from an architectural study; and the last a charming selection from nature. This series shows very well the wonderful capacity of the process for catching tints as well as lines. The text is interesting reading, and especially to be remarked is the first of a series of articles on "Female Artists and Art-Schools of England," by Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, who writes with a charming lightness of style and a degree of solid information which promises equally entertainment and instruction to his readers. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons are the agents for *Art* in this country, where the subscription price is $13 50, and per copy $1 25.

—The autotype process employed for *Art* has been adopted for a work which we commend to those whose tastes are for what is either picturesque or architectural in classic remains. We refer to a forthcoming album of twenty-five plates, eight inches by ten, under the auspices of Mr. W. J. Stillman, late United States Consul in Crete, and not unknown to the readers of the *Nation* as one of its correspondents. To some of these, Mr. Stillman is further known as an artist in colors, to others as one of the best of our art-critics, and to others still—a few—as a practical photographer. He has undertaken, from a double devotion to art and to Greece, to present complete views of the Acropolis and the buildings upon it, showing their construction without and within, and their relations to each other, together with such chance bits of Athens, the surrounding heights, the Peiræus, and even of the Bay of Salamis, as came within the field of his camera. Many of these views have never been taken before, and all are the result of the most careful selection from among a great number of experiments. Architects will be interested to learn that, by means of a peculiar lens, the photographs intended for them have all the merits of drawings at scale, and may be measured accordingly; and that they clearly show those remarkable curves in the horizontal lines, and variations in the intercolumnar spaces, which prove how thoroughly the Greeks understood the laws of perspective, and used them to aggrandize the effect of their buildings. This album is to be published in England, at about £4 per copy, and only a hundred copies will be printed, for subscribers. It will be delivered here without publishers' commissions. Intending subscribers may address Mr. Stillman for the present at Plainfield, New Jersey. Should his experiment prove successful, it is quite probable that he will repeat it for the other temples of Athens and of Greece, including some which are scarcely known even to archæologists.

— The letter of an American surgeon, which we print elsewhere, is in the line of other testimony from abroad as to the superiority of American surgery. An eminent professor in Dublin, some time ago, referred to the reports of several successful cases of amputation of the hip-joint, published by our War Department, in a specimen number of a projected "Medical and Surgical History of the War," and then quoting from McLeod's "Surgical History of the Crimean War," in which there was not a single successful case of this character, paid a glowing compliment to the boldness and skill of American operators. Professor Billroth, the first surgeon and pathologist of Vienna, in a late lecture to his class, when speaking of œsophagotomy (cutting open the œsophagus for the removal of a foreign body), said it was an operation which had never yet been successfully performed. But the next day, having been shown authentic reports of several cases in which the operation had been performed by Dr. Cheever, of Boston, with complete success, he publicly took back what he had said, and stated what had been done by the Boston surgeon, adding, "here again, gentlemen, we are indebted to our American brethren for important advances in our profession." When Professors Gross and Pancoast visited Berlin, a short time since, they were received with the most distinguished respect and hospitality. The former was introduced by Professor Virchow to the class, and consulted with in regard to an operation by Professor Langenbeck; the latter was urged by Professor Graeffe to operate on some eye-cases, in order to give the students an opportunity of witnessing the different methods. His operation for the resection of the trifacial nerve excited much admiration.

—The October number of the *American Law Review* commences the fifth volume of what has proved to the legal profession of the United States, for the first time in their history, a worthy medium for the discussion of the science of jurisprudence, the current history of the bench and the law, and independent censorship and criticism of legal matters. It contains three articles on topics of purely professional interest: a discussion of Codes, another contribution to the much-vexed topic of the Degrees of Negligence, and an acute handling of the doctrine governing suits between firms with a common member. There is also a good account of the trials of Tropmann and of Prince Bonaparte, which is as interesting to the general as it is to the professional reader. Then follows a digest of the cases contained in the new English Law Reports, which brings the law of these costly, important, and, to most lawyers, inaccessible volumes within the reach of all. Another feature, equally valuable and convenient, is a selection from the digests of the decisions of the State courts. In every State there is at least one new volume of reports each year; in many, two; in our own afflicted New York, sometimes as many as ten. The *Law Review* selects from this mass of cases those which contain new points or superior discussions of old ones, thus effecting a great saving of time and money to the overburdened practitioner. Seventy-eight pages are given, in conclusion, to a summary of events in all the States of the Union and of Great Britain, which contains a great body of entertaining and useful news, relating to legal topics, most carefully collected and cleverly put together. The bar has in these pages at last found a voice with which it can speak. It was quite time. The public will expect from it a fearless, steady assault upon the frightful evils which the decay of judicial learning and character is working. The *Review* passes with this number into the hands of new editors, who, though young, are men of thorough training and assured ability. We invite them to take hold of the important work before them with vigor and resolution, assuring them that, if they achieve the success of their predecessors, they will win laurels worth wearing.

—By no correspondence from Paris since the siege ("par ballon monté") have we been more entertained or better informed than by that of the Milan *Perseveranza.* The intelligent and clear-headed writer, whoever he may be, at the first closing of the mails, began keeping a diary, in which everything notable of what he saw or heard or reflected was jotted down in the order in which it occurred. The result is one of the most valuable and impartial records of the siege that has yet got to the outer world. In his journal for October 6 (*Perseveranza,* October 20), he devotes considerable space to the press of Paris since September 4, or after the Republic had been proclaimed. This event naturally created a great number of petty newspapers, while the siege, causing a scarcity of paper, compelled many to suspend. Thus died, for instance, either for want of popularity or support, the *Volontaire* of Clément Duvernois, and the *Histoire.* On the very evening of the 4th appeared Delescluze's *Réveil* and Hugo's *Rappel.* The former preaches the most advanced doctrine, and abounds in false intelligence, often of the most absurd character, concerning French victories and Prussian defeats—"des triomphes de gazettes, et des succès à coups de presse." Two journals especially inherit the mantle of 1848, and are edited by former revolutionists—the *Combat* of Félix Pyat, and the *Patrie en Danger* of Blanqui. The former opened, on the 4th of October, a five-centime subscription for a gun to be presented to the Frenchman who should assassinate King William; and it is noticeable that among the signers was Rogeard, the famous author of "Les Propos de Labiénus," who might have been engaged in better business. Blanqui's paper is more outspoken and direct in aim, and is the morning echo of the nightly club which bears the editor's name. Among the new penny papers are the *Petit National,* the *Moniteur de la République,* the *Avant-Garde,* etc. One more enterprising, but probably too venturesome, the *Nouvelles,* appears four times a day. The papers already established naturally underwent changes more or less remarkable. The *National,* Liberal, became Republican; the *Soir,* Imperialist, turned Red. The *Constitutionnel,* the *Patrie,* the *Pays,* had the decency to become neutral, and are all reduced to a half-sheet, as is likewise the *Presse,* which remains unchanged in character, the *Gazette de France,* Legitimist at heart, and many others. The *Journal des Débats* maintains its former dignity and independence, and silently awaits the opportunity of the Orleanists. The *Siècle* continues to be an honest Republican paper, and gives a great deal of interesting news and correspondence. The *Opinion Nationale,* neither flesh nor fish, has yet good military reports. Best of all is the *Temps,* with its strategic articles and diary of the siege, and is the most read. The four papers last mentioned had not (Oct. 6) undergone any change of form or management. The *Figaro* has lost its support and influence, to the advantage of the *Gaulois,* which, while neutral in politics, pretends to be both honest and patriotic. The *Électeur Libre* was the most read of evening papers after Ernest Picard became minister, leaving his brother Arthur in charge; but the latter proved indiscreet in his revelation of the doings at the Hôtel de Ville, and the paper was converted, Oct. 3, into the *Vérité,* having no connection with the Picards. The *Paris Journal* had lived, says the correspondent from whom we are copying, a mendacious life of two months, was reduced to a half-sheet, and seemed doomed to disappear. This fate had happily overtaken the *Journal Amusant,* the *Vie Parisienne,* and others of the same dirty species.

—Some idea of the enormous scale upon which the triennial competitive examinations are carried out in China may be formed from the statistics contained in the last issues to hand of the Shanghai papers. The *News-letter* of Sept. 13 states that arrangements had been made at Nanking for twenty-two thousand candidates, although but eighteen thousand appeared. These, too, were from three provinces only, Kiang-su, Kiang-si (generally known as the "Two Kiang"), and Anhwei. A novel feature of this year's proceedings is that Ting, the Governor of Kiang-si, has placed two steamers at the disposal of the candidates to convey them to and from Nanking free of expense—a clever bid for popularity with the most influential class within his jurisdiction. As these examinations are usually attended by an exhibition of strong dislike to foreigners, it is to be hoped that Ting will exercise his influence on the side of peace. Meantime, the gathering of this vast crowd at the second city of the Empire adds another dangerous feature to the existing troubles, and may, not impossibly, precipitate the collision between China and powers other than France which the literati are so anxious to bring about. It is somewhat disappointing, by the way, to find that the only periodical in China which aims at taking rank above the ephemeral productions of the daily and weekly press contains in its latest numbers no reference to the event which has, even during the progress of a European war, attracted considerable attention in this country. The August and September issues of the *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal* ignore entirely the Tientsing massacre and its effect upon mission-work in China. We can scarcely suppose its conductors to be so illiberal as to deem the event not worth notice because the victims were Roman Catholics; nor would that plea hold good, as the Protestant missionaries at Tungchow have been compelled to leave their mission in consequence of the immunity thus far extended to the Tientsing murderers. The omission, however, can scarcely be the result of carelessness.

—We may call attention to two recent works, quite different in character, which add considerably to our knowledge of the inhabitants and rulers of China. One is the useful publication, ostensibly produced under the auspices of the native government, but compiled by its foreign customs employees, and edited by the Commissioner at Shanghai. Its title, "Reports on Trade at the Treaty Ports in China for 1869," would scarcely lead one to suspect what a vast amount of readable matter it contains. To the merchant, its tables will doubtless be as valuable as any other portion of its closely printed pages. To outsiders, however, its interest lies more particularly in the often able papers from the various commissioners, in which the influence of political and social events upon the trade of the year is discussed in an intelligent manner. The work is of special interest to all nations having dealings with China, and the cosmopolitan organization of the Chinese customs staff deprives the compilation of any national bias. The editor, Mr. Dick, appends an able paper, entitled "Suggestions for the Revision of the Chinese Customs Tariff and Trade Regulations," in which the results arrived at by a comparison of the various reports are clearly laid down and supplemented by valuable suggestions on the part of the writer. The other work to which we had reference was published in England (Smith, Elder & Co.), and is entitled "Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia, with some Account of Corea," by the Rev. Alex. Williamson, B A., late missionary at Chefoo. Much of the information which it gives had been published in a crude form by the author in local papers, but all persons interested in Chinese matters will be glad to find it arranged and amplified in these two volumes. Of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Corea, so little has hitherto been known that the least addition to our limited stock of information would be welcome; and Mr. Williamson's book abounds in valuable remarks upon the countries in question—the customs of the people, the productions of the soil, and the mineral wealth underlying the vast and almost unexplored area of which it treats. It is well illustrated by engravings from photographs.

DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?[*]

THIS book is one to which the term work may be fitly applied in its truest and best sense, for it is full of work from beginning to end. Throughout a volume of 360 pages, not one unnecessary word is to be found. The argument is supported by the largest array of well-selected and well-presented statistics bearing upon the subject that is to be found in any volume in any language with which we are acquainted. The spirit throughout is one of earnest enquiry and fairness, coupled with a modest diffidence that in one respect can scarcely fail to injure the work; for the title "Does Protection Protect?" conveys only the faintest possible idea of the range of the investigation whose results are here presented, and is apt to suggest to many persons the preconceived opinion against protection which is the very reverse of that from which the author started.

It is true that the work owes its origin to the enquiry which has given it a title. In the introduction, the author says:

> "Born of Whig parents, trained under influences wholly favorable to the system of protection, and thrown, when I began life for myself, into editorial association with an able and experienced advocate of that policy, I rather borrowed than formed the belief that it was the wisest, and joined with sincerity, if not with clear understanding, in efforts to secure 'Protection for American Industry.' . . . In legislation since the war, prompted by frequent appeals by those interests which had been most favored, I saw reason to doubt whether the trial of the protective system had entirely justified the anticipations of its advocates. *It seemed to me strange that, if protection had the desired effect, favored interests should be constantly demanding more protection*, and I began to look into the question for myself. These pages are the result."

The sentence italicized by us gives not only the origin of the enquiry, but almost the answer as well. If further and more explicit answer were needed, every one of the chapters singly furnishes an answer, conclusive, irresistible. To answer that enquiry, this volume was not required, and it is for this reason that we think the author's choice of a title does injustice to himself and to his work. For his work is greatly more than this. In another part of the introduction he says:

> "A fixed theory possesses a more than magnetic power of drawing to itself congenial facts, and repelling all others. This world has all sorts of facts in it, and the man who searches with a fixed idea in his head will always find facts to fit that idea. In questions of political economy, this method may be called the seductive, whereas that science demands the inductive. He who would arrive at truth must invite all facts, and be content to take such theories as they may bring with them. I have honestly endeavored to follow this method."

In pursuance of this plan, Mr. Grosvenor has made a most elaborate survey of all the leading interests affected by tariffs, whether industrial, agricultural, commercial, or financial; he has investigated the condition of labor and prices, of population and wealth; he has canvassed and discussed all the principal theories relating to each, and has gathered up, digested, arranged, tabulated, and reduced to diagrams such a vast mass of statistical matter that his work must henceforth be considered as the starting-point, the basis, of all future statistical labors in the United States.

It furnishes the most complete evidence of the fact that protection does not only not prevent excessive imports, but that it retards exports, and thus enlarges the balance of trade against us. It shows that protection diminishes the production of wealth by agriculture which is not protected, while it fails to hasten the healthy growth of the manufacturing industries which have enjoyed the largest amount of what is called legislative favor. It proves that the wages of labor have been lower, measured by their purchasing power, in times of protection than in times of non-protection; and that under protection the less favorable condition of the working-classes has proved a diminished incentive to foreign immigration, and has forced the community to diminish their consumption of many of the comforts, if not of some of the essential necessaries, of life. The general result of Mr. Grosvenor's labors cannot be better given than in his own closing words, which, we are convinced, will be emphatically endorsed by every thoughtful reader who follows him, as most will do, unto the end:

> "When I began this enquiry, I still believed, as in earlier days I had been taught, that, while the tariff was confessedly defective, permanent protection in some form and degree must be beneficial. The enquiry has led me to the conviction that protection, as a permanent policy, if ever useful, no longer benefits American labor as a whole; that its supposed benefits are mainly unreal, and, when they are real, fall to the share of capital, and do not improve the condition or stimulate the energy and inventive genius of labor; and that this country, realizing its natural superiority of resources, and its vast advantages in political freedom and intelligence of labor, should henceforth seek prosperity through the only efficient and enduring protection which can be given to industry—the removal of all unnecessary burdens. That enquiry has convinced at least one person that we need nothing else so much as to stimulate the native vigor and inventive power of our industry by competition with the labor and skill of other countries. The best protection for industry is to let it alone. Human wisdom cannot better, by artificial laws, the conditions under which the Creator has placed human labor by the natural laws of exchange. The world which He has given us is, in those provisions, the work of a higher intelligence than legislators have at their command; they may mar but can never mend it by interfering with its fundamental laws."

To review the book thoroughly would require a discussion of all the essential problems of political economy—a task that we shall be scarcely expected to undertake. Beyond commending the work in the strongest possible terms to every student of the science, and to every one interested in the great problem of Revenue Reform, we must confine ourselves to pointing out one or two of the instances—and they are not few—where we materially differ from his conclusions.

Although the argument of the protectionists, that high duties diminish imports, receives at our author's hands the most emphatic denial, he nevertheless seems to agree with the protectionists that large imports are in themselves an evil, or, at least, that it is highly undesirable for a country to import more than it exports, in other words, to have what is called an unfavorable balance of trade. Now, without entering here into an elaborate investigation of that mysterious entity, the balance of trade, we would call Mr. Grosvenor's attention to the fact that almost all nations engaged in a profitable foreign trade are constantly running up so-called unfavorable balances. England, for example—and it is generally admitted that England's foreign trade is on the whole a profitable one—England imports every year far more than she exports, the excess running from 15 to 33 per cent. of the total exports, and the percentage of excess being in striking harmony with her general prosperity. The most prosperous years are those in which the unfavorable balance is largest, and the unfavorable balance is smallest in the years of depression or those immediately following. Between 1854 and 1857, the percentage of excess varied from 23 to 32 per cent. In 1858 and 1859, following our terrible crisis, it fell to 18 and 15 per cent., the smallest for a long series of years. In 1860 and 1861, the percentage again rose to 28 and 36 per cent., the evil effects of our war not being experienced until 1863, when it fell to 26, and has, throughout the period of financial gloom and depression prevailing since, *been steadily declining* up to 1867, when it had fallen to 21 per cent., since which date we have not the figures at hand. During the ten years from 1858 to 1867 inclusive, England ran up an unfavorable balance of trade of not less than 2,400 millions in gold for merchandise alone, yet it will scarcely be claimed that England is materially in debt to other countries. And lest any one deem that the balance may have been paid for in coin, or diminished by coin shipments, we would state that during that same period England actually imported 270 millions more of gold and silver than it exported, so that the bullion and specie movement really increased the accumulated balance to 2,670 millions. It is to be regretted that Mr. Grosvenor should not have sought the light which a few leading foreign statistics would have thrown across his path; but perhaps the material already on his hand was as much as could be readily managed, especially since he had to commence almost everything from the beginning. After him the work of others will be lighter.

We had proposed to ourselves to take issue also with Mr. Grosvenor on some important questions relating to the currency, as well as to point out to him a truth on the verge of which he seems repeatedly hovering without ever actually discovering it, namely, that the basis of all national prosperity is to be found in the *profits* earned by the producers of the necessaries of life; for they, being the largest consumers, essentially regulate the prosperity of every other class by their ability to consume its products. A careful consideration of this truth, habitually and persistently lost sight of by every economist with whom we are acquainted, would have cleared up many doubts and difficulties in our author's path. We have unfortunately not left ourselves space to pursue the subject now.

MARCH'S COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.[*]

THERE is a growing conviction in the public mind that every system of liberal education should include a philological study of the English language. This study, if it is to be really thorough, cannot be confined to the forms of speech current at the present day. To comprehend what the language now is, we must understand how it came to be so. For the English this is especially necessary, as its modes of expression are often dependent on a system of inflection which long ago ceased to exist. Hence it is becoming more and more apparent that the only sufficient basis for a scientific knowledge of English is to be found in a thorough study of Anglo-Saxon. It is strange that the recognition of this fact has not sooner led to the composition of a good manual for Anglo-Saxon study. No one who has attended to the subject needs to be informed that the Anglo Saxon grammars and reading-books hitherto published have been very far from satisfactory. The learned Dane, Erasmus Rask, early in this century, made a beginning which for its time was excellent and praiseworthy. But English scholars, instead of advancing upon Rask, have been content with repeating and abridging him. Among the Germans Grimm and his followers have studied this, as all the other old Germanic languages, with great ardor and success; but they have not produced an Anglo-Saxon grammar fitted for the student's use.

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[*] "Does Protection Protect? An Examination of the Effect of Different Forms of Tariff upon American Industry. By W. M. Grosvenor, editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*." 1 vol. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

[*] "A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language; in which its forms are illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High-German. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, author of 'Method of Philological Study of the English Language,' 'A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners,' etc." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870. 8vo, pp. 253.

It is matter for congratulation that this deficiency in the means of study no longer exists, that Professor March has supplied it in a manner so thorough and scholarly. Seldom does a school-book bear the marks of such careful and faithful elaboration. It is plain that the author has not gone through his work as a piece of literary drudgery. It has been to him a labor of love; he has thrown himself into it with his whole mind and character. His personality glows through the crust of grammatical rules and forms, and gives a living interest to his pages.

While the work, as a whole, is remarkable among grammars for its originality, the most original part of it is the syntax. In this field the author has had to labor as a pioneer. No one before him has written what could with any propriety be called a syntax of the Anglo-Saxon. He has had to collect the material, as well as to digest and arrange it, for himself. The body of constructions and idioms which he has brought together, and the copious citations by which they are illustrated, show a wide extent of reading and much acuteness of observation. The statement of principles is sharp, pithy, and forcible. The arrangement, while pervaded by a rigorous logic, is not difficult to understand, and is convenient for use. Care is taken to distinguish the ordinary modes of expression from those of an unusual and exceptional nature. Very interesting are the comparisons made with similar constructions in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and other kindred languages. They are contributions to a department of philology as yet very little cultivated—the comparative syntax of the Indo-European family.

In the etymological part of the book these comparisons take a wider range, and form one of its most peculiar and important features. The student is made to see the relations of Anglo-Saxon inflection not only to the inflection of the Gothic and other old Germanic idioms, but also to that of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and even to the primitive Indo-European speech of which they are all descendants. In some cases, it may be, the forms which he gives as primitive are too weakly supported by proof to be worthy of reliance; for example, some of the plural and dual case-endings given (from Schleicher) on page 35. But in matters of this kind, where there are all degrees of probability, it is impossible to draw a clear line of distinction between things that may be accepted and things that must be rejected. The general method of the work is sound and scientific; and the student who masters it will become familiar with the principles of comparative philology, as applied to and illustrated from one of the older Indo-European tongues. This extension of its plan beyond the limits of the Anglo-Saxon has made the book a good deal larger and more complex than would otherwise have been necessary. But to this disadvantage, if such it is, we may willingly submit for the sake of the impulse and the assistance given here to the pursuit of general linguistic studies.

The work is one which both requires and rewards study. It is Professor March's habit to give his statements the forms in which they seem most interesting and impressive to his own mind. Other forms might, in particular instances, be more easily and quickly understood by the beginner. But the effort to follow a mind of such ingenuity and force cannot fail to be quickening to the student. The style is in a high degree condensed, nervous, and crowded with meaning. The grammatical elements are reduced to their lowest terms. Methods and processes are indicated by the briefest phrases, or presented to the eye by a kind of algebraic notation. This mode of treatment, if it makes large demands on the attention of the student, is well calculated to impress upon him the definiteness and positiveness of linguistic laws. It cultivates the habit of exact scientific thought, the want of which has brought so much harm and shame upon philology. The book, though not beyond the grasp of an energetic and clear-headed student working by himself, is rather fitted to serve as a basis for class instruction, where the teacher can make the selections required for the beginner, and supply all necessary explanations. This, it may be presumed, is the use made of it by the author himself, and which he expected it to serve in the hands of others. We trust that many teachers may be found to use it in the spirit of the author, and with the results which he has aimed to accomplish.

As a companion-book to the Grammar, Professor March has published an "Anglo-Saxon Reader," which contains in seventy pages an interesting series of extracts from Anglo-Saxon prose and poetry. The notes which follow them are excellent in quality, though perhaps less copious than could have been desired. The book has also a vocabulary and a brief grammar, which will be of use even to those who have the larger grammar, since it presents in a few pages the portions of that work which the author regards as of immediate and prime importance.

Ten Times One is Ten. The Possible Reformation. By Colonel Frederic Ingham [Rev. E. E. Hale]. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)—"Ten Times One is Ten" is a Utopian sketch of the effect which might be produced on mankind by the widening influence of a single life. Harry Wadsworth, the hero of the book, is a young railroad freight agent, of manly and helpful character. He dies, and ten of the people whom he has been able to teach and cheer meet on the way to his funeral, and are compelled to wait four or five hours at the railway-station. Being Americans, they naturally fall to making speeches and passing resolutions, winding up, eventually, by forming themselves into a "society" to perpetuate Harry Wadsworth's memory and do his work. They agree to preserve his motto—

"To look up, and not down;
To look forward, and not back;
To look out, and not in;
And
To lend a hand."

They are also to exchange letters and reports of progress. In three years, the first letters come in. The Club is widely scattered—to Kansas, California, Calabria, New Zealand—and "No. 9 in the 3d Range, Maine," where our old friend, Mr. Frederic Ingham, the historian of the movement, has taken up his abode. Each member has gone to work in the spirit of the resolutions, and has infected ten or more besides himself with like spirit, so that the present number of the Club amounts to 100 or upwards. In six years it is 1,000; in nine, 10,000; in twelve, 100,000, and so on, until, at the close of the ninth triad, which brings us to the year 1882, we find 10,000,000,000—in other words, the entire population of the globe—believing in Harry Wadsworth and working according to his method. The millennium has come "of itself," as children say. There is a total abatement of murders, sensation trials, and railway accidents; the "great dailies" are forced to take to "feuilletons with continued stories in them" to keep themselves going; Congress adjourns, at the end of a three weeks' session, for lack of legislative pabulum; the public schools give daily half-holidays; and all the pretty county jails are thrown open for summer boarders. The pages of the New York *Herald* and the *Observer* abound with such advertisements as these:

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The methods by which these reforms are brought about are most comically possible and most pathetically improbable, and the reader is left sighing in vain over the rose-colored vision.

There is a graphic adventure on the Ohio, which, if true, would suggest the desirability of having photographs of Harry Wadsworth struck off, and sold, in connection with accident insurance policies, to all persons going westward; the Ohio, like most American rivers of navigable draught, being an exceedingly "chancy" place for travellers. The young English lady who experiences the adventure, and finds the photograph so opportune, afterwards joins the Wadsworth Combination, and, with her husband, does good service there. But for their story, as well as other good things, we must refer our readers to the book. Mr. Hale's process of narrative belongs to what in botany is called the "endogenous" species, and is quite too admirable to be spoiled by further clipping or paring from us.

London Lyrics. By Frederick Locker. (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.)—It would seem to be a fact of literary history that really good *vers de société* have almost never been produced by men of English blood—the reason, perhaps, being that in the case of very few English writers in verse has an aptitude for refined wit, and light gayety, and skilful elegance of expression ever been disjoined from the serious depth of feeling and the serious earnestness of thought which are distinguishing qualities of poets who are of our race. For our nearest approaches to excellence in this kind of writing, we shall have to go back to Suckling and Prior—to the light-hearted courtier, carelessly playing with love in graceful rhyme, and to the somewhat shallow-natured man of letters and diplomatist veneered with the French culture of the days of the Anne-Augustan age. If we take our latest noticeable attempts at making *vers de société*—the name, as the thing, we borrow—we shall find in the poems of Praed and Thackeray the Anglo Saxon seriousness regularly interfering with our success. And this in two or three ways:—we sink into the sterile jocoseness of puns and the like; or our sentiment becomes pensive if not, indeed, sad; or we infuse a most unparlorlike depth of feeling into the restrained susceptibility and bright elegance of the feeling and thought proper to the true *vers de société;* or we fall into humorous or farcical delineation of character. It is not necessary, we imagine, as far as concerns making our position seem well taken, to do more than recall to the reader's memory the subdued melancholy of Praed when he seems to be writing most sincerely; or the half-mournful, half-playful retrospectiveness of Thackeray; or Praed's punning jests and squibs when he seems to be writing most gaily and most like a man of society; or Thackeray's satirical and humorous, or even farcical, Irish letter-writers and French veterans; or the same poet's truthfulness of regretful sentiment when the youth in the wine-shop sees his lady going past to church, and says to himself and her:

"Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour forth your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly;"—

or such unaffected utterances of the tenderness of homelike affection as in the lines where he speaks thus:

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me."

But these, it may be objected, hardly offer themselves as *vers de société;* they, and the Irish reporter's letters, and the recollections of old times in Paris, put in claims for a higher rank. Yet unless we take these poems, and such as these, into the account, we shall find that our two modern writers who are popularly set highest, and almost alone, among writers of society poems, have just about the same right to consideration among poets as have the ordinary writers in albums or the makers of charades—we shall find that there is left very little of the men themselves and just about as little in the way of *vers de société*.

Mr. Locker seems to us to have a good deal of the same sort of unfitness for working in his chosen field as disqualified his two immediate predecessors. He is retrospectively sentimental; he is given to rather feeble verbal wit, and frequently and with some considerable natural feeling he expresses warm parental affection. Apart from a sufficient cleverness of versification and neatness of phraseology—though he is not remarkable for correct and idiomatic English—his strength would seem to lie in what an exacting reader of poetry might probably call his weakness. Though not without thoughtfulness and feeling and humor, the easy pace of his verse is seldom made less light by any important burdens of heart or intellect, and he seems to have no natural qualifications or disqualifications which should make it impossible for him to be the Prior of *London Society* and the other less weighty magazines. His best effort, we think—gay, witty, elegant, and altogether agreeable—is this pair of stanzas, which he entitles "St. George's, Hanover Square":

"She passed up the aisle on the arm of her sire,
A delicate lady in bridal attire,
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few
That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

"O beautiful Bride! So meek in thy splendor,
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bower unsought,
And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
Prove worthy thy worship—confound him."

Besides this little piece—the tone of which seems to us to be perfectly right—we have in a similarly true vein one or two glimpses of the good girl of the period, with her pretty innocence and her engagements and billets-doux; but oftener we find our poet on an inferior level. Perhaps he is doing the sort of thing that Mr. W. S. Gilbert has been doing in the wooden contortions of the "Bab Ballads"; or perhaps he is imitating Prior too closely; or, more likely, he is professing—with noticeable good humor and good faith, we are bound to say—the sort of patronizing indifferentism with which a certain school of recent English writers have made us too familiar; he lets us know that he has seen the theatre by daylight, and that he knows what is under Mr. Merryman's paint and spangles; or he pats Daffydowndilly on the head, but tells us that he himself has found out that, on the whole, claret wears better than May-dew; or he gives us three stanzas, in which he is a little tender over some old love-letters, and then he gives us three more, in which he is mildly cynical over the recollected fact that the Phillis of his dreams when he was twenty is married now, and thirty-five, and the mother of another man's twins. This kindly sentimentalism is, we suppose, as radically opposed to the genius of genuine society verses, or nearly as radically opposed to it, as the passion of Juliet or the woes of Cordelia; nevertheless, it is not in itself so unpleasant as it might be, though one likes it better in magazines, and a little at a time, than by the bookful. But, doubtless, having Mr. Locker at his worst is a prerequisite to having Mr. Locker at his best, and Mr. Locker at his best is worth having; and his bad is not so bad as to be unenjoyable.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, Gennesareth, etc. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.)—The awkward arrangement of his title indicates the stress which the author wishes to lay upon so much of his voyaging, from October, 1868, to April, 1869, as took place upon the Jordan; and on that river and on Gennesareth, it is true, he really made explorations and discoveries which add to the world's knowledge of the geography and history of Palestine. He floated where it is probable no boatman ever had preceded him, and noted with painstaking and all needful accuracy the springs, tributaries, and course of the river as far as the second lakes, which last he circumnavigated thoroughly, seeking to identify the Scriptural topography, and, we suppose, solving some of the problems which the New Testament narrative has given rise to among scholars. A whole chapter, for instance, is devoted to the Apostles' voyage from Bethsaida to Capernaum, "from a sailor's point of view," which consists in first scrutinizing the possible ports of embarkation from the north-eastern shore of Tiberias, and then testing the account of the voyage by several hypotheses as to the prevailing wind at the time, and the known width of the lake, and places of debarkation on the west coast. Of all his observations in Palestine, we may say in general that they seem worthy to be read with any commentary of the Scriptures, and to find a place in theological or in Sunday-school libraries. The *Rob Roy's* adventures here, however, succeeded, in point of time, short excursions through the Suez Canal into the Red Sea, and down the Nile to the Mediterranean; and although we cannot accuse any part of the book of lacking in interest, we have enjoyed most, for pure description and for its novelty, the log of the cruise in the Delta:

> "Many of the reaches of the Nile," says Mr. Macgregor, "were like what is seen from the window where these lines are written, as the heavy tide of the Severn runs sleepily past the red cliffs near Newnham. But substitutions must be made in the mind, if Gloucestershire is to look like the Delta. Those corn-fields are instead of maize; those bushy elms are put for palm-trees. The spires that point our English landscape must be thought of as minarets, gaudy and white, and this pleasant 'Severn Bank Hotel' is a change from the doorless, wall-less, windowless 'khan' of the East, with only a roof and pillars, and a general odor of donkeydom.
>
> "August here on the Severn will do very well for December on the Nile, and, as the moon lights up at eve, the difference between the two pictures is only that between shadows. That lazy boat at anchor, fishing in mid-channel, would do for either continent, only in Egypt there would be gay turbans on board, and the soft, melodious drum and gentle, careless song. . . .
>
> "Even a better likeness of the Nile is seen upon the Thames, from the garden of the hotel at Purfleet, where the old *Rob Roy*, on her first voyage, passed her first night in comfort.
>
> "The dikes along the Thames are smaller than in Egypt, but equally strong. The Essex marshes stretch their flat landscape on either side, just like the Delta. When the setting sun casts a hazier light behind the shores, and fancy is more free and colors are less true, then the tall tower of the new asylum on the opposite hill might well be taken for a Moslem minaret, and the whitebait-fisher's boats for boats of Egypt. Greenhithe, to our left from hence, is shaded deep, but we can still discern the sharp

masts of the *Chichester* training-ship, the floating home for the homeless boy, and, nearer, we hear a soft, sweet chant of the 'Evening Hymn' from the open ports of the *Cornwall*, where the poor lads who have slipped in first steps of life are put in the way upright, that they may cheer up and try again."

This last touch of the colportor is not out of place as a suggestion of contrast between the civilizations of the Thames and the Nile, whose scenery agrees so well. The captain of the *Rob Roy* seldom displays so naturally and unobtrusively his missionary self-mindfulness. He is more in character as a tolerably bigoted and complacent Christian, when reporting his Christmas sermon to the Arabs on the Abana:

> "The moon shone clear, and our fire had become embers when the Howaja joined the party round it and asked silence for his address. He told them that we had now reached the furthest point of our journey. After this, we were going south and west, and homeward. Then he turned to the journey of life, and the home for us pilgrims; then to the Christmas Day just finished, as a great mark in time's road to eternity; and then he gave them a condensed history of the world from the creation—the law, the prophets, and the Saviour, the apostles, the martyrs, and ourselves. Hany interpreted each sentence, and every sentence was heard with intense interest. It was, indeed, an open-air sermon, and what with the time, the place, the audience, and the occasion, we might feel solemnly the heavy responsibility we incur in speaking to others who will listen on subjects like these. Long after the hour for sleep these men were talking of it all. Perhaps no one of them had ever heard so much truth before, or will ever hear it again."

Something of this responsibility might properly be felt in writing as well as in open-air sermonizing; and we should like to ask Mr. Macgregor if he is quite ingenuous in quoting (p. 375) from Josephus, as if it had never been questioned, the famous passage from the "Antiquities" (book xviii., chap. iii., sec. iii.) describing the character and works of Jesus.

Three Years in the Sixth Corps. By George T. Stevens, Surgeon of the 77th Regiment New York Volunteers. Second edition, revised and corrected. (New York: D. Van Nostrand, Publisher. 1870.)—We have a very high opinion of the corps to which Surgeon Stevens belonged, and of their gallant services which he records; but as the book before us is hardly the one which will best perpetuate their fame, we will await a more favorable opportunity for reviewing their career, and venture now on a few general remarks. We suppose that every country town between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, north of Mason and Dixon's line, has its regimental surgeon, chaplain, commissary, or other non-combatant, who can tell an immense deal more of crushing the recent rebellion than could be gleaned elsewhere in all his neighborhood, though it may swarm with veterans who stood in the front in many fights. Somehow the non-combatant class were very observing. Going to the seat of war, they were the men who saw quite all the people who lined the railroads, dismissing all other affairs of life to wave clouds of handkerchiefs to the passing heroes; they can remember how many knives and forks were set at the Cooper Refreshment Saloon in Philadelphia; and they can repeat the little speech that the colonel made to the ladies there. They can tell you all the novel experiences and feelings of the first camp; all the drillings and burnishings and fevers which beset the regiment; how muddy it was when the fall rains set in. And they can go through the whole war with the same detail. They remember all the wet nights and icy mornings; all the short-ration days, when the troops cried "Hard Tack!"—all the dusty marches when there were no wells nor springs on the roads. In battle, they heard the screams of all the wounded horses; saw all the large trees that bullets cut in two; had a near view of the awful carnage produced by bayonet charges; saw all the individual acts of bravery; saw all the other corps falling back on both flanks, leaving their corps to bear the brunt alone against the whole of Lee's army. In fact, they saw everything, and made a note of it; and when they write war-books, as they sometimes do, they put it all down in black and white, giving honor to whom honor belongs. The result of their labors is very interesting to many families whose sons figure on the glowing page, and would be very useful to a person who had been shut up in Asia Minor during the rebellion, and had not read the newspapers of that time, and had no idea how anything was done in our war. But for the rest of mankind such works have less value, their accuracy not being equal to their minuteness; and as for their literary charm, we must say that they are often as dry as the remainder-biscuit after a voyage.

The Virginia Tourist. Sketches of the Springs and Mountains of Virginia. By Edward A. Pollard. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—As soldiers fight their battles o'er again in years of peace, so our summer tourists relate by winter's fireside the story of their last summer's rambles by sea and by forest, and plan pleasure campaigns for the coming season. Such as these, seeking new fields to win, may find in Mr. Pollard's work the fullest information concerning one of the most picturesque of our American mountain regions. The value and the variety of the Virginia springs are both remarkable. The Sulphurs, white, red, yellow, blue, etc., etc., muster strong. The hot and the warm are really what they are labelled, and a plunge-bath in the huge octagon tank of the latter, with its depth of five and its diameter of forty feet, supplied by springs pouring forth a thousand gallons per minute, is something to remember. We speak from experience. The other springs—a legion of sweet, salt, alum, etc.—include every mineral and curative quality of which water is capable. The scenery is fine, the atmosphere healthy, air bracing, and we know of but one drawback to as much enjoyment as watering-places are capable of affording, and that is inferiority of accommodations—a defect which would probably be soon cured by a certain amount of Northern patronage.

Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California. A Tourist's Guide to the Yo-Semite Valley. (San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.)—This volume of some three hundred pages of carefully prepared descriptive text, illustrated with more than a hundred really excellent wood-cuts, gives us, if we except Prof. Whitney's "Guide," the clearest idea we have yet been able to obtain from books of the beauties and wonders of the Yo-Semite Valley. A residence of twenty years in California and of six years in the Yo-Semite must certainly have given the author abundant opportunities to know whereof he affirms. Not only the great valley, its big trees, its wondrous waterfalls, caves, and natural bridges are graphically placed before us, but other California curiosities, such as Mount Shasta, the New Almaden and Henriquita quicksilver mines, the Geyser springs, Lake Tahoe, and numerous other picturesque localities, are presented in a manner equally vivid and satisfactory.

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Douglas (Amanda M.), With Fate Against Him: a Tale	(Sheldon & Co.)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1870.

The Week.

THE principal event of the week at the French theatre of war is the battle fought on the 17th, near Dreux. It seems that after his victory before Orléans, General D'Aurelles de Paladines, having fortified his position near Chevilly, between that city and Artenay, began moving a part of his troops north-westward, in the direction of Châteaudun and Chartres, with the object of flanking the army under Von der Tann, on its right, and joining in an attack on the westernmost positions of the besieging army before Paris, to execute which French forces, belonging to the command of Kératry, had been transferred from Le Mans and elsewhere. To meet these movements, Von der Tann withdrew his troops from the line of Patay, Artenay, and Toury, on the confines of the Departments of Loiret and Eure-et-Loir, and, facing westward, occupied positions near Bazoche, Voves, and further north, on a line parallel to that of Châteaudun and Chartres. The First Bavarian Corps, which was marching to reinforce him, was arrested in its southerly movement at Etampes, and also faced westward, towards Ablis. The French forces, having formed a junction in the western part of Eure-et-Loir, advanced on the line of Châteauneuf and Versailles, passing Dreux, near which they were met by parts of the Fifth and Twelfth Corps, and other German troops, hastily gathered, under command of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg, from the armies before Paris or on march to reinforce Von der Tann. The result of the battle was the repulse of the French along the whole line, their hasty retreat beyond Châteauneuf, and the reoccupation of Dreux by the Prussians. Who was in command of the French—whether it was D'Aurelles de Paladines himself, Kératry, or some other general—what was the number of their forces, and what the loss on either side, we have as yet to learn.

The chief importance of the Prussian victory at Dreux consists in its securing the extreme and weakest lines of the besieging army, while Von der Tann—or his successor in command, if his rumored removal be true—is enabled to resume the offensive against D'Aurelles de Paladines, in co-operation with Prince Frederic Charles. The right wing of the army of the latter, consisting of the Third Corps, had at last accounts, in its march from the Moselle to the Loire, through Champagne, crossed the river Yonne at Sens, and was advancing to connect with Von der Tann in Orléanais, while its centre, the Ninth Corps, proceeded *viâ* Auxerre, obviously with the purpose of crossing the Loire between Orléans and Nevers, and operating in the rear of D'Aurelles de Paladines, on the shortest line to Tours. The French general, who is evidently conscious of the perilous condition in which this double approach places the Army of the Loire, tries in every way to fortify its main position in front of Orléans, and to secure and facilitate its retreat to the south bank of the Loire, while a fresh body of troops, designated the Eighteenth Corps, is collecting at Nevers, which may possibly offer some protection to his right flank, should he fall back on a point between Bourges and Tours.

The Prussian Tenth Corps, forming the left wing of Frederic Charles's army, advances through Burgundy towards the Saône, to join the forces operating under the command of General Von Werder. These now appear to be massed chiefly in and around Dijon and Gray, to have fortified Montbéliard and invested Auxonne, and to hold by their advanced posts a line extending from Dôle, on the Doubs, through St. Jean de Losne, on the Saône, to Nuits, at the foot of the Côte d'Or. The troops opposed to them, under General Garibaldi, in the vicinity of Autun and Creuzot, are reported to be in a state of paralyzing disorganization, owing to a want of harmony between the French and foreign officers, and a mutinous spirit among the men. Telegrams from Tours, however, announce a sanguinary surprise of a German detachment, at Châtillon (Châtillon-le-Duc, near Besançon ?), by Ricciotti Garibaldi, and also an obstinate, though indecisive, combat near Nuits, between three hundred Francs-tireurs against four times their number of Prussians. The news from the southern parts of France is considered in Tours to be more satisfactory than it has been for a time, order being re-established both in Lyons and Marseilles. In the North frequent fighting, though on a rather small scale, has been going on in the Department of Aisne, around Tergnier and La Fère, mostly with advantage to the Prussians, who are, besides, soon to receive heavy reinforcements, under General Manteuffel. The garrison of the last-named place has made some vigorous sorties, but in vain. More or less successful sorties are also reported from Mézières, Montmédy, and Belfort. From Paris there is no new warlike move to be recorded, attempted either by the besieged or by the besiegers.

According to all present appearance, General D'Aurelles de Paladines runs imminent risk of sharing the fate of the "Man of Sedan" and of Bazaine, unless he gets out of the way. A little too much tenacity—and this he is not at all unlikely to be forced into displaying—in trying to cover Tours—and Prince Frederic Charles will certainly "gobble him up," and that will be the end of "the Army of the Loire." Prudence seems to dictate a rapid removal of it and the Government to Poitiers, and, indeed, it is not at all unlikely that we shall hear of its flight within a few days. The fifteenth of December is now fixed, upon the best evidence, as the latest period Paris can hold out, but its surrender before the last moment is to be hoped for on grounds of humanity. Most intelligent Frenchmen have doubtless given up hope; but there is a state of mind which succeeds hopefulness into which great numbers of them are now passing, and which is perhaps respectable enough to take the guilt out of vain resistance, and that is a state of mind in which fighting on, without reference to result, seems a duty. There is, however, evidently not much of this. Most of the obstinacy is evidently due to ignorance and vanity and absurd expectations.

Count Bismarck has carried the negotiations with the representatives of the South-western States, relative to their union with North Germany, to a successful issue, though not in a way which can be said to be perfectly satisfactory to all parties concerned. The Grand-Duchies of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt have joined the North German Confederation unconditionally, and the treaty admitting them as members has been signed at Versailles. To the two kingdoms of Würtemberg and Bavaria, however, concessions had to be made by King William, such as, perhaps, only the prolonged resistance of Paris, Von der Tann's check before Orléans, and the war clouds rising in the East, have persuaded him to grant. Würtemberg has secured special reservations in regard to its internal taxes, mails, and telegraphs, and Bavaria is even allowed to retain—in addition, we presume—"its military sovereignty and independent military organization"—under the supremacy, of course, of the Hohenzollern head of the thus enlarged Union, to whom, also, all representation abroad exclusively belongs. The conventions concluded will be laid before the North German Parliament, as well as a draft, which is now under consideration, of a new federal constitution. Thus Germany—in its narrower sense, that is, with the exclusion of the German provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—may be said to be finally united. Whether its head is to wear the imperial crown is as yet not stated. The result of the recent elections to the Prussian Diet shows increased confidence in the Government. Dr. Jacoby, of Königsberg, the chief opponent to its annexation schemes, has been defeated.

The most prominent topic of discussion connected with the war during the week has been the question of Bazaine's treachery. It was first raised by Gambetta when he heard of the surrender of Metz, but, as far as he was concerned, was a pure falsehood, invented to support other falsehoods which he had been previously telling about Bazaine's cutting his way out to Thionville, and holding Prince Frederic Charles as in a vice. He knew nothing whatever of the facts at the time he issued his proclamation, and Bazaine, in a letter to *Le Nord*, a Belgiam paper, very properly pronounced the War Minister's charges "lying lucubrations." Since the surrender, "reports" and statements of various kinds have been flying about in every direction, throwing doubts on the Marshal's fidelity. The testimony as to the abundance of food during the siege is very strong; but, on the other hand, the testimony as to the broken-down and, above all, scorbutic appearance of the soldiers, except the Guard, at the surrender, is equally strong; and this would seem to dispose of the report that the Marshal refused to cut the rations down. His excuse for not cutting his way out is, that he had no artillery horses; but it is said, on the other hand, that he ought to have tried his luck before the horses were eaten up. But he did try it twice, and the heads of his columns were swept away by the Prussian fire long before they reached the besieging lines. The other plans by which he might have got out if he had tried, with which the newspapers are filled, are hardly worth discussing. The number of men who can extricate any army from any scrape, if you only give them a quire of paper, is prodigious, but it is hardly fair to condemn any soldier on their certificates. The theory on which Bazaine is accused is, of course, that he was hostile to the Republic, and wished to save the Empire; and that he expected the Provisional Government to make peace after Sedan, and then he would march out the only unconquered leader. There may be something in this, and there may not. One is prejudiced against it by the fact that Gambetta has accused all the officers of the regular army of treasonable devotion to the "Man of Sedan." If the French army was what he describes it, his trying to make a new one was a crime. He ought to make peace, and go to work to get up a new code of national morals.

The cloud of war raised by Gortchakoff's circular has not altogether passed away. Earl Granville has opposed a peremptory refusal to the Russian application for a revision of the Treaty of 1856, on the ground that, however unreasonable the restrictions placed on Russia may be, one party to the treaty is not to be permitted to throw off the obligations it imposes without the consent of the others—using arguments with which the discussion of the State-rights question in this country has made most American readers familiar, but which probably strike English readers now as much more forcible than they did in 1861. To this Gortchakoff replies, that the treaty has been already violated two or three times by the intrusion of war vessels into the Black Sea, and by the election of a Prince by the united provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, and that, in any event, it is impossible just now to summon a congress, so he must have his war vessels in that sea without further delay; but he is conciliatory in tone, and disclaims all hostility to Turkey. There would be a stronger probability of a peaceful settlement than there is, and we do not say that such a settlement is yet improbable, if England could afford to yield; but owing to the terrible damage sustained by her reputation through her submissiveness about the Danish question, and the singular readiness which Prussia has shown to quarrel with her over the exportation of arms, she will doubtless have to fight, *nolens volens*, to save herself from contempt or worse. If Austria kept out of the fray, war would probably be remote, but she must go into it as a matter of life, and Italy's attitude is still doubtful, but she will probably be tempted by the glory of the thing and anxiety to make her début as a first-class power. The chances of peace, however, improve with delay, and if the negotiations can be kept going till the fall of Paris, a general congress will furnish the disputants a ready escape from a very embarrassing position.

The serious character which the Russian affair evidently at one time assumed in the eyes of European finance and commerce, was reflected here in an advance of four per cent. in gold, a slight fall in Government bonds and in cotton, and a rapid and excited advance in breadstuffs. More than one-half of these changes has, however, been lost again, and so far the influence on our markets has been extremely limited. It would be difficult to furnish a better illustration of the listlessness, or rather total absence, of speculation. Stocks have, in the main, been lower, in spite of various combination schemes. Money continues easy, but with occasional evidences of a diminution in general confidence, which is not altogether without justification. Several failures in the whiskey trade, and others both abroad and at home, create a certain amount of uneasiness. The woollen and iron trades complain of depression, and several mills and foundries have temporarily stopped work, while, at the same time, strikes are reported in various directions. Coal continues dull and weak, though without material decline. The condition of the real-estate market is attracting renewed attention, owing largely to the poor success of an attempted auction sale of a large amount of choice city property. Business generally, though light, is sound and steady, and appears to be settling down more and more to the quiet dulness of extreme regularity.

The Spaniards have at last got a king in the person of the young Duke of Aosta, and it must be confessed that, although he is not a person of remarkable ability, nor likely to have much power, he has in him, in having been bred at a constitutional court, the materials of the best ruler the Spaniards have had for many a long day. That any great change in the character of the Government will take place soon is not to be hoped for; this must come, not from a change in the dynasty, or rearrangement of the machinery, but from the spread of education and growth of industry. If the new régime makes roads and establishes schools, it will do all that can, for the present, be expected of it. If the Spaniards could only have picked Aosta out six months ago, what millions of treasure and torrents of blood would have been saved; and yet how much less hopeful and satisfactory the state of Europe would have been than it now promises to be.

The Cox controversy has been slowly dying out in spite of a feeble supplemental "explanation" from the President, which contains nothing new. It will probably now remain where it is till Mr. Cox's report appears next month. This will, we believe, furnish some tid-bits about the condition of the civil service in Washington. The Philadelphia *Press* has, however, we are glad to say, continued its onslaughts on civil service reform. Colonel Forney declares of it that "it is a self-evident falsehood," and "fraud upon the government," and that "the American people will none of it." Yes, they will—begging the Colonel's pardon—and, what is more startling still, the Colonel himself will yet defend it fiercely in his own terse English, in this same paper. The Indianapolis *Journal* has also taken up the same ground, and abuses Cox handsomely. It says, by way of defending "rotation in office," that the new clerks form a kind of "investigating committee," and find out what tricks their predecessors have been guilty of. This is certainly true up to a certain point, but then as soon as the "investigating committee" has discovered the tricks, the members begin to practise them themselves, which makes it difficult to see what the country gains by having them found out. The Boston *Advertiser*, too, has come to the defence of the President, and says there is nothing whatever in the charges against him; that he is all right, and that his assailants ought to be ashamed of themselves. All his defenders, however, would have done well to have followed the example of the best and shrewdest newspaper friends he has—the New York *Times* and *Tribune*—and have preserved a strict silence about the whole matter. That is the best way to confound the "Coxites." The *Tribune*, by the way, did speak once. Mr. Lewis Dent, the President's brother-in-law, and one of the McGarrahan counsel, having been accused by somebody of having gone to Long Branch to procure the McGarrahan letter, denied it. Whereupon the *Tribune* called attention to his denial, and said the public might judge, from the way this charge had broken down, of the value of the attacks recently made on the President.

There is one thing this controversy reveals pretty clearly, and that is, that the amount of support which the friends of reform will receive on the matter of civil service from men, and even from journalists, who have ever held office, and who expect to hold it again, will be very small. They are all in favor of civil service reform in the abstract, but when it comes to taking any practical steps to bring it about, as Rip Van Winkle says, "they swear off." But the recent uproar has at least developed a show of zeal, and Mr. Boutwell has been driven into publishing a circular issued by him for the government of the custom-houses, in June, 1869, which directs a *bona-fide* examination of every candidate for a place, and a competitive examination where there are several candidates for one place; and the Boston *Advertiser* says "it is assured that similar instructions have been given, and *are enforced*, in every bureau under Mr. Boutwell's control." We are glad this astounding assertion has been made, because it will give the friends of reform an opportunity either of doing justice to a much maligned man, or calling public attention in a very telling way to the nature of the devices by which attempts to bring about real reform are foiled. But we venture to predict that Mr. Boutwell will sorely regret having made it before he hears the last of it. He has uncovered his flank.

Indeed, there seems to be a general agreement among the supporters of the new régime at Washington, from the President down—well, to say things which put the public in a very embarrassing position. For instance, we now have three different reasons given us in succession why General Grant interfered with the course of law about the McGarrahan claim. The first was that he had "suspicions of Wilson;" the second, that he wished to reserve the matter to be disposed of by Congress; the third—evidently suggested by Butler, who puts it forward in his late letter—that he wanted to keep the property for the United States. Among the numerous collateral fabrications got up in aid of the Administration, and one of the most impudent, is the story that the signers of the New Haven letter are sorry, and, if it was to be done over again, would not sign. The reasons for writing such a letter have indeed grown stronger by far under the President's defence than they were when it was written. We think we can safely promise all who have sympathized with Mr. Cox, and supported him, a set of "exposures" during the coming winter which will make him seem more remarkable for forbearance than for anything else.

General Butler has appeared on the scene during the week in two characters. One is as a witness in the Cox case. He testifies as a Member of the Judiciary Committee that the McGarrahan claim was not well founded, but adds that Cox seemed to him "quite desirous apparently to give a patent to the Idria Mining Company," the whole letter, we have little doubt, being written for the express purpose of bringing this insinuation in, which, of course, has just what force the character of the person who makes it gives it, and no more. He is also coming out as a lecturer on the *Alabama* case, but repudiates the report of an "interview" with him, which went the rounds of the papers a week ago, and in which he said the Republican party was going to the dogs, and would die unless "capital" was made for it; and that the way to make capital for it was to get up a quarrel with England about the *Alabama* case and the fisheries. Finding this did not take well with the public, he denies its accuracy, and says he is going to explain himself more fully; but the New York *Tribune* tells him that it will prove that the report *was* accurate, and that he must be careful. The spectacle of a Christian public buzzing about a personage like the General, waiting for his "views" on war and peace and political morality, is not pleasant even when one knows how small his influence is.

A well-informed correspondent writes to say he thinks we have overestimated the strength of the "Labor Reformers" in the recent election in Massachusetts. He says the Phillips vote was largely made up of Republican malcontents, who gave them to Mr. Phillips instead of Mr. "Scattering," and that this element would have been much larger but for his speeches. The best test of the strength of the Prohibitionists and Labor Reformers was to be found in the vote for the Lieutenant-Governor, in which the former polled, less three towns, 6,475; the latter, 9,454—in all, 15,929. Take this from the total vote, and we have a residuum of 5,817, composed of Republican discontent, which Mr. Phillips's speeches had not been sufficient to dissipate, although towards the close of the canvass, under the influence of a severe punching from Mr. Bird, he became quite philosophical and soared into the upper air of reason, in which he says he usually dwells. *Persons* don't interest him or attract his attention; and when he does notice them, he is always careful to state the naked unadorned truth about them. When he said, for instance, in the late canvass, that the Springfield *Republican* had acted as the "tool of Vanderbilt" in its opposition to the Hartford and Erie swindle, let no one suppose that he invented that story on the spot as a good, spiteful, telling thing to say of a troublesome opponent. Far from it; Vanderbilt must have submitted to him proof of the whole transaction, the very agreement, and the sum paid to the *Republican* as the reward of its corruption, or Mr. Phillips would never have given circulation to the charge. We hope the moral of the whole affair will not now be lost sight of. It is the danger of allowing one's self, no matter how highly gifted, to become a mere Tongue, and go about wagging and wagging for the popular entertainment, without regard to memory or judgment or conscience. No Tongue can be trusted to behave properly if left to itself in this way. It is sure to get into a scrape and disgrace itself, no matter how silvery it is or how much people like listening to it. We are sorry to say, however, loose, masterless Tongues are multiplying; we hope this Boston scrimmage will scare some of them home and make them see the propriety of taking service under good, honest brains.

It turns out that the amendment validating—conditionally, as we showed last week—the municipal railroad bonds in Michigan, has been defeated by a majority rising 20,000; and that in fact the only amendments which were carried were those providing for legislative regulation of railroad charges, and prohibiting the consolidation of competing lines of railway. Even the word "white," no longer anything more than a superfluity in the constitution, was ordered to be kept standing by a majority of about three thousand votes, neither party polling its full strength over this issue. Nothing is more capricious than the fate of amendments in this country, but the public apathy in regard to them may be counted on if they do not involve party issues, or, as in Michigan, touch directly the voters' pockets. The usual striking disparity between the vote for candidates and the vote on amendments submitted at the same election, may be taken, on the one hand, to prove the exaggerated estimate of the value of such amendments as instruments of progress; and, on the other, of the unthinking, almost purely personal, character of our politics. If anything like the pains were taken to enlighten the people as to the nature and reasons of these changes which are devoted to party abuse and the blackening of reputations, there would be less frequent need of tinkering our constitutions, and they would prove about as serviceable at one date as another.

While New Hampshire has lost in population during the last decade, the Southern States which participated in the rebellion have all increased, however slightly. In material condition they are fully as well off as in 1860, and their prospects are indefinitely better, and devoid of all illusion. They are no longer to be pitied or sympathized with, or pointed out as examples of the effect of Yankee rapacity and tyranny. They have, to be sure, a carpet-bag legacy which is not to be got rid of in a moment, but which they are as rapidly disowning as circumstances will permit. They need now, more than anything, an influx of emigrants which shall give them something like their due ratio of inhabitants to the square mile; and they would do well, we think, to imitate such a combination as that of the North-western States, whose governors met in convention on Wednesday to see what could be done towards putting immigration upon a national basis. The experiment of placing Chinamen at the South seems to have been self-limiting, and is no longer depended upon as a panacea. At the North it is found difficult to obtain a supply of this kind of labor equal to the demand, and the "Chinese problem" has been postponed without day. The negroes have in the meantime been multiplying instead of dying off.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

There has been a good deal of uproar during the week in the political arena, arising partly out of the audaciously insubordinate tone of the Gratz-Brown Republicans in Missouri, partly out of the indignation caused in the Republican ranks by Mr. Cox's resignation, and partly by certain articles in the Chicago *Tribune*, indicating a belief that the Republican party was falling far short of satisfying the needs of the times, and that some new organization would have to take its place, and hinting that the Democratic party had what the Republican party has not, and yet what any party must have to command the popular confidence—something positive in its policy—on the tariff question, for instance. The New York *Evening Post* has increased the tumult by a summing up of the results of the late elections, which shows that while in 1868 and 1869 ten Southern States were Republican, and only six Democratic, in the elections this fall only two are Republican, three have not voted, and the remainder, which are now Democratic, were two years ago Republican. The *Post* draws the conclusion that things are not in a good way with the Republican party when the scales can thus be turned against it in regions in which the influence of the Administration is unusually powerful. The New York *Tribune*, which is a firm supporter of the Administration, replies on the other hand that the *Post* is a base and cunning deceiver; that the reason why some of the Southern States have gone against the Administration is, that since the last election the rebel element in their population has been enfranchised; why others have gone is "the improvident and profligate" local legislation of the Republicans; but it admits the main fact—and that is, that for one reason or another the result is pretty much what the *Post* has described—viz., the States in question are now Democratic, instead of being, as they were, Republican.

There is no comfort to be got from the fact, if fact it be, that the Democratic majorities at the South are due to the readmission to the franchise of "ex-rebels." The important point for consideration is, that the "ex-rebels" are in, and cannot be got out; and that any party which hereafter proposes to administer the Government of the United States will have to take notice of their presence and of their power. The Republican party will have either to secure strength enough elsewhere to defy them or to win them over. The last it is certainly not at all likely to do; can it do the first?

The answer to this question, of course, will depend in the main on the amount of importance one attaches to the dissatisfaction which is showing itself in the party ranks at the North. There is no disguising the fact that there is a widespread belief, which grows stronger every week, that the party is sharing the fate of all parties which have been long in the enjoyment of great power, and has become deeply tainted with corruption. This impression has been greatly deepened and diffused during the past few weeks by the revelation that some of its most notorious and oldest "corruptionists" have risen into favor and influence at the White House, and are able to make the departments too hot for their enemies. The gravity of this fact is aggravated in the public mind by the circumstance that these worthies are "Pennsylvania politicians"—a species on which the country has long looked as something unrivalled in its line, and whose attempts on the President when he came into office filled all his best friends with alarm. Besides the distrust which springs from this source, and which is exceedingly strong amongst a large class who, though they do not call at newspaper offices "to talk things over," show themselves in considerable force on election day, there is a feeling, perhaps less respectable than the one we have been discussing, but which, nevertheless, has its weight, and which may be best described as weariness of the party and its works. People are growing rapidly tired of "its glorious record;" they are growing tired, too, of its "economy" and of "its fidelity to the great principles," etc. They ought not to grow tired of these things, but they do. The number of those who have a slight sensation of nausea when they hear an orator touching on them is increasing alarmingly. There is a growing demand for something more positive, something that promises more immediate results in the way of increasing people's comfort and giving them objects of active interest, than Mr. Boutwell's purchases for the Sinking Fund. The prospect of funding at a lower rate of interest, too, appears to many too small to be even worth discussion. The party is absolutely suffering, not from apathy, but from *ennui*. It is literally being *bored* to death by its managers.

We say it is not suffering from apathy in any proper sense of the word, because we doubt whether eagerness for reform, and for energetic reform, was ever so widespread as it is at this moment. People have recovered from the excitement of the war against slavery, and have begun to look closely about them, and the state of things which meets their eyes is by no means satisfactory. They find themselves saddled with a tariff of extraordinary complexity, which touches thousands of articles, and is full of snares and absurdities; they find that, though its supporters declare it to be the best tariff that ever was, it is taken up every winter regularly by these very persons, and overhauled from top to bottom, tinkered and patched and modified, under the instigation of a powerful and insatiable lobby, to the great disturbance of business, and to the serious injury of the national industry. They find the collection of the national revenue—that is, the transaction of the national business—committed to a body of men from whom not only no guarantees as to character or capacity are exacted, but who are furnished by the very nature of the system under which they are appointed with every conceivable temptation to dishonesty and idleness; and they are told by a competent observer that about a fourth of the national income is stolen or lost in the process of collection. They find the State legislatures, especially in the East, becoming, one by one, terribly corrupt, and passing rapidly under the control of the great "rings" of wealthy and unscrupulous jobbers, whose combinations are taking complete possession of all the great joint-stock enterprises, the railroads, telegraphs, expresses, and rising rapidly above the jurisdiction of the courts. They find the character of the judiciary seriously deteriorating in the very regions in which judicial integrity is of most consequence—the great centres of wealth and population. They find the schools, the prisons, the charities of the country, gradually slipping away from the hands of the men who make these things the object of humane and *scientific* pursuit, and passing more and more into the hands of political charlatans, to whom a school or prison or workhouse is only interesting as a place in which they can find places for a certain number of party hacks. They find, too, that in these, as well as in the post-office and various other important branches of administration, the separation between the intellect of the nation and the practice of the art of government is growing yearly wider, and that in many of them Europe, which once copied us, has far surpassed us. The condition of the prison of Sing-Sing would fill any European jailer with horror. Our post-office is a mediæval contrivance compared to the British, and our schools fall far below those of Germany in the *quality* of the instruction and in the proportion of the national children which they lay hold of and train. The institutions which are rapidly gaining, not in wealth only but in power and efficiency, are the universities, but this is unanimously ascribed to the providential arrangement which has deprived the Government of control over them.

Behind all this, we have the nation growing rapidly in knowledge, skill, riches, and ambition—its experience widened, and judgment strengthened, and perceptions sharpened, by the tremendous contest from which it has just emerged; and when its best men look about for work to do in the setting of its affairs to rights, they find the only thing that offers is the blowing of a blast against alcohol and tobacco, or the composition of weak drivel on female suffrage. If anybody supposes people are content with this state of things, or will long put up with any party which offers them no way out of it, but asks them to content themselves with the contemplation of Mr. Boutwell's Sinking Fund, or the increased receipts from the whiskey tax, he is greatly mistaken.

What will be the result of this dissatisfaction as regards either the Republican or Democratic parties, it would as yet be hard to determine, and we doubt if anybody is competent to throw much light on the subject. Those who flatter themselves that they will find in the Democratic party the reformatory spirit and agencies that they seek, have as yet not shown any good grounds for their faith. We have yet to see the slightest sign of a progressive tendency in that quarter. Its declarations in favor of free trade strike one rather as little balloons sent up to ascertain how the wind is blowing, than proof of a hearty adoption of a financial policy. For civil service reform, or any other reform, it has not yet said one word. Wherever it holds the reins, its corruption surpasses anything hitherto seen in that field. Moreover, we doubt whether any party ever has departed or can depart in its policy from its essential principle, and the essential principle of the Democratic party is hostility to change. It has existed for nearly twenty years simply to resist change; to ask it now to become an instrument of change, and of great and sweeping change, is asking something which its very nature forbids. Its muscles are not made for that kind of work. Its strength lies in holding on or standing still.

Whether a reformer will fare any better in the Republican party still remains to be seen. The only thing certain thus far is that, if it means to exist, it must move on, that it cannot continue to live on Democratic baseness and the glories of its own record, that it must provide positive reforms. But we doubt much whether it is as yet the duty of reformers to trouble their heads with the consideration of the question whether it *will* provide positive reforms, or what will happen if it does not. If they succeed in so working on public opinion as to make the demand for reform loud and imperative, either the Republican party will satisfy it, or else something will rise up in its place that will satisfy it. It is for the friends of reform just now to sow the seed; but there is no occasion to squat down, and watch for the sprouting of the corn, or to vex themselves about the supply of reapers.

THE TURCO-RUSSIAN TROUBLE.

It has been believed for some time that there existed an understanding between Prussia and Russia, by which the latter was to be permitted to get what advantage she could out of the Franco-Prussian struggle, as long as she did not interfere in it herself, or permit interference in it on the part of any other power. Accordingly, she has had no hesitation in letting it be known that if Austria meddled in it she would meddle too, though probably not on the same side, and that she would certainly expect a revision of the Treaty of 1856 as one of the consequences of the war. The only thing about which there has been any doubt in diplomatic circles has been the time and manner in which she would present her demand for a removal of the restrictions on her in the Black Sea. It had been generally supposed that she would not take any steps in the matter till the close of the war; and the sudden appearance of Prince Gortchakoff's note, and, above all, its somewhat peremptory tone, have, therefore, created something like a panic on the European exchanges.

There are, however, various strong reasons for believing that the matter will either be arranged peacefully now, or that, if it is not arranged peacefully at once, war will not come of it immediately. In the first place, it appears probable that England, if she has to fight, will not fight alone, as a good many people have supposed, and that, even if she were to contribute no land forces to the fray, Russia would still be confronted by 700,000 or 800,000 Austrians, Turks, and Italians, who, instead of having to assail Russia, always a difficult task, would simply have to await her onslaught; and for offensive operations the Russian army has in these later days shown singular incapacity. Austria, too, torn as she is by domestic dissensions, and with a financial status of unusual complexity and embarrassment, is really more formidable as a military power than she has been at any time in the last half-century. Her army has been reorganized; the popularity of the reigning Emperor is greater than any member of his family has enjoyed since Maria Theresa; she has no Italy; and, what is more important than all for military purposes, Hungary is not only loyal and devoted, but may be said to manage the resources of the empire. The great source of the military weakness of Austria, next after the possession of Italy, during the last half-century, may thus be said to be removed; and Hungary owes Russia a grudge which would give unusual bitterness to a contest with her. What the effect of the Panslavic idea, and of the differences with Austria on the score of administrative autonomy, would have on Bohemia and Croatia, it is hard to say with any certainty, but it seems safe to conclude that absorption in such a tremendous centralization as Russia would be fully as repulsive to them as subjection to German and Hungarian domination. From the latter there is good hope of deliverance; from the former there would be none. With Austria, too, the struggle would be one of life and death. The appearance of the Russians at Constantinople would mean for her, since the events of 1866, total and rapid destruction, and would mean for all the Danubian races the complete extinction of the hopes of separate national existence, which have been growing rapidly amongst them since 1856, and which have almost entirely superseded the abject fear of the Turks which made former attacks on Turkey by Russia so welcome. Whatever the attitude the Bosniacks, Bulgarians, and Servians, or Moldo-Wallachians, might take up towards Turkey, in case of a convulsion in Eastern Europe, there is not much probability at present that it would lead them into an active support of Russia; and without their active support, or even with it but in the absence of the control of the Black Sea, an advance on Constantinople is, we repeat, impossible—and the Russian generals of course know this better than anybody else. Whatever power holds the Black Sea can throw an army in the rear of any force attacking Constantinople in a few days by steam. In other words, the conditions under which the last invasion of Turkey took place, in 1828, are completely changed, and for the worse, and that one was very near ending in disaster. In short, a war now would very much resemble the war of 1854, minus the battle of Alma and the siege of Sebastopol.

The demand of Russia that the Black Sea be again thrown open to her fleets is one, therefore, which it seems to be in the power of England or Turkey to grant or refuse. There are only two ways of introducing a Russian fleet into it—one is by building and launching it, and the other is by bringing it up the Dardanelles. The story of the fifty iron-clad monitors ready for sea at Nicolaieff is still only a story—probably issued in support of the negotiations, though there is no doubt that dockyards exist there. The work of building a fleet is, even if the facilities for it existed, one of years, and entrance by the Dardanelles by force would of course be out of the question. Indeed, one of the first results of the outbreak of hostilities would probably be the disappearance of the Russian fleet from the Mediterranean and Baltic, to take refuge under the fortifications. All this leads us to the conclusion that Russia will not attempt to solve the problem by force; and this view seems to be strongly confirmed by both of the Gortchakoff despatches. He is very careful to repudiate all intention or desire of reopening the "Eastern Question" or menacing the independence of Turkey, and evidently hopes to attain his object rather by exciting uneasiness than by an actual resort to force.

As regards the legitimacy of the Russian demands, there can be no doubt that the point made by Earl Granville, that it is not permissible for one of the parties to a treaty to release himself from its obligations whenever he is pleased to declare it no longer binding on him, is well taken. Any other doctrine would make all treaties a mere formality, and would give international agreements very much the same character as Mrs. Cady Stanton's marriages. Indeed, there would be something ridiculous in carrying on negotiations for the mere purpose of getting the parties to agree to do this, or refrain from that, as long as they thought proper. Where nobody is bound, there is no contract; and nobody is bound in any transaction who retains the right to act in accordance with his own inclination. It may be said that all treaties are broken, sooner or later, by the refusal of one of the parties to abide by them; but then there is a wide difference between saying that they have not all the force they ought to have, and saying they have none at all. The theory, too, that the observance of a treaty imposed by force ought not to be expected after the vanquished feels strong enough to abrogate it, if generally adopted, which we are glad to say it is not likely to be, would give a peculiarly horrible character to war. In fact, we see in the case of France a striking illustration of its practical working. It is the firm belief of the Germans that France, in her rage and mortification, will not abide by any terms that may be imposed on her by the conqueror one minute longer than she can help, which drives them into weakening her by every means in their power, and which is put forward by Germans as the principal justification of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. A similar policy would be pursued under similar circumstances in other cases. Every victor, knowing he could expect neither peace nor security from the plighted faith of the vanquished, would devote himself, might and main, to the work of dismemberment and destruction, so that, however much the enemy might wish to attack him again, as long a time as possible should elapse before he had the ability to do so. Wars would thus be indefinitely prolonged, and their evils greatly aggravated. The doctrine is, however, absurd as well as impolitic. A power which appeals to arms for the decision of a controversy, *ipso facto* pledges itself to abide by the decision when fairly ascertained. If the sword did not play the part of an arbiter, and its decisions were not accepted as those of an arbiter in the forum of international law, war would be simple savagery, in most respects far more revolting than the conflicts of wild animals. It is a means—a horrible and barbarous means, we admit—of defining the relations in which political communities should live to each other. If people who appeal to it, as Russia did in 1853, and as France did in July last, say when they are beaten that they will not be bound by its decisions unless their antagonist keeps his foot on their necks, their fighting stands on the same moral level as the scratching and biting of a parcel of tom-cats.

On the other hand, both in imposing terms of peace and in insisting on their observance, allowance has, as in all other things, to be made for the weaknesses of human nature. It does not do to impose too severe a strain on people's pride, particularly when they believe they have the means of protecting themselves against humiliation. There is no doubt that the Russian arsenals and dockyards at Sebastopol were prepared, through long years, for the purpose of assailing Turkey. The Black Sea fleet which was destroyed at Sebastopol was too outrageously disproportioned to any danger of attack which the Russian coast ran in that quarter, to make all talk of it as a protection anything but absurd. Its destruction was therefore a legitimate object and necessary result of a war undertaken to repel an attack on Turkey, and the neutralization of the Black Sea was as good a means as could have been devised of getting rid of the danger for some time afterwards. It would be well for mankind if every sea and ocean in the world could be neutralized in the same way. But it was and is useless to expect that the present generation of Russians, which is undoubtedly more occupied with the work of internal reform and development than with the solution of "the Eastern question," and which certainly does not buoy itself up with the fanatical hopes with regard to the possession of the Bosphorus which the Emperor Nicholas cherished and diffused, and made it the business of his life to try to realize, will quietly sit down much longer under a restriction of which the reasonableness is less apparent than when it was imposed, and which, in depriving a great power of the right to keep armed vessels in a sea which is half enclosed by its territory, is a standing humiliation. The greater the humiliation, too, for Russia, the more necessary it was for the other signataries to avoid even such formal and technical breaches of the Treaty of 1856 as the entrance of armed vessels in the cortége of the Sultan and Prince of Wales and Emperor of Austria. The point raised with regard to Roumania is of the same character—technical, but in the mouth of a proud nation strong. The whole matter can and will, we have little doubt, be arranged by a general congress; but no arrangement of it will be final or successful which does not set up at Constantinople a government which has some moral claim to respect. It is the utter absence of any such claim on the part of Turkey which makes the pretensions of Russia really dangerous. Nobody who has any hopes for the political and social future of the vigorous races which people her European territory can wish to see them handed over to Russia, whose system, good enough for herself, is after all a Cæsarism, with a touch of "divine right" in it, and which, set up in the Levant, would blight regions whose share in European civilization is only beginning, and to whom the very *insouciance* and shiftlessness of their Turkish masters have given already a remarkable amount of training in self-government.

THE FEUD IN THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CAMP.

WE spoke some weeks ago of the advanced ground taken up by the *Revolution*, the New York organ of the Woman's Rights Movement, with regard to the ballot; it relegated it to a subordinate position in the list of rights, and treated it as simply a means to the general emancipation of the sex. We also spoke of the still more advanced position taken up by Mrs. Cady Stanton, the mother of the movement. She is, she declares, in favor of unlimited freedom of divorce—that is, to all intents and purposes, the abolition of the marriage contract—for where there is no bond, there is no contract. We also spoke of the doctrine put forth by the *Woman's Advocate*—an interesting and ingenuous periodical, sometime published at Dayton, Ohio, but lately merged in the *Woman's Journal* of Boston—that marriages might, with great advantage, be contracted for limited periods, say two or three years, leaving their renewal to depend on the pleasure of the parties. When we spoke of all these things, we little thought that they were soon to become the cause of a savage encounter between the New York and Boston organs. We were the less prepared for it, as we were ourselves sharply rebuked by the *Journal*, and even accused of fraud, for having allowed a lady to say in our columns, what we had already said ourselves, that the movement must inevitably touch upon the questions of marriage and divorce, and that no attempt to deal with woman's condition in society can pass these questions by. The *Woman's Journal* repelled these insinuations with all sorts of unpleasant remarks. Within a very short time—we will not be so cruel as to say how short—we found the same paper rebuking the New York brethren and sisters for touching "marriage, divorce, and deficiency of offspring;" but we still supposed that some means would be found of repairing the breach.

But things went on from bad to worse. The *Journal* has at last denounced Mrs. Stanton, and shows in an article which there is no confuting that free divorce means free love, and free love means "free lust." The *Revolution* replies in a savage attack on the *Journal*, and says there is "free love" in this enterprise also, owing to its absorption of the *Woman's Advocate* aforementioned. Mrs. Stanton, too, publishes a scathing letter on the Boston branch, and is especially cutting in her remarks on Colonel T. W. Higginson, who, she says, is the real head of the concern, Henry Ward Beecher being a mere man of straw. Considering what mighty interests are imperilled by this unseemly quarrel, we must say that we think it was a little premature for the New York branch to send a female "peace advocate and commissioner" to Bismarck and Jules Favre, and for Mrs. Howe, of the Boston branch, to "declare war" against the former because he would not make peace with the French on her terms. Think of what unholy merriment there will be at the Prussian headquarters when the recent numbers of the *Revolution* and *Woman's Journal* are laid on the breakfast table, and the King's aid-de-camp translates the leading articles to the assembled company. Fancy how Von Moltke's ribs will shake when he hears his brother-warrior, Colonel Higginson, described by a fellow-laborer as "a neat and dapper reformer and rhetorician, and an *ex cathedrâ* authority on dress, manners, and culinary utensils." A nice reception "Mrs. Emilie J. Merriam" will find awaiting her now when she is brought in from the outposts by the Uhlans, "with her grave considerations of peace." Humanity may well veil its face and wail when it thinks upon these things.

But we confess that, although we think the *Journal's* doctrines about marriage are the sound ones, we have no doubt that Mrs. Stanton's are the more popular, and that the *Revolution* has a far mightier future before it than its Boston contemporary. The reason is obvious. The *Revolution* and Mrs. Stanton have a distinct prospectus, and promise to make very important changes in woman's condition if they get a chance. A state of society in which a wife could any morning tell her husband she was going to leave him that day for good, or in which a husband could make a similar communication to his wife, without any fear of interference from the law or censure from their neighbors, as the exercise of a simple natural right, like the choice of clothes or perfumes, would, it must be admitted, be a state of society differing profoundly from any state of society with which the civilized world is at present familiar. But a state of society in which the number of voters, of platform orators, and of newspaper writers and readers was double what it is now would not, as it appears at present to the carnal eye, differ so much from that in which we live as to offer anything very attractive by way of change or variety; and this is all the *Woman's Journal* as yet promises to an afflicted and deluded world as the result of the success of its labors. To be sure, it mentions many great blessings as likely to flow from female suffrage, but then all its speculations have such a strictly *à priori* basis, are so entirely the product of the graceful imagination of the Boston Association, that the attention of the average man, and woman too, is too readily drawn off from them by the more substantial attractions offered by the New Yorkers. In fact, the *Revolution's* plan has all the advantages for purposes of proselytism over the *Journal's* plan that Mahomet's paradise has over the Christian heaven. The advantage of having as many wives in succession as one pleases is obvious at a glance; the advantage of having the young men go to the polls with the girls, to the sound of music and amid the perfume of bouquets, is much more remote and shadowy. Moreover, the *Revolution* enjoys in its present advanced position the immense advantage of being more radical than its opponent. In the boundless field of *à priori* politics, the fastest runner always commands most popular favor, while the laggard, who picks his steps, and measures his paces, and sits down on the knolls to look about him, speedily becomes an object of distrust and even of contempt. To get and keep well in advance is indeed the one condition of success; and this condition, as it seems to us, the *Revolution*, and the *Revolution* only, fulfils. When you propose to give woman complete freedom, and yet leave the marriage contract binding, you mock all the wives of the land. When you proclaim your intention to make simple inclination from day to day the basis and the only basis, of the matrimonial relation, then you are indeed an emancipator; and this the *Revolution*, or, at least, Mrs. Cady Stanton, who leads the *Revolution*, does.

The *Woman's Journal*, on the other hand, promises us nothing but a generally improved condition of society as the result of women's participation in legislation. Now, whether women's participation in legislation will improve legislation will depend, as the most stupid can see, on the amount of knowledge, logic, good sense, patience, and self-control that women bring to the work. Accordingly, the public has been long looking for some better reason for believing that all the fine things the *Woman's Journal* predicts are really going to happen than the *Journal's* own assertion and that of the sages who appear at the Woman's Rights conventions. The thing in the nature of proof which it asks for most eagerly, is some specimens of woman's work in the shape of sober discussions of the questions of the day—in other words, the very questions with which women will have to deal when they come to legislate. It would like, for instance, to see a paper conducted solely by women not made up of cackle about "the progress of the cause," "words of cheer" from Hattie or Minnie, weak denunciations of tyrant man, hysterical rejoicings over Maggie V. P. Comstock's success as a lyceum lecturer, and high-flown eulogies on "love," but of thorough discussion of the subjects with which women will be called on to deal whenever they begin to vote, and with which it will be a great public calamity for them to deal without understanding them.

People, in short, in order to be convinced that the world is going to be the better of female suffrage, would like to hear from the leading women of the movement on the *Alabama* question, the fisheries question, the civil service question, the minority representation question, the tariff question, the labor question, the question of education, the judiciary question, the question of international arbitration, the question of neutral rights and duties; in short, the various questions over which the male mind of this nation and of the civilized world is just now sorely perplexed. If women are on all these matters to have an equal voice with men, let us, males say, have some specimens of their qualifications; don't let us flood our polls and legislatures with excitable busy-bodies and know-nothings, delicate in health, weak in the nerves, and deficient in self-control, and utterly ignorant of the considerations by which the strong and working half of the population of the globe is swayed. We have enough of these amongst ourselves already; and the task of governing the world is already too hard to make it desirable to make any rash experiments. Now it will not do, in answer to this reasonable and modest request, for one of our women's rights ladies to get up on a platform and talk as follows: "As regards the *Alabama* question, my opinion is that England in that matter was certainly wrong. She ought never to have let the *Alabama* sail; love should have been the guide of her conduct. It may be that some excuse may be found for her in the rules of what is called international law; but international law is a barbarous relic of the dark ages. The time has come for some new mode of regulating international relations, and the mothers, and sisters, and daughters, and wives, and nieces of the land, trust me, will supply it. The fishery question, it seems to me, is easy enough to settle, if men would only behave as they ought. I know nothing about your treaties. There have been too many man-made treaties already; but the three-mile rule is certainly a bad one; half-a-mile is enough for any rule; and I confess I have yet to hear any good reason why the hardy Cape Cod fisherman should not catch a cod where he pleases, in order to supply the wants of the wife and the little ones, who pray for him nightly as he tosses in his frail bark on the dangerous deep. The civil service question and the minority representation question, much as they have puzzled the male mind, to woman's clearer perceptions present no difficulties whatever. All we have to do is to elect good men and good women to office; here is the real remedy for all defects in our civil service and our representative system. As regards the judiciary, a judge who consults his wife, and confides in the strength of her God-given intuitions, will never be led astray. Give him a pure and happy home, and a wife whose judgment he respects, not a drudge or a toy, and we shall hear no more of corruption or incompetency on the bench; nay, I will go further, and say, put his wife beside him on the bench, and then let us see if he will dare to give unjust decisions. [Tremendous applause—cries of 'that's the talk.'] Of international arbitration, I have only to say that it seems to me a good thing, though it will never be firmly established till woman gets the vote; and one needs not to be a Solon to know that neutrals, like all the rest of the world, ought to have their rights and to do their duties. The labor question owes its very existence to men's selfishness; if capitalists would obey the Golden Rule, and pay their laborers a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, there would be no labor question. Let the capitalist do this, and make no distinction in doing it between male and female labor; nay, let him, if he does make a distinction, take into consideration women's greater conscientiousness, and fidelity and purity, and all will be well."

"THE CHRISTIAN UNION" AND JUDGE CLERKE.

WE asked the *Christian Union*, a fortnight ago, to justify by citations the following passage in a late issue, in an article on "Our Judiciary:"

"The press is moreover apt to be carried away by local excitement into sweeping and unfounded censures. Thus, some years ago, during a temporary panic, Judge Clerke, who was one of the most thoroughly honest and independent judges in this city, was virulently assailed for discharging a person accused of murder, and at a later period—indeed, up to this very time—the *Nation*, which we consider as usually a model of temperate criticism, has constantly spoken of certain acts of Judge Clerke in terms which nothing but a suspicion of corruption could justify. Yet the *Nation* very rightly favored his re-election within a month after he had committed these 'outrages,' as did all the Republican papers in the city. The fact was, of course, that the editor had never investigated the matter, and denounced as an act of villany a proceeding founded upon law and justice, simply because it was attended with disagreeable results."

It has responded as follows:

"THE 'NATION' AND JUDGE CLERKE.—Two weeks ago we said that the *Nation* had 'constantly spoken of certain acts of Judge Clerke in terms which nothing but a suspicion of corruption could justify.'

"The *Nation*, professing that well-deserved respect which we know it entertains for Judge Clerke, denies that it ever 'assailed or criticised him for any official act,' and thinks that we have made a grave mistake.

"Our language was well considered, and covered the precise ground, which the *Nation's* denial does not. We spoke from recollection only, but from a recollection too vivid to be mistaken. We are able to quote chapter and verse for one proof of our assertion. In No. 227 of the *Nation* (Nov. 4, 1869), the leading article opens as follows:

"'The all but incredible prostitution of certain of our courts . . . the recent *utterly unjust and untenable injunctions* against the Stock and Gold Boards and the Gold Exchange Bank, *all* issued by the men habitually spoken of by a certain class of people as "our own judges," . . . are gradually producing the conviction in the minds of many men that . . . courts are specially provided to give the strong and the wicked an opportunity to oppress the weak and the honest.'

"When this article was written, a full half of the injunctions thus specified as *all* issued by corrupt judges, had been issued by Judge Clerke, and at least one or two of them had been issued by Judge Brady, whose reputation is equally high.

"This seems to us to justify the exact terms in which we spoke, viz., that the *Nation* had constantly spoken of *certain acts* 'of Judge Clerke in terms which nothing but a suspicion of corruption could justify.'

"Upon the merits of the fiscal management which asked for the injunctions, and upon the legal merits of the injunctions themselves, it is not necessary to enter. The simple question is, did the *Nation* 'speak of certain acts of Judge Clerke in terms which nothing but a suspicion of corruption could justify?'"

The simple question is not "Did the *Nation* speak of certain acts of Judge Clerke," etc., but did it speak of certain acts *as acts of Judge Clerke?* In other words, in speaking of them, did it know them to be acts of Judge Clerke? and did it base on them a suspicion that Judge Clerke was corrupt, and did it commit the absurdity of recommending Judge Clerke for election after conceiving this suspicion? and has it "*constantly*, up to this very time," spoken of such acts as signs of corruption on the part of that gentleman, while all the while entertaining "a well-deserved respect" for him? We are sorry, on the *Christian Union's* account, to say that to every one of these questions a negative answer must be returned. The writer in that paper, in the first place, ought not to have made such charges "from recollection only;" in the second place, his recollection was not "vivid" at all, but very defective, as is plain to be seen; in the third place, he ought to know that it is not permissible to bring against anybody a charge of constructive slander; in the fourth place, he has not got hold of the facts correctly. There were eight injunctions issued to our knowledge, when the article in question was written; of these, *six* were issued by Barnard and Cardozo, and *two* by Judge Clerke. That they were *all* unwarrantable and untenable, we thought then and think still; but the writer in the *Union* cannot have known we thought so, for we did not say it. He has assumed it; he also assumed that amongst the judges who issued unwarrantable and untenable injunctions, and who are called by a certain class "our own judges," we set down Judge Clerke. He had no right to assume anything of the kind. No mention being made of Judge Clerke's name, he was bound to give us the benefit of the doubt, and presume that we were simply guilty of making too sweeping a statement, and could not possibly have meant to include Judge Clerke amongst the judicial creatures of the Ring. He has, however, done worse than this; in order to fix upon us the charge of having had our eye on Judge Clerke especially, he says we have "constantly, and up to this very time, spoken of certain acts of Judge Clerke in terms," etc. We have done nothing of the kind. No mention of Judge Clerke's acts, as such, has been made in the *Nation* since November, 1869, nor any mention of Judge Clerke's name; nor any assertion, nor insinuation, nor inuendo that would lead any candid person to suppose that we suspected him of corruption. The injunctions were all discreditable performances. The granting of them on Judge Clerke's part was unquestionably the result of haste, as No. 2 enjoined a man who had been enjoined already. Barnard's and Cardozo's motives we need say nothing about. The writer in the *Christian Union* does not know "whether the proceeding was founded on law and justice," and ought not to have expressed any opinion about it. The injunctions were never argued, but all "settled" or withdrawn.

WHAT THE PRUSSIAN ARMY IS COMPOSED OF.

BERLIN, November 5.

IN compliance with your wish, I enter into the particulars of your correspondent "A. T.'s" queries about the Prussian military system, as propounded in No. 277, of October 20. The subject being one of general interest, I may be excused for reviewing more fully the whole ground which you very ably maintain.

The main questions and doubts of "A. T." and of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to be answered can be summed up as follows:

1. Does, according to you and other writers, the Prussian army in time of war absorb the best part of the male population; does it contain men of every profession and pursuit in about the same proportion in which they are found in civil life; or does, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while admitting the superior military organization of the Prussians over the French, this organization only exist on paper, and is really only a fraction of all able-bodied men taken into service at the age of twenty?

2. Does, consequently, while war continues, society stand paralyzed; are the wheels of progress blocked; and are, on the other hand, the horrors of war mitigated and less disastrous to civilization; or is the Prussian army, like all others, principally composed of loafers, roughs, restless, shiftless, dissatisfied, unsuccessful men, who hail with delight a conjuncture like the present?

"A. T." winds up by asking the names of two statesmen, financiers, men of science, or scholars, now serving in the army, and by enquiring what the Prussians are going to do for bread to eat, clothes to wear, coal to burn, and other necessaries of life, to say nothing of luxuries, if the whole nation, exclusive of women, children, cripples, and correspondents, is going to spend the winter in France.

A short historical review will give your readers the clearest idea of the elements which compose, and of the spirit which animates, the Prussian or rather German army, as since 1866 the Prussian system has been extended all over Germany, excepting Austria.

Up to 1806, in Prussia, as in all European states, and even yet in the regular army of the United States, the mercenary system of recruiting prevailed. This system totally failed in the battle of Jena, and utterly ruined Prussia. The rusty machine did not work any longer against the French soldiers, who were still fighting with the enthusiasm of the first Revolution. If France was to be beaten, it could only be done by the whole nation; and all its energies had to be tasked, the innermost springs of its strength to be loosened, in order to succeed against the mighty conqueror. The thinking military men in Prussia—as, for instance, Gneisenau, who had served in America as an Anspach lieutenant, and there gained his experience of the power of a popular army against mercenary troops; Boyen, Clausewitz, Grolman, and, above all, immortal Scharnhorst—co-operated in effecting in their line the same reforms which Stein and Hardenberg were introducing into civil life. While Stein abolished serfdom and the monopolies of the guilds—while he opened free competition in all professions and trades, and empowered the citizens of every town to elect their own local magistrates, and unfolded every grade of intellect on the fundamental principle of Pestalozzi's method, by working the spontaneity of the mind in contradistinction to the cramming of the memory—Scharnhorst reorganized the army, by proclaiming the military service a holy duty instead of a heavy burden, and exempted no citizen, on account of birth, money, or position, from the honor of defending his country.

This spirit pervaded the Prussian armies of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and through this spirit, not through the Russian, Austrian, or English allies, the French yoke was thrown off. Scharnhorst's reforms were made a law on September 19, 1814, and to the present day form the basis of the German system. This law has since undergone some changes; from 1861 to 1866, they assumed the character of a bitter conflict between the King, Bismarck, and Roon, on one side, and the representatives of the people on the other; but the successes in the Austrian and in the present war have made the people bear the new reforms with more good-will. The only material difference between the law as it has been and as it is now is this: According to the old law, a young man of 20 was *theoretically* obliged to three years' service, but *practically* only to one and a half or two years'. After that time he belonged for two years to the reserve, then he was a landwehrman of the first and second ban for seven and five years respectively, so that his military duty expired when he became thirty-eight years old. After having left the regular army, he had to attend the exercises of the landwehr of the first ban two or three times, or spend about twelve weeks more in service, and he had then fully done his duty. The landwehr of the second ban existed only on paper, and has never been called in. But the new reform inaugurated by the present King *really* keeps each soldier three years under arms. As he has to join a regiment at the latest in his twentieth year, he is twenty-three years old when he returns to civil life. To compensate him for the extension of his actual service, he belongs only for four years to the reserve, and for the next five years to the landwehr, the second ban of which has been abolished. Thus, instead of thirty-eight years under the former law, a man is now entirely free from military duty with his thirty-second year. From his twenty-third to his thirty-second year he is called in, once for six weeks as a reservist, and twice for two weeks as a landwehrman, making in all ten weeks in nine years. These peace conditions change, of course, in time of war. Suppose a young man had just served his three years in the army and a war broke out which lasted nine years, he would be obliged to remain with the army for the whole length of the war, viz., four years as a reservist, and five years as a landwehrman.

While the conflict between the executive and legislative powers was raging on this all absorbing topic, the question was ventilated as to the length of time in which a good soldier could be drilled. The King, of course, believed that the entire life of a man was not sufficient, and if he could have had his way he would have kept the whole able-bodied male population in service for their life, leaving all civil and social duties to children, cripples, and women. The radical opposition, like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, thought six months long enough, and with particular predilection quoted the Swiss militia model. There were a great many shades of opposition between these two extremes. Able officers of the general staff of the army, with whom I have often conversed on the subject, agree that a cavalryman or artilleryman requires three years' training for himself and the horses he has to attend to, while an infantryman can be fully drilled in the course of one year, and in two years will be an excellent soldier. The opposition, as a compromise, asked two years for all arms, but the King, ably assisted by Bismarck and Roon, carried his point; and thus three years is now the lawful term of service for every German soldier. Only young men—students, artists, merchants, etc.—who have attained a better education, form an exception to the rule. They can enter as volunteers when they are 17 years old, and serve only one year, but have to support themselves.

How does this system work? The present population of North Germany amounts to about 30,000,000 of inhabitants. Of this population, one per cent., or 300,000 men, form the regular army. As they serve three years, 100,000 are yearly liable to be levied, and as each man belongs to the army for twelve years, in time of war it can be 1,200,000 strong. At present we have about 1,000,000 of soldiers in the field; the oldest landwehrmen have partly been sent home, about 100,000 are sick or killed, and still others garrison the fortresses. Thus one per cent. of the population does not, of course, represent the whole male population which becomes liable every year, for its number really amounts to from 320,000 to 380,000. But of this number about two thirds are free from service for different reasons, or, in other words, out of three or four men, only *one* can actually be called in. Among those who are exempt are, above all, cripples, invalids, young men not fully developed or too small—the German standard of measurement is five feet, about five feet one inch or five feet one and a half inches English, while the French measurement is only four feet ten inches; criminals sentenced to state prison; then ministers of the Gospel and teachers, who are obliged to serve only six weeks; the only sons of widows or of aged parents who cannot support themselves; emigrants or people free under state treaties; and, finally, volunteers who serve only one year, on account of their higher standard of education, and are not included in the regular numbers. Taking the sum of recruits at an average of 360,000 per year, and deducting the above two-thirds, there remain 120,000, 20,000 of whom, or sixteen and two-thirds per cent., are not taken, and become exempt by drawing lots. Thus, of a town which has to furnish say 100 recruits per year, those sixteen or seventeen who draw the highest number are not called in. Part of the above are only temporarily exempt, and are placed in the reserve, from which they are called in case of need. In times of peace, the army loses every year an average of 8,000 men by death, accident, or sickness, whose places are filled by those reservists. The agricultural population of North Germany amounts to 72 per cent. of the whole, but in the army it is represented by 80 per cent., as the farmers are generally healthier and more robust. From manufacturing districts, the percentage is smaller, as people working in factories are physically weaker and less developed; but here the difference is partly made up by the wealthier classes, who consider it an honor to serve, and are ambitious of being promoted to officerships in the landwehr. On the whole, it can be said that about 90 per cent. of all able-bodied men are really taken into the service of the army at the age of 20 or sooner, while about ten per cent. are free. You are, therefore, in my opinion, perfectly justified in stating that our army, in time of war, absorbs the best part of the male population, and that it contains men of all professions and pursuits in about the same proportion in which they are found in civil life.

In popular wars, however, like the present, and those of 1813 to 1815, their proportion is much larger than the law prescribes. Ask our venerable friend, Dr. Francis Lieber, how old he was when, as a volunteer in the glorious old Colberg Regiment, he was wounded at Waterloo. It is the same case now. Young students, merchants, artists, noblemen, etc., who are older than seventeen years, do not want to stay at home. They are all eager to fight, and consider each day lost in which they do not face the enemy. The whole of that class of volunteers in the German armies is between 15,000 and 18,000. Of my nephews, for instance, four are in the field. One is a soldier by profession, and, of course, does not belong to this class; another is a farmer and lieutenant in the landwehr, and has been called in; but the two youngsters, one being not quite 19, and the other between 17 and 18, could not be prevented by their mother from joining the army. This is about the proportion in every good family.

Here are a few examples which I can guarantee, as they are within my personal knowledge. From the Berlin University, which has about 2,000 students, 800 have left as volunteers for the field; from the other Berlin high-schools, such as the Polytechnic and Architects' Academy and Academy of Fine Arts, 700 more; thus 1,500 in all. The newly-formed battalions of the Fusiliers of the Guards, 1,000 men strong, which the Berlin people nickname the Maybugs, is exclusively composed of Berlin students. As scholars more widely known, I mention Drs. Hassel (historian), Giercke (jurist), Rothe, and Brakelmann, private lecturers of the Berlin University, the two last of whom have been killed in battle. Brakelmann was studying the archives of Naples for the *Monumenta Germanica*, containing the mediæval sources of German history, when he learned the declaration of war. He hastened home, and, entering the army as a sergeant, sacrificed a glorious future as a scholar to the good cause of his country. Dr. Pabst, another young historian of great promise, was killed in one of the first battles. Of the Breslau University, the whole medical faculty is in the field; all professors and students have joined the army as surgeons, nurses, soldiers, or volunteers. Two students of Königsberg, Hirsch and Müller, have been decorated with the Iron Cross; a young professor and astronomer, Dr. Tischler, a lieutenant, has been killed in battle.

The other day I introduced my boy to the director of the Frederic William's Gymnasium. On this occasion Dr. Ranke handed me the last year's report of that school. I found in its chronicle, on pages 21 and 23, that in 1814 and 1815 not less than 85 of its pupils entered Paris as victorious Prussian soldiers; that in the present war one of the professors, Dr. Hackstroh, twenty-six years old, was a sergeant in the 46th Infantry Regiment, and fell at Wörth; that another, Dr. E. Richter, an assistant teacher, fell at Metz on August 18; and that of the volunteers who left the Gymnasium at the outbreak of the war, none of them being older than 19 years, 13 were killed, and 8 severely wounded. One of the young men, Max Fleck, was the son of the attorney-general of the army; another, Günther, Count Itzenplitz, son of the present Minister of Commerce; and Count A. von Beust and Count von Schwerin, sons of former ministers of state. Their names will be engraved in gold on a marble tablet in the great hall of the Gymnasium.

On October 20, I saw Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing" at the Royal Theatre. That day's programme, at its foot, states that of the members of this institution the following employees have been called into service, viz.: 3 musicians, 6 singers, 9 dancers, 20 machinists, 4 lamplighters, and 6 floor-keepers—48 in all. The Royal Opera has about the same number of its employees in the field.

I cannot give you the name of any prominent statesman or financier, as this class of public men are usually older than our soldiers when they attract public attention; but I know many young diplomatists—Mr. von Krauss, for instance, who, some years ago, was the able secretary of the German Legation at Washington—assistant judges, sons of bankers and merchants, who volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and have partly been wounded or killed on different battle fields. A prominent Cologne banker, Mr. Deichmann, has two sons in the field, one of whom belongs to the firm; the son and junior partner of a Berlin banker, by the name of Königsberger, was pierced by a ball and killed in storming the Spicheren heights. A great Berlin publisher of agricultural books, Mr. Parcy, owner of the firm of Wigand & Hempel, is a lieutenant of the landwehr now near Paris. More than thirty Prussian judges, who served as privates, sergeants, and lieutenants in the army, have thus far been killed in battle. All these items are so much everyday occurrences that, if there be no personal interest at stake, the individual cases are not even noticed. If I had only a few days' time, I would collect as many hundred illustrations, of all callings in life, and especially in the so-called higher classes, as I have now singly enumerated. But these statements may suffice in answer to the first query; as to the second, I can be more brief, and I will answer its latter part first.

We have not a single loafer in the army, for the sole reason that there are none outside of it. There are criminals in the state prisons, but scoundrels who defy the law, and, as in New York, through political influence, fill even public offices, as police justices, policemen, etc., are an utter impossibility with us. Our country is too poor for indulging in the luxury of loafers. Here a man must work or perish or become a criminal. Besides, we have no political parties which secure them impunity or pardon, and, consequently, no high civil functionaries who call the most brutal cut-throats their good friends. You can afford to entertain nearly an army of that class of the most reckless idlers; here it is just the army which kills loaferism in the bud. The same low and uneducated classes which with you create this cancer of the social body, in this country furnish an excellent stock of efficient sergeants, gendarmes, and lower clerks. These officers are chiefly recruited from those poor but ambitious individuals who, having served at least three years in the army, "capitulate," as the term is, *i. e.*, agree to serve nine years longer, and, as a reward of this twelve years' service, are promoted to one of these small offices. On the other hand, a man upon whom a criminal sentence has been passed is not considered worthy of being a soldier, and consequently is excluded from service.

To conclude with the first part of the second query: society does stand paralyzed just in proportion to the number of men who in time of war are under arms; but the horrors of war, instead of being mitigated, are spread all over the country, and felt in every house, in every family. Deduct one million of men between twenty and thirty-two years—in the present war we have thousands who are older, as they are still liable to service under the old law—from a population of thirty millions, and you will arrive at a conclusion yourself. In the country the loss is less felt than in the cities. There the work of men is partly done by women—invalids assist, at least, in the performance of the daily duties—and in this war we have more than 300,000 prisoners, who can be compelled to work. In the cities the loss is much harder to bear. From Berlin alone 35,000 young men are in the field, *i. e.*, five per cent. of the whole population of the capital. Some branches are obliged to work with only one-half, others with one-third power, others are shrinking or entirely given up during the war. All trades of luxury are at present at a perfect standstill; booksellers gain little or nothing. All cases pending in the courts against soldiers are suspended, new suits cannot be brought against them, and of the Kammergericht (Court of Appeals), for instance, only five instead of six general and special terms hear and decide cases. The same proportion takes place in other courts. However burdensome this military system may be in some respects, it is at all events the only one which deserves the honor of being called democratic, and the nation which is raised under and by it will always prefer peace to war, and never be dominated by a conquering spirit. For the very reason that it is interwoven with the nation's greatest and smallest interests, the German army will never be more or less than the people in arms, and ask nothing better than to be sent home at the earliest practicable moment, in order to pursue nobler and more productive callings than marching and killing.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

"DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of the very admirable work of Mr. W. Grosvenor, "Does Protection Protect?" you say "that the basis of all national prosperity is to be found in the *profits* earned by the producers of the necessaries of life." I cannot fully agree to the form in which you have made this statement, as there are many supposable cases in which prosperity may exist even without great profit, in the sense in which you use that word. For instance, an isolated community, large or small, may enjoy a great abundance of every necessary of life, and yet because of the existence of obstacles to the exchange of their surplus, they may see their surplus product perish on their hands; hence, they may have little or no profit, and but small and slow accumulation of capital. Vermont contained many such communities before the day of railroads. Your reference to profits, however, in connection with the question of protection, leads to a very important view of the matter, which I have never seen presented.

I long since asked myself the question, Why is it that the imposition of duties, and the consequent increase of the cost of imported articles, should cause such persistent controversy, and have so great an effect, when it is the fact that the total import of any nation is very insignificant in amount if compared with the annual domestic product of that nation?

Let us take our own case. The value of the annual product of the United States has been estimated by Mr. Wells at about $7,000,000,000, and no reasonable objection can be taken to his estimate as a minimum. Our imports, on the other hand, amount to only $400,000,000 in gold value or $500,000,000 in currency, bearing the relation of only seven per cent. to the annual product. Upon this import a duty is assessed of about $180,000,000 in gold, or $205,000,000 in currency. It would therefore seem that the duty collected is equal to about three per cent. upon the gross product—a heavy tax, but not one to provoke such controversy, if its importance were truly represented by that relation. Its effect, however, is to be estimated by a very different rule. So far as these duties are collected from articles which enter into the processes of our labor, whether as farmers, mechanics, or manufacturers, they enter into the cost of our product; and their effect is to be gauged by their relation to the profit expected from the occupation, and not by their relation to the gross cost of the product.

This can be best understood from one or two examples. Assuming that the amount of duty received by the Government is all that is paid by the consumer, although a considerable addition should be made for cost of collection, interest, and profits, the following would be fair examples:

In a pair of stout boots, worth $3, the cost of leather constitutes more than one-half the whole cost, say $1 50. We cannot produce as many domestic hides as we need, and, therefore, the price of all hides is raised to the extent of the duty imposed on those imported. The proportion which the cost of the raw hide bears to the leather is fully one-half. One quarter part of the cost of the boots is, therefore, the cost of hides, and the cost of hides is increased ten per cent. by the duty imposed at that rate, say, seven-and-a-half cents, or two-and-a-half per cent. on the value of the boots. Apparently a small matter.

But the value of the annual product of a boot factory is not less than four times the capital required to establish the business, and if the tax or duty on the product is two-and-a-half per cent., then it is equal to a tax on the capital of ten per cent. We used to export boots in large quantity to the British Provinces, but as they now have hides free, and therefore have an advantage over us of ten per cent. profit on the capital required to make boots, of course our export has ceased. As Mr. Grosvenor so effectively proves, a high tariff prohibits exports.

Let us take a larger example: We collect annually a little more than $6,000,000 on about $15,000,000 worth of drugs, dye-stuffs, chemicals, varnishes, glue, and the like, averaging forty per cent. duty. These articles form an element of the cost of leather, soap, acids, alkalis, furniture, and many other manufactures; yet they themselves cannot be called *raw* material, as they are to a large extent the product of skilled labor and are the result of difficult and costly processes. In general, this class of articles enters into certain manufactures as part of their cost, of which the annual product is very large in proportion to the capital needed to establish them, and therefore the duty upon them is excessive in its relation to the profit on capital. Take furniture, formerly a large article of export. The annual product of a furniture factory is probably five times the capital, and if the heavy duty on varnishes and glue only increases the cost of furniture three per cent., it may be equal to fifteen per cent. on capital—hence we have ceased to export furniture; labor is restricted, and diversity of employment prevented.

But the most striking example is to be found in the *use* of steel, in the production of which about 3,500 protected workmen are now employed. We are said to excel England in the application of machinery to the making of cutlery, agricultural implements, tools, etc., of which steel is the component material of chief value. I know not what is the relation of capital to annual product in these trades, but I will assume that a plant or capital of $20,000 will be sufficient to turn out only $40,000 worth of steel tools, in the cost of which $15,000 would be the cost of steel and the rest wages. Ten per cent., or $2,000 a year, profit would induce the establishment of such a machine-shop, if the $15,000 worth of steel could be had on the same terms on which the cutler or machinist of Sheffield or Birmingham has his supply; but our Government imposes a duty of sixty per cent., or $9,000, on the steel, equal to four-and-a-half times the exported profit, or over twenty-two per cent. on the capital. Yet, in spite of this, our export of tools has not yet entirely ceased; but what might it not be if exports were not impeded by the tariff; and how soon would that little force of 3,500 protected steel-makers be absorbed in the great army of steel users if the consumption of steel were not obstructed?

A leading member of the English Parliament lately said to me, "We do not fear you as manufacturers, so long as you maintain a high tariff, but when you adopt free-trade you will drive us from many of the markets of the world, for we cannot then compete with you."

It might be impertinent for me to ask if it is not possible that the *Tribune* is subsidized with British gold to maintain a high tariff, and thus obstruct our exports and destroy our commerce.

E. A.

BOSTON, Nov. 18, 1870.

[We suppose there can be little doubt that the *Tribune is* largely subsidized by somebody, most probably by the British. We *know* Wells is, for the *Tribune* has repeatedly said so, and after a careful examination of the symptoms in his case, we are driven to the conclusion that Mr. Greeley gets twice Mr. Wells's pay. There is no other way of accounting for the heat he shows in this controversy, for he is not himself a manufacturer. The British are very cunning in their management of these things. They never pay all their gold to one side. They always, when they bribe one man to attack a thing, bribe another to defend it, and then regulate the combat to suit themselves.—ED. NATION.]

THE FIRST "ALUMNUS" AND MR. PICKERING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Timothy Pickering, of Squashville," in the last *New Englander*, attempts to cast ridicule upon all who call for a reform at Yale College, and in his effort greatly misrepresents myself. The length and ability of the article, combined with its home-thrusts, especially the reference to "Bowen's *Independent*," easily identify the writer as a polemical, clerical member of the Corporation and a former editor of the *Independent*. The *Evening Post* has pointed out his want of fairness in mixing up chips of Mr. Phelps with fragments of the *Nation's* articles, and making both responsible for his own hash. I wish to show how great a mistake he made when he held the first "Alumnus" responsible for the opinions of the second "Alumnus" concerning ministers.

An impartial reader of my article will see that there is not a single word in it inconsistent with that high regard which I expressed for Congregational ministers, some weeks later, in the *Independent*. Indeed, I requested the editor of the *Nation* to announce that I was not the writer of the article of September 1, on the very ground that I was not willing to be responsible for its opinions concerning ministers, and that such opinions had little to do with the point under discussion. And is not this position consistent with my demand that the "government of Yale College shall not rest exclusively with Congregational ministers of the State of Connecticut"? Let Dr. Pickering prove this.

He says: "The first-rate men in *any* profession are few." Very well; that concedes all that Mr. Phelps or myself demands. Yale College *ought* to be governed by *first-rate men*. There are few first-rate men in the ministry, Dr. Pickering tells us. Of course, the number of first-rate men in the Congregational ministry (one of the best, I think) must be proportionately smaller, and yet again proportionately smaller among the Congregational ministers of the State of Connecticut. Now, if "first-rate men" are so scarce, why, instead of selecting them from the professions in the United States, with the able Dr. Pickering to represent the ministry, should they be taken from a single profession, from a single denomination of that profession, in a single small State?

I suppose the reason is that Yale College would grow "as sensational" as Barnum's Museum or Bowen's *Independent* (since the change of editors), if we substituted for the Pickerings of Squashville such men as William M. Evarts, Judge Taft, Mr. Sheffield, or Mr. Phelps. But the clergymen will not abdicate. Why? Because he would have us believe the "charter" is in the way. Who doubts that the change can be effected if Squashville is willing?

I believe Dr. Pickering once had a little discussion with the "Nassau Street Tract Society." He was then on the side of reform. But he was told by Daniel Lord that "The constitution, the founders, evangelical Christians, vital godliness," etc., were in the way of their publishing anything against slavery; yet they did so publish when it paid. He has now stolen his former enemy's thunder. His argument is Daniel Lord's with "Yale College" substituted for the Tract Society. President Woolsey proposed a change in the charter and a substitution of six Alumni for the six Senators. Is he also a "fool"? The committee of 1869 favor the same change, and it is well understood that some of them agreed substantially with Mr. Phelps. Were they also "fools"? Moreover, we have reason to believe that a considerable portion of the Faculty, not under the control of the Corporation, would welcome the change. Are they also "fools," as he designates his opponents? Yet, notwithstanding these things, Rev. Mr. Pickering tells us we are "fools" for not allowing the "venerable institution to remain where the founders placed it." Did all wisdom die with the founders? In his view, the "charter" of Yale College is more sacred than the Constitution of the United States, for he favored a change of that.

All he has said about Yale College existing to make Orthodox ministers is the merest rhetoric. As a fact, it does not do that work, except in its theological school. If it did, it would descend from its high national, œcumenical position to be the tool of a single sect. By a parity of reasoning, you could prove that Oxford University ought now to be serving the Catholic Church. Cannot the present Corporation see why Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Street, and Mr. Phelps placed their donations beyond its control? that others withhold funds for the same reason? that either there will be no central, harmonious power to govern the University if this state of things continues, or that the Scientific School must be made to overshadow the Academic Department?

But they declare "they will not abdicate." Well, then, I fear even many Yale men will reluctantly withhold their sons and their funds from the College they so truly love. But we hope for better things.

THE FIRST "ALUMNUS."

MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find that your English correspondent, in the last of his letters which I have read, repeats the contemptuous terms of "shrieking and hysterical declamation" in reference to the efforts which some of the best and most eminent of his countrywomen are making for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. It is possible he may not think it worth his while to mention one very remarkable result of these efforts which has just come to pass, and which is likely to have important influence on the fate of these odious enactments. In its last issue, the *Spectator* informs us that "Sir Henry Storks has sustained a severe defeat in Colchester [for which town he was candidate in the Liberal or popular interest for a seat in Parliament], having recorded nearly 600 votes less than his opponent, Mr. Learmouth [the Tory or aristocratic candidate]. The defeat is claimed by the Conservatives, but not quite fairly. In this instance, the Liberal candidate *was defeated by Mrs. Josephine Butler.* Sir Henry Storks is a warm advocate of the Contagious Diseases Acts, and a letter was produced from him in which he said that the Government must recognize prostitution as a necessity. He probably meant as an inevitability, like sin, or death, or hail; but the sentence ruined him in Colchester, a garrison town, where the act has been put in force. That act will either have to be given up, or discussed in Parliament with open doors."

Now, Sir Henry Storks is no ordinary man. As a military officer and civil administrator he has a high reputation; he did the state good service in Jamaica, or in the Ionian Islands (I am not sure which), as governor; and would most likely have been successful in Colchester, where he had all the Government interest, but for his unlucky dictum, and for the presence and active opposition of Mrs. Butler, who entered on the electioneering campaign in Colchester for the express purpose of preventing his return.

Again, this shrieker and hysterical declaimer, Mrs. Josephine Butler, is no ordinary woman. She is, in every sense, a lady, of noble presence, distinguished manners, and excellent social position. She is a daughter and biographer of John Grey, of Dilston—a Northumbrian gentleman, whose efforts were mainly instrumental in raising his native county to high rank in improved agriculture and social civilization. The Rev. Mr. Butler (Mrs. B.'s husband), an Episcopal clergyman and master of the Liverpool College or High School, is one of a family remarkable for the numbers of eminent educators it has produced, and, I may add, he is in full sympathy with his wife in the self-denying efforts she is making to rid the British statute-book of one of its most objectionable and demoralizing enactments.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

DUBLIN, Nov. 8, 1870.

THE CARBON PROCESSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the notice of the carbon prints in the last *Nation*, there occurs an error, which I beg leave to correct. The process of Braun, of Dornach, is the original autotype process of Swan, the greater brilliancy of the interlineal spaces being due to the superior quality of the negative.

There are three so-called carbon processes, all depending on the quality which the chromates have of rendering gelatine in combination with them insoluble when exposed to light. The autotype process makes the prints by the direct action of sunlight on a chromated gelatine tissue impregnated with coloring matter. The sunlight, penetrating the negative, impresses those portions which represents the shadows, and the print thrown into tepid water permits the lights, which were protected by the dense parts of the negative, to be washed away. The results of this process are in all respects equal to the silver prints, and are indestructible.

The Woodbury-type, or photo-relief, is a mechanical process, in which the gelatine film is, after the action of the light, allowed to lie in cold water, which makes the film swell in those portions corresponding to the lights, producing an intaglio, from which a mould is made, which, being filled evenly with a gelatine ink, is transferred by a press to a paper, on which it dries, preserving all its lines and shades.

In the Albert-type, the block (of ground glass) is coated with a similar film as in the other processes, which, being wetted, swells and gives a printing surface, from which, as from a lithographic stone, many copies can be printed.

I omit, for brevity's sake, details not necessary to the understanding of the principles involved. In the two former processes, the color of the print is some coloring matter mixed with the gelatine; in the last, printer's ink.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 16, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE most noticeable original work in Messrs. Appleton's list for November is Dr. Hammond's "Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism." The same house announces "What to Read, and How to Read," by Dr. Charles H. Moore, formerly a professor in two of our Southern colleges. It consists of "classified lists of choice reading, with appropriate hints and remarks, adapted to the general reader, to subscribers to libraries, and to persons intending to form collections of books," and is "brought down to September, 1870." We do not know the compiler's qualifications for his task, but his design is a good one and worthy of the best execution.——We regret to see it announced that the *Riverside Magazine* is not to outlive the year, but, in so far as it partakes of the nature of a family magazine, is to give the benefit of its discontinuance to *Scribner's Monthly*. In form, mechanical excellence, and in its editing, it has seemed to us unsurpassed as a magazine for children; and although we are not convinced that such periodicals are as great an advantage to the young as they are a convenience to parents, while we have them, by all means let us have them at their best. *Our Young Folks* and the *Little Corporal* remain to be taken, one for one reason, and the other for another; and, as American productions, have doubtless something to recommend them above their foreign rivals. Neither of them, however, is in our opinion superior, or equal in pictures or print, to *Good Words for the Young*, conducted by George MacDonald, of which Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are the agents in this country.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce volumes two and three, completing Prof. G. W. Greene's "Life of Nathaniel Greene," a substantial contribution to our Revolutionary history.——Messrs. Dodd & Mead will issue "Marcella of Rome," by Frances Eastwood, a story that has already appeared in *Hours at Home*; also, a new story, of which the title is not yet divulged, by the fertile author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family."——Messrs. W. C. Little & Co., Albany, will publish for Mr. Audley W. Gazzam—whose "Treatise on Bankruptcy" is shortly to go into a second edition—another work, "Bankruptcy Digest and Rules of Practice," which will doubtless also prove serviceable to the profession.——One of the consequences of the cessation of *Putnam's Magazine* was the cutting short of Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames's serial story, "Eirene"—owing to her inability to finish it in season—but the whole may shortly be expected in book-form. Messrs. Putnam & Sons announce also a "Popular Standard Speaker and Guide to Oratory."

—It cannot be long before communication by cable-telegraph will make the affairs of Brazil of daily interest to us, and quicken the interchange of merchandise and ideas between the two countries, which already is not slight. In developing the fringe of that wilderness of an empire, American skill, it is well known, has been freely employed, and with the most gratifying results, while American manufactures find there an ever-increasing sale in spite of European competition. The Emperor's partiality for our language and literature has been frequently attested, and our savants who have visited his provinces in the interest of science have been treated by him with the most enlightened hospitality. It may readily be supposed that his subjects will improve any reasonable opportunity to extend their acquaintance with the people of the United States; and as the best way to do this is to study our mother-speech, they will be glad of the English Reader just prepared for them by Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, editor of *O Novo Mondo*, of which we spoke lately. Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. are the publishers of "Chrestomathia de Lingua Ingleza," a book of some 400 pages duodecimo. The compiler prefixes a general view of the origin of language, then treats of the Indo-European group, and of the derivation from it, composition, and development of the English language, in the usual manner, with a brief survey of each period to the present time. This introduction is followed by extracts in prose and verse, generally copied from similar compendiums, and prefaced in each case by a short account of the writer. The defects observable in this part of the editing—and they are not many nor serious—indicate original labor on the part of Mr. Rodrigues, and it is creditable to him that, in aiming apparently to select such pieces as would tend to elevate his countrymen, he has given rather more than their share of space to the writers of the present century. In regard to the literature of the United States, he is of opinion that it is far less original, as compared with that of England, than that of Brazil is as compared with the Portuguese.

—Since we were so indiscreet, in noticing the magazines for November, as to allude to the charges brought against Mr. Seward by Ex-Secretary Welles, it is but fair to say that General M. C. Meigs has taken some exceptions, in a Washington paper, to the correctness of the *Galaxy* article, which no one can fairly pronounce upon the quarrel without considering. He says that Mr. Welles attributes to him a statement which he used in a former rectification of the history of Fort Sumter merely to controvert it, and that this made a very important and indeed essential link in Mr. Welles's chain of evidence. We cannot here go over the whole story, but the point is as to whether the *Powhatan* was detached from the Sumter expedition by influence brought to bear, either patriotically or not, upon President Lincoln. General Meigs alleges that this vessel was assigned, at his instance, to the relief of Fort Pickens two days after the Sumter fleet was made up without her, he being ignorant of the latter expedition and Secretary Welles being kept ignorant of the former. Of course, when the Secretary wished to add the *Powhatan* to his fleet, she was engaged, and he was naturally chagrined. However, General Meigs says she could not have rendered the least service at Sumter, as events proved.

—Mr. Disraeli has improved the occasion of a new edition of his collected works to write a preface in which he reviews them all, explaining the motives with which each one of them was written, and so saving some trouble to his future biographer. He consoles himself as against his critics, whom he speaks of with his usual contempt, with the fact that "Lothair" has received a vast deal of attention from the American press, and that even in England "the aggregate of articles" which it has evoked "is in amount perhaps unprecedented." And he is obliging enough to say that the American notices appear to him "generally to be sincere," and that he thinks they need not fear competition with the similar productions of his own country "in point of literary ability, taste, style, and critical acumen." Another satisfaction he derives from retrospect is that "Goethe and Beckford were impelled to communicate their unsolicited opinions of 'Contarini Fleming' to its anonymous author," and that Heine wrote a criticism on it "of which any author may be justly proud." And we cannot suppose him to be wholly unflattered by the popularity of "Vivian Grey," which he calls an essentially puerile work, but which "has baffled even the efforts of its creator to suppress it," so that "forty-four years after its publication he must ask the indulgence of the reader for its continued and inevitable reappearance." Other parts of this preface are a sort of political testament of the author, and do not need to be dwelt upon here.

—Announcements of English publications for the season are not yet over. The titles that follow probably represent by this time works already issued, if they have not indeed reached this country: "The Prophetic Spirit in its Relation to Wisdom and Madness," by Rev. A. Clissold, might perhaps be profitably read in connection with Dr. Hammond's forthcoming work on Spiritualism; "The Companions of St. Paul" is by J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester, who also treats in a companion volume of "The Character of St. Paul;" "The Miracles of Our Lord," by George MacDonald, "Half-Hours in the Temple Church," by the Master of the Temple, Rev. C. J. Vaughan, and "Essays, Theological and Literary," by Mr. R. H. Hutton, are also works in which clergymen will be interested. These occupy a middle ground between history (including biography) and theology, viz.: "Walks in Rome," by Augustus J. C. Hare; "The History and Literature of the Israelites, according to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha," by C. and A. D. de Rothschild, in two volumes, of which the first treats of the historical books, the second of the prophetic and poetical; a third edition of Mr. J. F. Maguire's "Rome and its Ruler,' which has been "brought down to the latest moment," and appropriately re-entitled "The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth;" "The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller," by Peter Bayne; "Memorials of R. D. Hampden, sometime Bishop of Hereford," edited by his daughter, Henrietta Hampden; and possibly these two will be mentioned in place: "Iona," by the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson's "Annals of Oxford." Contributions to science are: "The Natural History of the Azores," by F. Du Cane Godman, and "The Ornithology of Shakespeare," by J. E. Harting, who is not to be behind those who have explored the grammar, religion, law, and other knowledge of the dramatist. "A Book of Almanacks for any Day preceding A.D. 2000," by Prof. De Morgan, is evidently good for the use of the youngest inhabitant of this planet, and the correctness of any part of it is not likely to be called in question by any one who trusts in it. Those given to looking backward rather than to forecasting may prefer the novel "In Memoriam Album" (London: Simpkin & Co.). Memorial cards, for the preservation of which this album has been devised, are scarcely known in this country, except as received from friends abroad; and it is left to some publisher here to prepare a record in which deaths may be entered, whatever the source of information concerning them. Such a list, kept during an average lifetime, would be useful also afterwards if deposited in a public library.

—"America," in the rubrics of Continental newspapers, as often as not refers to South America, but in the following titles it signifies the United States: "Sketches from America," by John White, who divides his book into three parts—(1) Canada, (2) Apie to the Rocky Mountains, (3) The Irish in America; and "Eleven Years' Experience in the Western States of America," by W. M. Stewart, who adds to his narrative an analysis of prairie soil. Other books of travel are: "The Land of the Sun," by Lieut. C. R. Low, who gives memoranda, historical and geographical, of places of interest in the East which he visited during many years' service in Indian waters; and "Peeps at the Far East," or a familiar account of India, by Norman Macleod, D.D. Moxon's edition of "Wordsworth's Complete Works," with a critical memoir by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is out; and we are to have "Ballads of Life," by Robert Buchanan; "Rehearsals, a Book of Verses," by John Leicester Warren; "Poems of Bygone Years," edited by Elizabeth M. Sewell; and "The Songstresses of Scotland," in two volumes, by Misses Tytler and Watson. Miss Tytler also offers a second series of her "Papers for Thoughtful Girls;" and thoughtful children, without regard to sex, will be edified by "Chamber Dramas for Children," by Mrs. George MacDonald; "At the Back of the North Wind," and "Ralph Bannerman's Boyhood," by her husband; and "The Boy in Grey," by Henry Kingsley, assisted by the pencil of Mr. Arthur Hughes.

—The English quarterlies have not yet given up entirely a certain practice of theirs, which now for many years has made them ridiculous in the eyes of the American reader, and, moreover, has kept the American reader in a state of extreme exasperation. The editor would appear to think that, in the case of European, Asiatic, African, and Australasian topics, he must get hold of writers to treat of them who thoroughly understand their subject, or, at least, he must try and get hold of writers who have a good deal of knowledge of their subject. If, then, for example, affairs of Bokhara are of current interest at a given moment, the editor of the *Edinburgh* or the *Westminster* bestirs himself to get hold of some traveller or diplomatic agent or army officer who really has seen, and seriously considered, the Russian advance through Central Asia towards India. If the Kabyles call for discussion, the editor seeks for some man who knows Algiers, either from observation or from much reading, or from both. Mr. Gladstone, if possible, is to be had in to write about Continental politics when Continental politics are of interest to the British public. Mr. Lowe or Mr. Childers the editor might, it is probable, supplicate for a paper on colonial questions should the former home of these ministers furnish subject-matter for a couple of editorial articles in the *Times*. Medes, Ethiopians, Jews, the sledded Polack, Fenians and Esquimaux, Mesopotamians and dwellers in the isles of the sea—all secure from the Quarterly editor the best ability that he has at command. But if there is about the office a young lion, whose teeth are not as yet grown, and who yet, for a season, must mumble the prey till he be of such strength as to rend it—if there is on the list of contributors a Scotchman learning to write English, and capable of endless quantities of padding, which shall at least have the true dogmatic Quarterly ring—or if there is a promising young man at the University who knows some things, and knows, further, that he is omniscient, and likes to be slashing in a review—such a scholar and critic is the person whom the Quarterly editor sets at work to review "American literature," or to explain, in 1870, that the true character of the American polity may be best perceived in the greedy violence with which that people has wrested from "a sister republic" the province of Texas; or to point out that in the city of New York republicanism has been carried to its logical outcome—with what result is known to Messrs. Overend, Gurney, McHenry, Sir Morton Peto, and other victims of the rascality of Fisk, Gould, Tweed, and other acknowledged Democratic leaders. The *North British Review*, for example, published a while ago—some three years since, perhaps—an article on American literature which probably is to-day an article *de fide* with some thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Its author was Mr. Gerald Massey, a student of literature who has the same claim to attention as a literary authority which Captain Isaiah Rynders would have in a school of oratory—both gentlemen having in common the power of misusing articulate speech, to the present pleasure and lasting injury of themselves and numbers of other people. Few American authors had places in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature;" but "Maria del Occidente" and Mrs. Lydia Sigourney had produced some verses which Mrs. Hemans might have been not ashamed to own; Edgar Allan Poe, a man of irregular life, had written some weird poems; and the celebrated American sense of humor had exhibited itself in calling the bed-bug "the essence pedlar"—that, we believe, was the substance of Mr. Massey's account of us; for his remarks about Washington Irving and the novels of Mr. Cooper were not distinctively his own, nor very fresh.

—The current *Westminster* has a similar essay, telling us of Charles Brockden Brown, for instance, and the "eloquent but diffusive" William Wirt And we "have no national literature," yet we have various tribes of the "red or copper-colored race," as the geographers say; and why, under those circumstances, we are not fitted out with a literature truly American there are no reasons, the writer seems to think, except that we are all engaged in the eager pursuit of wealth, and—this being the more civil and tender reason—that we are at present necessarily engaged in "subduing the continent," which our English ancestors won for us from the French. Jonathan Edwards, indeed, we have produced—a metaphysician admitted to be worthy of praise, even among European metaphysicians. Emerson, however, sits under the tree that Fichte planted, and means little. Longfellow also is Teutonic, though in another way than Emerson. Still Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is great; and his "Hiawatha," if only we had followed its lead, would have led us to a true nationalism in literature. Nathaniel Hawthorne has few Americanisms, and writes so as to offend no English taste. In essay writing we do very well—as well as anybody; but a long poem we cannot produce; and, indeed, we are so well persuaded that we cannot produce a great poem that we have been at pains to frame a theory in relation to the matter, and declare that a poem is of necessity short, and that all long poems are, in fact, several short poems connected together by strips of prose—"Homer sometimes nods," in fact, is what we maintain. Thus our author goes on talking seriously of books and writers of whom, in the Pre-Adamite times, and the days of the *Democratic Review* and the *Analectic*, we also, who live here in America, used to talk seriously; talking condescendingly of writers whom no one who has the right to employ condescension would think of patronizing; and altogether making a jumble of old nonsense and new nonsense, and trite truth and trite foolishness, which might discourage a millenarian optimist. How the United Kingdom is ever to be Americanized if essays like these are to be written and read in good faith, it is sometimes hard to see.

—The same number of the *Westminster* which contains the typical British essay on American literature—a literature in which, after all, meanly as most of us are disposed to think of ourselves, we have "The Federalist" in political philosophy; the speeches of Webster against Hayne, in oratory and politico-legal reasoning; the works of Story, Marshall, Kent, and Wheaton, in law; the romances of Hawthorne in prose fiction · the satire and wit of "The Biglow Papers," and the admirable products of the imagination as exercised in the creation of characters at once typical and individual; the profound criticism, so acutely apprehensive and comprehensive, of Emerson; the kindly universality of sentiment which makes Longfellow the chosen, well-chosen, favorite poet of a greater number of people than listen to any other English-speaking poet; the careful scholarship of Whitney, Child, Palfrey, Sophocles, Wyman, Noyes, Parkman, Lea, Morgan, and Agassiz—the same number of the *Westminster* which contains the essay with which we have been finding fault contains also an essay which, we are bound to say, is of such a character as to be of use to any one who should feel disposed to charge us with having done injustice to editors of English quarterlies, in saying of them what we have been moved to say above. One of the essays in the last *Westminster* shows quite sufficient knowledge of American affairs. It tells the story of the famous "corner" in the Wall Street Gold Market, which was effected by Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. James Fisk, jun., in September last. It is no more than fair to say that one might look far in our native newspapers and magazines before coming on any writer who has brought more local knowledge to the handling of this particular American topic. The judges of the New York Supreme Court, or the attorneys of the Erie Railway Company, could hardly themselves evince a more thorough familiarity with New York judicial and financial circles. We bespeak for it the attention of all advisers, friends, and enemies of Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Fisk, Mr. Tweed, and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad Company. To one aspect of American life—it will be confessed even by the editors of Boston newspapers, or by Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mr. S. P. Cummings—our English brethren have at last done something like justice.

—The question of the Pope's infallibility illustrates better than any other question which this generation is likely to hear discussed the rule that every doctor, from the doctor of divinity down to the horse doctor, habitually and regularly disagrees with every other doctor—possibly as the safest way of assuring himself and others of his having any right to the title. So far as we have heard, no two persons—outside of persons possessed of that "faith" which removes the mountain by shutting the eyes and asserting that there isn't any mountain—have come to anything like a practical agreement as to the significance of the latest of Roman dogmas. Dr. Ward, of the *Dublin Review*, could probably put his finger on several gentlemen under the personal charge of Cardinal Cullen, or that of Archbishop Manning, who would agree with him that, in case the Pope should casually assert of his new shoes that they were completely worn out, there would be small hopes of salvation for any Christian who, on inspection of them, should hold that the shoes were in good order, or that his Holiness had in that instance not spoken infallibly. Incredible as it seems, it is yet beyond doubt that there are people who are ready to go quite as far as we have imagined Dr. Ward going. What, indeed, can be incredible as regards the beliefs of a certain party among Roman Catholics when one hears it said of a very high dignitary of the church—an Englishman, too, and educated at Oxford—that, attempting to confute such bishops as opposed the promulgation of the new dogma on the ground that the time was inopportune, his way of convincing them was to look up the word "opportunity" in the New Testament, and point out to his opponents that it occurred but four times, and that in the most important of the four passages it relates to the action taken by Judas, when (Matthew xxvi. 16) he "from that time sought 'opportunity' to betray him"? But among the Roman Catholics whom Protestants, thinking of Mr. Ward and Archbishop Manning, would describe as comparatively sensible and reasonable, there would appear to be hardly two men holding the same opinion as to the scope and meaning of the dogma just enunciated by the Vatican council—if, indeed, there has been an enunciation so technically correct as to make a dogma binding. What is it, for example, for a pope to speak "*ex cathedrâ*"? What questions are questions of morals, in the sense of being such "questions of faith and morals" as the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, can pronounce upon? M. Gambetta, for instance, is a Catholic, let us suppose; could he expect from Pope Pius IX. an indubitably correct answer to an enquiry as to whether the present government of France is morally commendable in declining to make a peace? If a future pope revives and approves a doctrine which a former pope has denounced as heretical, is it true, as Archbishop Purcell would say, that the mere fact of such revival makes of the pope who effects it a heretic—a pope whom God there and then deposes? What, then, becomes of the bishops and priests who, believing the pope infallible, as they are bound to believe him, give internal assent to the heretical doctrine promulgated by the fallible corpse of a pope? Does God, there and then, at the time of their internal acquiescence, depose them also, and make of them heretics and laymen, instead of consecrated priests? But if there are no assenting priests, what becomes of the infallibility of the Pope? and does not the capacity of the priests to sit in judgment on a pope argue infallibility in them?

— These and a thousand other difficulties are naturally suggested by the utterances which, during the last six months, have been made by Roman Catholic teachers in all parts of the world. A common consent they seem to have in respect of but one thing—none of them has as yet done anything to call down on himself excommunication. How (without explaining it away) to explain this new dogma, and at the same time keep himself a Catholic whom the head of the church would not think devoted to eternal misery, no one not an Ultramontanist seems in the least to know. Whether the Pope himself would satisfy a thorough-going Ultramontanist his last public performance leaves doubtful. He, the other day, addressed to the Cardinals a circular letter, in which, protesting against certain acts of the Italian authorities now governing Rome, he would seem to say that King Victor Emmanuel's aldermen and policemen have succeeded in shearing away from him much, or all, of his power to govern the church as her infallible teacher ought to govern her. "Any one who possesses good sense," says the circular of which we speak, "will see and confess that, having no longer supreme power in the use of public means of conveyance, or in the public circulation of letters, we are really deprived of the necessary and speedy way of treating the affairs which the vicar of Jesus Christ must treat and administer." And again: "We find ourselves now wanting in that freedom which is absolutely indispensable to us, in order to govern the church of God." At first sight, this certainly looks like an infallibly true assertion, that the government of the church is no longer within the power of the Pope; and, as may be imagined, numbers of the Episcopalian enemies of the Babylonian harlot are rejoicing over what they assert to be the official announcement of the *décheance* of the Papacy—which, however, as they may probably discover, has a way of surviving suicide that says much for its vitality, or want of it.

— To what the Pope is referring when, in the circular above-cited, he speaks of the free use of "public means of conveyance," we do not know. As regards his power over the "public circulation of letters," the *Church Times*, London, volunteers some evidence which could no doubt get confirmation. "Just before the assembly of the Pan-Roman Council," says the editor of the *Times*, "an English gentleman, long resident in Italy, and of the highest literary reputation, made an offer to us through a common friend to supply us with letters on the subject. We immediately wrote out to the gentleman's address in Rome, but our letter, instead of being delivered, was returned to us about four months afterwards. In the meantime, our correspondent wrote expressing his surprise at receiving no answer, but his letter was likewise suppressed." Considering the nature of the documents proceeding from the Vatican, the Papal court is wiser in its generation, most people would think, to trust to the suppression of other people's letters than the circulation of its own. However that may be, the Romans are probably a sufficiently irreligious community—not to say a sufficiently blasphemous and ungrateful congeries of vermin—to be pleased with the recent change in the postal regulations of their city.

BRENTANO'S HISTORY OF GILDS.[*]

It is not until within a few years that the historical importance of the guilds of the Middle Ages has been recognized, and even now there are few who are aware how great this importance was and how extensive their influence, even outside of their municipalities. Dr. Brentano's treatise is, as the publishers say, "the first and only one in English reviewing the whole subject of *Gilds*;" and it deserves to be carefully studied, as well by those who wish to understand the development of mediæval society as by those who are interested in the present phase of the labor question, which is nearly connected with that of earlier times. It is hard to say, therefore, whether this book is more valuable as a contribution to history or to social science. In its treatment, however, it is rather historical than practical, and it is the historical aspect from which we propose to regard it.

Besides the trades-unions of the nineteenth century, three classes of guilds are treated of in this essay—religious or social guilds, guild-merchants, and craft-guilds—and each of these four institutions illustrates a distinct and important historical fact. The first class, of the religious guilds, was the earliest and most general in its nature—so general, indeed, that the term *religious* has been objected to, and *social* proposed. Our author defends the title in common use, on the ground that all, whatever their object, had a certain religious character, and grouped themselves about certain religious observances. For the matter of that, these features were common also to other guilds. The objects of those under consideration were as various as possible—some for charity, some purely social, some for special religious observances (as burning candles on the altar of the Virgin, maintaining sacred processions, or performing religious plays), some even for political objects. In fact, these early guilds seem to have exactly represented our modern clubs or societies, possessing just that degree of religious formality which everything had in those times, and marked also by a closer union among the members than is the case nowadays. Each had some saint as its patron, all had banquets at stated seasons, and all demanded and fostered a closer feeling of brotherhood in their members, with mutual aid and defence.

In regard to the origin of these institutions, Dr. Brentano agrees with Thierry that they were derived from the pagan sacrificial banquets of the northern nations, rather than with Wilda and Hartwig, who would give them a Christian origin. The guilds, he thinks, were organized on the type of the family, and were calculated to satisfy certain needs for which in an earlier state of society the family union had provided. In primitive times, "the family was a community of all-comprehending importance, and its care provided completely for nearly all the wants of the individual," especially in whatever concerned "the relations of private law—the legal protection of life, limb, and property." But in time "the natural bond of the family become more and more relaxed with the increase of the number of relatives, and with the rise of special interests among the individual members," and there was, moreover, a "constantly increasing number of kinless people and of strangers." The family was now, of course, inadequate to the new demands of society, while no public authority was yet in a condition to assume the protection of individuals; the guilds, then, modelled on the family and preserving much of its character, with a looser and wider organization, formed a convenient transition between the earlier order of things and the fully developed state.

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[*] "On the History and Development of Gilds, and the Origin of Trade-unions. By Lujo Brentano, of Aschaffenburg, Bavaria, Doctor Juris Utriusque et Philosophiæ." London: Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, E. C. 1870. 8vo, pp. 135.

Perhaps the most interesting class of guilds is that of town-guilds or guild-merchants—frith-guilds the author often calls them, without anywhere explaining the term. These were associations of all the full citizens of a town, for the sake of self-defence and other objects of general interest; in such cases "the citizens and the gild became identical, and what was gild-law became the law of the town." But this identity was only temporary; "the quality of being a full citizen did not of itself include the fellowship of the sworn-gild; for this a special acceptance was required"—just as in the case of the "commoners" of New England towns, to which we alluded a few weeks ago. Consequently, in time the original guild became closed, and the families which belonged to it were developed into a patriciate, known as the *summum convivium*, which continued to govern after it had ceased to be identical with the city. Then other inferior guilds sprang up by its side. In this way many of the town constitutions of Northern Europe began in guilds, as described by Augustin Thierry in his "Considérations sur l'Histoire de France." In some towns the guild thus developed was only one of two or three municipal organizations, and our author hardly makes distinct enough the relation in such cases of this community to the other communities in the same town. Thus, in Note 3 (p. xi.), he speaks of the two communities which existed together in Worms in the eleventh century—that of the Bishop's Manor and that of the Old Freemen (in earlier times there had been two others, that belonging to the royal palace and that to the demesnes, *Stamm-gut*, the Salians, both of which were united under the rule of the bishop). From the Old Freemen were descended the patrician families of later time, while the bishop's vassals in the main became craftsmen. So in Ratisbon, the great emporium of the eastern trade, there were distinguished the king's city, the priests' city, and the merchants' city. These communities in a community resembled somewhat the Roman *plebs*, which formed a distinct, self-governing body subordinate to the patrician state. It would seem, then, that the town-guilds in such cases must have been confined to the city of the freemen or merchants, while in new towns the guilds comprised all the citizens. These town-guilds, as has been already intimated, consisted chiefly of merchants, and in many towns the terms merchant and burgher are synonymous; in Paris, for instance, the *mercatores aquæ* formed the municipal body, which probably explains the fact that in the seditions during King John's captivity, the government of Paris was in the hands of Etienne Marcel, provost of the merchants. These guilds it was that carried through the great movement of the enfranchisement of the communes and establishment of free cities in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and that founded the powerful leagues of the thirteenth century.

It has been already said that the town-guilds became in time close oligarchies. At first, free handicraftsmen were admitted as members, but afterwards these were excluded, and the government of the cities fell entirely into the hands of the patrician families of old citizens. These, of course, did as such oligarchies always do—securing to themselves the privileges and emoluments, and throwing the burdens upon the lower classes. This led to the organization of craft-guilds, which carried on against the old guilds a struggle similar to that which these had carried on against the nobles, and with the same result. This struggle marks the fourteenth century, as the earlier one did the twelfth. Thus, in the old Roman city of Cologne, the power was, in the twelfth century, in the hands of the guild of Old Freemen or *rich*—the *Richerzechheit.* Then came a violent contest of two hundred years, the craftsmen striving to get a share of the government, and sometimes uniting for this purpose with the archbishop, whose aim was to rule over both. At one time, a coalition between these two overturned the rule of the patricians; but when the designs of the archbishop were understood, the "families" were recalled and reinstated in their privileges. This contest was ended in 1396 by a revolution which gave the craft-guilds a share, and even the predominance, in the government. Under the previous order of things "the craftsmen were," says Dr. Brentano, "almost the serfs of the patricians" in this city, while the patricians themselves, by their misgovernment, turbulence, and feuds (between the Overstolzen and Weissen) had quite wiped out the memory of their good work in a former time.

The crafts were now on an equality with the families, but their degeneracy was as rapid and as marked as that of the families had been. A kind of aristocracy of office holders developed itself among them, and they soon became close and illiberal in their policy. "In the place of an oligarchy of landed proprietors, an oligarchy of capitalists stept in." It was at this time that those selfish regulations with regard to admission to the trades were established, almost the same as some of the present demands of the trades-unions, which we are wont to associate especially with the Middle Ages, while in fact they characterize only its closing century. "In the fourteenth century commenced the transformation of the trades into entails of a limited number of families." It is important to note that at this time there was no marked division between employers and employed. The craft-guilds represented and embodied *the whole trade*, controlled, in fact, by the masters rather than the men, but masters who had themselves worked as apprentices and journeymen, and whose workmen expected themselves soon to be masters.

This consideration leads to the origin of Dr. Brentano's fourth class, the trades-unions, which he has treated with great fulness and interest. He does not consider these to have been *derived* from the guilds, as has been held, but rather as their legitimate representatives in the changed order of things, coming into existence, as they did, to meet an immediate want. As the craft-guilds sprang up in the Middle Ages to maintain the independence of industry against a landed aristocracy, so these have sprung up in the nineteenth century to defend labor against capital. The special cause of this new movement is found in the changed conditions of manufactories, resulting from the introduction of machinery. The necessary consequence of machinery was that the manufactures were concentrated in large factories, owned by large capitalists; naturally, there soon appeared an antagonism of interest between the capitalists and the laborers, and this led to the formation of trades-unions. Our limits will not allow us to enter into the detailed consideration of these. Their historical relations are sufficiently illustrated by what has been said, and the abuses which called them into being are described by Dr. Brentano with great vigor. The violence and unreasonableness of many of their actions and demands at the present day need not blind us to the good they have actually accomplished and may yet accomplish, if they will only leave politics and go to helping themselves—if, too, they will learn to distinguish what is just and practicable from mischievous chimeras.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.*

In renewing our annual survey of juvenile literature, mention shall first be made of the designs of Miss Chase, daughter of the Chief-Justice, illustrating some of Mother Goose's rhymes, and some not commonly found in nursery collections, with two or three from the French and German. The original drawings, numbering fifteen in all, besides initial letters, were in water-color, and have been fairly imitated by chromo-lithography. They will be sure to find favor with any child to whom they are shown, and deservedly so, as they are fresh and pretty conceptions, drawn with great freedom and tastefully colored, and exhibit a nice sense of humor in the artist. The figures are always spirited, if not all so correct as that of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," which begins the series, but the perspective of which leaves something to be desired. The sad fate of the little old woman who had her petticoat shortened by the mischievous pedlar, is very well shown in the picture and initial letters; and the designs for "Old Tuskummik, Medicine Man," and "Chan-wan, the Good Old Man," with its companion-piece about "Ping-wing, the Pieman's Son," who

> "—— threw the cat in the boiling rice,
> And when they'd eaten her, said he,
> 'Me wonders where the mew-cat be,'"

are highly amusing. We can but think it a decided gain for our young folks that Miss Chase was persuaded to share her portfolio with the public.

"Holiday Pleasures" has all the appearance of having been written to suit Mr. Geissler's etchings, which are very well worth a fitting text. The "introduction" has no connection with what follows, which tells of the year's doings—month by month—of the little school-boy who is supposed to appear in every one of the twelve full-page pictures. There is no point to these narratives, which, however, are pleasantly told and in language carefully chosen for the age which it addresses. Mr. Geissler's children are of the same German type as Oscar Pletsch's, and drawn with as firm and sympathetic a hand, and his compositions, though they may not particularly interest the young, will improve their taste. Viewed merely as etchings, they are rather dull and monotonous, but we shall probably meet with few illustrations this season which will equal them in general excellence.

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* "Mother Goose's Melodies." Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1870.

"Holiday Pleasures. With an Introduction, by the Author of 'Harry Lawton's Adventures.' With Twelve Etchings by Rudolph Geissler." New York: Pott & Amery. 1870.

"Daisy's Companions; or, Scenes from Child Life. A Story for Little Girls. By the Author of 'Grandmamma's Nest.'" Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

"The Brownies, and Other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

"Labor Stands on Golden Feet. A Holiday Story. By Heinrich Zschokke. Translated by John Yeats, LL.D." New York: Dodd & Mead.

"Daisy's Companions" belongs to a class of children's books that seems to keep in favor with the public, if we may judge from the reinforcements it receives on each return of the holidays; a class which we are inclined on the whole to think does a good work in spite of its over-refinement, the precocious virtue of its hero or heroine, and, above all, the romantic imagination it fosters and stimulates. But where the heroine is, like Daisy, not painfully pious, but really good—a genuine lump of sugar to take the lessons of generosity and amiability on—she may be welcomed into a household. And where the good-breeding is so thorough—alas! in how much of our juvenile literature it is lacking!—American mothers may not mind the frequent allusions to little girls' "maids," and other luxuries of an English household. The high flavor of romance is the most dubious quality of the book, but just there, of course, lies its success with the children.

"The Brownies" is another book typical of a class which has an adult audience in its eye, and not a childish one. Parents will certainly be much entertained by this clever effort, and may be able to translate "The Land of Lost Toys" and "Amelia and the Dwarfs" to their children, in a way to give amusement; but we are very much afraid that the little ignoramuses will never be able to master for themselves a style of which these are specimen sentences:

> "A gutta-percha cherub in a chronic state of longitudinal squeeze.
>
> "Not being a metaphysician, he did not understand that it is safer to found opinions on principles than on experience, since experience may alter, but principles cannot.
>
> "Boys will be boys; but there is a limit to the forbearance implied in the extenuating axiom."

But if the language is not, like Truthful James's, "plain," the ideas are very lively and ingenious, as for example the following. An old maiden lady, still fond of toys, dreams that she is in a province of Fairyland, to which all toys, and all things ever used by children as toys, eventually find their way. Their rank here is according to the value that had been set upon them, so that an old potato, the sole plaything of an Irish baby in a tenement-house, is in a high place, while the costly toys of the rich occupy back seats. The abused toys had resolved to avenge themselves on the first human being that should chance to find his way to their abode. The old lady finds herself surrounded by the victims of her carelessness and is comically threatened:

> "'Tie a string round her neck, and take her out bathing in brooks,' said an old doll. 'Tear her wig off! Scrub the paint off her face! Flatten her nose on the pavement! Saw her legs off and give her no crinoline! Take her out bathing, I say, and bring her home on a wheelbarrow, with fern-roots on the top of her.'
>
> "'Take her to pieces to see what she's made of!' said a German toy.
>
> "'Dip her in water, and leave her to soak on a soup-plate,' said a paint-box."

She is finally put to bed in the doll's bedstead, and immediately breaks through on touching it.

A book for older children than any of the foregoing, and indeed composed for adults who are children from lack of education and from their condition in life, is "Labor Stands on Golden Feet." The maxims in which it abounds, and its examples of honest industry making a way to competence and public esteem, are likely to do good to thoughtful boys as well as to the laboring classes, and the former will find the story interesting enough to make them wish to read it through. Much of the purpose with which it was written depends upon a state of society which does not exist in this country; but for the formation of personal character, no part of the narrative is superfluous. The plot is extremely simple; there are two wooings, not difficult to foresee in either case; and the star of the travelling tinker continues lucky to the end. The author makes an effort to reconcile the institution of guilds with the progress of the age in the application of science to the arts. This discussion will probably be skipped by his young readers, and without much loss; but it would be well if some one would tell them, in an attractive way, what there was sound and true in the old system that might survive it to advantage.

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Bulwer (Sir H. L.), Life of Palmerston, 2 vols	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Bundy (J. M.), Are We a Nation? swd	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 48, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Complete Triumph of Moral Good over Evil	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Crane (Rev. J. T), Arts of Intoxication	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Friswell (J. H.), The Gentle Life	(Sampson Low & Co.)	
Holiday Pleasures: illustrated Child's Book	(Pott & Amery)	
Huxley (Prof. T. H.), Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Holmes (Prof. F. S.), Phosphate Rocks of South Carolina, swd	(Charleston)	1 25
Ingelow (Jean), Songs of Seven, swd	(Roberts Bros.)	0 30
Kiepert (H.), Wall Map of the Ancient World, in six sheets	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Macdonald (G.), Ralph Bannerman's Boyhood	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Olmsted (D.), Introduction to Natural Philosophy	(Collins & Bro.)	
Rae (W. F.), Westward by Rail	(Longmans & Co.)	
Richardson (Frederica), Xavier and I	(Chapman & Hall)	
Read (W. T.), Life and Correspondence of George Read	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Spalding (Louise B.), The Ruined Statues and Other Poems	" " "	
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Parts 13–17	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Taine (H.), Art in the Netherlands	(Leypoldt & Holt)	
The Commercial Laws of the States	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.)	
Wister (Mrs. A. L.), Enchanting and Enchanted	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1870.

The Week.

THINGS are approaching a crisis on the Loire. The Prussians, under Prince Frederic Charles—who probably holds the chief command of the co-operating forces—on the left, Von der Tann in the centre, and the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg on the right, press on the French army before Orléans and the troops covering Tours, in a semicircle extending from the vicinity of Montargis, opposite Gien, to the vicinity of Vendôme, opposite Blois. Fighting, mostly on a small scale, has been going on for a number of days at various points along the front of the French army, the Prussians demonstrating in force, chiefly between Montargis and Beaune, against the extended and exposed French right. The most important engagement thus far took place November 28, near the latter place, the advantages of which are claimed by both sides. The wooded heights extending from Gien to Chevilly, in front of Orléans, seem to form the principal strength of the position occupied, and artificially fortified, by D'Aurelles de Paladines; but the weakness of his left flank was betrayed by the abandonment of Châteaudun, in consequence of the threatening concentration of Prussian forces on the opposite side. His communications with Tours can thus hardly be said to be secure. Nor is it likely that the force lately commanded by Kératry, which, after the engagement at Dreux, was unable to oppose the advance of the Grand-Duke's forces on the line of Châteauneuf and Nogent-le-Rotrou, towards La Chartre and Vendôme, will now be able to execute an effective diversion for the relief of the temporary capital.

In the North, Picardy has been the theatre of active operations. Considerable bodies of troops of General Manteuffel's command having joined the forces which had long but steadily been operating against Amiens, the offensive was more energetically resumed towards the close of last week. After some sharp fighting, with varying success, around Demuin, Moreuil, and Boves, a stubbornly contested engagement took place on Sunday, the 27th, east of the latter place, near Villers-Bretonneux, which lasted till late in the afternoon, when the French were compelled to yield to the superior forces of the assailants. The struggle was continued at Boves, and further west at Dury, but finally the Army of the North was forced to abandon its last positions around Amiens, which was occupied on the 28th by a division of Manteuffel's army. The Prussians have thus, after repeated and energetically resisted attempts, become masters of that important city and of the rich valley of the Somme, a river which will now form a strong military line between the fortresses of Artois and Nord—the supporting points of the Army of the North—and the great commercial towns of Normandy—Dieppe, Rouen, and Havre. In which direction that army has retreated, whether towards Artois or towards Normandy, is not stated. South of Rouen, the Prussians have occupied Evreux in force.

Almost simultaneously with Amiens, La Fère, after a very gallant resistance, surrendered to the Prussians. This conquest secures to the latter unbroken connections between Picardy and Isle de France and Champagne, and completes the separation of the strongly fortified north-eastern border of France from the rest of the country. It is not likely that the Prussians will attempt the reduction of any of the fortresses on that border situated west of the Meuse, and there is no improbability in the report of their having abandoned the investment even of Mézières, on that river; but they continue their efforts to reduce Montmédy and Longwy. Thionville has surrendered, after a terrible bombardment. An unsuccessful sortie is reported from Belfort. A severe fight in the vicinity of Dijon, between a considerable detachment of Garibaldians and some troops of General Von Werder's command, resulted in a disastrous rout of the former. The Prussians in that region, however, appear to have made no further advance towards Autun or Châlon-sur-Saône, and their movements, as far as reported, are hardly sufficient to indicate the main object of their operations.

Most of the communications received from Paris agree in representing that capital as sorely tried by incipient famine, want of fuel, and increasing ravages of disease. According to some of those communications, the condition of the besieged two millions is such as to render a speedy capitulation not only desirable even to the patriotic, but a matter of utmost necessity, unless a successful sortie on the grandest scale puts an end to all the miseries of the siege—for the hope of a relief by the Army of the Loire, or any other army in the field, is now cherished by few rational beings in the city, or out of it. To attempt such a sortie, however, without a simultaneous attack on the Prussian lines taking place from without, is something which only a criminal disregard for human life could suggest, and Trochu is hardly the man to venture upon an enterprise of this kind. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear that some of the Parisian journals, such as the *Journal de Paris*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Figaro*, have finally come out with protests against an indefinitely protracted defence of the city, and in favor of the conclusion of peace. Should this demand for peace become louder with growing famine, and the issue of the battle now imminent on the Loire be such as not to encourage hope, Trochu and his associates would have a probably desired opportunity of yielding to the dictates of common sense, while pretending to yield to public pressure. In the meanwhile, however, cannonading from the forts and demonstrations beyond them continue to take place from time to time against the Prussian positions.

The whole of the news points in the direction of the catastrophe on the Loire which we ventured to foreshadow last week—the destruction either by crushing defeat or wholesale capture of the army of D'Aurelles de Paladines, and the flight of the Tours Government further south. Paris would certainly not hold out after receiving the news of such a disaster, even if it does not fall sooner before the ravages of hunger and disease. There is something sad in the eagerness with which the French continue to buy arms, and the exultation with which they announce the arrival of their purchases, as if they were suffering or had ever suffered from want of men or rifles. The things they need are things time only can supply—and time they cannot have. Their fall, as well as that of the Austrians in 1866, seems to prove pretty conclusively that great disasters in the early part of a campaign will hereafter rarely be recovered from by the vanquished; the victor is able to follow his advantages up too rapidly in highly civilized countries.

The news of the Turco-Russian complication continues to be pacific. The exact position of the English Ministry in the matter is a little difficult to make out. There are rumors that Earl Granville's ground is too bold for his colleagues, and that they are disposed to repudiate him. On the other hand, the average public opinion seems to run in favor of war, while some of the more prominent Liberals, John Stuart Mill for instance, have come out against war; but it is safe to say that the public will be ready enough to fight if the war seems likely to be naval only. But there is evidently no disposition on the part of Russia to force matters to a crisis; and while neither side will recede from its position, no overt act will be committed, and the affair will, it seems most likely, drift into a general Congress, summoned either to deal with that solely, or—if Paris falls soon—with the whole European situation, which is still full of danger.

In the money markets dulness reigns supreme. Speculation in stocks seems a thing of the past. Government bonds continue firm, and have not varied materially throughout the excitement in the London and Frankfort markets. There is an animated discussion going on over Mr. Boutwell's funding schemes, as foreshadowed in despatches from his friends in Washington, and over the probable fate of his efforts against the national banks and the Pacific railroads, in which he is likely to have the whole financial community against him, while all the rest of the country will be on his side. The uncertainty as to his action tends still further to diminish operations. The more peaceful tone of the latest European news has put down gold a trifle. Money, in the absence of all demand for business purposes, continues cheap and apparently abundant. The momentary uneasiness caused by last week's failures seems to be forgotten, and the only point to which any one looks for the least interruption to the present dead calm is real estate, which is getting into a rather precarious condition, from the almost total absence of buyers.

None of the varying reports of peace or war have been able to move our markets to any extent. Cotton has not varied more than one quarter of a cent per pound, in spite of various domestic influences tending to unsettle the price, while flour and wheat, under heavy receipts, have been lower. Groceries are somewhat lower, and fruits of every description, both foreign and domestic, are unusually abundant, cheap, and of superior quality. A notable feature of business during the week has been the marked falling off in the Thanksgiving-day trade, which dealers report smaller and more unprofitable than for many years past, indicating anything but general prosperity, and foreshadowing a probable decline in many articles of food during the coming winter. The whiskey trade, an interest of great importance to farmers, continues disorganized, many distilleries preparing to stop work, owing to steady losses; corn, however, remains firm. Meats of all descriptions are lower, and altogether the prospects of consumers are somewhat improved.

There has been a good deal of activity among the "Revenue reformers" during the week. On the 22d ult. they held a private meeting in this city, which was attended by Mr. D. A. Wells, Mr. George Walker, Mr. Horace White, of the Chicago *Tribune*, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, and others, and at which, after a good deal of talk, the conclusion was reached that things were looking very well; that the legislative debates of the coming winter would, under the influence of the late elections, probably do a great deal to educate the public and prepare the monopolists and jobbers for what is certainly coming; and that the question of civil service reform was closely connected with that of the reform of the revenue, and ought to be discussed and pushed with it; and it was resolved finally to charge a committee with the work of looking after the interests of both in a general way during the winter, with power to make arrangements for the calling of a national convention in the spring, in case the course of Congress proved unsatisfactory. The usual distribution of "British gold" did not take place, it must be confessed to the regret of all present. Indeed, the desire for it, and for as much of it as possible, was avowed with the greatest effrontery. The open display of such feelings at a reform meeting was a curious sign of the times. Why the British should have cut off the supply was not explained, but we presume they were unable to withstand the repeated exposures in the *Tribune*, which have doubtless made Mr. Thornton wince a little.

The feeling nevertheless gains ground, that if Mr. Wells is bribed by the British, so is Mr. Greeley, their fighting being what is termed at the police courts a "put-up job;" Mr. Greeley playing the part in the discussion which Scepticus plays in the dialogue with Fidelis in the tracts which defend revealed religion. In these, it will be remembered, the argument is thrown into the form of a dialogue simply to make it more attractive to the frivolous, but Scepticus, almost from the first, behaves like an imbecile, and, after having opened the debate in the most bullying and insolent way, submits afterwards to a disgraceful defeat with the most ludicrous equanimity. Of course nobody imagines Mr. Greeley will permit any such termination to the controversy as this; but people begin to wonder how long the present vehemence on his part will last. He has, during the past week, been rapidly repudiating "British gold" as a key to any of the free-trade positions, and, we are bound to say, has grown much fairer in his treatment of the subject than he used to be. The *Tribune's* full report of the proceedings at the Revenue Reform dinner is something which all friends of good journalism, whether they care anything about revenue reform or not, must admire.

We make this personal reference to Mr. Greeley as synonymous with the New York *Tribune*—in spite of his recent protest, and in spite of our fixed conviction that the newspaper etiquette which forbids such reference in treating of the editorial matter which appears in a paper is founded on the wisest expediency, and is a help no less to good morals than good manners—simply because he insists on protruding his personality into the editorial columns of the *Tribune*. He frequently signs its leading articles, and frequently fights out purely personal quarrels, and makes personal explanations, and follows up his personal enemies in them. Not long ago, he solemnly, in an editorial paragraph, contradicted a story that, having been unsuccessful in fishing, he had sworn so horribly that he had shocked and alarmed the boatman, who put him ashore, and refused to take him out again.

The Revenue Reform dinner had for its principal feature Mr. Wells's speech, which was a model of its kind, and told, in a very effective way, the story of his conversion, under the influence of his own investigations, from extreme protectionism to the position in which he now stands, which he says is that of a thorough believer in the free-trade theory, but who nevertheless believes indirect taxation best suited to this country, and the manufacturers who have invested capital under the protectionist régime entitled to time and opportunity to extricate themselves. There is no doubt of the soundness of all this. One of the most shameless and injurious features in the present régime is the haste and recklessness with which duties are run up and down, and one of the most prominent features of anything purporting to be a reform should be slowness, and caution, and respect for vested interests. Industry can stand anything better than uncertainty, or rather needs certainty more than anything.

Additional election returns from the States of North Carolina, Alabama, and Arkansas point more definitely than to anything else to dangers ahead for the Administration, and for the Republican party, unless the party can change the Administration's general policy and its own policy in regard to reconstruction. This latter, however, it is hardly worth any one's while to consider any longer; we imagine that it would be difficult to get a respectable minority of even a resuscitated Congressional Committee on Impeachment who would not now condemn the President's interference in the North Carolina troubles of last summer and the Alabama troubles of to-day. All that is done and over, and the force of habit itself cannot make even back-country editors talk of it this fall with any seriousness. Apparently the President is of a different opinion. In Alabama, the Democrats having carried their State ticket, the Republican Governor and Treasurer, whom the victory displaced, refuse to vacate their offices, on grounds which seem to them sufficient, but which are condemned as utterly inadequate by even the Republican members of the Senate. All but two of these officials express indignation at Governor Smith's conduct; but that functionary calls on the Federal commander in Montgomery for troops and has them supplied him. By these his rooms are now guarded, and bid fair to remain so till the case goes before the courts, when there is small doubt that he will be ousted. There is still less doubt that the people are heartily tired of seeing Southern Republican governors, considering what manner of men they are, making requisitions for United States soldiers, and making them when the Legislature is in session, or in the act of going into session. Meantime, a contest has been raging over the United States Senatorship; a great deal of hostility to Warner, the present incumbent, being shown by many Republicans. These are very bitter against him—for reasons not stated. No one Southern Senator of the carpet-bag order has shown himself an ornament to the chamber; but of specified charges against Warner we know nothing.

In North Carolina, the election to fill a vacancy in one of the Congressional districts resulted in the election of a Democrat by a majority greater than that which the Democracy obtained in August last. This result might have been less reasonably expected had Manning's competitor for the place not been the more notorious than celebrated Mr. Joseph Holden, a son of the Governor of the same name, but apparently not possessed of his father's cleverness, if we may judge by his conduct of the Raleigh *Standard*, the family organ. In South Carolina, the Conservatives or Reformers, as they call themselves, are reported since the election as being in a state of apathetic despair as regards the political future of the State. Perhaps they have reason when it is the fact, for instance—as we know it to be, on testimony for which we can vouch—that some of the election inspectors unblushingly permitted such open frauds as the casting of ballots by the negresses as well as by the men, and there will be plenty of proof of similar irregularities when the seats are contested. But again, perhaps in these facts the white men of the State have reasons against despairing rather than in favor of it. The Whittemores and their like no doubt get some of their power over their ignorant constituents because it is yet too soon for the negro quite to trust the white man, even when planted on the best of platforms, and influenced, let us grant, by motives sincerely good, but some, at least, of their power is based on the mere ignorance of their constituents, and on their own as yet undetected rascality, and their prosperity has not the elements of stability. Its supports can in no long time be taken from under it by patient fair treatment of the negro population, and sincere co-operation with him for the common benefit in political labor and investigation. The State grows richer in spite of its plunderers; the colored politicians must always be few in comparison with the colored laborers; and long before there is time or opportunity for the corruption of the latter by the example of the former, the laborer, if fairly treated, and if fully accepted as a political co-worker, will have forsaken the corruptionist demagogues, or else have driven them to comparative decency.

In the neighboring State of Florida, it may be very well doubted if the same thing is true for longer than the present year. The latest advices would appear to show that the Republican candidate for Congress has been successful by the bare skin of his teeth, having a disputed majority of about 200 over his Democratic opponent. There is said to have been a good deal of intimidation of voters and some fighting, and, though news is scarce, this assertion is probably true; yet a Republican majority of about four thousand in a voting list of some thirty thousand, is not a Republican majority that looks as if it would stand the test of many years of Southern politics, as Southern politics go now—especially in States where men like Governor Reed are the exemplars of the party principles. In Arkansas, there is appearance of the Democrats having carried the State and caused the Congressional delegation to stand two to one in their favor instead of one Democrat to two Republicans as now. On the whole, the drift in the South is in the wrong direction, and there will have to be much heedful watching this winter.

The expected lecture from General Butler on the political situation has been delivered in Boston, and, as we remarked last week, the amount of attention it has received, and the amount of space that has been accorded to it in the papers, are enough to make one sad. The General has been in the employment of the Republican party for about four years, and, apart from his services in the Impeachment case, the only work he has done above-ground has been an attack on the public credit, in the shape of a proposition to pay the bonds in paper, and another to reduce the interest by "a tax" on it; the advocacy of an unlimited issue of greenbacks, somewhat in the style of Law's Mississippi scheme; and now he appears with a plan for getting up a war with England. Its principal features are a repudiation of the rules of international law in settling our disputes with her, and an open resort to the general ground of hostility, this to be followed by non-intercourse, or war at our pleasure. He says the expense of war could be paid by the increased stimulus given to manufactures. The most striking thing in most of the General's productions, after the rascality of them, is the gross and wild ignorance they display, and this is no exception to the rule. The plan is, on the whole, such a one as one might expect to issue from the brain of a fuddled bar-keeper; and when we consider that its author is now supposed to be high in General Grant's confidence, and got between two or three thousand people to listen to his rubbish in Boston, one feels more than ever that it is not "caste" which is preying on our vitals. On the other hand, the lecture has been treated by the whole of the respectable press with thorough contempt, and has, we think, let the lecturer down a few steps more in his political decline, which will be very rapid, as long as he is unable to get up a row. Order and quiet suffocate him.

We find the following in a letter from Mrs. Martha C. Wright to Mrs. Cady Stanton, in the last number of the *Revolution*, referring to our recent paragraph on the sapient despatch of Mrs. Emilie J. Meriman to France as a "peace advocate and commissioner":

> "The *Nation* alludes, with its usual discrimination and amiability, to our convention, mistaking the mere reading of Mrs. Meriman's letter for the decided action of the convention, and characterizes its members as 'reformatory geese!' 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead,' is not one of the *Nation's* rules."

We are very sorry to be disagreeable to Mrs. Wright in any way, but, under the circumstances, it becomes our melancholy duty to quote the following from a very full report, the accuracy of which has never been questioned, of the proceedings of the convention in question by the *New York Times* of October 22:

> "Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown then made a brief address, after which the resolutions were adopted. A letter was then read from Mrs. Emilie J. Meriman, who has just arrived from France, and who intends returning to that country, asking the sympathies of American women in behalf of peace. After the reading of this letter, the following resolution was adopted:
>
> "*Resolved*, That, having full faith in the potency of moral power in the problem of the world's peace, we, in behalf of the women of America, do constitute and accredit our countrywoman, Mrs. Emilie J. Meriman, our peace advocate and commissioner, to proceed with all dispatch to France to present the gravity of considerations of peace to William, King of Prussia, and to Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, and to intercede with them for peace."

The discussion about the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine in Germany is just now marked by a striking incident. A portion of the manufacturing interest of the Zollverein have come out with a protest against the annexation, on the ground that it will bring 870,000 spindles and 14,000 looms into competition with them. They therefore demand either that the annexation shall not take place, or that the cotton goods of Alsace and Lorraine shall be excluded from the territory of the Zollverein for at least a year, if not longer, in order to give the Germans time to prepare for them. This has called forth a storm of indignation from the political press, which says that whatever the national honor and safety require must be done, no matter what becomes of the cotton or woollen interest, and that, in any event, the interests of 40,000,000 of consumers are to be thought of before those of a small number of producers; and that, as the former will clearly be benefited by the opening of the frontier to Alsatian goods, the protectionist objection to the annexation is really an argument in its favor. They might add that the very least that Germany can do for the unfortunate people of the newly-acquired provinces, is not to shut them out from their very best market at the moment they most need a ready sale for the products of their industry. First to conquer, then annex them, and then, after having secured the exclusion of their goods from France, to exclude them also from Germany, would be the refinement of cruelty.

THE "HIGH PRIORI ROAD" TO RUIN.

Descartes laid it down that the first step to be taken by anybody entering on a course of philosophical speculation was to make a complete clearance from his mind of all existing beliefs, so as to enter on his work in a state of universal doubt and interrogation. Whatever may be the value of this expedient, there is one condition essential to its success, and that is that the mind thus cleared be the mind of a philosopher; and as long as philosophers only resort to it, if it does no great good, it is pretty sure to do no harm. Unfortunately, however, we are witnessing an attempt in France—and the present attempt is only the latest of many—on the part of "the average man" to apply this method to the work of practical politics, and there is a strong disposition among the class of reformers to which we have taken the liberty of applying the term of "Sentimentalists" to try it to the extent of their power in all countries. The process, as they all practise it, is very simple. The first thing done is to resolve that whatever is, is wrong; that the fact that a thing has existed raises a presumption against its utility; and that it is at any time open to any community to tear down all its institutions, and to build up new ones, on a philosophical basis, constructed out of the inner consciousness of its more voluble members. It consists, in other words, of the adoption of the Cartesian method by a great crowd of persons, the best of whom have little mental training of any kind, and the mass of whom are very ignorant, and in their total release from what is perhaps the strongest, and for political purposes will have to be the strongest, of the social forces, at least till the human race has entered on a stage of culture from which we are certainly still ages distant—viz., habit.

It is perhaps fortunate for mankind that the French took upon themselves to try this experiment eighty years ago, before their brother Sentimentalists in other countries were quite ready for it, and that we should now be witnessing the close of it before the delusion which prompted it had spread any further or gained more power. France was, at the first Revolution, made a *tabula rasa*, and in the process an enormous amount of rubbish was unquestionably swept away. If the French nation, and especially the Parisian portion of it, had then been composed of philosophers of the first order, doubtless something very fine might have been built up on the cleared ground. They went to work as if they had been philosophers, however, and as if the community were as wax in their hands, and as if they despised the past and could defy the future. Their mode of reconstruction was very simple—namely, to create out of their imagination a set of ideals, and treat them as actually existing powers, to which it was only necessary to give full liberty of action in order to secure the happiness of the nation. One—and, we need hardly say, the first in order of these—was The People, which was always spoken of, not simply as the aggregate of the human beings inhabiting the national territory, but as a moral person, not only of great strength, but of consummate wisdom, purity, and goodness, which never erred, was never deceived, and, if let alone, was sure to do all things well, distribute justice, respect rights, and employ the proper agents of its will. How its will was to be got at never clearly appeared. A popular vote was never accepted as a satisfactory expression of it, as it was always said by those against whom the vote went that the essence known as the "People's Will," in passing through the gross medium of the ballot, became corrupted and distorted; and it generally turned out that if you wanted to get at the real thing, the proper course was to attend a lecture by a certain orator, on a certain evening, in a certain hall, where, for a small sum, you would have the genuine extract supplied to you on any subject of interest. This of course was only true as regarded general questions. If you wanted to know the People's Will as to who should fill a public office, you got it in a different way—namely, from a knot of gentlemen called a club or caucus, who "thought it out" in a private room. This type travelled far and wide. It made its way to the United States, to England, and to Germany, and has to this day a powerful hold on the popular imagination in all of them. In all of them, though in the United States, ever since Jefferson's day, more than in the others, the People still sits apart, looking after things—a mysterious but terrible abstraction, before whom all tremble and adore—who selects not only the best governors and sheriffs but the best judges; but has to have the custom-house clerks changed about once a year, and is made perfectly furious by talk of competitive examinations; and hates precedents and books, and political economy like poison.

The next type was The Republic. This was an ideal organization got up by The People for the banishment from the earth of poverty and crime, and the establishment of truth and justice. Its armies were invincible, and remain so to this day; its generals men of matchless skill and valor: its courts wise and incorruptible; and love its only law. It was the hold of this type on the popular imagination, and its complete separation in the popular mind from all experience, which led to the extravagant declarations which followed the overthrow of the Empire at Sedan. The New York *Tribune* called attention the other day to the folly of the Provisional Government in protracting the war by declaring, as soon as it took office, that it would not cede "an inch of territory or the stone of a fortress." But this was preceded by a still greater folly, consisting in a declaration that the Republic would make no peace as long as a single Prussian remained on French soil; so that the very first proposition made by the Republic to the Prussians was that they should go back across the Rhine, and there treat. Now, this tone was undoubtedly taken, even by a man of such ability as Jules Favre, under the influence of that sovereign faith in the mysterious power to control circumstances enjoyed by this abstract Republic, which, in the minds of Frenchmen of the democratic school, is not a political organization made up of Frenchmen as all the world knows them—that is, the Frenchmen of to-day, who have served two military tyrants within the present century with the greatest devotion—but a being of vast strength, raising great armies with the wave of a wand, and hurling them, under matchless leaders, on the helpless foe, and diffusing happiness and plenty through a smiling land on the return of peace. The wild exultation which followed the proclamation of the Republic at Paris was really due to the secret belief that there was some magic in the name that would take the poison of eighteen years of servitude and profligacy from French veins, and enable demoralized armies to recover in a day their discipline, and courage, and self-respect. The mania, too, as might have been expected, crossed the Atlantic, and found plenty of victims here. King William and Bismarck were savagely abused by some of our own Sentimentalists, because their earthy eyes did not also see the bright vision and bow before it; give his sword back to De Failly, because he was now a soldier of the Republic; and listen with awe to the utterances of Flourens and Rochefort, who were two of the high-priests of the new deity.

Another of these imaginary types rapidly growing up here among ourselves is Woman; not woman as we all see her and know her, and as the world has known her since the dawn of history, but a Woman of the mind, whose subordination to man, in the family and in society, and exclusion from politics, have been the great, if not the sole, cause why the People and the Republic have hitherto failed in putting a complete end to human misery. Woman it is, now, whose participation in affairs is to bring our criminal jurisprudence to perfection, banish corruption from our politics, vice from our streets, inefficiency from our public service, and, in short, save modern society from all the evils which most afflict it. If you ask where this Woman is to be found, you find that she has never been embodied in the flesh; she is an abstraction made up of the attributes of various remarkable women—of Miss Cobbe's intellectual power, Mrs. Josephine Butler's electioneering talent, Mrs. Cady Stanton's dignity, Miss Susan Anthony's activity, Mrs. Howe's eloquence, Queen Victoria's domestic virtues, and the administrative ability of divers Hindoo princesses; and we are asked to believe that, when this combination is brought to bear on our affairs, we shall have a new earth. A striking illustration of the golden haze which surrounds her is to be found in the protest made by the Boston Woman's Rights advocates against the extreme ground which has been taken up by Mrs. Cady Stanton and the New Yorkers on the question of marriage and divorce. The former are resolutely opposed to all discussion of this subject now; but they promise that when Woman makes her appearance in the Legislature, and comes to debate marriage with Man on equal ground, something—they do not say what—will be done which will make marriage what it ought to be. Now, as there are only three things any human legislature can do about marriage—(1) make divorce easy; (2) make it difficult; (3) or abolish marriage altogether—and as the two first plans have been in full operation in various parts of the world under male auspices, and as the last has been tried by various persons already without any legislative sanction ever since the creation, and not one of them has thus far seemed to hasten the millennium, the notion that when Woman takes the thing up husbands and wives will live together in lifelong peace, is evidently another form of the delusion under which the unhappy Frenchmen are hurling defiance at the Prussians.

The condition of France ought to be, and we trust will be, a solemn warning against the whole process. No healthy national life and no sound political system can be built up on it. The basis of everything good in politics is *character*, and no character can be strong whose owners habitually live in dream-land, and treat their own fancies as forces capable of governing the world. Such people always shirk the facts of life, and the more they shirk them, the harder it becomes to face them. They begin, therefore, by deceiving themselves; they end by deceiving others. The result is general mendacity and moral rottenness; and, finally, Sedan and Metz. The day is sure to come when valiant, self-reliant men are needed to stand in the breach or face the iron shower, and nothing is found but rhetoricians and poetasters and demagogues; when naked, unadorned truth is needed to save the nation, and the air is filled with lies; when strong brains are needed in the council chamber, and the table is surrounded by hysterical declaimers, wailing over the break-up of their own illusions, and telling a scornful world that if everything had gone differently, things would not be as they are.

MONOPOLIES AND THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that at the time of the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment certain politicians objected to incorporating it in the Constitution on the ground that, though only intended to establish the civil rights of negroes, its terms were so far-reaching that it might possibly be construed by the courts into something much more dangerous. A curious case has recently arisen in Louisiana which will probably result in a determination of this question by the Supreme Court at Washington. The facts of the case were these: For a long time back the health of the inhabitants of New Orleans is said to have been endangered by the presence of innumerable slaughter-houses, scattered through the city with less regard for its sanitary condition than for the convenience of the butchers. With the ostensible design of improving the health of the city, the Legislature of Louisiana, in 1869, passed an act, the practical effect of which was to incorporate the *Crescent City Live Stock Landing and Slaughter-house Company*, and to give it a monopoly of the business for twenty-five years, within a certain district. The act directed the discontinuance of all other yards, slaughter-houses, and stock landings. The new company were to be entitled to levy tolls on all cattle slaughtered at their shambles. The avowed object of the act was to localize a business which the hot climate rendered dangerous to the health of the inhabitants during certain portions of the year—in other words, it was enacted as a police regulation. Whether the minds of the legislators who passed the bill were in reality influenced by sanitary or by pecuniary considerations, we have of course no means of knowing. It is enough for us to know that its passage caused great dissatisfaction among the butchers of New Orleans, who found their business sadly interfered with, and at once applied to the courts for relief. The Supreme Court of Louisiana sustained the monopoly, and the contestants thereupon went into the courts of the United States. The suits brought were innumerable; but the case which has recently been decided by Judges Bradley and Woods in the Circuit Court is the most important. The Court (Mr. Justice Bradley delivering the opinion) held, in substance, that the monopoly in question was unconstitutional under the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to its jurisdiction, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, and that *no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.* The reasoning by which the court reaches this conclusion is this: Although the privileges belonging to citizens of the United States, which the Amendment secures, and which a State cannot by its laws abridge, may be difficult to define, "we may safely say that it is one of the privileges of every American citizen to adopt and follow such lawful and industrial pursuit, not injurious to the community, as he may see fit, without unreasonable regulation or molestation, and without being restricted by any of those unjust, oppressive, and odious monopolies or exclusive privileges which have been condemned by all free governments." "There is no more sacred right of citizenship than the right to pursue unmolested a lawful employment in a lawful manner. It is nothing more nor less than the SACRED RIGHT OF LABOR." As the act incorporating the company in effect prevented the butchers and live-stock men of New Orleans from pursuing their lawful calling, it interfered with this right, and was unconstitutional. Such is the reasoning of the court. The case will probably come before the Supreme Court, and will there receive full consideration. Meanwhile, we desire to call attention to the decision, for its scope is, as we believe, very broad, and strikes not merely a blow at a New Orleans slaughter-house company, but at the existence of almost every franchise in the United States.

Every patent, every railroad franchise, every canal, turnpike, and ferry company in the world is a monopoly. They are all cases of exclusive rights, vested in a small number of private persons. A railroad franchise, for example, confers an exclusive right of carrying passengers and freight between two designated points; it is absolutely exclusive of all the world, since any one who attempts to conduct this business within the established limits—or, in other words, over the company's tracks—renders himself liable to an action. In the same way, a patent confers an exclusive right to manufacture and sell a particular article for a certain length of time, and unquestionably infringes the sacred right of labor, if anything of the kind does.

To these arguments Judge Bradley replies in the following way: He says that the right to labor is not infringed by the issue of patents, because "society only gives to" the patentee "the temporary exclusive use of that which, without him, it would not have had the benefit of, as a consideration of that benefit and to encourage others to make use of their powers." As to franchises, his argument is that the legislature does not interfere with the "sacred right of labor" by conferring them, because, in the first place, the employment made legal by them could not in the absence of legislative provisions be pursued by private individuals at all; and, in the second place, because "society obtains a consideration for the grant of these franchises in the investment of large amounts of capital in public improvements which are required for the development of the country and its resources."

We are unable to follow these distinctions. In the case of the patentee, as in the case of the railroad, the ostensible object of the grant is a public benefit; the immediate effect is an exclusive privilege. This is precisely the case of the slaughter-house company. We can see no essential distinction between such objects as the public health and the public wealth; still less do we follow the argument as to railroad and other like franchises, that as they confer rights to do what the legislature alone can authorize to be done, and which no private citizen has a right to do without such authority, they are, therefore, different from monopolies which interfere with previously established occupations. It is true that the public advantages claimed for railroads cannot be obtained without legislative interference; but it is equally true that the public advantages claimed as the result of concentrating an unhealthy business in a particular locality cannot be obtained without the same interference. It is true that legislative interference in the one case does not seem to interfere with any previously established pursuit; but this is only an apparent distinction. The introduction of railroads broke up the old lines of stage-coaches, just as the slaughter-house act in New Orleans interferes with the business of the butchers; and the old stage-coach required no act of the legislature to enable it to run, any more than butchers do to enable them to slaughter animals. So it may be said of a ferry franchise that it interferes with the "sacred right of labor" in exactly the same way. Did not the old-fashioned ferryman, who had enjoyed for a lifetime the sacred right of carrying passengers and freight across the stream on the banks of which he lived, regard as an odious monopoly the charter which took away from him his livelihood? We are driven to the conclusion that all these exclusive privileges belong to the same category; their ostensible object is a benefit to the public; their immediate effect the pecuniary emolument of private individuals.

But Judge Bradley says that the act of the Louisiana legislature, so far as it is a police regulation—in other words, so far as it inures to the public advantage—is valid, but that the claim that it was nothing more than a police regulation was "too bald for a moment's consideration." How this is shown does not appear. It may be that the judge means that the act is so grossly and palpably a "job," so obviously passed for the benefit of a ring, that the avowed object of the legislature is of no avail. There is a principle in the law of taxation which makes it necessary that a tax shall be laid for a public purpose; and any tax which is grossly and obviously laid for private benefit is set aside by the courts as unconstitutional. But the case must be such an extreme one as to appear on the face of it a swindle. It may be that Judge Bradley, having this principle in mind, thought an analogy might be drawn between the case of a tax and the case of a monopoly. But will any one say that the Louisiana act is on the face of it a swindle? The declared public object is at least a reasonable one. But this is a technical legal point with which we have nothing to do. Our object in the present article has been to show, as we have endeavored to do, that the reasoning of the court as to monopolies in general will apply to patents, railroads, and other private franchises, quite as well as to the privileges conferred upon the New Orleans Slaughter-House Company. If the decision is sustained, every moneyed corporation in the country is in danger of destruction. Whenever a court can be satisfied that the exclusive privilege granted by the State or the United States inures rather to private than to public advantage, the franchise will be set aside as in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Very few corporations will be able to stand this test. It seems hardly possible that the Supreme Court will sustain Judge Bradley; but, if they do, the consequences which we have endeavored to indicate appear not improbable.

MR. BOUTWELL AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

One result of the recent trouble between Mr. Cox and the President, which, though perhaps not very important, is not wholly without value, is the sudden development of zeal on the part of divers high functionaries for the purity and efficiency of the civil service. There appears, if we may judge from what we hear and read, an anxiety pervading our political circles that the Government offices should be filled by "honest and competent men" which would have done credit to the best days of the Republic. They do not propose, of course, to adopt any such new-fangled tests of fitness as are proposed by Cox and Jenckes and Schurz; "the people" would not stand it. They have little contrivances of their own, which do the work without inconvenience to the party. The best and latest of these is that of Mr. Boutwell. This gentleman is opposed to civil service reform, as the term is generally used. He has again and again expressed his belief that the party could only be "run" by making the offices the reward of party service, and dismissal the penalty of "unsoundness," and, we may add, holds that opinion at present.

As soon as Mr. Cox took office, he began to introduce the system, not of examination only, but of competitive examination, into the Patent Office and Census Bureaux, but failed in obtaining the slightest sympathy or support from Mr. Boutwell, whose department contains a larger number of employees than any other, and was, therefore, the seat of the principal scandals connected with the office-seeking business. In fact, the latter has always avoided any sign of departure from the party traditions on this subject. There is an act of Congress, of 1853, which provided for the examination of Government clerks, and to which we referred a fortnight ago, but we believe it is correct to say that the examinations held under it were, down to 1869, rather practical jokes than tests of efficiency. In fact, the law was a dead-letter till June of that year, when an order was issued, signed by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and directing the examinations to be held in a *bonâ-fide* manner; and this the Boston *Advertiser* published a week ago, as proof that the charge brought against Secretary Boutwell of indifference to civil service reform was unfounded. Enquiry, however, now elicits from the Treasury Department itself the confession, which we knew was sure to come, that the examinations held under this order were a farce, and remained a farce for a whole year. It was not till September last that any serious attempt was made to enforce the law, and this only under pressure of the growing public feeling on this subject and the example set by Mr. Cox in the Department of the Interior. The character of this attempt at reform is worth study. It consists of an order and an "examination schedule," which we reprint in full.

"Treasury Department, July 29, 1870.

"It is ordered that from and after this date the Board of Examiners provided for by the third section of the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1853, will be constituted as follows:

"The chief of the bureau to which the clerk is assigned, the chief clerk of the department, and E. B. Elliott, Esq., of the office of the Secretary of the Treasury.

"Examinations will be in writing, and must show the process by which the conclusions or solutions are reached. All the papers to be submitted with the report of the Board of Examiners, and filed with the appointment division of this office.

George S. Boutwell."

TREASURY DEPARTMENT EXAMINATION SCHEDULE.

Outline of a schedule to serve as a guide in the examination of applicants for clerkships in the Treasury Department, suggested by the permanent members of the Board of Examiners.

1. Name.
2. Residence.
3. Place and date of birth.
4. Elementary education—Mathematics, book-keeping, languages, etc.
5. Special acquaintance with business, art, or science.
6. Clerical experience generally.
7. Clerical experience (if any) in the service of the Government.
8. Example illustrating the class of accounts, computations, or work in which lately engaged.
9. Questions in notation.
10. Questions in numeration.
11. Questions in the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers.
12. Questions in the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of fractions, decimal.
13. Questions in the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of fractions, common.
14. Questions in interest and discount, simple and compound.
15. Questions pertaining to the conversion of domestic and foreign currencies.
16. Questions pertaining to United States weights and measures, common.
17. Questions pertaining to United States weights and measures, metrical.
18. Questions pertaining to book-keeping.
19. Practical applications of the above.
20. Questions pertaining to grammar and orthography.
21. Geographical questions.
22. Historical questions.
23. Questions pertaining to government and law.
24. Correspondence.
25. Miscellaneous questions, tending either to further test familiarity with the subjects above specified, or to elicit acquaintance with other and more special branches.

☞ In the solution of numerical examples, it is desirable that the work be proved, and the process of solution and proof stated.

Washington, D. C., September, 1870.

It would be difficult, we suppose, to hit upon a better contrivance than the above for throwing dust in the public eyes. In the first place, let us remark, an "examination schedule" by itself means absolutely nothing. If Mr. Boutwell wants to convince people of his good faith in this matter, he must publish a batch of the examination papers—that is, of the questions drawn up and put under the schedule, and of the answers returned by the persons appointed. To judge whether this new process is or is not, like its predecessor, a farce, we want to know what the examining board asked the candidates, and what the candidates said in reply. Everything depends on this, and, after what has happened, it is absurd for Mr. Boutwell to ask the country to trust his simple assertion, or that of his subordinates, in this matter. The examination papers are, we presume, on file; let us have a sample of them along with the monthly accounts of the Treasury. Write two hundred and forty, is a question in notation. Add 2, 7, and 4; substract 20 from 40, and multiply 7 by 5, are questions in addition, subtraction, and multiplication. How many pints in a quart? is "a question pertaining to United States weights and measures." On what river does Washington stand? is "a geographical question." And, What year was Richmond taken? is "a historical question." In fact, an examination which is held in secret, and the results of which are not published, and which is conducted by men who are opposed to the principle of examinations altogether, is almost an insult to the public intelligence. No reform of the civil service can be anything but a mockery, a delusion, and a snare which (1) does not consist in the examination of candidates by persons unconnected with the departments, and, above all, unconnected with the party in power. The board must be thoroughly independent. The present board consists of Mr. Boutwell's appointees, whom he can dismiss at pleasure, and who are as much interested as he in "running the machine;" that is, in seeing that the useful party hacks get places, and that members of Congress obtain their fair quota of the offices for their hangers-on. (2) The examination must be open to every American citizen, high and low, rich and poor. Every man has a right to have a chance to enter the public service if he shows himself qualified. Neither Mr. Boutwell nor any Congressman has any right to shut him out. (3) It must, as a guarantee of fairness and of efficiency both, be *competitive* (that is, if there are many candidates for one place, the person who passes the best examination must be held entitled to the place), and it must be *public* (that is, be either conducted with open doors or have the results published); and (4) the tenure of office must either be during good behavior or for a fixed term. Anybody who rests satisfied with the device which Mr. Boutwell is now working at Washington may feel assured that he has given the Forneys and Chandlers the best possible cover for their operations.

ENGLAND.—MR. GLADSTONE ON THE WAR.

LONDON, Nov. 11, 1870.

WE are well into November; and no American travellers who may have visited London at this period can complain of not having seen the genuine fog of the British islands. The air is yellow, heavy, and thick; and our spirits are perhaps somewhat influenced by the simultaneous oppressiveness of the physical and the political atmosphere. We look into the street at noonday and see, instead of the sun, the feeble glimmering of gas-lamps; and, if we turn toward the political horizon, the prospect is not much more cheering. The war weighs like a nightmare upon our spirits, and I presume that in that respect at least you will sympathize with us. French refugees throng our streets; the neat white-capped *bonnes* are to be seen in our dismal London squares, wondering how John Bull supports the burden of existence; Regent Street, as presenting, I suppose, the nearest approach to a boulevard—nearest, but with an enormous interval—is full of foreigners, and one hears French spoken there almost as frequently as English. Judging from external appearances, one would say that our guests manage to keep up their spirits better than could be expected. Probably the less cheerful exiles do not exhibit themselves so freely; and, to say the truth, I doubt whether any large number of the poorer classes have really taken refuge on our shores. The relief societies seem to have some trouble in discovering a sufficient number of deserving objects for their benevolence, and it is amusing to observe how the English impostor is hastening to take advantage of the position. An old acquaintance in that line has just presented himself in a new dress. In former times his distresses were of the average type; he wanted five shillings to secure a permanent employment of great value; he had been reduced to the verge of starvation by a complicated series of terrible diseases; now, it seems that he had lately obtained an excellent situation in Paris, and was forced to fly from it by the advance of the Prussian armies. The ill-luck which induces this unfortunate being to place himself in the way of any catastrophe that is taking place at the time is truly lamentable. However, there is distress enough of a more genuine character, and it is painful to look forward to the winter and all it may bring.

Our attention has been lately fixed upon the praiseworthy effort of our Government to bring about an armistice. I call it praiseworthy, for it was, doubtless, undertaken from the very best of motives. But it is very hard to see what prospect of success it could ever have offered. It is plain enough that the French and Prussian Governments are still too far from taking the same view of the state of affairs to allow of anything short of a decided intervention producing the slightest effect; and it would have been as well to ascertain that their wishes were approximating before undertaking such a hopeless bit of peacemaking. The case was, I rather imagine, that our Government had been so vigorously entreated to do something, that they were willing to make some proposals, even though the too certain result should be to demonstrate the futility of any advances at the present moment. Some light is thrown upon their temper by a very remarkable article which recently appeared in the *Edinburgh*. That venerable periodical has of recent years been declining into a decided state of fogyism. What its circulation may have been, I have no means of knowing; but it led an innocent and inoffensive existence, curiously contrasting with its early vitality, and few people condescended to enquire of so sleepy an oracle. The present number, however, has gone through more than one edition, and excited a very lively sensation. The cause of this phenomenon is an article attributed to Mr. Gladstone, and called Germany, France, and England. The authorship has not been openly avowed, and I have even heard a rather evasive contradiction given to the report on apparently good authority. I think, however, that I may say positively that Mr. Gladstone is really the author. Besides private information, which appears to me to be above all doubt, the simple fact that the *Daily News* published the statement, and that other papers have criticised the article on assumption of its authenticity, without any contradiction having ever been published, is apparently conclusive. In such matters, silence gives consent; and, as far as internal evidence goes, there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the report.

Mr. Gladstone, then—if, as I have no doubt, it is Mr. Gladstone—writes with his usual eloquence, and speaks with remarkable freedom upon the general questions involved. His statements are those which, I may say, are generally popular at the present moment amongst educated men. He throws the blame of the original quarrel upon France, and condemns the Emperor and the Ministers in no measured terms. Of the French policy which led to the war, he says that "for fault and folly taken together, it is almost without parallel in the history of nations." "The Mexican expedition," he says again, "and the whole scheme of ideas with which it was connected, constituted such a huge mass of blunders, like a huge agglomerated iceberg rising high to heaven and sinking far into the deep, that it might have been deemed incapable of adoption even by an ordinary human being if it had not captivated what was then considered the astuteness of the Emperor." The French people, indeed, cannot be relieved from responsibility; but the system of the Empire was detestable and criminal. On the other hand, the Prussians by no means escape from this energetic censor. The piety of the King and the policy of his Chancellor, "which, whatever else it may have been, was not pharisaical," come in for some sharp sneers. The plan of annexing Alsace and Lorraine is brutal and retrograde. If Count Bismarck has not been misrepresented, or does not misrepresent his countrymen, "Germany will yet have to prove her civilization by some other means than by boasting that six or six hundred letters have been written in good Sanskrit by the soldiers of her army to their friends at home." Turning from the contemplation of these wicked Continental races, Mr. Gladstone exclaims, "Happy England!" and becomes eloquent about "the streak of silver sea," which, though it does not cut us off "from the duties and the honors," yet does exempt us "partly from the dangers and wholly from the temptations which attend upon the local neighborhood of the Continental nations." He proceeds to give his view of our position and prospects, which are painted in the most glowing colors. We are freer than ever, he thinks, from all danger of invasion. We have finally abandoned the lust of conquest, which misleads all other nations. We may be blamed for our neutrality by hot-headed people, but we occupy a position of unequalled dignity. England is the "appropriate object of the general confidence, as the sole comparatively unsuspected power.. In every quarrel, in every difficulty, it is her aid that is most courted; it is by her agency that parties, if they seek a mediation, prefer to come together; it is under her leadership that neutrals must desire to move." Blessed are the peacemakers; and if we show ourselves worthy of our high calling, that is the position which we shall be called upon to occupy. A new law of nations, a new value for peace and respect for the independence of others, is gradually taking hold of the world. We, owing to our fortunate freedom from temptation, are in a position to take the lead in advancing this desirable consummation. We have already satisfied our colonies, pacified Ireland, withdrawn from "the feverish contest for influence," content to accept the moral power which comes from good character, and purpose to move forwards quickly and steadily in the path of progress. "The foremost among the nations will be that one which, by its conduct, shall gradually engender in the minds of others a fixed belief that it is just. In the competition for this prize, the bounty of Providence has given us a place of vantage, and nothing save our own fault or folly can wrest it from our grasp."

I need not dwell upon the value of the opinions thus expressed, of which your readers can form their own estimate without my help. I will merely say that with many of them I thoroughly agree, and, though I fear that the picture of England is just a little sanguine, I admit that the aspirations are generous, and really wish there was a better chance of their being fulfilled. But from another point of view, the manifesto is more remarkable. Mr. Gladstone rather shocked the nerves of steady old Constitutionalists by taking the stump in Lancashire—a proceeding held to be derogatory in a leading Minister of the Crown. "Interviewing" is a process which has not yet become entirely naturalized with us. But if Mr. Gladstone had desired to find some mode of expressing his views of European politics, he might surely, it is said, have found some more dignified method than that of contributing an anonymous article to a review. It is rather a singular position for a Prime Minister of England to be telling the world at large that the rulers of the two principal European powers are utter knaves and fools, that the King of Prussia is a hypocrite, Count Bismarck a cynical tyrant, the French Republican rulers a set of impracticable enthusiasts, whilst England alone stands mounted on a moral pedestal above the rest of Europe. This, at least, is rather an awkward expression of sentiment for one who is about to attempt a mediation between the victims of his satire. The restless and impulsive spirit which leads him to express himself in so unguarded a fashion explains the thoughtlessness with which he has rushed into the recent negotiations. Mr. Gladstone is incapable of judicious reticence, and has a great dislike to see any business going on without taking a more or less active part in it. He has many virtues, and a degree of talent which falls not far short of genius. But his nervous and eager temperament is always leading to superfluous displays of energy, whether in philosophizing about Homer or putting to rights the politics of Europe.

To swear by all Mr. Gladstone's doings is part of the creed of a large section of the Liberal party. With every respect for his intentions, for his remarkable talent and ceaseless energy, I have never been able to work myself up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. He has not the simplicity and manliness of mind which one desires in a statesman of the first class. Still it is impossible not to admire him very sincerely, and I the more regret an act of indiscretion which will certainly do him little service in the general opinion. However, the meritorious nature of silence is little understood at this day, in spite of Mr. Carlyle and his preachings, and perhaps this performance will not be so much resented as his enemies desire. And perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Gladstone's expression of opinions will contrast pretty favorably with the recent utterances of his great rival—Mr. Disraeli. You have doubtless seen the recently published preface to our late premier's novels, and will have been much amused by his conception of the political and religious movements of the time. Mr. Gladstone has, at any rate, least of the charlatán, if he has also least originality.

THE MUNICIPAL REFORM IN RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 1.

The epoch of which Peter the Great was the exponent, though he neither began it nor ended it, was eminently one of centralization; the present of decentralization. Most of the reforms of the reign of the Emperor Alexander have been absolute reversals or entire remodifications of measures instituted by Peter, or at least conceived in his spirit. What was then judged useful and an incentive to progress has now become an obstacle and a hindrance. The ultra-Slavophilists assert that the reforms and innovations of Peter have kept Russia back instead of making it advance, because they were imposed from without, instead of being developed from the germs which already existed in the nation. It would be difficult to admit the truth of such a sweeping judgment, but certainly the reforms of Peter excited such a discontent and opposition among his people that many had to be soon given up, and some others which remained in force prevented many reforms which would naturally have come of themselves. The abolition of serfdom, which Peter did so much to strengthen, has brought in its wake the almost complete abolition of class distinctions, for the nobles have only two privileges left—freedom from recruiting and from the poll-tax—both of which will soon go, and the clerical caste was last year destroyed. The passport system, which gave rise to several rebellions, and is a great obstacle to the material progress of the country, has just been radically modified. While by the emancipation act the villages were allowed their old custom of free assemblies and an elective government, by the creation of provincial diets and by the judicial reform, the governors of the provinces were reduced from autocrats almost to clerks; and the same principle of representative assemblies was extended from the village to the province, embracing all classes. Slight as these privileges were, and they are unfortunately partly paralyzed by an imperfect publicity of proceedings, they are more than have been enjoyed since the parliament held by the first Romanoff. The cities alone were left out of these reforms, and remained entirely in the hands of the central power.

Novgorod, Pskov, and Viatka, and their colonies, were once free towns, and enjoyed the utmost liberty, even to excess, of popular government. The reign of Ivan the Terrible put an end at once to their freedom and their prosperity. Moscow, Vladimir, and the towns of the South had always been under the immediate eye and rule of the grand-dukes, and had borne the Tartar yoke, but even in Peter's time they had some remnants of self-government. It was Catharine the Second, however, who reduced all Russian towns to one model, in the hope of creating a middle or *bourgeois* class, which had almost entirely disappeared—all Russia being then divided into nobles and peasants. She founded numerous cities—and the flourishing state of most of them now does credit to her good judgment as to site—and introduced the "City Regulation," which has been, with little change, in force to the present day. Each of the six classes into which the city inhabitants (excluding nobles and serfs) were divided elected a member of the city council, and the mayor was appointed by the crown, till 1861. The council had extremely limited powers, and was entirely controlled by the governor. The Emperor Nicholas gave a more liberal government to St. Petersburg and Moscow, allowing the nobles and officials some share in the administration; and, four years ago, really liberal charters were granted to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, with a council chosen by a system of double-election and an elective mayor, with large powers of self-government, and almost perfect freedom from outside pressure. The new institutions have worked so well, except in part in Odessa, where the representatives of the most numerous and lowest constituency have proved factious, demagogical, and corrupt, that a general law has just been signed by the Emperor, which confers self-government, on a still broader scale, on every city and town in European Russia, except the Western and the Baltic Provinces, for which special provisions are necessary. Much more than a year was spent in the preparation of this law, which was devised by a special commission of jurists and persons versed in municipal matters, under the presidency of Prince Urussoff, after conference with many delegations, and free and minute discussion in the press. The importance of the reform itself, and the curious experiments contained in it, will justify me, perhaps, in commenting on some of its chief features.

In general, the city government has the same powers and to the same extent as with you, except over the local police, which is an affair of the state, though the city is represented by delegates in the police board. No citizen can be taxed except as allowed by this law, by the law regulating the provincial diets, and by the corporative guilds, unless by a law of the Empire; and the city is bound to support the complaint of her citizen thus wronged. At the same time, the city is responsible for every excess of power or illegal act, and the governor is directed to lay all complaints before a special commission in each province, composed of the vice-governor, the treasurer, the district-attorney, the president of the justices of the peace, the president of the provincial regency, and the mayor of the chief city of the province—the last three being elected by the people, the first three appointed by the crown. If the city government does not collect the Imperial taxes—a duty imposed on it—the governor will collect them at the city's expense.

The city is governed by a city council (*duma*) and a city regency (*uprava*). Every inhabitant of the city is a voter, provided he is a Russian subject, twenty-five years old, has taxable real estate in the city, or is proprietor of a commercial or manufacturing establishment, with a merchant's certificate; or if he has lived in the city two years and has paid excise duty as a retail trader or clerk of the first class, and is not in arrears for taxes. An elector is deprived of his vote if he has been condemned or is under trial for a crime; if he has been expelled the public service for a crime or misdemeanor; if he is a fraudulent bankrupt, or is in bankruptcy with affairs still unsettled; or has been expelled from the clergy, the nobility, or some guild, for fault. The governor, the members of the special commissions for cities, and of the provincial regency and of the local police, cannot vote while they hold office. *Women*, absent voters, and persons of legal age (twenty-one) but not twenty-five, can vote by proxy, duly legalized. The proxy of a woman may be one of her relatives. Minors owning real estate have a vote in the persons of their guardians. Institutions, companies, societies, churches, and monasteries which own taxable real estate vote by their president; but no person can have more than two votes—one for himself and one as a proxy.

A list of voters is prepared, with the amount of taxes paid by each, and is then divided into three parts. Those paying the first third of the taxes form an electoral assembly, and elect one-third of the city council; those who pay the second third of the taxes elect another third of the council; and the rest elect the remainder. Elections are by an absolute majority of votes; the voting by ballot. Every elector is eligible to office, but service is not obligatory. The elections are held once in four years.

This complex system is intended to secure a vote for every person and institution interested in the welfare of the city, and for whose protection the city is instituted. It gives at the same time a preponderance of votes to a preponderance of wealth. How well it will work when reduced to practice remains to be seen. That economy in the administration of the city revenues and the minimum of taxation would follow seems almost certain. As a city government passes no general laws, a vote for the protection of the individual is by no means necessary. The imposition of a tax on lodgings and the admission of their hirers to vote—"household suffrage"—is to be considered by each city, and to be settled in a year by general law.

The number of members in the city council varies with the number of electors. Where the electors are three hundred or less, there are thirty in the council, and for every one hundred electors beyond that six members are added, till the number reaches seventy-two. The council is presided over by the mayor, and in certain affairs has a vote. As the city council represents the whole community, it acts in its name, and has full powers, among which is that of fixing the salaries of all city officers, and that of voting and revising the budgets. The council examines and takes action, on the initiative of the mayor or one of its members, on the proposition of the city regency or the government authorities, or on the demand or complaint of private persons. One-third of the members forms a quorum, and a simple majority passes a measure, except that the purchase or sale of real estate, action on loans or guarantees, conversion of service in kind (paving and cleaning are done at present) to a money-tax, and removals and impeachments, which require a two-thirds vote, and where half the members must be present.

The city regency or executive board corresponds to your elected or appointed city officers, and is, as it were, the cabinet of the mayor. The number of the members is fixed by the council, but there must be at least two besides the mayor, its president, though in very small towns the mayor has also the duties of the regency. It has the immediate charge of the executive administration of the city interests, and on its proposition the council can appoint commissions or individuals to take measures necessitated by extraordinary circumstances, or to have the immediate direction of certain branches of the city economy and administration, who need not be members of the council, but must have one of the members of the regency as president. The members of the regency have seats in the council, but not votes, unless members. The mayor, the regency, and the city secretary are elected by the council, and any elector can be chosen; but the mayor cannot be a Jew, and the secretary need not be an elector. The mayor holds office for four years, and the members of the regency go out half every two years. Substitutes are elected to fill their places in case of absence or disability. There are two or three other disabilities. Father and son, father-in-law and son-in law, and brothers, cannot be members of the regency at the same time; and ecclesiastics, judges, government attorneys, and officers of the treasury cannot hold a city office. The council appoints also all officers now appointed by the mayor or council, such as representatives in the police boards, and takes charge of whatever duties are now imposed on the city governments, the collection of Imperial taxes, the recruiting duties, etc.

The revenues of the city come from a tax on real estate, which cannot exceed ten per cent. of its income or one per cent. of its appraised value; various licenses for manufactures, trade, distilleries, etc., licenses for restaurants, hotels, etc.; a tax on hacks and carts, a tax on private horses and carriages, a tax on dogs; and a few excise duties of very slight importance, which have always been paid to the city. The tax on lodgings will probably be granted also, but no other tax of any kind can be laid without a special law of the Empire. Strict accounts must be kept and budgets regularly prepared, but the city expenditures are not subjected to the investigation of the Imperial control. It was strongly urged by one party to give the city government power to make loans and give guarantees to works of public utility, such as banks and railways; but this permission was, I think wisely, refused by the Government.

There is one blot on this liberal measure. No Hebrew can be mayor, and not more than one-third of the city council or of the regency can be non-Christians. In cities like Kazan and Orenburg, where at least half the population is Tartar, this seems hard; and there are many towns in the southwest where nine-tenths, or even more, of the population are Jews.

There is one peculiarity about Russian reforms. What the Government gives with one hand, it seems itching to take back with the other, there is so often some provision which hinders the measure from being perfectly liberal. So here. The necessity of the mayor's election being confirmed by the Government; the power given to the governor of general supervision of the city government, though he is unable to interfere, except when he can allege a contravention of law or of the charter; the right of the regency to disobey a command of the council which they believe to be illegal, and their reference of the dispute to the governor—all detract from the complete independence of the municipality. Granted, however, the necessity of the central government retaining some control, the establishment of the special board for cities in each province, composed half of elected, half of crown officers, seems the fairest and best way possible for settling the disputes of the two jurisdictions.

The reason of these hindrances can easily be seen. Here, for instance, are some sixty governors of provinces, who were formerly petty autocrats, and are now becoming in comparison almost clerks. Unless they are extraordinarily enlightened and patriotic men, they will dislike every attempt to limit their powers, and as they are in constant communication with the central government, they will show in their reports the faults and weak spots of all the new measures, and what they say will naturally have its influence. Another new reform, which is now being worked out in a commission, treats directly of the powers of the governors and of the administration in the provinces. It will be a sharp fight. Let us hope that it will end rightly, and that the provincial diets may set in earnest, as some have already begun, at the work of popular education, and then, when these new, self-governing institutions have taken root, we may expect the "crowning of the edifice" by a representative parliament and a responsible ministry, which will be the abdication of autocracy. When that will be depends doubtless in great measure on the action and fate of the new French Republic. There is always danger of reaction.

M. FAVARGER'S FRENCH READINGS.

THE conventional announcement, in the midst of a crowded salon, that "Mr. —— or Miss —— will now favor the company with a little reading," usually occasions a sensation more vivid and general than agreeable. The gentlemen whose happy stars have placed them at that instant near the door slip off to the smoking-room, while the young ladies, with a shrug of pettish resignation, beckon their especial cavaliers to a contiguous sofa behind the welcome shelter of curtains or a piano, and lighten the weary moments with a flirtation of glances if not of words. The feeling is natural enough, and does less discredit to our social culture than might at first appear. In such amateur efforts, the imprisoned spectator must usually resign himself to a choice—alliterative but aggravating—among prosiness, platitude, pretension; and may esteem himself happy if he is not bored with all these. Setting aside the consideration of the original and innate taste and feeling possessed by most parlor-readers, it is safe to say that not one in three has the technical training indispensable to their illustration. Good reading, quite as much as good acting, is a matter of delicate mechanism, and should be the result of thorough and, at least, quasi-professional drill in the technicalities of the art. But this, as a very cursory glance over the ranks of our amateurs will show, very few possess, and the judicious critic will hardly sit through an average parlor-reading without having his taste, if not his common sense, offended, and his nerves unkindly tried by a glaring lack of the simplest and most elementary principles of *technique*. The professional reader, on the other hand, is apt to sin in the opposite direction. Occupied as he has been with the details of his art, with inspiration and respiration, with whisper and *ore rotundo*, with accent and inflexion, he is sadly apt to present an instance of technicality run mad. His enthusiastic study of means and methods has led him unconsciously to exaggerate their importance, and, sinking the poet in the professor, he not unfrequently treats the company to a brilliant and elaborate but unrefreshing fantasia on his own lungs and larynx.

Even the best of readers is in a somewhat trying position. His efficiency is, in strictness, picturesque and dramatic, not intellectual. Were he working with the dry light of the pure understanding, nine-tenths of the spectators would prefer to take the book from his hands and retire to digest it at leisure. His appeal, like the actor's, is far less to their brains than to their sentiments, their passions, or their imaginations. But for this he lacks the actor's accessories. Scenery, music, costume, artificial light—all fade and dwindle to a little table, a handkerchief, a glass of water, and a pair of candles. Unaided by the varied personality and magnetic impulse of other actors, he must "in his time play many parts," he must be himself the be-all and the end-all of his mimic scene. Little or no freedom, even of motion and gesture, is allowed him, and constraint of position is usually added to his other limitations. Then the scrutiny to which he is subjected is embarrassing. His auditors have him at short focal range, both for eye and ear. When attentive—and what reader would wish them otherwise?—they lend him an attention which seems to be concentrated in inverse ratio to the size of the audience. Like Brutus, he finds

> "All his faults observed,
> Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote."

In him an awkward movement or expression, harsh tone, or false inflexion, which in the more distracting atmosphere of the theatre might have escaped notice, is magnified under the microscopic examination of the parlor or music-room.

Add to this that even the willing listener is often haunted with an anxiety that he is to be bored, and, expecting it, can hardly forgive the reader for disappointing him. This curious form of uneasiness is apt to retard the hearer's pleasure or modify it, and not a few auditors at a really good reading, if they analyzed closely, would find mingling with their satisfaction a spice of resentment for having been interested as it were against their will.

Yet these entertainments have some marked advantages. The reading of a well-selected programme by a skilful artist may be, and often is, an occasion of very refined and profound enjoyment. Such an interpretation is to the more glaring representation of the theatre as a *predella* of Angelico or a cabinet gem by Frère to a piece of Michael Angelo or an altarpiece by Rubens. Undisturbed by the broad picturesqueness of the stage, the attention of the hearer is free to concentrate upon the more intellectual traits of the work—in grace of expression and subtle underlying chain of thought or feeling. The imagination and the emotions, too, may gain rather than lose by the close magnetic relation into which the reader is brought with his audience. Many a pathetic or passionate thrill of the voice or quiver of the feature, many a comical twinkle of the eye or significant twitch of the fingers, which would have been lost before the footlights, gets home to its mark, and will interest in the almost confidential relation of the reading circle.

To the careful student of belles-lettres, it is almost superfluous to remark that French literature offers an unsurpassed field for such entertainments. The subtle, almost impalpable, grace and wit of the best modern French work; the exquisite fitness and proportion of its treatment; and the singular electric energy and dramatic fire which pervade French literature, as it does, or did, French life and character—all these qualities render the works of their really able authors, whether dramatic or lyric, especially fit for the use under discussion. De Musset, Delavigne, Hugo, Béranger, Nodier, and a host of others, offer a field for the selection of a programme, or of many programmes, which, in this view, it might be hard to parallel in any other language. With the exception of Robert Browning, probably no poet on our shelves so combines the dramatic and emotional with lyric grace and picturesqueness as Béranger or Victor Hugo, as exemplified in the "Ballades" of the one or the "Orientales" of the other. Both of these brilliant poets, with others as good, have frequent and honored place in the programme of the professor whose name heads our article, and on whose admirable interpretations these few remarks are but a form of comment. The cultivated public stand greatly in his debt, not only for the enterprise which has led him to organize the course, but for the fire, grace, and humor of his elocution and *acting;* for what Frenchman could read without acting? For his taste and feeling he has, of course, Nature to thank; his uncommon technical skill comes from careful training at the Paris Conservatoire. That his readings should be widely known or enjoyed, no one in his senses expects. Spite of geologic eternities (all individual experiences being summed up), of boarding-house labor, of Noel and Chapsal, and Fleming and Tibbins, and Ollendorff—spite of all the oceans of tears shed and all the *peine forte et dure* suffered "for talking English in class hours"—the sad, inexplicable fact still remains that not one young person in five really understands, or heartily enjoys, the reading of poem, tale, or play in *real* French. The satire of our italics will be appreciated by those who, armed with a competent knowledge of that nondescript and utterly imaginary dialect yclept boarding-school French, have taken a plunge into the bewildering practicalities of the Boulevards or the Champs Elysées.

An old German proverb says, "As the old birds sing, so twitter the young;" but the saying does not admit of conversion. The faint Gallic twitter of the collegian or the belle just out rarely deepens and swells into the full song of mature knowledge, but more frequently, alas! in the course of business cares or home duties, dies away into the inaudible. And thus it happens that the appreciative little audience which looks forward with such pleasure to M. Favarger's Tuesday afternoons at the Union League theatre, is painfully select; but they are heartily obliged to him for all that.

Correspondence.

SIR HENRY STORKS AND HIS FEMALE ASSAILANTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It strikes me that a moral unsuspected by the writer lies in Mr. Webb's letter to you boasting that Sir Henry Storks lost his election at Colchester through the efforts of a lady who, no doubt as the emissary of her party, went down and plunged into the electioneering campaign against him because he was a supporter of the Contagious Diseases Act.

Sir Henry Storks, as Mr. Webb truly says, is no ordinary man. He is one of the ablest and most upright of the public servants of England; he has been the successful governor of more than one dependency in trying times; he combines in a singular degree humanity and liberality of sentiment with military force of character; and his appointment to the temporary governorship of Jamaica after the disturbances was welcomed by the friends of a humane policy. His capacity and experience as a military administrator are at the present time greatly needed in the House of Commons. But he, it seems, is deprived of his seat in Parliament, and the country of his services, because he will not submit to the dictation of a party of ladies on a special question about which they have worked themselves up into a state of wholly disproportionate excitement. I have not the slightest prepossession in favor of the special provisions of the Contagious Diseases Act; but every one who knows the British Parliament must know that if the Act can be shown by trustworthy evidence and rational arguments to be injurious, it will be readily repealed, and that the frenzies of crusading fanaticism are absurdly out of place.

It appears that the language of Sir Henry Storks, who is probably a greater master of things than of words, was infamously perverted by his opponents; and any one who is familiar with British constituencies of the Colchester type can well imagine what a tempest of prurient hypocrisy would be raised by this slanderous appeal. But no sane woman, however excited about the Contagious Diseases Act, can pretend to believe that the intentions of such a man as Sir Henry Storks in supporting the Act were otherwise than moral. No doubt he holds that, in questions relating to the prevention of disease and the alleviation of human suffering, the dictates of medical science are the dictates of morality. As a military man, he knows the ravages which disease made in the army before the adoption of sanitary precautions, and the extent to which hereditary maladies were transmitted to the children of the soldiers who married after passing the years of early manhood in garrison towns. His high character and his professional responsibility forbid him to suppress for electioneering purposes his convictions on a subject of so much importance to his profession.

The other principles and interests represented in the candidature of Sir Henry Storks were of course left entirely out of sight; nor, I presume, did the ladies pause to reflect that by procuring his rejection they were securing the election of a Tory, who will vote with his party for standing armies, which, whether the ladies will it or not, do universally and inevitably bring prostitution in their train. When we are acting on "principle," to consider the real tendencies of our actions is treason to the cause.

If the ladies personally engaged in this affair were eminent among their sex for talent and virtue, this only strengthens the moral to which their conduct points.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

November 26, 1870.

[Exactly; this last sentence expresses what is passing in the minds of thousands who are watching the performances of the ladies who have entered the political arena. We let Mr. Webb's letter pass, too, without recalling Mrs. Josephine Butler's outrageous attack on a gentleman of high standing, at the last meeting of the British Social Science Association, accusing him of indecency because he had visited hospitals of a certain class in Algeria. He was absent when the charge was made; but went into the room in which she had performed this exploit, and pointed out to her the impropriety of her conduct, and informed her, what she apparently did not know, and had not taken the trouble to find out, that he was a physician of thirty years' standing, and had visited the hospitals for scientific purposes. The reproof and exposure, however, did not elicit from her one word of apology or atonement of any kind. It may be said that men do these things to each other; but then, men are still able to find in their homes the society of those who do not do them, and who, in having neither lot nor part in them, seem to do at least as much to "purify and elevate politics" as the new female politicians have given us any reason thus far to expect from female suffrage. And, as our correspondent says, seeing what these distinguished ladies who are now on the stump are capable of, people begin to ask what the state of things will be when the female Tweeds, Sweenys, and Fisks begin to come to the surface and "manage" things.—ED. NATION.]

REAL UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AT LAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When in my last letter I intimated an intention of not again trespassing on your columns for the present, I little expected so soon to have an occasion to revise my decision. The reformer is, however, abroad, and the flippant article entitled "The Feud in the Woman's Rights Camp" in your last issue calls in my mind for an antidote. It shall be no fault of mine if the readers of the *Nation* are wholly mystified as to the best results of our most advanced thought. One point, and one point only, has for some time now troubled the advocates of female suffrage. It has been evident to us that the posture of political affairs was rapidly passing from bad to worse. That this was due to the vicious limitations confining the ballot to one sex only was indisputable; for the stream will always rise to a level with its source, and if it fails to rise high it simply proves that the source is low. The enfranchisement of women promised much, but, as hitherto proposed, left much to be desired. To women, we believe, we must look for those pure, elevating, unimpassioned influences which shall lift politics out of the slums in which men have dragged them. Such grave questions as temperance, "the social evil," divorce, and that "general cussidness," if I may use the expression, which now make jails, reformatories, and wars necessary or periodical, can only be vigorously dealt with through the introduction of women. Though this is or soon will be universally conceded, yet it was difficult to see how the suffrage as hitherto demanded would secure the desired reforms. To put the result beyond a doubt, a female preponderance seemed necessary—the women must, if necessary, be able to vote down the men.

I am rejoiced to see at last that even this final difficulty is solved. I need not add that this solution came from a woman; the clear, calm, mental vision of the sex at a glance saw that which the coarser masculine intellect had puzzled over in vain. In her speech, replete with mystic wisdom of which Emerson must be proud, at the Women's Peace Meeting in Boston on the 25th inst.—the day after your article appeared, and, as it were, in dignified response to it—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made this notable contribution to the science of politics: "Let the men vote and let the women vote, and let every child a woman has given to the state give her an additional vote." Much as I admired Mrs. Howe, I confess I was not prepared for the nice knowledge of legal principles indicated by this remarkable utterance. That by the instinct of intuitive genius she should solve the whole suffrage question need surprise no one familiar with her mind; that she should do it in absolute accordance with legal maxims is astonishing. All lawyers are constantly citing the rule, *partus sequitur ventrem*. Why, I ask, was it reserved for a woman to make this nice application of it? This principle conceded, and the suffrage question may be considered settled; the ballot will belong to all, even to the babe unborn.

This simple, quiet solution of a question which has long perplexed men called profound opens a sure way to those reforms which wholly depend on female supremacy. "Let the men vote"—can we in justice demand more?—"and let the women vote"—can we in justice grant less?—and then *partus sequitur ventrem*—our own rule, mark you!—all children under age cast their ballots through their mothers. Others more familiar with the subject than I may correct me, but I venture to hazard the assertion that this application of a familiar principle is no less novel than startling, and that Mrs. Howe may now claim to be recorded among the rare minds who have contributed ideas absolutely new to political science. After this, can even you assert that women have not the legal instinct?

A SENTIMENTALIST.

BOSTON, Nov. 27, 1870.

[We clearly foreshadowed this reform some time ago in an article on "Baby Suffrage," which "A Sentimentalist" evidently wishes people to believe he has not seen, and in which we boldly claimed the suffrage for young children, on the grounds with which the Woman Suffrage controversy has made the world so familiar. Of course, our demand was received with jeers and abuse; but this did not move us. We knew we had sown the seed, and we now begin to see the fruit. The proposal of the women to have the children counted in the basis of representation, and have votes cast for them by their mammas, as "trustees," just as the slaveholders were said to be "trustees" for the negroes, and the English oligarchs for the unenfranchised masses, and as the male voters for the women, is but the first step in a movement which will eventually put the ballot where it belongs, in the child's own hands, and then we shall have an end to infanticide, and, better than all, a final solution of the corporal-punishment question, the proper settlement of which can never be expected from adult parents and school-trustees. The world is sick of trusts and trustees; they are both mediæval devices in aid of human bondage. In the new era nobody will "trust" anybody else; everybody will paddle his own canoe, take care of No. 1, and carry his property about with him on his person. The first step toward this is the abolition of the present degrading dependence of babies on their weak and tyrannical mothers and nurses.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. SHELDON & CO. will shortly republish Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little," as being a prophecy worth reading now. They have also in press a selection of the best minor poems in the English language, entitled "Our Poetical Favorites," by Professor A. C. Kendrick, of Rochester University; and a new story by Mrs. Jane G. Austin: "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain."——Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce for next week "Brevia: Short Essays and Aphorisms," by Arthur Helps.——G. W. Carleton will publish immediately a posthumous work on Italy by Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, entitled "Italian Life and Legends," with illustrations of Italian scenery.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have completed the American edition of that truly grand performance, Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History;" and, now that the task is finished, we cannot refrain from repeating the eulogy with which, three years ago, we greeted the incipient enterprise. The American editors, Prof. Hackett and Dr. Ezra Abbot, have deserved well of the literary world and the Bible-studying public in general by the excellent revision they have bestowed upon the work, as well as by the numerous additions with which they have enhanced its value. As it now is, it may justly be said to represent the best acknowledged biblical scholarship of both England and America—though certainly not the most advanced criticism of the age—and in technical execution to rival the finest publications of a similar character. Among the original contributors—about threescore and ten—we find Dean Alford, Canon Blakesley, Emanuel Deutsch, Bishop Ellicott, Farrar, Bayard, Lightfoot, Oppert, E. H. Plumptre, J. L. Porter, George Rawlinson, Dean Stanley, and a number of other distinguished writers, to whom the list of writers for the American edition adds the names of Prof. Bartlett, Dr. Conant, Prof. Day, Prof. Fisher, Prof. Gardiner, etc. The latter edition consists of four volumes, of about nine hundred closely printed octavo pages each. It is still sold by subscription.

—A heavy loss has befallen Nassau Street in the death on Sunday of Mr. William Gowans, who for forty years had been *par excellence* the antiquarian bookseller and publisher of New York. He was born in the parish of Lismahagow, county of Lanark, Scotland, on the 29th of March, 1805, and removed with his parents to this country in June, 1821, landing at Philadelphia in July of that year, and immediately removing with them to Crawford County, Indiana. In September, 1830, he commenced business in this city as a bookseller at No. 121 Chatham Street, near Pearl. From this small beginning he became at last the leading antiquarian bookseller in the country, with a bibliographical knowledge unsurpassed, and with a sound and sure taste in publishing. His first venture was Plato's "Phædon," in 1833. His last, to our knowledge, was the "Bibliotheca Americana," which a year ago had reached its fifth volume with the reprint of Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland," noticed at the time in the *Nation*. Mr. Gowans was naturally of a very amiable and kindly disposition, and if he at times had the appearance of crabbedness it was due partly to his native frankness and partly, no doubt, to a constitutional headache which never forsook him. His death will excite universal regret in literary circles.

—We have already mentioned the fact that Mr. John Langdon Sibley, the chief librarian at Harvard College, has in preparation a biographical record of the first two hundred and twenty-five men who were graduated at Cambridge. The work is, indeed, in the printer's hand, and will appear as soon as there shall be obtained the number of subscribers requisite to cover the expense of publication. It will be sold to subscribers only, will not be stereotyped, will be excellent as a specimen of typography, and will for these reasons, apart from its biographical and historical value, be very well worth the attention of even such book-buyers as may not take in it the interest which it will have for those whose kinsmen by blood, or by the affinity of having a common Alma Mater, are commemorated in its pages. Its historical and biographical value will, however, be not inconsiderable, Mr. Sibley being already known as a worker in the field of Massachusetts local history; and his painstaking labor in the making of this book having covered a long term of years, and been expended in careful and minute research, some of the matter which he has discovered is curious and interesting, but most of what he has to present is, of course, material of the sort which, however it may serve as the basis of the pictorial writings in which some future romancer or historian or essayist shall reconstruct colonial history, is in itself certainly not picturesque. How valuable it is the best pictorial writer best knows. "I myself," says, in substance, Arthur Clough, in speaking of a new volume of Macaulay's "History," "have as yet discovered but one blunder, and that a small one, but it is characteristic. 'The oaks of Magdalen,' he says. They are not oaks at all, they are elms; but the temptation to be *particular* was irresistible." To be particular, and to be at the same time exactly truthful, it is the business of such books as this of Mr. Sibley's to make possible—books unwisely scoffed at by many who should know better, and by some who do know better. We had not intended to say so much about the work in question; no harm is done, however, if our mention of it shall help to bring up the list of subscribers, Harvard men or others, to the necessary number. Some sixty or more new names are, we believe, wanted, and, of course, as soon as may be. We may add that the volume will be an octavo, and the paper will be of the best quality, the same as that of Upham's "Witchcraft," while the work will be done at the press of Welch & Bigelow.

—The mention of this press reminds us of a little story, as Mr. Lincoln used to say. It is a little story with a moral; and it was invented for the benefit of a "certain University, whose name begins with an H and ends with a D," and which is situated at "Charlesbridge;" and it first saw the light in the columns of a certain Boston evening paper, the name of which we think we shall not give. The fable of which we speak asserts that the university at "Charlesbridge" for many years employed as its printer a gentleman who was very fond of the University. So long had he done its printing that he had acquired by prescription a right to be so employed; he had honored the institution by naming his press after it; he had come to love it so much that he had put it down in his will for a large sum of money, and would, says the story-teller, have very likely, if he had been asked to do so, printed the college catalogue for nothing, rather than see it go elsewhere. The university, however, in a recent fit of small economy, forgets the honor this gentleman had done it by naming his press after it, and, being ignorant that it is down in his will for a large sum of money, overrides his prescriptive right, and gives its printing to another printer. A lawyer is now sent for, the will in question is altered, the bequest to the university being stricken out, and the upshot of the matter is that the foolish institution of learning loses twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, and will probably, this year, pay more money for a very poor catalogue than it paid before for an admirable catalogue. Pretty obviously one would say, all this is nobody's business but the printer's and the university authorities'; and it is as decidedly his and their private business as the tailor's bills of those gentlemen. But, now that it is made matter of public comment, a remark or two is here in place. It is needless to point out the cleverness of the argument that the college should have been influenced by its knowledge of the bequest of which *it was ignorant*, and of which in this ignorance it is said to have deprived itself. This peculiar sort of cleverness is common to the whole class of writers and talkers who devote themselves to the making or spreading of such tales as the one we have summarized; the snake described by mediæval naturalists as the amphisbæna—which is provided with a venomous head at each extremity, each of which is capable of despatching the other—might very well be taken as their crest by the entire tribe of them. A true but unpractised brother of the guild was he of whom it is somewhere related that he once wrote to his friend a scurrilous "anonymous letter," denouncing the friend's intended wife—a lady who had been a cook, he said, and was given to intemperance—and then inadvertently signed his full name to it. Happily it was in duelling days, and the other gentleman fought him, and prevailed against him, and stopped *his* writing of anonymous letters. Our fabulist's prediction as to the probable quality of the new printer's workmanship is another pleasant and characteristic stroke, this contingent belying and detracting being another stick with which all of this flock are tarred. Doubtless the probability is that the university has given reasonable attention to securing the kind of work it wants, and at the price it thought good. As for the prescriptive right above-mentioned we do not see how it could be established. There would seem to be no reason why So-and-so should do my work at rates, say ten per cent. or two per cent. or twenty per cent. higher than those at which another man will do the same work equally well. Universities especially, which, in this country at least, are all very poor, are bound to make their money go as far as they possibly can. As for the honor and benefit conferred upon the "Charlesbridge" university by the naming of the press, we should say that any member of the university who should maintain that there was honor and benefit conferred upon as well as by the printing establishment, might have good hope of making out his case. But it was not our purpose, nor have we the necessary knowledge, to go into the details of the story. It is no affair of ours; and it comes without proofs of its statements, and comes in a way so suspiciously like a malicious invention or perversion of facts, that it should be disregarded both by the friends of the highly respectable man, now dead, after an honorable life of hard work, who is made to appear in it, and by the friends of the university. Our purpose was to ask for renewed attention to one of the disgraces of journalism.

—In view of such disgraces, it might be worth while to introduce into this country the use of the postal cards which have been found so serviceable to the French and German soldiers, and which the English, too, have adopted. Possibly they might do something towards abolishing the scurrilous editor, who certainly flourishes about as rankly now as ever before in the history of our journalism, though we suppose he is more clearly known for a rascal and a pest than formerly he was, and suppose, too, that the proportion of the decent men to the indecent in journalism is now greater than ever. The "high-toned" editor of the good old times was pretty often an unscrupulous party hack; and pretty generally he was an ill-informed old braggart, too, whose "eloquent editorials" would have had not much left in them (except some traditionary bits of good sense from "The Federalist" and the Constitution), if, for instance, they had all been treated as Webster treated President Harrison's annual message. He had just done a good morning's work, he told a friend of his; he had been with the President, and had succeeded in getting we forget how many "Roman proconsuls out of the message," and much other similar Greek and Roman matter. To-day there is room for improvement, of course; but we imagine that there is more sense, wit, knowledge, and honesty in our journals than even a gentleman of the old school would be able to discover in files of the journals of the immortal Mr. Daniel of Richmond, or General Jackson's Mr. Blair, or Mr. Prentiss. Our existing scurrilous papers are, however, villanously bad, no doubt; for impudent handling of the affairs of private life, for malicious attacks on private character, for political dishonesty and greed, for cynical devotion to money-getting, for downright hard lying, for their indifference to common decency, not to say their preference for sensational indecency, for their frivolous personalities, we suppose they have never been excelled. The famous "stout oak stick" on which Dr. Johnson immediately laid out a sixpence when he had information that it was Mr. Sam Foote's intention to portray him at one of that gentleman's divertisements, is really about the only instrument of criticism which it is proper to employ in commenting on the performances of certain gentlemen of our daily and weekly press. The doctor never otherwise so well earned his title of the Great Moralist—if indeed the title was not purchased there and then when the stick changed hands. Some stories that we hear are false, or it is a fact that something recently very like this Johnsonian method of criticism has been efficaciously applied to certain editors who might be mentioned.

—Our notion in regard to the postal cards was suggested by what is told of the English use of them. They are meant to be used for the transmission of short messages, as to which the sender and the receiver are indifferent whether or not all the world reads them. It has been found, however, in these first days of the trial of them, that they furnish what seems to many people an irresistible temptation to send to objects of their displeasure opprobrious and insulting messages. For instance, a lady desirous of fomenting domestic discord may write a postal card to the husband of the family whose peace it is desired to disturb, and cause it to be delivered when he is absent and his wife is not. This card, the assumption is, the wife will of course read, and that the consequence will be "incompatibility" of greater or less duration and savageness. Or a discontented tradesman may successfully impart to all a man's servants that he thinks he "has waited about long enough," with the result of bringing upon the debtor the contumelious regards of the kitchen girl who receives the missive, and also of importing deeper bitterness into the remarks of the cook when she is discharged for peculation. So of all other weaknesses and crimes. They may, by means of the postal card system, be so imputed to a man that some members at least, and very likely all, of the circle immediately about him, and whose good opinion is of most importance to him, shall distinctly know that he stands so indicted. It is in this particular that the postal card writer has the advantage over the writer for scurrilous newspapers. The latter cannot be sure that a man's wife, for example, will read the next morning's—*National Intelligencer*, let us say for safety's sake. He may fling as much mud as his talents permit, and with the best will, and yet it may all fall innocuous. For purposes of general defamation of public persons the newspaper would no doubt still be used; but we may fancy that some of the libellers of private men would feel it better to employ their abilities in the devising of postal card messages than in putting their rascality into print. Another advantage would be that there would probably be some, though a small, opportunity for retaliation upon the libeller; slender and delicate persons might properly prefer the retaliatory postal card to the stout oak stick above-mentioned or the revolver—instruments that now afford nearly the only resource open to the public.

—The Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for June to September, inclusive, contain a clear and interesting account by the President, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of a singular suit which the Legislature of Massachusetts has directed the Attorney-General to bring against the Society, to recover certain original documents known as "The Hutchinson Papers." It appears from this statement that in 1819 and 1820 the Secretary of the Commonwealth presented the Society with sundry letters and papers "saved," as he described them to the Legislature in the following year, "from the riot at Gov. Hutchinson's house—some of them of a private nature, and some of them public documents collected by him probably as materials for his History of Massachusetts and a volume of State Papers which he had published." These he did not regard "as belonging to the Government, or as any part of the records of the Commonwealth, or ancient colony or province," and accordingly, with the then Governor's permission, he deposited a part of them, "valuable chiefly for their antiquity," with the Historical Society, as already mentioned. In 1846, and again in 1847, Dr. Palfrey, the historian, then Secretary, sought to reclaim the documents for the Commonwealth, but the Society adopted the report of a special committee that the State had not the shadow of a claim to them, and that the statute of limitations might properly be invoked against any such claim. In 1867, the Legislature reopened the controversy, and has ended by ordering a prosecution of the Society. It seems quite unlikely that the court should dispossess the defendants, who mean to contest. They will do so for the principle involved rather than for the sake of keeping the letters, which have either been copied or printed, and are no longer indispensable.

—Very interesting memorial notices of the late Hon. John P. Kennedy and Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham are contained in these same Proceedings. A letter from Rev. R. C. Waterston, written from San Francisco, mentions a national service of the late Mr. Stanton which is far from being generally known. One may now examine in San Francisco a collection of about one thousand volumes, mostly manuscript, constituting the body of Spanish and Mexican archives which fell into the hands of the United States Government when it took possession of California. They were concealed at first at Los Angeles, but finally brought to Monterey. In 1851, Government placed them in charge of the surveyor-general—a very proper disposition, since six hundred of the volumes relate to grants of land. "In 1858," continues Mr. Waterston, "the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton came officially to this place, and found the papers disarranged, and more than one-half (now in this collection) were still in other parts of the country. By his influence and under his oversight, they were brought together, systematically arranged, and substantially bound." In addition to royal decrees, official orders and correspondence of the Mexican Viceroys, correspondence of the Governors of the Province from 1775 to 1844, records and correspondence relating to missions, presidios, and pueblos, and civil, military, ecclesiastical, legislative, and judicial records, there are miscellaneous records of current domestic history, and, what is especially valuable, "correspondence by navigators of different nations, in as many as ten languages—documents dating as far back as 1767," and containing a history of the coast from Cape Horn to Columbia River, for a hundred years. "Here are manuscripts relating to Vancouver (dated 1795); also to the celebrated voyage of Captain Cook, together with accounts of Prussian admirals, English captains, and French explorers."

—Among the clever pictures which the Italian correspondent referred to a fortnight ago gives of Paris under siege, is one of the club called the "Folies-Bergères," which, he says, discussed for an hour one night the question whether, seeing that the Prussians impressed the peasants to work on their fortifications, the Prussian prisoners should, in return, be made to work on the defences of the city. The generosity of the French character and republican fraternity made the negative prevail; and it was very well so, inasmuch as at that date (September 25) there were no Prussian prisoners in Paris. The same club in its debates was in the habit of referring to the provinces as if they were Patagonia, and their inhabitants as if they were South Sea savages—ignorant, stupid, imbruted, destitute of patriotism. All this, in hearing of the *moblots* or Gardes Mobiles from the same provinces. How to "civilize" these wretched inhabitants of France? "Persuade them," says one, "that their interest requires them to rise *en masse*, or else the Prussians will burn their houses and drive off their cattle." "Not so," says another; "we must go among them with an iron hand and unlimited powers, inspire them with fear, and compel them to be republicans, and obey Paris." The club does a more sensible thing when it asks *Figaro* by what means it obtained its pretended report (made, of course, out of whole cloth) of a council of war at the Prussian headquarters, what it paid for it, and how the editor manages to keep up direct communication with the enemy. Quite different is the club at the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, whose leading spirits and orators are Yung and Ratisbonne, of the *Débats*, Pressensé, and Cocquerel—a club which, if times were not changed, might seem to revive that of the Girondists, especially as it is one of the few at which one may address his audience as "Messieurs" without being hissed. Crowds attend, and an admission fee of twenty-five centimes is collected. The correspondent tells of the "guardians of the peace" whom Kératry substituted for the gendarmes, taking away their arms, and disguising them as much as possible. He made them shave their moustaches and imperials, and wear their hair combed down over their foreheads; from this circumstance, and because of the great hood which they wore on their coats, the populace dubbed them capuchins. They were instructed to walk three by three, soberly, and with downcast eyes. The result was that they had to be saved by the National Guard from the attacks of malefactors. By night one meets the *guetteurs de nuit*—five men, carrying a lanthorn on a pole, and charged to look out against fires—the watchmen of the Middle Ages.

—As for news, says this correspondent, in his diary for October 23, the eagerness for it is so great that when German newspapers fall into the hands of the Parisians, they are immediately reproduced, and, to add to their value, are imitated in form and make-up. Such a paper, found on the body of some Prussian victim of a sortie or reconnoissance, is carried as a prize to the office of some one of the Paris journals, which makes a great parade in announcing it. English papers excite a still greater sensation. On one memorable occasion, at Bagneux, a cutlet was found wrapped in a piece of the *Morgen-Post*—a double treat (*due regali in uno*). Book literature has not perished utterly, for Victor Hugo had printed the first French edition of his "Châtiments," preceded by a beautiful poem hitherto unpublished, entitled "Le Retour." The profits were destined to swell the subscriptions for cannon. The siège has seemed, too, a good opportunity in which to bring out of its obscurity the statue of Voltaire, and set it in a more commanding position—in that previously occupied by the statue of Eugène Beauharnais, in the *Place* formerly of the same name, but henceforth to be called, along with the boulevard, after the new incumbent. With so much more serious business clamoring for the best energies of every citizen, this renaming of streets, tearing down of odious insignia, and casting and melting of statues, in which Paris has been indulging since the 4th of September, is one of the most striking evidences of incapacity to face the situation. The logic of it would seem to be that the Republic could not be carried on in sight, say, of the *Avenue de l'Impêratrice*, or that if *Boulevard Haussmann* becomes *Boulevard Victor Hugo* the Republic will be assured—and Paris impregnable.

HARTT'S BRAZIL.*

IN this volume, of over 600 pages, we have one of the results of that expedition to Brazil which, by the generosity of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, was undertaken by Prof. Louis Agassiz and his companions in 1865-66. The director of the expedition has already in his pleasant narrative given us a general account of the journey and many of its results, but it was reserved for future publications to give the completed studies of the various branches of natural history whose investigation was included in the labors of the party. Fortunately for science, the task of thus investigating the geology and physical geography of Brazil was by Prof. Agassiz assigned to his companion and former pupil, Mr. Charles Frederick Hartt, now professor of these sciences at Cornell University, who, to prepare himself more fully for his work, returned to Brazil in 1867, and there spent several months. The results of his completed studies are given in the volume before us. The author has, as he tells us, examined more or less critically the works of the principal investigators who had preceded him in this field, so that his book, instead of being a simple report of Prof. Hartt's own observations, has grown into a general work, "in which have been incorporated the best results of others who have written on the geology and physical geography of Brazil." For this critical labor, and for the numerous citations and references showing the extent of our author's acquaintance with the literature of his subject, the student cannot be too grateful, the more so as many of the works cited are rare.

It is no easy task, in the short space of our columns, to give an adequate notion of the varied and important information with which this work is filled; but we propose to call attention to some of the points which have specially attracted us in the perusal of it. As regards the name of the country, which is that of a red dye-wood, known to Europeans before the discovery of this continent, and then brought from the East Indies, our author is apparently in doubt both as to the etymology of the word and the reason for applying it to the eastern coast of South America. A reference to Webster's Dictionary, however, gives a seemingly satisfactory solution of the double problem. We are there told that the name of Brazil, from the Portuguese *braza*, a glowing coal or fire, given to this bright, and then highly prized, red dye-wood, was by King Emanuel applied to this newly-discovered land because it abounded in what, under the name of Brazil-wood, is still an object of commerce from that country.

For the better understanding of the book a photo-lithographed sketch-map, on a considerable scale, compiled by Prof. Hartt from the best sources, is prefixed to the volume. The data for an accurate geographical delineation of the country are still wanting. Several small maps and sections and numerous wood-engravings, chiefly from drawings by Prof. Hartt, serve to illustrate the work; many of them are of considerable artistic merit. Our author takes up, one after another, the description of the several provinces to which his studies extended, and gives details of their geological character, including notes on the altitude of the rocks, their mineralogy and their lithology; while, in the case of the fossiliferous strata, their organic remains are carefully noted, and in many cases descriptions of new species are given, constituting important contributions to palæontology. The studies in the recent zoölogy of Brazil, which are scattered throughout this book, are also very valuable, and have been furnished partly by the author himself and in part by several American naturalists, whose aid is acknowledged in the preface, among them Messrs. Marsh, Hyatt, and Verrill. Prof. Agassiz, we regret to learn, has by illness been prevented from giving with this volume his descriptions of the great collections of fishes made during the expedition. The botany has not been neglected, and lists of the most characteristic and valuable plants are given in describing the various regions.

The geographical features of the country are described at length, and our author, inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery, sometimes forgets his concise and scientific style, and records his impressions in language which betrays the poet. Of the view from the summit of the Corcovado, near Rio, he says: "If the geologist has any soul, any love for the beautiful, there is no scene which, with all his cold analysis of topographical and geological elements, is more likely to impress him as an *artist's* work." This is followed by a fine piece of description, which, did space permit, we would gladly copy (pages 11 and 12). Nor are economic considerations overlooked; we have valuable information as regards soil, timber, and the cultivation of the most important crops, while the coal-mines of the southern provinces are described in much detail, and shown to be of great richness. In chapter xviii. will be found a careful account of the gold mines of the empire, considered both from a geological and an economic point of view.

To this last chapter succeeds a summary of the results to which our author has arrived with regard to the geology of Brazil. From the facts observed by himself, and by those who have preceded him in the same field, he has been enabled to give a general notion of the geognostical structure of the country, and to establish certain very instructive comparisons between it and the eastern parts of North America. We can only here call attention to two or three points of interest.

The weathering, or the softening and disintegration of hard crystalline rocks under the influence of the elements is well known to observers as a process which goes on in some regions with great rapidity. In our latitude, however, it is very slow, and the granite-like rocks of the Northern United States, where protected by a thin layer of soil, still bear uneffaced on their surfaces the ice-markings of the glacial period; while even the naked summits of the White Hills, after ages of exposure to the changes of the seasons, are but very slightly and superficially disintegrated. As we go southward, however, these conditions are greatly changed; in our Southern States the crystalline stratified rocks are found to be softened and altered to such depths from the surface as to surprise Northern geologists, and this condition of things is still more marked in parts of Brazil. In the province of Rio de Janeiro, the great mountain belt of the Serro do Mar consists of a crystalline gneiss, often granitic, and probably, as supposed by Williamson and by Hartt, of Laurentian age—that is to say, belonging to the same system of rocks as the Highlands of the Hudson. Beneath a layer of unstratified drift and gravel, which generally mantles around these hills in the province of Rio, the gneiss is found to be softened and decomposed to depths of from a few inches to one hundred feet. The feldspar has been turned into clay from the loss of a part of its constituents by solution, yet the crumbling products of decay still retain their original positions, as shown by the lines of stratification and by the intersecting veins of quartz. The causes which have produced this singular alteration of the rocks have been a subject of much speculation. Darwin, who studied the phenomenon in Brazil, supposed the change to have taken place beneath the sea—a conclusion which to the chemist is scarcely admissible. There is no doubt that the view advocated by Prof. Hartt, and by most chemical geologists, is in the main the true one, and that the process of alteration is dependent upon the action of warm rain-waters holding in solution, besides carbonic acid from the air, nitrate of ammonia, and perhaps nitric acid, which are frequent products of thunder-showers in tropical regions. Prof. Hartt, moreover, suggests that the organic matters, more or less acid in their nature, resulting from the decay of vegetation, may have aided the solvent action of the waters, and notes that this remarkable decomposition has only taken place in regions anciently or at present covered with forest. Inasmuch, however, as it is only in rainy districts which support an abundant vegetation, it would not seem by this relation alone to be established that the products of vegetable decay were in any way instrumental in effecting the alteration of the rocks, although the suggestion has chemical considerations in its favor. In any view, this softening of the rocks is a subject upon which we look for further light. It is well known that certain granitic rocks, even in England, are subject to this change; while others, apparently similar, have great power of resistance. In the present state of our knowledge, there is something mysterious in this softening of hard felspathic rocks by a process which is, to a certain extent, analogous with the mouldering of wood, and is not to be confounded with the mechanical crumbling down of certain brittle rocks by the action of the weather, in which frost plays an important part. The great wasting and wearing away of crystalline rocks in former geological periods, of which we have abundant evidence, is less difficult to be understood when we learn that rocks as hard as those of our New York Highlands become, even in our own time, under certain conditions, so softened as to offer little more resistance to the eroding action of a torrent than an ordinary gravel-bed.

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* "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil. By Ch. Fred. Hartt." Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

Closely connected with this phenomenon in Brazil is that of the glacial drift. When Prof. Agassiz, on his return from Brazil, told us of evidences of the action of ice beneath the tropics, and as near the equator as latitude 8° south, the statement was so surprising that, notwithstanding his great authority, it was received by many with doubts. On his second visit to Brazil, however, Prof. Hartt gave especial attention to this question, and he gives us good reasons for maintaining that the unstratified, coarsely-ground detritus which overlies alike the disintegrated gneisses and the more recent deposits, and is found both on the mainland and on the islands off the coast, is in all respects similar in its character and mode of occurrence to the so-called glacial drift of our northern regions. He believes that at the time of its production the country stood at a much higher level than at present, and was covered by a general glacier, which, in its passage over the previously decomposed rocks, ground up the superficial layer, spreading it as a paste over the surface, where it was left after the melting of the glacier. We confess that the scepticism which we shared with many others as to the glacial drift of Brazil, is overcome by the evidence furnished by Prof. Hartt. This unstratified layer, however, in many parts of the country, reposes not upon the gneiss, but upon stratified clays and sands, which were by Prof. Agassiz supposed to belong to the drift, and thus contributed to swell greatly the extent of the drift formation as defined by him, but are supposed by Prof. Hartt to be really older deposits, and of tertiary age. It thus appears that while fully sustaining the discovery of glacial drift in tropical Brazil, our author excludes from it much of the material which Prof. Agassiz had referred to that period.

The comparisons between the geology of Brazil and that of the great Appalachian region of North America are very instructive, showing certain homologies between the northern and southern divisions of our continent. We have already noticed the Laurentian age of the Serro do Mar; and the greenish, micaceous, and chloritic schists, with diorites, hornblende rocks, and crystalline iron ores of the interior of Bahia, suggest the Huronian system (p. 298). The great mass of mica schists, however, in their general characters approached those of the White Mountains of New England; while the gold-bearing strata of Brazil, according to Professor Hartt, bear striking resemblances to those of Nova Scotia. These lithological similarities appear to be confirmed by the stratigraphical relations, showing how widely spread were the conditions which presided over the rock formations at these early periods of the world's history, and opening new vistas of study in comparative geology, as pointed out in the note by Dr. Sterry Hunt on page 550.

We must not conclude our notice of this instructive volume without again mentioning the fact, already noticed in our columns, that Professor Hartt, together with the professor of botany from Cornell and a large party of students, has spent the last few months in Brazil. The return of the party may soon be expected, and they will, doubtless, bring a rich harvest of materials for the further elucidation of the natural history of Brazil.

BELL'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

It is not always the oldest or the most familiar proverbs which carry the most complete conviction. Occasionally, the very disgust produced in the mind by the wearisome repetition of a popular saying tends to blunt its effect on the imagination. It has been so often dinned into our ears that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and we have not infrequently found so much of crudeness or vulgarity in the people most fond of urging the assertion, or in the methods of its enforcement, that one might almost be pardoned for regarding this well-worn apothegm with callousness, if not with resentful distrust. It may be perfectly true that the sceptre is passing westward; but the cultivated denizen of the Eastern slopes finds it hard to believe, and certainly very unpalatable when demonstrated. The Lowell manufacturer among his mills, the Broadway or Church Street importer going to his business through miles of commercial palaces, the Yale or Harvard professor sauntering through the venerable grounds of his beloved university, or the Fifth Avenue dandy fluttering his idle hour at Newport and Saratoga—each and all of these will naturally struggle against the disagreeable conviction that his wealth, his enterprise, his learning, or his fashionable splendor may, in an assignable period, be utterly thrown into the shade by the glories of some nascent metropolis in Arizona, Oregon, or California.

Perhaps the main value of such a book as Dr. Bell's to the general reader is the brisk stirring up of our ideas on this subject which it cannot fail to produce, and the renewed confirmation it lends to a truth which we would gladly overlook if we could. Though it may not convince us that New York and Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati, are in immediate danger of becoming subsidiary to Santa Fé, or Denver, or Sacramento, it will greatly aid in clearing our notions about the great wave of Western progress, and furnish us with invaluable details for computing its scope and impetus. The author, a cultivated English physician and man of science, was appointed in 1867 to the position—nothing better offering—of photographer on the surveying expedition sent out by the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, "to determine upon the best route for a southern railway to the Pacific coast through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern part of California." A vacancy in the corps shortly after its departure enabled him to take the more congenial position of physician to the expedition, which turned out to be a mere sinecure, and allowed him leisure for the extended and minute observations on physical geography, botany, geology, and mineralogy, with still further comments on habits and social condition of the races met in his journey, which he has embodied in the bulky volume before us. His photographic tastes, also, when once contracted, did not desert him, and the book is enriched with very good illustrations from views taken with his own hands. The work is a combination of the book of travels and the scientific report, and, as such, not altogether satisfactory reading for the general student. Dr. Holmes's witty criticism on a similar work, that, like the mermaid, it was impossible to tell where the fish ended and the lady began, is here applicable. Probably, the difficulty must be regarded as inseparable from the nature of such books; certainly the present volume has so inextricably mingled the statistical, the adventurous, and the picturesque that almost any one class of readers will have to take it with great allowance; the would-be speculator, miner, or contractor will grumble at the space wasted on Indian fights and sketches of scenery; the after-dinner reader, anxious only for pleasant excitement, will often get inextricably strayed in the mazes of Western geography, or hopelessly bewildered with the details of Rocky Mountain metals, products, and flora. Of its two merits—interest and information—the latter must be considered as predominant. Wild and adventurous as such a journey must needs be, the relation of stirring or thrilling incident, or the painting of picturesque scenes, is kept subsidiary to the main object of the book as of the expedition—the furnishing detailed and exact information about the country in every regard which could affect the location of the proposed railway. In all these matters the author seems to have been worthy of the highest praise, as indefatigable in the collection of his facts, at whatever risk and trouble to himself, as simple and concise in his statement. In an enterprise where personal observation is of the highest importance, where the *ipse vidi* of the writer would bear a value higher than Cæsar's, he might be excused if his narrative were plentifully sprinkled with capital I's. But the doctor is one of the modest and reticent type so common among his countrymen. Though he seems to have smelled powder more than once, and though his scalp must occasionally have felt an unpleasant creeping at the near prospect of Apache scalping-knives, he tells his story simply and almost barely, with a quiet stoicism which the red man, his assailant, might envy. After certain very terrible and pathetic scenes, where most writers would have been profusely lachrymose or impressive, he, with true British phlegm, drops the chapter and the reader with brief comment and little or no sentiment. For purposes of interest we could wish him less reserved, and in view of the rich material under his hands for picturesque description or thrilling narrative, we could pardon a little more of that fascinating, if untrustworthy, imagination which enlivens the pages of Dixon or Ludlow.

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* "New Tracks in North America. By Wm. A. Bell." London: Chapman & Hall. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1870.

Principal elements of difficulty in the problem of running a railroad across the continent are heights, cañons, and lack of water and fuel. To all these points our author's observations were directly addressed. It would be impossible in our brief review to resume in any satisfactory way the manifold results of his enquiries; but the most ungeological reader may be interested in his preliminary chapters on the physical geography of the great central plateaus of the continent, with his clear bringing out of the one prominent feature in their conformation—the *mesas* and *cañons*. Briefly stated, the lesson of this chapter is that a large portion of the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada is made up of high table-lands, or *mesas*, to give them their Spanish name, themselves the product of water-deposit from some vast superincumbent ocean in remote geologic periods, cut in every direction, through the process known as erosion, by streams from the mountains, which have gradually worn their beds deeper and deeper through the varied strata, and produced the curious and picturesque chasms known as cañons. Thus, instead of the gracefully swelling hills and glades, the sloping meadows, and placid lakes of our own Atlantic landscape, the traveller on the Plains sees for hundreds of miles only a succession of table-lands and perpendicular cliffs, intersected and sliced down, like pound cake cut up for tea, by these singular gullies, whose very existence he is frequently unaware of till he stands upon the verge of the chasm In the cañons, if by choice or accident he descends into their beds, he finds himself hemmed in a precipitous gorge, of varying width, but in many cases, especially the so-called Grand Cañon of the Colorado, far exceeding in height and savage grandeur the well-known gorges of the Tamina and Trient in Switzerland. This wonderful gorge was explored involuntarily, in 1867, by James Baker, a “prospector,” swept down on an improvised raft in his attempt to escape from Indians. His account is one of the most wonderful stories in the book; but is confirmed in all essentials by the report of Major J. W. Powell, who explored it with a party in 1869. A glance at the lithograph of the Colorado Plateau, in the introduction, does more for the imagination than pages of description, and impresses the reader with the impossibility of carrying a railroad through such a country. The only remedy would seem to be to “turn” the ravines, or avoid entirely the tract of country in which they are found; and to do this is a main object of the proposed “32d parallel route” in which our author was engaged.

The actual surveying work of the expedition commenced at Fort Wallace, on Smoky Hill Fork, in Western Kansas. At Fort Lyon, just over the Colorado frontier, they struck the Purgatoire River, and, following its course upward through the Big Cañon, crossed the Raton mountains and came down on the head-waters of Red and Canadian Rivers. From Fort Union, on the eastern slope of the Spanish range, they struck south-westward through the Placer Mountains by the Cañon Blanco, and came down on the Rio Grande del Norte at Albuquerque, with an intervening trip to Santa Fé. Thence, moving due south down the Rio Grande, and passing Forts Craig and McKay, they turned westward through the dangerous Apache country, over the Peloncello and Pina Leño Ranges, and through the picturesque Aravaypa Cañon to Fort Grant. Here, leaving the rest of the party to pursue their way towards the west and the head of the Gulf, Dr. Bell struck southward, with a guide, through Sonora, to investigate the feasibility of a branch road to Guaymas. From Guaymas by steamer, doubling the extremity of Lower California, he reached San Francisco, from which, by the then only partially completed Central Pacific, he got back by Austin and Denver to his starting-point at Fort Wallace. We are greatly tempted to insert in full his description of the *pueblo*, or fortified village, at Zuñi, on the head-waters of the Gila, and greatly interested in his sketch of the peaceful, industrious, and half-civilized Pueblo Indians at large throughout the States of Arizona and New Mexico. Very pleasant, too, is his account of the lazy simplicity and cool greenery of the quaint old Mexican town of Albuquerque, as, later, of that of Hermosillo. His bit of description of manners at the Santa Fé *baile* (dance) is very lively, and his comparison between the neatness of the Mexican peon and the Irish emigrant of the Eastern States very suggestive—especially to the latter. Very worthy of attention, too, is his recommendation to German or other emigrants of the Mesilla Valley, with its yet undeveloped possibilities of grape culture; and his calculation of potential thousands or millions of bottles which may yet pass over the South Pacific line makes one thirsty to read it.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—II.[*]

If “genial” criticism is ever in place, it would seem to be in the case of that sort of literature with which we are concerned in this article. We are accordingly disposed to err as much on this side as is customary, but, being especially jealous in behalf of the infants, we sometimes lose sight of our purpose to judge lightly where judge we must. We can illustrate this with the two books first named below, whose exteriors prepared us for something out of the ordinary, and which, so far as the pictures go, might still be recommended, even if these were more crudely executed than they are. The “Little Red Riding-Hood Picture-Book” is one of the handsome quartos of the season, with showy, high-colored illustrations and large print. It is intended to amuse children in the divided syllable stage of reading, and reads like a publication of the Society for the Promotion of Cowardice and Cruelty. It opens with the popular classic which gives it its title, and the remembrance of which is, to say the least, not reassuring in the dark. This is followed by the “Three Bears,” but not the amiable three of our childhood—and, we are inclined to believe, the original three also—when we used to envy Silverhair her visit to them. Whoever edited the present version seems to have judged the other mawkish and feeble, for he makes his bears as frightful as possible, and a warning to all bold, meddlesome girls who go peeping into strange places. This, we suppose, is what is called fitting a story with a moral, and it has been done by degrading the character of all the actors, both beast and human. Next follow six short stories of animals, every one of which offers some spectacle of blood-thirstiness for the innocent little mind to dwell upon. Last of all comes the story of the “Three Little Kittens,” who lost their mittens, and it is the only one that seems to have crept in by accident as not likely to scare the timid or quicken the germ of cruelty in the strong. Of similar appearance, and, in its leading tale, fully as objectionable, is “The Snow-White and Rose-Red Picture-Book,” which, however, has as a set-off Hans Andersen's “Ugly Duckling,” for those who can appreciate it, and, with several illustrations to the page, “Cock Robin,” “Cinderella,” the “Three Bears” again, “Jack and the Beanstalk,” etc. The book is a made-up one, and all the last-mentioned stories are so patched, clipped, or otherwise altered as to be of little value except as explanations of the colored prints.

Very good books to keep from the young are the “Rollo and Lucy Books of Poetry,” in three graded volumes, prepared, of course, by the author of the Rollo and Lucy series of story-books, which was useful and respectable in its day—the day of canal and stage-coach locomotion, and somewhat later. Mr. Abbott's capacity for his present task is manifestly small indeed, whether one considers his selections or the “original” doggerel interspersed among them. In fact, taking account of his preface, one is forced to believe that the best poetry for youth is highly objectionable, since “the compiler has taken pains to exclude carefully from this collection everything that seemed to him to inculcate anything false, whether in matters of fact, in morals, in sentiment, or in philosophy.” Or else his criterion for poetry is the aid which any given piece can be made to render to family and school discipline. Here is a choice specimen of versification from the first book:

> “A mother was sitting one night at her table,
> And rocking her baby, that lay in the cradle.
> As she rocked him, the rocking grew slower and slower,
> Till the cradle at last did not move any more.”

In the third book, among the “pieces not before published,” or else the

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[*] “The Little Red Riding-Hood Picture-Book. Containing Little Red Riding-Hood, The Three Bears, Dash and the Ducklings,” etc. With 24 pages of illustrations. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

“The Snow-White and Rose-Red Picture-Book. Containing Little Snow-White, The Ugly Duckling, Nursery Tales, Mother Hubbard, and Cock Robin.” With 24 pages of illustrations. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

“The Rollo and Lucy Books of Poetry. First, Second, and Third. Original and Selected. By Jacob Abbott.” With original engravings. New York: Dodd & Mead. 3 vols. 1870.

“Our Feathered Companions; or, Conversations of a Father with his Children about Sea-birds, Song-birds, and Other Feathered Tribes that Live in or Visit the British Isles, their Habits, etc. By the Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A.” New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

“National Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Songs. Set to Music by J. W. Elliott.” With illustrations engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

“Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood. By George MacDonald, LL.D.” With numerous illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

“The Holiday Camp; or, Three Days' Picnic. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Robert St. John Corbet.” New York: Geo. Routledge and Sons.

"many anonymous articles, gathered from various sources," there are verses entitled "A Valentine," which we shall not quote, but the introductory note to which shows very well to what sort of a yoke Mr. Abbott is inclined to hitch Pegasus. It runs thus: "The following valentine was sent to a bachelor, accompanied by a little parcel. On opening the parcel, the gentleman found a *rib* of a very small animal, completely enveloped with white satin ribbon, ornamented with a true-lover's knot at each end, and another in the middle."

"Our Feathered Companions" is a book in all respects worthy of the holidays, and which has for its leading motive the preservation of birds by showing what a valuable part they play in human economy, and also how much more interesting they should be as objects of study than as victims of the fowler. This end is sought to be reached by a supposed conversation between a father and his children, in which, however contrary to the common experience, the latter seem to know as much about ornithology as the former. The result is a dialogue only in form, and one in which it would make no great difference if *Charlotte's* remarks were labelled *Tom's*, or *Freddie's Edith's*, or *Mary's Papa's*. The respective ages of the children are, we need not add, scarcely distinguishable; but the first remarks of *Tom*, which are introduced as if not above the heads of his brothers and sisters, would, we opine, be quite impossible in an American family in similar circumstances. *Papa* has just opened the conversation by welcoming the exchange of the city for "the shore of the ever-sounding sea," and *Tom* takes up the parable in this wise:

> "I think that phrase, 'the shore of the ever-sounding sea,' pronounced slowly, echoes the sense of the words as delicately as Homer's celebrated line ending with
>
> 'Πολυφλοισβοιο ϑαλασσης.'"

The illustrations of this book are numerous and well-drawn, though the figures are not to be compared, for their action, with Michelet's "Birds," nor of course for fidelity of form and plumage with Bewick's masterly designs; and, as we have said, there is here an excellent gift for Christmas or New Year's.

In all that pertains to the manufacture, we cannot speak too eulogistically of "National Nursery Rhymes." It is an admirable sample of the art of book-making, in binding, paper, and typography. Mr. Elliott has selected upwards of fifty rhymes, from Mother Goose chiefly, prefixing to each a capital design illustrating it, and set the whole to music. The pictures alone are worth the price of the book. We will even go farther, and say that the head-piece on page 10, "Nineteen Birds," is worth the price; while there are a score of others which have, perhaps, as good a right to be mentioned—say, "I had a little doggy," on page 12, which for sentiment and drawing it would be difficult to surpass. Mr. Elliott was attempting a very great task when he set about composing over fifty melodies, which needed to be not only "within the capacity of children's execution and the compass of children's voices," but of that catching originality and swing which should at once ally itself to the verse, never to be separated from it. To make to order six tunes worthy of the immortality of Mother Goose would have been a feat; so that we shall not be thought to praise too little when we say that the composer has got through his stint like a gentleman and a scholar. The tunes are simple and graceful, and harmonized in good memory of classic models. It would have lightened Mr. Elliott's task and not made the result less valuable, we think, if he had preserved a few of the old tunes that, in one way or another, have attached themselves to certain of the nursery rhymes. Possibly, though, the English public never had heard "Baa, baa, black sheep" sung to the "Prayer" in "Zampa," nor the Hutchinson's excellent "Spider and the Fly," which we cannot dismiss for a new tune, however elaborate; or our "Twinkle, twinkle, little star;" or the old, very old, "Margery Daw;" or that perfect bit of music, wherever it came from, "The north winds do blow"—we wish we could transcribe it here. Also, the English opera bouffe has been singing to us "The old woman that lived in a shoe" to "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins;" and other rhymes to other tunes equally venerable and acceptable, for so long that it becomes difficult to detach them and take on the new and delicate but somewhat characterless *motifs* of Mr. Elliott.

"Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" is likely to prove interesting to both boys and girls not under twelve, in spite of its formal language, and its tolerably frequent wanderings into the realms of sentimental reminiscence, so dear to old people and so worthless to children. The interest is in the episodes of the story, which read like real occurrences, and are very lively and entertaining. We are at a loss to understand why Mr. MacDonald feels it necessary to keep to such strict English, and apologize so overmuch for the few passages of Scotch dialect that he must introduce. To put the elegant language, with due care for the subjunctive, into the mouths of his Scotch peasants, makes them absurd. There may be somewhat too much of Scotch in the dialogue of a story, as every one knows who has had to seek a glossary to make the sense; but a modified Scotch is not only pleasant to read, but desirable for a boy to understand who has Scott's novels before him. However, we had no intention of going into any artistic considerations in noticing this little story, for its merits end with its morality and its readable anecdotes.

As a mere narrative, "The Holiday Camp" has merit, and the incidents are all probable enough. A bevy of boys and girls camp out for several days, under proper restrictions, in the woods of an English gentleman's estate, near a brook and lake, which give them fine opportunities for fishing and boat-racing. There is a rebellion in the boys' end of the dormitory, which is quelled by a vigorous use of the slipper in the hands of the head-boy, but the principal sensation is the capture, after a severe conflict, of three burglars, caught prowling about the premises at night. The author insists a great deal, after the manner of his countrymen, that fair-play is an English virtue; and of the pluck and beefiness of Old England there is quite as much as is necessary in the slang discourse of the regattas. Except these, and some minor drawbacks, due to the scene of the story, we find nothing objectionable, and much that is likely to interest, in the story. We note with some satisfaction that the author has heard of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," and introduces him in a simile, on page 10.

**** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.*	*—Prices*
Attwell (H.), A Book of Golden Thoughts	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Blunt (Rev. J. H.), A Plain Account of the English Bible	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology		
Bryant (W. C.), Library of Poetry and Song	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	$5 00
	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Butler (T. B.), The Atmospheric System, and the Elements of Prognostication	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)	
Bryant (W. C.), The Song of the Sower. 42 illustrations	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Bryce (Prof. J.), The Holy Roman Empire, 3d ed.	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Collins (W.), The Dead Secret, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 49, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 25
Cope (Prof. E. D.), The Hypothesis of Evolution, swd	(C. C. Chatfield)	0 50
Curious Facts for Little People about Animals	(E. P. Dutton & Co)	
Charlesworth (M. L.), Letters to a Friend under Affliction	" " "	
Corbet (R. St. J.), The Holiday Camp	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Elliott (J. W.), National Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Songs	" "	
Every Day: a Tale	(Noyes, Holmes & Co.)	
Greene (Hon. Mrs.), The School-Boy Baronet	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Herbert (George), Poetical Works, illustrated	" " "	
Hallowell (R. P.), The Quakers in New England, swd	(Philadelphia)	
Howitt (W.), Jack of the Mill	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Helps (A.), Essays written in the Intervals of Business	(Roberts Bros.)	1 50
Jay (W. M. L.), Shiloh: a Tale	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
John Whopper, the Newsboy	(Roberts Bros.)	0 75
Jackson (Rev. T.), Our Feathered Companions	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Keeler (R.), Vagabond Adventures	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Little Red Riding-Hood Picture Book	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Locker (A.), Stephen Scudamore, the Younger	" " "	
Lever (C.), A Rent in a Cloud	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 50
Major Jones's Courtship, swd	" " "	0 75
Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, illustrated	(E. P. Dutton & Co)	
Mackenzie (Rev. W. B.), Handbook for the Sick	" " "	
Radenhausen (C.), Isis: der Mensch und die Welt, I. Heft., swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	0 25
Snow-White and Rose-Red Picture Book	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Shand (A. I.), Against Time: a Tale, swd	(Littell & Gay)	0 75
Theed (Marion F.), What She Did with her Life	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Taylor (B.), Joseph and his Friends	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	
The Workshop, No. 9, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
Whittier (J. G.), Miriam, and Other Poems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Warner (C. D.), My Summer in a Garden	" " "	1 50
Work for All, and Other Tales, 5th ed	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	

Fine Arts.

MR. LINCOLN'S STATUE IN UNION SQUARE.

THE statue of Mr. Lincoln in Union Square, freed from its wrapper of planks, appears now united to its pedestal. A general objection to the statue itself, expressed when it alone could be seen, was rather a pleasant thing to notice. A dozen years ago, a better or worse work of art would have troubled fewer people. There is, naturally enough, a toleration of statues in the open air. A mass of metal and stone must needs exert itself somewhat, through art, to be offensive under the genial influences of light and atmosphere. There is no doubt that, separately, the statue was called a failure; and in its seeming to be a simulacrum of Mr. Lincoln, even to his clothing, realism appeared to be at fault. The baldness of a literal copy of nature accounted for all defects, until the evidence of failure by accumulation of mistakes made the statue interesting as a lesson of what not to do. As each little misapprehension of the point came up, one recognized a certain general character of error, accounting for the respectful dislike of statues which most people obscurely feel.

Certainly, given a portrait of Abraham Lincoln in his usual clothing, no chance is left for the usual attempts at beauty through elegance or proportion. By so much, then, is the task simplified. Mr. Lincoln was neither graceful nor majestic in person or in gesture, but his typical ugliness, not devoid of dignity, gives to the artist a figure logical in its very defects, and seen to advantage in certain definite positions only, any of which could be exactly ascertained. These difficulties have this further advantage, that if frankly accepted they ensure character, the ideal of realism, and avoid compromise, the curse of art. Art in itself is compromise enough; so much has to be given up in its use that all remaining truths need to be reinforced, exaggerated sometimes, to recall the settled purpose in the nature we dare to imitate. Here, then, the straitened conditions of his subject should force the artist into realism, for which his metallic material gives him peculiar facilities. The clothes to be imitated are flimsy, and make sharp folds; they can be perfectly realized in the tenacity of bronze, and by so doing—by breaking folds as vigorously as on the real, by accentuating the projection of edges—the shining flatness of the metal can be broken up and the eye be directed to the main points of attention, and the particular truth becomes subservient to the general meaning. All the more, too, that such imitation of the thinness of the covering can help by contrast the great merit and power of sculpture, the assertion of the body's structure under drapery—a very distinct character of the bony frame of our hero.

This is what might be: let us see what hesitation will produce. A memory of the sculptured toga or pallium shall persuade to the copying of a coat no longer of cloth but of clay or stone, made, it is true, according to the cut of Mr. Lincoln's, but padded out with the comfortable wadding of some other man's body; and, remembering Mr. Story's statue in Boston, shall we say that of Mr. Everett? The trowsers, also, in their ponderous slope, shall be made to look as if they carried the mass above without the help of any interior legs. Above, where the thin shoulders characterized the man, and by their drooping gave importance and a certain sad sentiment to the head, all shall be hidden with a heavy cloak whose classical folds shall call attention to the meanness of our present costume. The marked features whose lines and wrinkles the bossy and edged metal might have paralleled, shall be smoothed and flattened out, and shine with a brazen polish. To end it all, the anatomical improbability of a gesture and attitude suited to any other man shall help to add another monotonous statue to the list already published in metal and in stone.

For, unfortunately, this tale of a statue is the story of many others, and therefore is told here. All such contradictions have been carried out even against difficulties, rather than to follow a programme without compromise. It has been observed by some critic, perhaps in exaggeration, that whereas most pictures by fairly good painters are signed in their very execution, most statues need a catalogue of authors, and of modern portrait statues that they could scarcely be known apart were their heads but taken off. Fortunately it is not so in nature: she is as fresh to-day as when centuries ago hundreds of sculptors, not born with greater talent than those of our time, filled Italy with lifelike and poetic works. But they disliked compromise in art, and recognized in realism the safeguard of the ideal. Not of them could we say that they made the statues of other statues.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1870.

The Week.

The President's message has, like all his compositions, the merit of directness and clearness and simplicity—forming in this respect a marked contrast to the State papers of most of his later predecessors, except Mr. Lincoln. Nothing can be better than the account of the "policy" of the Administration which he gives in the closing paragraph—faithfulness and economy in the collection and disbursement of the revenue, reduction of taxation, fair dealing and avoidance of war with foreign powers, reform in the civil service and in the treatment of the Indians, the prompt payment of the public debt, and the purification of elections. Nothing could well be more attractive than all this. Looking through the message for the necessary explanation of these various generalities, we find that with regard to the foreign policy of the Government, Mr. Washburne did not, as we and most other people supposed, recognize the French "Republic" on his own responsibility. He was directed to do it by telegram from Washington. But the President falls into a curious error when he says that this telegram was sent "as soon as he learned that a Republic had been proclaimed in Paris, and that the French people had acquiesced in the change." The President had no information at that time as to the feeling of the French people about the change of government, and could not have had; and, as there is now no doubt, hastily and suddenly and needlessly recognized a form of government which was not pleasing to "the French people," and which they were not, and have not yet, been consulted about. All that he need have done till the people had been consulted was to recognize the Provisional Government as the *de facto* government of the country. He relieves Mr. Washburne also in some degree from an imputation thrown on him by Mr. Kapp in our columns, by saying that he had discharged the duties of the protectorate assumed over German subjects resident in France to the satisfaction of the North German Government; we believe, however, the North German people do not share the satisfaction of the Government. The message bears hard on Spain for her arbitrary proceedings towards American citizens in Cuba, and once more urges, with an approach to enthusiasm, the annexation of St. Domingo, both on political and commercial grounds. It repeats that curious assertion about the imports from St. Domingo helping us to pay the national debt which has made so many people eager to learn who supplies the President with his political economy. He is evidently still of opinion that if the American flag was hoisted in the island, a mysterious change would take place in the character of Dominican products, which would enable the Treasury to profit by them in a way it could not now do. This and his remark about the difficulty in the way of paying the national debt, caused by the exports of the gold of our mines, shows that he is still laboring under the delusion that the debt can be paid in some other way than by taxation, and that by keeping things in the country simply, the burden of the Government can somehow be lightened. The *Alabama* claims he dismisses in a few words, still without defining the satisfaction to which he thinks the United States is entitled, but he very wisely recommends Congress to pay the individual claimants, and thus transfer their rights to the United States. This ought to have been done long ago. On the whole, all that he says of the foreign policy of the Government, whatever objection may be taken to some details, is wise, temperate, and statesmanlike, and proves that Butler's rhodomontade finds no echo at Washington. The statement of the case against Canada, as regards the fisheries, and the navigation of the St. Lawrence, will command the assent of all intelligent men.

About revenue reform, the President talks somewhat loosely, declaring that if "revenue reform" means the collection of the whole revenue by direct taxation, or the failure to provide money to meet the public liabilities, he is opposed to it. With all respect be it said, this is very foolish talk. He might nearly as well have declared that "if revenue reform means arson and plunder, I am opposed to it." When he made up his mind to mention the subject, he ought to have taken pains to find out what the revenue reform really did call for. There is something very uncandid, to use a mild word, in pretending to believe that any man who asks to have the present tariff simplified, and the duties lowered and diminished in number, must want either direct taxation or repudiation. He ought to have left this sort of talk to the New York *Tribune*. About the civil service reform he speaks as frankly and heartily as regards the need of it as any one could desire. We only wish he had gone into details, and had submitted or suggested a plan. All Congressmen and politicians are in favor nowadays of "civil service reform;" but when you come to ask them to support a particular measure of reform, they "swear off." The President might bring them up to the mark by banishing Forney, Chandler, and Cameron from his confidence, by sending all office-seekers before a board of examiners, by forbidding the levying of black-mail in the guise of "assessments," and by urging on Congress the passage of a law creating machinery for putting an end to Congressional interference with appointments.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury is looked upon as important mainly for indicating what a shrewd politician thinks are to be the earliest national issues. It consists principally of arguments in favor of protection and against civil service reform, neither novel nor wise. Beyond these, it admits the failure of the funding scheme as now authorized, and asks for authority to increase the amount of 5 per cent. bonds to be issued for the purposes of funding. It suggests rather than recommends that national banks be prohibited from paying interest on deposits of any kind, and in compensation offers to have their mutilated currency exchanged at Government expense. It hints at the public sentiment in favor of substituting greenbacks for national bank-notes, but takes strong ground in favor of the banks, "as agencies by which business is established (!) and fostered," and as entitled, therefore, we infer, to tax the public for their private benefit. The Secretary unconsciously furnishes a strong argument against high import duties, by showing the increased expense of collecting the revenue and the enormous increase in the opportunities for smuggling. A plea for better salaries for the Department clerks, and a feeble assertion that the reduction of the debt has helped the spread of republicanism in Europe, close a report which hints at many things, but speaks out on none. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency is a plain, sensible business document. Its chief interest is to be found in the acknowledged failure of the "Currency Bill" of last session, which, as we repeatedly explained at the time, was an absurdity. No distribution of currency under it has taken place, and only $3,000,000 have been added by it to the banking capital of the country, showing clearly that deficient banking facilities in any part of the Union are due to a deficiency of *capital*, which legislation cannot supply.

We asked last week for a sight of the "examination papers" of the seat of learning known as the Treasury. We subjoin, in the meantime, one we use in one of our fashionable custom-houses—we will not mention which—over which Mr. Boutwell also presides. It will be seen that anybody who passes this ordeal must be a perfect pundit. The universities must look to their laurels. We may add that we reproduce the printed form verbatim:

Examination of................................

For the Office of........................

1. What is your age?
2. Where were you born?
3. If not born in the United States, are you a naturalized citizen?
4. When and where were you naturalized, and in what court?
5. Where do you reside?
6. Have you a family, and if yes, of how many persons?
7. Where does your family reside?
8. Have you any profession or trade, and if so, what?
9. Are you at present engaged in any business, trade, or occupation? If yes, what and where?
10. Have you ever held any civil office in any department of the Government, and if yes, what office, and when?
11. In what profession, business, occupation, or trade have you been

engaged within the last ten years? Give the names of the persons by whom you have been employed.

12. Have you served in the Army or Navy of the United States? If so, in what capacity, when, and how long?

A great many papers and politicians have, during the last fortnight, been trying to find some one who says he is going to found "a new party," but have thus far been unsuccessful. The Chicago *Tribune* denies that it entertains any such intention, or ever did; Senator Schurz denies it, and the New York *Evening Post* denies it, and Gratz Brown gives no sign of having any such enterprise in hand. The result is great chagrin amongst the people, who think the great and only work of the Republican party now is the reduction of the national debt. What has been taken for a desire or design to found a new party has been simply a design to make the old party attend to the proper business of the party in power, by legislating for the necessities of the time. There is a strong disposition on the part of the old hacks not to do this, but to go on infusing "economy and efficiency in the collection of the revenue," and nothing would please them better than that those who are not satisfied with this should take themselves off and try to establish a little concern of their own, and give no further trouble. We believe the intention of the malcontents, however, is and always has been, to stay where they are and give all the trouble they can. Whenever the time comes to establish a new party, it will make its appearance, whether anybody charges himself with the special work of getting it up or not.

Paris has had almost a week of firing and fighting around its walls. On Monday, Nov. 28, the forts, especially those to the south, opened a furious cannonade against the Prussian positions, which was maintained during the following night and day. Fort Mont Valérien was particularly active about midnight, when the French began a movement against Bezons, on the outer peninsula, formed by the bends of the Seine, north-west of the city, and made an attempt, real or feigned, to throw bridges across that river. The Prussians were concentrated on the peninsula, and the fighting at this point did not go beyond an exchange of musketry fire from the opposite banks. At eight in the morning of Tuesday, the 29th, another half-serious attack was made on the Prussian Fifth Corps at Montretout, south of Mont Valérien, by Gardes Mobiles, the heavy cannon of a new outwork of this fort and gunboats on the Seine co-operating. The shelling was vigorous, but the infantry attacks were only of a tentative kind, and more apparent than real. After a few hours of skirmishing, the Gardes Mobiles were withdrawn. The real sortie in force of that day began about an hour after the opening of the demonstration against Montretout, the besieged coming out from Villejuif, in front of the southern forts Bicêtre and Ivry, and advancing against the Prussian Sixth Corps and the Second Bavarian, stationed around L'Hay, Chevilly, and Choisy-le-Roi. Here, too, gunboats on the Seine and the cannon of a newly erected outwork covered the assault, which was fierce at the beginning, but gradually slackened, the field-batteries of the Germans throwing the French into disorder. After two hours' fighting, General Vinoy, who commanded the sortie, withdrew. General Ducrot, it is stated, was prevented from making a concerted movement further east, across the Marne, by a sudden rise in this river. The entire German loss in the various actions of the 29th, according to a Versailles bulletin, consisted in a few hundred men, "while the French lost sixteen hundred in prisoners alone."

Cannonading was kept up by the French throughout the following night, and on Wednesday, the 30th, more vigorous and combined, though not quite simultaneous, sorties were made under Vinoy, Ducrot, and perhaps Trochu himself, against the Prussians on the south, the Würtembergers on the south-east, and the Saxons on the east, accompanied by serious demonstrations on the north and west against the Prussian Fourth Corps and the Guard. The principal fighting took place on the southeast and east, around the double curve of the Marne—which Ducrot crossed with a very heavy force—at Mont Mesly, Bonneuil, Ormesson, Champigny, Villiers, Brie, and Noisy-le-Grand. A number of positions were taken by the French, who fought with unusual vigor, but ultimately most of them were retaken—the Würtembergers, who seem to have borne the brunt of the protracted battle, receiving heavy reinforcements from several Prussian corps. King William, in announcing the result, states that the French were "driven back behind their works in all cases," and General Von Tümpling, in a separate despatch, adds, "The German losses were trifling;" but neither statement is fully borne out by subsequent reports. The facts are, that the Würtembergers and the Prussian Second Corps alone lost about sixteen hundred men, and that the French, though repulsed with heavy loss from most of the ground gained in the earlier hours of the several conflicts, remained in possession of the Marne peninsula east of the Bois de Vincennes, and of various bridges thrown across the river.

On Thursday, Dec. 1, no attempt was made either by the French to advance or by the Germans to dislodge Ducrot from the east bank of the Marne. At daylight of Friday, the 2d, however, a powerful assault was made on the French positions at Brie and Champigny, at the outer extremities of the Marne peninsula, by two corps under the Crown Prince of Saxony and a division of Würtembergers. Ducrot withdrew within the peninsula, towards Le Tremblai, covering his flanks by the river. The advancing Germans suffered severely from the fire of Forts Nogent and Rosny, and when met by fresh troops from the city, crossing near Brie, momentarily gave way, but subsequently rallied, and the sanguinary contest ended with the retreat of the French, who abandoned Brie and Champigny with the loss of eighteen hundred prisoners and seven guns, but continued to hold the bridges across the Marne. The losses in killed and wounded were heavy on both sides, the Würtembergers alone officially acknowledging a loss of eight hundred and forty-eight. On the 3d, there was no fighting of moment, but the French, receiving new reinforcements, seem to have advanced once more, and to have reoccupied Champigny, for later reports again announce their abandoning it. At last accounts they were massing at Creteil, in front of Fort Charenton, between the Marne and the Seine. The Prussians are said to expect reinforcements from General Manteuffel's army, which is reported to have occupied Albert, Abbeville, and Rouen.

Simultaneously with these conflicts, the German and French armies north of the Loire were engaged in a no less serious and important struggle. On Monday, the 28th, General D'Aurelles de Paladines, with two corps and portions of two others, made an attack on Prince Frederic Charles's army, at Beaune-la-Rolande, between Montargis and Pithiviers, with the intention, it is believed, of breaking through the vast semicircle of forces pressing on the Army of the Loire, of separating the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg and Von der Tann from the Prince, and then pushing directly on Paris by way of Fontainebleau. This bold scheme was defeated by a signal repulse, in which the French, according to the Prince's report, lost five thousand killed and wounded and sixteen hundred prisoners, while the total German loss amounted only to one thousand. Contracting their forces towards more central points opposite Orléans and the strong French positions at Artenay, Chevilly, and Neuville, north of that city, the Germans evacuated a number of places previously occupied in the Departments of Sarthe, Loir-et-Cher, and Loiret, and resumed the offensive. On the 30th, according to French reports—which are neither confirmed nor contradicted—they met with a repulse; but on the following day, Thursday, December 1, Von der Tann defeated the Army of the Loire, the bulk of which had shifted its positions to the left, in several successive engagements near Artenay; and on Friday, the 2d, the right wing of the Germans, under the Grand-Duke, achieved a more decisive victory over two French army corps at Bazoches-les-Hautes, driving them towards Orléans, and capturing several hundred prisoners and eleven guns. Frederic Charles himself completed the defeat of the Army of the Loire on Saturday, the 3d, by forcing it from its entrenched positions at and around Chevilly. D'Aurelles de Paladines thereupon advised the Government at Tours of the necessity of evacuating Orléans and retreating to the south bank of the Loire. The Government hesitated to give up the last chance of opening communications with the besieged capital, and D'Aurelles de Paladines himself for a moment changed his opinion, but the capture by the Prussians of a suburb of Orléans, in which thirty guns and a thousand prisoners fell into their hands, finally decided the abandonment of the city. At what point the shattered French army intends to make another stand, we have yet to learn. In the meanwhile, Garibaldi tries to comfort the French Government by frequent announcements of successes—of little magnitude, however—achieved before Autun, and between it and Dijon. The mention of all the three corps of Frederic Charles's army in the accounts of the battles before Orléans proves that General Von Werder, who operates in Burgundy, has not been reinforced by the Tenth Corps, as was previously reported.

Prince Gortchakoff's circular in reply to Earl Granville, about which there has been so much curiosity, has reached us in full, but contains nothing of importance except the form with which the public had not been already made familiar through the telegraph. The form is, however, of importance, as it is in this that the real intention of Russia is at this stage of the proceedings to be looked for. It was the brusqueness of the first note which led to the general expectation of war. Nothing can, however, be more conciliatory than the tone of the second. It says the peremptoriness of the first was unavoidable, as it seemed impossible for Russia to get redress through a general congress, while the great change in the circumstances of Europe since 1856, as well as the galling nature of the conditions imposed by the treaty of that year, made it intolerable for her. If England, however, now thinks a congress can be got together, nothing will please Russia better than to take part in it, and she is ready to "maintain her adhesion to the general principles of the treaty, and to conform to its general stipulations or to renew them," provided she be released from the restrictions it imposed on her alone of the signataries. The sum and substance of the whole matter is, that while Russia does not recede from her position, she is not ready to commit any overt act in support of it, does not meditate any aggression at present against Turkey, or the assumption of any exclusive guardianship of the Eastern Christians, and is really anxious not to fight. What has influenced her in taking up this more pacific tone is matter of doubt; but it is either the bellicose temper displayed by the English public—the state of the public mind in England being something which Russian statesmen apparently find it difficult to understand—or else expressions of dissatisfaction from Bismarck at Russia's early move—the "understanding" between them having probably put off all action in the matter till the close of the war with France. As long as the siege of Paris lasts, and the Army of the Loire is still in existence, Bismarck is hardly prepared for any fresh complications, and he may have, and probably has, expressed his dissatisfaction at the introduction of the Black Sea question on the scene. The last news looks more warlike, being neither more nor less than a despatch from Granville asking for the withdrawal of the first Gortchakoff despatch, which might be pacific enough, if not accompanied by an implied threat that in case of refusal the English embassy would be withdrawn from St. Petersburg.

Carlyle has written a letter to the papers on the Franco-Prussian struggle, taking the ground with regard to the moral aspect of the war, and the justifiability of Prussian claims on Alsace and Lorraine, with which the Germans and their sympathizers have already made the world familiar, but of course presenting it much more strongly and more picturesquely than others by his peculiar diction. He is terribly severe on French character, and especially on their mendacity; but the facts of the war unhappily go far to justify him. He ought to have pointed out, however, what every day appears more clear, that while a man may be a tremendous liar, and yet an excellent artist, or a useful philanthropist, or soul-stirring humanitarian, the habit of untruthfulness is fatal to success in politics, and any people of whom it has taken possession may bid farewell to good government until they can get rid of it; and to this danger any people which takes up the sentimental method in dealing with politics is, as we have several times tried to show, peculiarly exposed. The reason is plain enough: the Sentimentalist finds nearly all his premises in his own emotions and assumptions, and is almost always in a state of great exaltation. Now, reasoning from his own emotions and assumptions, he is constantly brought into collision with the facts of life, and being unable to get rid of them, and being prevented by pride and excitement from surrendering his preconceptions, he is strongly tempted, first, into shutting his eyes to the facts, and then—finding that this does not convince others—into denying their existence, or presenting them in a false light. But the art of politics consists wholly in the observation of facts, and in the adaptation to them of manners and legislation. It is his keener perception of the facts of human nature which leads the New England farmer, for instance, to submit to debate and vote on questions which the Irish peasant endeavors to decide by giving his opponents a "batin'" with a stick. Every young man, therefore, who wants to serve his country as a citizen, will set his face against transcendental politics as, next to the tyranny of brute force, one of the greatest curses that can afflict a people, and will cherish the habit of seeing and talking about things exactly as they are. It is not always *pleasant*, but it is healthy.

There is, perhaps, no better feature in the new English Education Bill than that which makes women eligible for the school-boards. There is probably no work of the world for which they have such undeniably high qualifications as the work of education, and they have had an experience of it such as the other sex can certainly lay no claim to; and they stand in a relation to children which men can never assume, no matter how hard they try. That nature meant women to be teachers at least, is a proposition which finds a place in every theory of their rights and duties. Whenever and wherever the conditions under which children can best be taught comes up for discussion, they are entitled to the first hearing. It is gratifying to find, therefore, that the three ladies who presented themselves as candidates for the London School Board have all been elected, and more gratifying still to know that two of them at least have done honest work. Miss Garrett has done an amount of research, and hard thinking based on research, which have placed her in the foremost ranks of the medical profession, and has thus done more for the suffrage "cause" than ten dozen stump-orators and tract-distributers. A good many women have entered on the thorny path in which she is winning honors, and they may rest satisfied that they are the real champions of their sex, if champions it must have. The work of the hour for women is not going about preaching that women ought to be lawyers, but learning law; not preaching that women ought to be doctors, but studying medicine; and not declaiming in halls on the intellectual equality of the sexes, but buckling down, in lonesome, dull studies and chambers, where nobody is looking on, and proving it by thinking a few things out the way men think them. This would not be half as agreeable as attending a convention, but it would be vastly more effective, and *is* vastly more effective wherever tried.

In the face of the apparent pacific aspect of the Eastern question, cotton has declined both here and abroad, under extraordinarily heavy receipts at our Southern ports, which strengthen the prevailing belief in a very large crop. Breadstuffs are dull and lower, as are also meats and dry-goods; and coal is decidedly lower. In short, with few exceptions, everything is gradually, slowly declining in price. There continue to be occasional failures, and here and there a suspension of work, with rumors of numerous intended strikes, but there is no alarm or uneasiness anywhere, only a steady settling down of consumption to a basis of the strictest economy, with a corresponding decline in the amount of business done, and a more than corresponding decline in prices. The wool trade and wool manufactures are almost the only interest reporting an improved trade after the severe depressions suffered for the last four years. Real estate, after one or two successful public sales, looks better, but dealers are anxious and nervous. It is noticeable that in many public sales under foreclosure, only a nominal price over and above the mortgage is reached, showing that too large advances have been made. It is also remarkable that second mortgages can be bought constantly at rates yielding an interest of ten and twelve per cent. per annum—sure evidence of speculative holdings in weak hands. The chronic dulness of Wall Street has been relieved by a slightly increased activity in money, owing mainly to the shipment of currency to the South and Southwest, to aid in the movement of cotton and pork.

POLITICAL "WORK."

When the Reform Bill—that is, the bill abolishing "rotten boroughs" and enfranchising the great towns, or, in other words, giving the election of members of Parliament to qualified voters instead of having them nominated by peers or large landowners—was before the English House of Lords in 1831, the Duke of Wellington asked a question about it which has since become famous, and which expressed very concisely the objection to the abolition of great abuses felt by most upholders of them. He enquired with great emphasis, if the bill was passed and the House of Commons converted into a popular representative body, "how was the king's government to be carried on"? That is, his mind was so familiar with the nomination of the members of one house by the members of the other, that it had assumed in his eyes the shape of the only possible way of making a constitutional monarchy work—a part, in short, of the natural order of things. Alter it, and the whole machine, as it seemed to him, would go to pieces.

The feeling entertained so extensively by politicians in this country, and which they avow in very much the same artless, puzzled way as the Duke of Wellington—that the work of party government cannot be carried on if the mode of hiring and discharging government officials now in vogue should be modified—is another and no less interesting illustration of the working of the law of association in a widely different state of society. The state of facts out of which this feeling has taken its rise here is of much more recent date than the phenomena on which the Wellingtonian mind dwelt with such fond faith, and it derives even less support from the generally received theory of the Government or from the national manners. The English rotten boroughs were originally real boroughs with more or less population, and the great towns which the Reform Bill found unrepresented were not in existence when the basis of representation was fixed. So that, putting together the English reverence for established usage and for aristocracy, and the ancient hold of the great landowners on the management of political affairs, there was something by no means illogical or unaccountable in the constitution of the old House of Commons, and it could also be said in its favor that it had contributed to the roll of English statesmen most of its brightest names. Many of the greatest English politicians, indeed we might say most, made their first appearance in Parliament on the nomination of peers; so that, on the whole, the poor Duke, whose mind was anything but philosophical, might well have been pardoned for fearing that any change in the system meant chaos.

Our system of filling offices, on the other hand, is utterly opposed to the theory of the Government. In the first place, it deprives the President of power committed to him, and relieves him from responsibility expressly imposed on him by the Constitution. In the second place, it causes members of Congress to attempt the performance of executive functions to the neglect of their legislative functions, or, rather, saddles the same men with the performance of two sets of incompatible duties, a combination which in the theory of this Government has no place whatever. In the third place, it is not of ancient date; it took its rise under the eyes of men now living. In the fourth place, its origin is not respectable; it was originally a device resorted to by a bad, bold, and unscrupulous man for the gratification of his malignant passions. In the fifth place, it is utterly opposed to the usages of the country, which is *par excellence* a country of business men and business habits, and therefore is in no way prepared for the spectacle of large bodies of persons employed at regular wages to do work requiring honesty and industry and skill, without reference to their character and qualifications, and liable to dismissal in spite of their efficiency. There is nothing in the habits or traditions of the people calculated to make this state of things seem natural or desirable; on the contrary, their whole training has a tendency to make it seem unnatural and undesirable. Nevertheless, forty years' familiarity with it has satisfied large numbers of ordinarily sensible persons that, good or bad, it is indispensable, and has deprived them of the power of conceiving of party government in a republic without it, just as familiarity with rotten boroughs deprived the Duke of Wellington of the power of conceiving of a constitutional monarchy based on a fair popular representation.

We have before us the letter of a correspondent, who brings out in a striking way the strength of the hold which this association of ideas has secured on people's minds. He says:

> "I was talking about the civil service to-day with a broken-down clergyman, whose old parishioners had secured him some sort of work to do at Washington. He said frankly that he would rather see his son carrying a hod than acting as a Government clerk; yet he had written against Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill last winter (which he said made quite a stir in the departments), and he could not see his way clearly to the abolition of the present system of appointments. 'Most of the work done at Washington,' said he naïvely, 'is *political* work; and there must of necessity always be a great deal of such work to be done. Now, just here lies an argument that I have never yet found any one able to answer. Perhaps you can. How is this work to be done? We are not a very patriotic people. Men will not do this work without pay, and I see no way of paying them save to provide them with places under Government.' Now, this may not seem to us a very telling argument; yet the fact that an educated and well-meaning man, who sees the enormous vices of our present system, considers it unanswerable, and in his experience has never seen it answered, makes it perhaps worthy of a formal reply."

Here we have put in a roundabout way the very question which the Duke of Wellington put to the House of Lords: "Suppose you select these clerks by competitive examination, and let them stay in office during good behavior, how is the people's government to be carried on? Who is to do the political work which has to be done if the government is to last?" Nor does one hear these questions from "broken-down clergymen" only, who may be fairly supposed to have lost heart and hope. They come just as freely from the lips of the large body of "practical men" engaged in the conduct of the political game, and they receive suggestions of change with the same air of amused incredulity and disgust with which, we may suppose, the old Duke would have listened to a young reformer's declamations on the advantages that would flow from the adequate representation in Parliament of Manchester and Birmingham.

Now, to get at the exact value of this question, we have to change its form a little, and ask what would happen if the whole body of Federal officials were to-morrow absolutely forbidden to do any electioneering work, and if the ups and downs of party warfare were made an object of absolute indifference to them. Well, in the first place, it being admitted, as we suppose it will be, that, when the time came to elect members of Congress, the proper proclamations would be issued, and the polls opened by the officers appointed to the discharge of these duties by law—does anybody suppose really that there would be in the different districts no persons either patriotic enough or enough interested in the return of a particular man to meet and nominate a candidate under these circumstances; that the whole community would be so absorbed in its affairs that ten men even could not be found to come together in a room to select and recommend somebody for the suffrages of the electors? Is it not absolutely silly to suppose anything of the kind? Does not everybody know that the political interest and activity of that vast proportion of the public who never expect either to hold an office or ask for one, are very great—greater than ever seen in any country in the world; that a very large number of persons are devoured by an idea which they wish to see embodied in legislation; that nearly everybody would either like to go to Congress himself, or has some friend or idol or instrument whom he would like to send there? The power of enacting laws affecting the great variety of interests which lie within the Federal jurisdiction is, in short, and will always be, an object of the eagerest ambition to every sect, class, and clique in the community. Take the tariff alone—to be able to manipulate it is something for which thousands of men would give months of labor and thousands of dollars. Do what you will, you can never create any field of activity possessing half the attractions for the great majority of the modern world which politics possesses. It is not only "the noblest of human pursuits," as Dr. Arnold called it, but the most seductive, and it becomes more so as the means of communication and of interchanging ideas become greater, and as the interests of society grow more complex. The number of people who care nothing about it is small everywhere—nowhere so small as here—and, indeed, the popular interest in it can only be killed by slavery or ignorance. There will, therefore, always be twice as many persons anxious "to run the machine" as can get anywhere near it, and we believe their number would be greatly increased if the office-holders and office-seekers were driven out of it, and confined to their desks. Their presence now repels people, because the work of electioneering is looked on as in some sort their professional duty, and their appearance in the field produces much the same effect on the political energy of private citizens that a large standing army does on their military spirit. Wherever there is a large body of soldiers kept up to do the fighting, the volunteers are sure to be few and languid.

But, it may be asked, who would do the drudgery and "the dirty work?" It would be done in part by self-denying, patriotic men and in part by paid rascals. A candidate, then, not being able to secure electioneering services by promises of offices, would have to be a man of more mark, and possessing a stronger hold on the sympathy or admiration of the constituency, than is now common. Having to rely largely on the efforts of volunteers, he would have to have something about his character or history to rouse the enthusiasm of volunteers, and nominating conventions would recognize this very speedily. They would be by no means ready to put up, as they now do so often, poor hacks or blatherskites, whom everybody suspects or despises, because they would know there would be no use in asking people to give money or work for them. But having put up a good man, who believes that they would have any difficulty in getting as much money and as many canvassers as he might need? Does anybody suppose that David A. Wells or George W. Curtis or Horace Greeley, to mention three well-known men, would be defeated for want of help in their canvass, even if they had not a single office in their gift? Why, even Banks and Butler would have friends, even if they had nothing to offer.

Then, as regards "the dirty work," we are not so enthusiastic or simple-minded as to suppose that there will not always be plenty of it to be done under any régime; but we do hope to see the day when it will be done, as we have said, by hired knaves—that is, when "managers," having dirty work to be done, will send for loafers and vagabonds, and tell them that if they will do this or that job they shall have—not the privilege of disgracing the country, and cheating the people, by a place in the Custom-house or Post-office or Treasury department—but so much in dollars and cents. If anybody maintains that this kind of labor cannot be procured in this way now, or that the time is near at hand when it will not be procurable in this way, he is welcome to his opinion; but he will not get us to argue with him.

And, as regards the "manager," or "man inside politics," supposing our reform carried out, should we need him? Of course we should. Nobody expects to see him disappear from the scene. All that we ask is to improve him. We want to mend his morals and his manners; to give him a little better education, a little stronger sense of moral obligation, a little more confidence in the existence of a public conscience. As long as party government lasts, his services can never be dispensed with. But it is the easiest thing in the world to make him more useful and more respectable. We have only to infuse more science into the game of which he is so fond. Instead of having him pass his time "taking care of his friends," satisfying "the claims" of a horde of poor adventurers and drunkards and broken-down people, and finding out how he can best turn them to account, or practising the art of writing and speaking sonorous and cloudy balderdash, we would fain teach him to study the real hopes and fears, needs and wishes, of the community, to appeal to what was highest instead of what was lowest in the popular character, and, if he did play on people's weaknesses, to play at least on their nobler ones. In short, we are content to have him really adroit and skilful, and even cunning; but a transparent, and weak-minded, and easily-detected cheat and humbug, such as he is now, we cannot bear with any longer. When he is going to "make capital," we insist on his doing it in some retired place or in the night, and not in open daylight, under the very noses of those he wishes to impose on; and if, like Macaulay's Brahmin, he insists on sacrificing mangy dogs to his gods, he must not have the impudence to ask the bystanders to believe that the victims are good sound sheep.

To hold, in short, that the present system is necessary to popular government or party government, is to hold that popular government is a failure. Nobody believes in his heart that any government can last under such a system long; there are stump orators who say they believe it, but what they really mean is that they believe it will last their time, and that it serves their purposes very well. What is worst is, that if you prove the present mode of office-filling and office-holding to be necessary to democracy, you force every man who believes that democracy, like every other political arrangement, is but a means to an end, and that end the establishment on earth of truth and justice, to pray that it may speedily perish, and make way for the better things which all who have faith in God's goodness must surely look for. That the Almighty intended the crown and consummation of man's strivings as a social being to be a system administered in its details by liars, thieves, shysters, ignoramuses, drunkards, adventurers, and "fast" men, is a doctrine which, we are glad to say, we are not "educated up" to, and any party paper which is engaged in the work will, we promise it, find it a thankless task.

THE PAPAL QUESTION.

Nobody who remembers the interest or even anxiety with which the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome was anticipated by the Christian world could have believed that the Council would be broken up, and the Pope be declared infallible, and deprived of his temporal sovereignty, and all within a year, without attracting much notice either from the faithful or the heretics. Indeed, there could hardly be a more striking illustration of the extent to which politics have been "secularized" in Europe than the small amount of attention which even the Catholic powers are according to the Holy Father and his misfortunes. Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Bismarck occupy men's thoughts almost to the complete exclusion of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and there has probably been no time in the history of the Papacy when people showed so little care for what the Pope said, as the very moment when it has been authoritatively declared impossible for him to err in his sayings.

Considering, too, the long fight there was over the great dogma, it is almost marvellous to see how little pains the public has taken to follow its fortunes since its promulgation. And yet, the proceedings which have followed this promulgation have been in many respects as curious as those which preceded it. There were said to be in the Council, in the earlier stages of the discussion, about eighty bishops hostile to the dogma, but, before the close, the opposition had dwindled down to about forty-five. As soon as the adoption of the dogma seemed certain, the question, What would the minority do? became one of the greatest interest, because on this the effect of the performance on the Catholic Church would in a great measure depend. Those who were deeply impressed by the high character of the leaders of the minority, including such men as Schwarzenberg, Rauscher, Ketteler, Clifford, Hefele, Strossmayer, and Kenrick, felt certain that they would hold out, and that we should have an ecclesiastical convulsion of the first magnitude. Those, on the other hand, who were deeply impressed with the church discipline, and the enormous weight with which it weighs on individual minds, were satisfied that they would give way and eat humble-pie. Neither have proved quite right. Eighteen German bishops, comprising some of the most important members of the minority, have met at Fulda, and issued a pastoral, warning the faithful that the decisions of the Council are "divinely revealed truths," and must be accepted as such by those who "wish to be and remain true members of the One Holy and Apostolic Church." The majority of the minority, however, have thus far given no sign; and, while it is certain that some of them will submit, it is believed that the others will not.

Those who have made their submission have drawn down on themselves a castigation at the hand of Lord Acton, an English Catholic peer, better known as Sir John Acton, who, much to the chagrin of the Papal authorities, took up his abode at Rome during the sitting of the Council, and made his rooms the headquarters of the opposition. He was in reality a sort of informal envoy of the various Catholic powers, as well as of his own Government, and made reports to them from time to time of what was going on, but he was, we believe, obliged to forward them to their destination by hand, owing to the peculiar views of the Papal police as to the sanctity of private correspondence, and for a similar reason had to keep his private papers elsewhere than in his own rooms. He was, however, a man of too much weight to be summarily packed off, and so he stayed there, supporting and animating the bolder, and encouraging the more timid, members of the minority. Finding himself now abandoned by a large number of his clerical allies, he has done a very cruel thing in writing a letter, addressed to a German bishop, in which he says that the Catholic world honors in the minority of the fathers of the Council the true witnesses of its belief; but complains that now when the hour of "critical decision" has come, "the wished-for direction" has disappeared—that is, the bishops give no sign, or else recant. He, therefore, by way of showing what a "disturbing contrast" there is between their language at the Council and their conduct now, cites a number of extracts from their letters and speeches during the discussion of the dogma, and notably nineteen expressions of opinions of bishops, taken from the "Synopsis Observationum," drawn up by the official reporter. These are, to the carnal eye, horribly damaging. Any man who talked this way last spring, and now adopts the dogma, must be held by men of the world to be either knave or fool. There is, however, another way of looking at them which we venture to say will be generally adopted in the Church, and the success and antiquity of which afford a remarkable illustration of the skill of the various contrivances by which she protects herself against rebellion and schism. The stronger the ground bishops took against the dogma, the more meritorious, it will be said, is now their submission. A pious man, far from being discouraged by the strength and absoluteness of his opposition to the dogma and to the competency of the Council to adopt it, will rejoice over it as making his retractation all the more striking as an act of faith; so far from blushing to own himself an imbecile, he will jump eagerly at the chance if, by so doing, he can promote the honor and glory of his Holy Mother. This is the ecclesiastical way of approaching the difficulty, and it is one with which, it must be confessed, it will prove somewhat difficult for the lay mind, and even for the Catholic lay mind, to deal.

Lord Acton has, however, been met by the Bishop of Mentz, and by Bishop Ketteler, in a way that is purely mundane, and reminds one of the conflicts which so often rage between the heroes of the caucus and convention. The Bishop of Mentz, in the first place, accuses him of garbling his extracts, and with incorrectly reporting some of the proceedings; and then comes Bishop Ketteler, and accuses him of telling "an untruth in an unexampled manner;" he says his letter is "crammed with untruths," and he more than hints that his lordship had something to do with the composition of "the lying stories of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*." Considering the nature of the occasion which has called these charges and counter-charges forth, and the elevation of the atmosphere in which the disputants are supposed to be moving, even a "politician" might read them with amazement.

The course of events at Rome is not less surprising. The Pope, two years ago, included by the "Syllabus" attached to his Encyclical Letter all doubts about the legitimacy of, or attacks on, his temporal sovereignty among the offences for which a man exposed himself to everlasting damnation. The reason for attaching this tremendous sanction, however, to the arrangement by which the Pope reigned at Rome was a purely utilitarian one, and made it very difficult, if not impossible, for most laymen to see anything sacred in his sovereignty. It would not do, of course, to say that Christ had made Rome the seat of the government of his Church, because, had he done so, he would undoubtedly have provided some better means for its protection than the arm of flesh, as embodied in Zouaves or gendarmes. So it was said that it was necessary for the free exercise of the Pope's spiritual sovereignty that he should be the temporal monarch of the spot on which he received the faithful. This, of course, put the matter on very low ground, and left it open to the Italians to say, as they have already said, that they would provide means of securing his independence just as effectual and far less costly and troublesome. So they marched into Rome, and now propose to declare him and his suite and his aides and his palace inviolable, and to leave him the patrimony of St. Peter in Rome, and to take measures with the other Catholic powers to provide him with an ample revenue. If he says that he cannot be free in this way, they reply, "Try it; we offer you better guarantees than you have ever possessed." He refuses to listen to them, however, and has shut himself up in the Vatican, and persists in treating himself, and praying for himself, and having himself prayed for, as a prisoner—though nothing would please the Italian authorities better than to have him rove about. They have, however, taken full possession of Rome, abolished the laws of mortmain, and removed one of the grand scandals of Christendom—the shame and reproach of the Papacy—by admitting the Jews to equal civil rights. The "Ghetto" passes at last into the lumber-room in which so many mediæval horrors are stored. These unfortunate men were, under the law of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, incapable of testifying in the courts; could not possess real property; could neither attend schools nor colleges; and, besides a number of other restrictions, were forced to live in an unwholesome den, apart from all the rest of the population. So deep a stain on the Christian name has at last been removed; and when we find that this great act of justice and humanity had to be performed at last by the royal libertine who occupies the Italian throne, in the teeth of surly and cursing bishops, we can hardly wonder that the educated classes of the kingdom are, almost to a man, scoffing materialists.

A NEW POLITICAL PROBLEM.

THE constitution of Michigan confers the electoral franchise only upon white male citizens of the requisite age, and upon some exceptional Indians. At the late election, an amendment, striking out the word "white," was submitted to the voters, and adopted by a small majority. While the fate of it was still doubtful, certain Republican journals pronounced its defeat to be of no practical importance, and declared that a different result would have had a moral value merely. The position, however, in which this would have left Michigan—the actual position of several other Northern and Western States, as well as of Maryland and Kentucky—involves a matter of grave moment to each of them, and suggests a new problem of constitutional construction whose solution may be equally undesired and unexpected. We purpose to state the problem, and to make a few suggestions as to its solution.

Soon after the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, it was discovered that an enormous political inequality among the various commonwealths was produced by the change. The slaves having become freemen, the number of representatives in Congress must be based upon the total population of each State; and, as the voting right was generally withheld from the blacks, the whites had thereby obtained an accession of political power, and this was notably and most inequitably the case in the former slave States. The natural and direct remedy would have been another alteration of the Constitution, extending the franchise to the colored man, but fears were entertained that the people had not yet quite come up to this point. The attack was therefore made upon the clause of the Constitution which regulates the apportionment of representatives in Congress. The result, as is well known, was the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares, among other things, that, "where the right to vote at any election for the choice of . . . representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged . . . . the basis of representation therein shall be reduced" in a given proportion. There is no doubt as to the meaning and intention of this article. It was aimed directly at the States, and contemplates State action exclusively. Its purpose was to force them severally to confer the vote upon the negro, by holding up a diminution of representation and a consequent loss of power and influence in the National Government, as a penalty in case of refusal. If a State which had admitted the white man alone to the ballot-box should neglect to change its fundamental law and its legislation based thereon, so as equally to admit the colored man, Congress must apply the political penalty, and impose the punishment by proportionately lessening the number of its representatives. Although addressed to the whole country, the new rule was to be felt most powerfully at the South. For this reason, the rebellious States, upon the re-establishment of their normal relations with the nation and its government, adopted constitutions in which no distinction is made between whites and blacks in respect to the right of voting. Subsequently the Fifteenth Amendment was proposed and ratified. It should be carefully noticed that this last utterance of the people's will does not in affirmative terms declare who shall be voters, but prohibits the States from abridging the right of citizens to vote on account of race or color.

The problem we suggest is, whether the latter article repeals or modifies the former one by implication? In other words, whether a State which, by its own organic law and its legislation, persists in granting the electoral franchise to its white male citizens alone, may still avoid the penalty prescribed by the Fourteenth Amendment, and be admitted to a full representation in Congress? The solution of this problem is not altogether free from doubt, but we think that the reasons for a negative answer to the question greatly predominate. At all events, the subject is one of great interest, and should engage the attention of Congress in the apportionment which they will soon make.

In the first place, a repeal by implication is not favored, and is never allowed unless the repugnancy between the two enactments is so complete that the former cannot stand beside the latter. There is plainly no such repugnancy here. All the provisions of both amendments may be fully carried out without the least interference. But if this suggestion appears to be too technical, there is another, which goes to the bottom of the matter. Taking all the clauses together, the intention seems to be plain. The Fourteenth Amendment addresses and commands the States; the denial or abridging of the right to vote spoken of is to be an act of the States; and the penalty inflicted is a consequence of that act. The truth of this proposition is self-evident. The Fifteenth Amendment does not profess to sweep away these former provisions, nor does it, by virtue of its adoption, repeal or abrogate any State legislation opposed to it. What, then, was its object? The answer is plain when we consider its peculiar language. Its design was simply to permit legislation of Congress which will admit the colored man actually to the ballot-box, notwithstanding the bar which the States may have placed in his way. The Fourteenth Amendment did not accomplish this result directly, for a State might prefer to resist, and to suffer the deprivation of political power. But now Congress is authorized to pass laws guarding the right of the negro to vote, and opening his way to the polls, by personally punishing State officers and others who interfere, and by taking an actual control of the voting process. It would seem to be plain, therefore, that the Fifteenth Amendment neither repeals the Fourteenth nor abrogates the local constitutions and laws. On the contrary, reading both articles together, we find that two penalties instead of one are now affixed to the contumacy of a State—diminution of its representation in Congress, and liability of its officers and citizens to personal punishment and loss of its absolute control over elections held within its territory.

If it should be urged that, since the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, the right of no person to vote is denied or abridged on account of race or color, because all may vote irrespective of race or color, the ready answer is, that this result is, if true, not brought about by State action, but by national action, and the restrictive clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment are aimed at this very absence of State action. But the proposition contained in the objection we are now considering is not true. We repeat, the last great change in the organic law does not *ipso facto* repeal or abrogate any portions of State constitutions or legislation; it only clothes Congress with authority to relieve negroes from the restraints of these constitutions and that legislation. The State, as far as it can by the utterance of its own will, prohibits negroes from the exercise of the electoral franchise, and thus "denies" the right. Were it not for the acts of Congress carrying the Fifteenth Amendment into operation, this attempt would be successful. But the "abridgment" of the right is something more than mere words. The State, in the most formal manner, says that the colored man shall not vote; he must therefore appeal to the national laws to protect him, and perhaps call in the aid of the national courts and executive officers in order to force his way to the polls. This very fact, that Congress must pass a statute to avoid the constitutional provisions and special legislation of a given commonwealth, shows that the free voting right is actually "abridged" in such a community. Other instances of constitutional restrictions confirm these positions. Thus, the States are prohibited from passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts, and are forbidden to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. These general restraints do not of themselves repeal and abrogate any State statutes which are obnoxious to their mandates; they only furnish a rule of judgment to the courts, and enable the national judiciary to grant final relief to a suitor; the statute still remains as an expression of the local legislative will. The conclusion which we reach is that, if a State by its constitution and laws confers the electoral franchise upon white male citizens alone, it does deny and abridge the right of colored citizens to vote, and is thereby liable to have its representation in Congress diminished, notwithstanding the means of protection now extended to the negro by the collective authority of the nation.

If these views are correct, and we see no escape from them; if it be true that the penalty of the Fourteenth Amendment is not uplifted by the negative clauses of the Fifteenth; then it is plain that the failure of Michigan or of several other Northern and Western States to remodel their constitutions and laws is a matter of the greatest practical importance to them, and has far more than a mere moral influence and value. In fact, it subjects them all to a loss of representation in the new apportionment about to be made on the basis of the recent census. The effect will doubtless be more serious in Maryland and Kentucky, where the negroes form a considerable portion of the population, but it will be perceptible at least in other States. We will add that New York has not escaped from the unfavorable consequences by means of the statute passed by its last legislature, because, as its constitution still limits the right of the negro citizens to vote, that statute is, so far as the local constitution is concerned, utterly null and void. In conclusion, we would commend this subject to the careful attention of the Congress which shall reorganize the House and apportion the representatives. Perhaps some of the Southern States may not feel unwilling to apply to their Northern brethren the same stringent rule which was once forced upon themselves.

AFFAIRS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

ANN ARBOR, Nov. 28, 1870.

SOME of us who are, as Roger Ascham says, "lookers-on in this cockpit of learning," please ourselves with the fancy that there may be here two or three things working themselves out of which your readers would like to have just now a brief account. We try very hard not to be deluded by too fond an estimate of our importance in the system of American colleges, or of the value which Eastern educators will be inclined to attach to our experiments at making a university. Indeed, we are often fearfully depressed in spirit by recollecting that New England and New York look to Michigan and Illinois for corn and pork rather than for ideas. We chafe and mortify ourselves, also, under the necessity, from which nothing less than a miracle or a trans-continental canal can rescue us, of being for ever classed in Dr. Holmes's dreadful category of "fresh-water colleges." Besides, the moment we try to forget this, and to speak of ourselves as though we seemed to deserve some attention at Cambridge or New Haven or New York, at once some of you people that way are pretty sure to intimate to us that your experience coincides with that of Serjeant Davy, who said, very neatly, that "the farther he went to the West, the more was he convinced that the Wise Men came from the East." Of course, we are greatly edified by *your* modesty in all this; and we naturally bow our heads.

But, not to stay any longer on this perilous subject of sectional comparisons, I hasten to say a few words on a subject far more agreeable, though possibly not any less perilous—the ladies. As you must be already aware, they have come. "The Ever-Feminine draweth on," said Goethe. There is a tincture of futurity in his phrase, which, so far as our university is concerned, must now give way before the heroic force of the realized present. The "Ever-Feminine" taketh up its abode among us. The most numerous masculine community of students in America has been exposed, since last January, to all the horrible risks of being present at lectures and recitations with women, and that, too, in studies which an old English poet took pains to describe as "unmeet for women's imbecilities." I venture to say that no revolution in affairs ever crept in so noiselessly, or ever wrought its effects with so much peace, as this has done with us. Had a great crowd of strong-brained ladies rushed in upon us, the moment the doors were thrown open, it might have been different. As it was, the new régime was represented for several months by but one young lady, who most fortunately was well fitted, both by scholarship and by manners, to conciliate for the new order of things the approbation even of reluctant minds. True, she was more than a nine days' wonder here. Not even Joyce Heth, or the Mermaid, I fancy, was ever stared at more vehemently than was our first lady sophomore for a while. But she bore it admirably, kept quietly about her work, made capital recitations whenever called upon, and enabled the most obdurate of us in a few months to conquer our prejudices. So the battle was won for her whole sex. Accordingly, this fall, when along with a thousand young men there appeared on the ground about thirty young women, who distributed themselves among the three departments of law, medicine, and literature, the "fresh-water" of our inland college life was scarcely disturbed by a ripple. The whole affair, thus far, is a triumphant exemplification of the merits of the *laisser-faire* principle in the solution of a vexed and vexing educational problem.

It must be confessed that our university has peculiarities which have rendered it comparatively easy for us to engraft the epicene system upon the former plan. Perhaps the foremost of these peculiarities is our freedom from the institution of dormitories and from the types of habit and sentiment among students which that institution breeds. For some years back, this university has positively declined either to keep a boarding-house or to take in washing, or even to have unfurnished apartments to let; and, consequently, all its members, finding their homes among the families of our citizens, are kept in constant contact with the normal life of civilized communities of men and women. Furthermore, the university is not an establishment sundered from the rest of the world by any sort of gulf, local or moral. It stands in the midst of this pretty town, on a square *campus* of forty acres, surrounded on all sides by private residences; and through its pleasant walks, as through a city park, ladies and gentlemen and even children are frequently strolling. The sight of feminine apparel, therefore, among our buildings, in the museum, in the library, and even in the lecture-rooms, has long been a familiar one. In fact, the university, by position and custom, has so perfectly blended with the general community and is, indeed, so indistinguishable from it, that the presence of ladies in the former seems quite as natural as is their presence in the latter.

You do not wish me now to turn prophet, and tell you what will be the results of the new system ten years hence. Rather let me keep within the limits of what I know, and try to testify concerning the effects, whatever they may be, which are already visible after this trial of the plan of coeducation for so short a time.

First, concerning Conduct.

In the medical department, the ladies are entirely separated from the gentlemen in lectures, at the clinical illustrations, and in the dissecting rooms; and after repeated enquiry, both among students and professors, I learn that all is and has been quiet on that usually rather stormy Potomac. Not one uncivil or disobliging act has been committed by the male "medics" towards the dames and damsels who are studying in the same building to be their professional rivals. And let no one suppose that this abstinence on the part of our young men is owing to any particular mildness in them, or that our "medics" are not as other "medics" are. It is attributable, doubtless, to the sincere wish of the professors in that department to give the ladies a fair chance, and especially to the judicious arrangements which they made at the outset for accommodating the new-comers.

In the other departments, namely, of law and literature, the ladies attend all university exercises with the gentlemen. Our young men are a loud-lunged, a hearty, and a jubilant set of fellows; and, so far as I can see, they are in no respect subdued by the presence of their fair fellow-students. They still indulge, on occasion, about as usual in cat-calls and whistling and the rollicking horse-play so natural to a huge crowd of masculine persons free from care, in good health, with a tyrannous perception of the ludicrous, and fond of lingering on the foggy confines of big-boyishness. At the same time, in anything which directly concerns the ladies—their convenience in sitting, or in passing in and out of lectures and recitations, there is a very perceptible and never-failing chivalry; and I am sure that were a rude act to be done to any one of these gentle disciples it would be swiftly avenged, in the most direful manner, by the whole body of the students. We think that in all this we already see an influence that is worth having, bearing steadily in the direction of raising and refining the tone of manliness, without in the least weakening it. There is still among us, undoubtedly, a generous supply of boorishness; but it shows some cheering symptoms of intending to try to get up its first blush.

But how about Scholarship?

Still trying to be historical rather than prophetic, I have only to say at present that on all hands comes in testimony from our professors that on these grounds better recitations have never been made, and in the severest studies, than have been made by the ladies. So far are they from injuring scholarship here, that by their earnestness and fidelity they are, if anything, stimulating it; and their presence is beginning to give to all utterances in the class-rooms just that delicacy, that civil, chaste, and humane tone, which the recognition of women among the readers of books has been giving to English literature during the last hundred years.

Upon the whole, though very few persons in our faculties desired the arrival of the girls among us in this capacity; though, in fact, most of the professors accepted the situation as they would the inevitable; yet I am unable to hear of one of them who now regrets it. We do not affirm that the experiment has yet proceeded far enough to be entirely conclusive. For ourselves, we shall still wait and watch—but no longer with any fear. Meantime, the general opinion upon the present state of the case is very fairly conveyed in the verdict which I heard last night from the lips of one of our most thoughtful and most conservative men: "The coming of the women among us," said he, "is not only a success, but a success to a degree wholly unexpected." Unless, therefore, some now unseen flaw shall appear in our machinery, it certainly threatens to conduct the idea of coeducation to a success that will be contagious; and should this be the case, I do not see what power can avert from the generations of men the calamity hinted at in Young's most ungallant lines:

"Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?"

I had intended in this letter to refer to several other topics. But, as you see, in trying to tell you about the ladies, I have not succeeded in being brief—thus illustrating once more the sad truth that when one gets entangled with these irrepressible members of the human family, there is no safe guess as to when one will get clear again. M. C. T.

Correspondence.

OLD YALE ON "THE FIRST ALUMNUS"—A CARD FROM THE REV. MR. PICKERING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Mr. Pickering, of Squashville, presents his compliments to "The First Alumnus" in the *Nation*, and requests that gentleman to be a little more careful in his representations about what people have said, and not to trouble himself or the public with the unimportant and irrelevant question whether Mr. P. is or is not a "former editor of the *Independent*." If everybody who thinks that the hebdomadal so-named is managed on the principle commended by Mr. W. W. Phelps as "an absolute condition of earthly success"—the principle of "catering to human weakness and infirmity"—must be incontinently set down as "a former editor," the catalogue of former editors will become inconveniently voluminous.

That Mr. Pickering is "a clerical member of the corporation" can hardly be denied, for that fact was openly proclaimed by so eminent an authority as Mr. Phelps, in his speech at the commencement dinner, and is as openly professed on the first page of the letter from Squashville and the last. That he is a "polemical" member may, perhaps, be inferred without any blamable temerity from the fact that, when the venerable body of which he is an unworthy member was publicly insulted by men professing to represent "Young Yale," he volunteered to repel the insult. But the attempt to divert attention from the question by guessing which one of the ten clerical fellows accepted the insult for the rest, and replied to it, is as irrelevant and (not to put too fine a point upon it) as uncivil as if some one should attempt to guess out and publish the personality of "The First Alumnus" and the second.

The intimation that the clerical fellows of Yale College, in declining to abdicate their trust and to put the institution afloat without any shadow of security for its continuing to be a Protestant Christian institution, occupy a position like that of the Tract Society in Nassau Street a few years ago when it refused to publish a word against the vital godliness of one man's assuming to own another man's wife and selling her to the highest bidder—is too preposterous to be refuted. Has anybody pretended that this demand for the subversion of the entire constitution of Yale College is set up in the interest of Christian morality? Is it pretended by "The First Alumnus"—or even by the second—that the ancient charter, or the administration under it, is anti-Christian and offensive to the moral sense?

The strictures of the *Evening Post* not having come under Mr. Pickering's notice, he cannot reply to them; but he may say that he has not made Mr. Phelps responsible for either of the two writers in the *Nation*, nor "The First Alumnus" for the second. He had to do with a demand for what he now finds denominated "a reform at Yale College"—a demand made in the name of "Young Yale." He found "Young Yale" represented, and its demands articulated, first by Mr. Phelps, then by "The First Alumnus," professing to sustain Mr. Phelps and to elucidate his meaning; then by another Alumnus, professing to agree with both, and to set forth the ideas of "Young Yale" still more explicitly. If Mr. Phelps was misrepresented by "The First Alumnus," or if they both were misrepresented by "t'otherest governor," Mr. Pikering is not responsible for the misrepresentation. He is not aware that he made any confusion in his quotations, or in any instance imputed to any one of the three what had been said by any other. He was dealing with "Young Yale," as represented by all the three, among whom the chief difference was that the second was on one point a little more explicit than the first, and the third a great deal more explicit than both.

Mr. Pickering is sorry to find his use of the word "fool" entirely (if he should say *innocently*, he might give additional offence) misunderstood by "The First Alumnus." If, in alluding to the Bible proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit," he called those two writers in the *Nation* "fools," he had already called himself a fool in quoting from the Apostle Paul, "Am I become a fool in glorying?" Having been betrayed into the folly of glorying in the pre-eminence of his own profession, he excuses himself by adverting to the equal folly of the assailants of his profession. If "The First Alumnus" had not (as he now says he had not) assailed the clerical profession as inferior in talent and culture to other professions, he knows who had done so in the name of "Young Yale;" and he knows also that the word "fool" was not used by Mr. Pickering as characterizing anything else than the assault on the intellectual character and standing of Christian ministers and the defence of the clerical profession against that assault. He says, "President Woolsey proposed a change in the charter," and thereupon asks, "Is he also a fool?" He seems to forget that President W. is himself a Christian minister—one of the profession which "Young Yale" despises and defames. He says, "Mr. Pickering tells us we are 'fools' for not allowing 'the venerable institution to remain where the founders placed it.'" Mr. Pickering takes the liberty of saying that in this statement "The First Alumnus" "greatly misrepresents" the matter. Either the professor of logic or the professor of ethics ought to be censured for permitting any alumnus to graduate who can make so gross a misrepresentation.

Mr. Pickering requests that all persons who find themselves called to discuss his letter will remember *what the question is* which was raised by Mr. Phelps in the name of "Young Yale," and agitated by "The First Alumnus" and the second, both professing to represent the same "Young Yale." The question is not concerning that change of the character of Yale College which was suggested by President Woolsey some years ago, and was equivocally reported on by "the Committee of 1869;" it relates to a much more important change which President W. never suggested. It is not whether the six State senators in the corporation shall be superseded by as many men chosen in some other way. That question, extremely difficult and delicate in itself, has been made ten times more difficult by the "worldly wisdom" of "Young Yale," so much wiser than the "saintliness" of Old Yale. Men of only ordinary sagacity would have said to each other, "Let us take care not to alarm the ministers or the churches till we shall have got rid of 'the Hon. Mr. Domuch' and his colleagues." But the more than ordinary sagacity of "Young Yale," instead of waiting for the solution of the question raised by President Woolsey and reported on by the Committee of the Alumni, has raised a very different question, and has thrown the original question into the shade. Mr. Pickering takes no great interest in the former question, and, therefore, declined to consider it. The one subject of his letter is that other and graver question thrown into the arena by the "worldly wisdom" of Mr. Phelps and the two writers in the *Nation*, namely, the question about a plan "*to abolish the existing corporation and to place the legislative and appointing power of the university, and the custody of its endowments, in the hands of a board or council chosen by the annual mass-meeting of the Alumni.*"

Mr. Pickering can see no good reason why the gentlemen who propose this plan should not frankly discuss the question of its desirableness and its feasibleness. Let them remember that the question which they have raised is not whether clergymen outside of Connecticut—in New York, or Cincinnati, or San Francisco—shall be eligible as fellows, nor whether laymen shall be eligible, but whether the absolute control of the university shall be given over to mass-meetings of graduates, electing at their unlimited discretion the members of a new corporation. Thus far, the self-constituted representatives of "Young Yale" have not "catered" very adroitly to the "human weakness and infirmity" of the ten clerical fellows, but Mr. Pickering presumes that the "worldly wisdom" of those who contrived the plan has not forgotten the necessity of commending it to the judgment of practical men by showing what will be the consequences of adopting it and of circumventing in some way the old ministers, without whose consent it cannot be adopted.

OLD YALE TO THE "FIRST ALUMNUS."

SIR: As you have left your readers in ignorance of your name, and I am, therefore, unable to address you privately, it will not, I presume, be deemed improper if I offer, in a more public way, a few suggestions in regard to your article in the *Nation* of Nov. 24 on the Yale College Corporation. I have no desire or design to take part in the controversy which has been going on of late in that paper. There are enough engaged in it already without any assistance on my part, and, so far as my own opinion is concerned, I do not look upon any of the New York papers, even the best, as the place most suitable for such a discussion. I have no quarrel with you, however, if you think otherwise on this last-mentioned point, and I have no wish to have any quarrel in regard to the great subject itself.

But I trust you will pardon me if, in all friendliness, I say that it seems to me unfortunate—whichever side in this matter may be right—that those who favor a change in the corporation should not inform themselves more accurately respecting the facts of the case before they write for the papers. Misstatements of facts are an injury to the cause which a man advocates. Where they are such misstatements as a little investigation would lead one to avoid, they inevitably will appear to interested advocates on the opposite side to be intentional perversions of the truth, and to all persons who are cognizant of the facts they will seem unpardonable because they might be so easily avoided. The writers on your side have fallen into such misstatements: as, for example, one of them, who has even reprinted his newspaper article in a pamphlet, asks why, if the corporation *must* consist of clergymen, eminent clergymen are not appointed, and then gives as examples Dr. Bushnell and others, including the name of one gentleman who had been a member of the corporation for several years! That writer had not even examined the college catalogue enough to know who the members of the corporation were, and, of course, everybody laughed, and a considerable portion of his argument vanished in the ridicule.

I beg leave to call your attention to some points in your article of yesterday.

I. You say in that article (*Nation*, Nov. 24), "Cannot the present corporation see why Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Street, and Mr. Phelps placed their donations beyond its control?" This question might be a somewhat weighty one if it were founded on fact, but, unfortunately for your argument, it is not thus founded. The donations of Mr. Street and Mr. Sheffield—the former the largest in amount ever received by the college, and the latter (considering its results) perhaps the most valuable one ever made—were placed by the donors altogether in the hands of "the present corporation." These gentlemen had been residents of New Haven for many years, and had had every opportunity for knowing the management of the college, and yet they did not hesitate to commit their hundreds of thousands of dollars to the existing board. The weight of their testimony—which is, manifestly, even to your own mind, very great—is all on the side of the corporation, and not, as you seem to suppose, against it. To cite their cases, therefore, in your favor, must strike your adversaries as bold beyond measure, and must impress all others who know the facts as indicating on your part an ignorance of those facts which a person engaged in the controversy ought to have removed by informing himself accurately. The case of Mr. Peabody, also, is not as you put it. Mr. Peabody had no unwillingness to place his funds in the hands of the corporation. He had never raised the question of their competency; but, as I have been informed by one who was active in connection with that matter or wholly acquainted with it, he was persuaded to adopt the course he did by other persons, who, for wise and sound reasons, wished to have the direction of the building of his museum. Everything which he did under their influence was done in entire harmony with the feeling of the corporation, so far as I have ever heard, and, except for those influences, he would have given to the corporation itself. In regard to the case of Mr. Phelps, I am not fully informed, but, if I mistake not, his will gives the property to the corporation after the death of his son, only allowing his son the right to designate the particular object in the college to which it shall be devoted. As for the reason why Mr. Phelps left the principal under the control of his son during his lifetime, I do not know what it was. I think there were probably other reasons existing in the case which induced him to take the course he did—one or two of which might be suggested were this the suitable place to present them. But even admitting that he distrusted the capacity of the corporation to manage funds, his case is one which will have little weight with your opponents, or with any who are not previously prejudiced in favor of your side, because they will say that he was, undoubtedly and naturally, influenced by his son, who is a publicly pronounced opposer of the existing corporation. The fact is, my dear sir, that, whatever distrust of the fitness of the corporation for their work may exist in your mind, or in the minds of a few or a great many others, there has been none, thus far, in the minds of the great givers. Men who have given four or six times as much as Mr. Phelps did, and who have seen the college for years, and known its trustees, have had no hesitation about the safety of their gifts, or the wisdom with which they would be cared for, in case those gifts were left in the hands of the clerical gentlemen of whom you speak. Since this controversy began, and since these expressions of distrust first found utterance, more has been donated to the corporation for the college than ever before in ten times the number of years. Surely, then, it is unwise for your own side in the argument, and it will be regarded by all unprejudiced persons as unfair to the other side, if you bring forward such statements as those involved in the question to which I have now called your attention.

II. You say, again, in your article, "The Committee of 1869 favor the change." If you will examine their report, you will confess, I think, the incorrectness of this statement. Their language is, "As to the more important question whether the proposed change is desirable, the committee express no opinion, for the reason that they are not agreed in opinion. They must leave it, therefore, for the graduates to decide whether it is advisable to recommend a change, concerning the advantages of which the committee hold a divided opinion." They add: "The committee are *unanimous* in finding no reason to recommend this or any change for any special defect in the government or administration of the college. *There is no reason to believe that the funds of the institution would have been more carefully guarded or faithfully expended, or that the discipline and instruction of the college would have been more satisfactorily administered, under any different constitution of its corporation.*" In the light of this plain language, and of what is well known as to the opinions of all the members of the committee, your opponents—not to say all who are not partisans with you—will say, The man who wrote that article has not even read the committee's report, and is in profound ignorance of their views. Such mistakes—so easily avoided—certainly injure the cause they are intended to aid.

III. You say further: "We have reason to believe that a considerable portion of the faculty, not under the control of the corporation, would welcome the change." If you mean by this statement to intimate that there is a portion of the faculty who are not appointed by and responsible to the corporation, you labor under a serious mistake. All the faculties of the several departments of the college are alike under the corporation. Every member of them receives his office from the corporation, and is answerable to that body for the faithful discharge of his duties. If, on the other hand, you mean to intimate that a portion of the faculty is so far under the personal influence of the corporation as to be properly said to be under its control, while another portion is not, you are equally in error. The corporation have not tried to influence, much less to control, anybody in this matter. There are no members of the faculty who, in either sense, are different from the rest. They are all alike dependent on the corporation for their appointment to office, and all alike free to hold whatever opinions on such a subject they may choose to hold. I can hardly understand, my dear sir, how a graduate of the college can have fallen into such a fundamental error as is evidenced by the language which I have quoted from your article. Your opponents will use these mistakes most assuredly to your disadvantage.

IV. You ask, further, whether the corporation cannot see "that either there will be no central, harmonious power to govern the university if this state of things continues, or that the Scientific School must be made to overshadow the Academic Department?" By "this state of things" you apparently mean the continued withholding of funds from the corporation, or the placing them beyond the control of that body, as Mr. Phelps, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Sheffield, and Mr. Street are stated to have done. The two results to which you refer are the want of any harmonious power to govern the university, by reason, as we suppose, of the existence of so many different boards of trust for the different funds given by different benefactors, and the making the Scientific School to overshadow the Academic Department. What effect this latter course which you predict would have on the present corporation, most persons familiar with the college will, I think, be unable to see. So far as I am able to comprehend your meaning, you seem, in this remark as well as in what you have said in regard to the portion of the faculty not under the control of the corporation, to have the idea that the Scientific School is an independent body existing outside of the college corporation. But, if this is your idea, it is wholly incorrect. The Scientific School was created by an act of the corporation, and is dependent on that body as truly as is the Academical Department. If the former were to overshadow the latter as much as the latter overshadowed the former when the former had been in existence but a year, the existing corporation would be in no sense interfered with either in their rights or powers. The two departments are united in one larger institution, which is all under the control of the same board of trustees. If either should grow to ten times its present strength, or if either should die away, the board would have the same control over the larger growth or the single surviving branch that it now has over both the branches alike.

V. Yourself and your associates seem to hold it as an established and admitted fact (see your first article in the *Nation*, for example) that your sentiments in this matter are held universally by the graduates of the last fifteen years; and that if the corporation do not, as you express it, "abdicate," Yale College will fail to receive to itself either the sons or the funds of the graduates. For one, I am free to say that I do not believe the fact to be as you suppose, nor do I believe the result predicted will follow. I do not believe that any considerable majority of the graduates of the last fifteen years care very much about the question, or have any desire corresponding with yours to change the corporation—any such desire, to say the least, as would make them *unwilling to give* to the college in case no change were made. I know that some of them do not agree with you at all in regard to the matter. You must remember, also, that the graduates of more than fifteen years' standing are quite as largely—not to say far more largely—on the other side of the question; and that they are the portion of the graduates to whom the college must naturally look, for a good many years to come, for the funds which are needed, because they, much more than the younger men, have property already acquired. Men grow conservative, too, as they grow older, and it would not be surprising if *some* of the younger men should change their views before their funds and their sons have progressed sufficiently to be in readiness to be given to the college. Mr. Walter Phelps, in his commencement speech, placed all of the graduates of over fifteen years' standing among the conservatives. The time will certainly be very brief before the younger graduates will have passed their fifteenth year of graduated life, and thus *may* have become conservatives themselves.

VI. It seems to me, since, as you intimate, the ministers must "abdicate"—that is, must be persuaded to give up their places in the board *of their own free will*, in order to the accomplishment of the change which you and your associates desire—it seems to me, I say, that a more persuasive and conciliatory style than the one which the writers of your party adopt would be better adapted to accomplish the end. Connecticut ministers—particularly those among them who pass their lives in Squashville—have as much humility as most men, and are as ready as ordinary Christians when smitten on the one cheek to turn the other also. But I must confess that it does not appear probable to me that the bold and public charge of incompetence for their work, or the threat that, if they do not resign their office, dire vengeance in the form of "no funds and no sons" will follow, will be likely to increase their willingness to abdicate. When the most humble and the most saintly men are pushed beyond a certain point, they sometimes become a good deal like those who are less saintly than themselves, and it is scarcely good policy to call them bad names or to tell them that if they do not mind what we say and give place, as they ought to, to wealthy and honorable gentlemen whom we can easily name, we will never give them any money to the end of time. They may turn upon us and say, Perhaps you would not give us any money, even if we followed your will. Some men of other professions, under similar circumstances, we are sure, would say, Give or not, as you choose, we are not going to be driven from our position by threatening language. At all events, my own experience has taught me this, and you will pardon me if I say it to you, my dear sir, that human nature in ministers is very similar to what it is in other men, and that the ends of persuasion are not often accomplished except by persuading.

My suggestions, as you will notice, have all of them reference to the manner and style of your defence of the side which you have chosen in this controversy. Of the merits of the controversy itself, I have already said that I have no wish to speak. My opinions, which may differ somewhat from yours, and also from those of the Rev. Mr. Pickering, are not of much consequence to the public; but I am quite sure that many of the graduates of Yale will sympathize with the suggestions I have offered for your thought, and I think that some among the graduates may be glad that I have offered them.

With much respect, yours truly,

X. Y. Z.,
Of a Class previous to 1855.

NOVEMBER 25, 1870.

[Interesting as this discussion is, it is rapidly becoming too voluminous for our columns, and we cannot, in justice to such of our readers as have no special interest in Yale College, let it go any further. We have been compelled to decline several other communications on the same subject, and, with the publication of one more, already in hand, on the "Young Yale" side, the debate, as far as the *Nation* is concerned, must close for the present.—ED. NATION.]

DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "E. A." in the last *Nation* expressed surprise "that the imposition of duties and the consequent increase of the cost of imported articles should cause such persistent controversy." He unconsciously gives an explanation afterwards in the assertion that American consumers of steel are obliged to pay "a duty of sixty per cent.," or $9,000 on each $15,000 worth used. I am buying from 90 to 120 tons of cast-steel yearly, and am interested in the article so far only as to wish to procure it as cheaply as possible, quality considered. I am quite unconscious of contributing so liberally to the support of the Government. Steel of the same quality costs me less now than in 1857 to 1861, when my supply came wholly from Sheffield. The tariff of 1861 raised the cost of steel and helped to establish its successful manufacture in this country: the domestic makers, in order to obtain a footing in the market, undersold their foreign rivals from the start, and still do so. I am using American steel almost entirely, yet I can, and sometimes do, buy Sheffield steel as low (in gold) as at any time since 1857. Plainly, "E. A." is wrong in his opinion of the effect of the present duty, and also, I think, in the rate, as a brief examination will show.

On steel, if it can be so called, worth three and three-quarter cents per pound, the duty of two and one-quarter cents is sixty per cent., but the same rate on steel worth six and seven cents per pound affords a duty of only thirty-seven and one-half and thirty-two per cent. Three cents per pound duty on steel worth over seven and not over eleven cents, and three and one-half cents per pound, with ten per cent. *ad valorem*, on steel worth over eleven cents, is forty-three per cent., if the lower limits are taken on which the percentage of duty is greatest: on steel worth ten and twelve cents per pound, the duty is but thirty and thirty-nine per cent., respectively.

M.

MIDDLETOWN, Nov. 30, 1870.

["M." has shown us his bills for the last ten years in proof of his assertions, but confesses his inability to say why competition between foreigners themselves should not reduce the prices of steel in this market as well as competition between foreigners and Americans.—ED. NATION.]

A WORD FOR THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not the *Nation*, and are not certain other newspapers, too severe in condemnation of Gen. Grant's present course and relation with the party chiefs? I remember that when the President began his career as such, he undertook to govern in accordance with what seemed his own way of seeing things, and defied the party leaders. In consequence, he was made war on by the politicians, his friends who were true men, like Hoar, driven away from him, his favorite measures defeated, and his influence materially diminished. And there was no such expression of public opinion in support of his independence as there should have been. The whole country looked rather with amusement than sympathy on his dilemma, and the only remark one heard was, that Grant had undertaken too big a job in trying to govern without the advice and aid of the politicians. When he brought things to an issue in the case of Judge Hoar, and the Senate declared war on him, the country looked on in perfect apathy, and no indignant expression of public opinion came to encourage the President. He was left to fight *our battles* without support. Finding that he could not fight it through on that line without forces, he had no other resource than to fall back on the politicians, as he is now doing. Who is to blame?

Readers of the *Nation* know that I have no reason to speak well of this Administration, and if my whole story were told, they would say that I had great reason to speak ill of it; but justice demands, it seems to me, that the President should be credited with good intention in many cases where bad results have actually obtained. Nothing can be more explicit than the President's message on reform of the civil service, yet I have the highest Congressional assurance that no bill is likely to be introduced favoring any other reform than the abolition of a few useless consulates; and even this is doubtful.

That the President should desire a second nomination is perfectly natural—it is the endorsement of his first, which every public man in his position would desire; and since public opinion condemned his efforts to govern without the party leaders, he naturally looks to the leaders for the support which he desires. I have no personal knowledge of Gen. Grant, but when such a man as Judge Hoar holds his faith in him unchanged, as I know he does, I cannot believe that I am mistaken in the opinion that, if the public interested in pure and unpartisan government had in the beginning come out and supported him, we might have had a far better Administration than we can now hope for. I think that justice to a great man, whose reputation is our pride, should make us all admit this.—Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., December 6, 1870.

MONOPOLIES AND THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It becomes most of us to criticise with diffidence the opinions of our highest judges. But I think I am safe in suggesting a possible error in Judge Bradley's construction of the Fourteenth Amendment, given in the "Slaughter-house cases."

The provision of that amendment which seems to have governed the decision of those cases is, that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States; and the court holds that the right to follow a particular calling is one of the privileges of citizens protected by that amendment. Now to me, at least, it appears clear that the purpose of the amendment was to protect the enjoyment of the privileges and immunities enjoyed by citizens of the United States *as such*—the privileges enjoyed by them, and by no one else—the privileges conferred by citizenship. To be sure, citizens have the right to slaughter animals. But how can the right be called a privilege of citizens of the United States, when aliens enjoy it equally with them? It is, I think, perfectly plain that the right to pursue a lawful employment, instead of being, as Judge Bradley says, a "sacred right of citizenship," has no connection with it whatever. It is, perhaps, a "sacred right" of humanity, but no more within the purview of the Fourteenth Amendment than the right to breathe the atmosphere.

H.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MR. S. S. RANDALL, lately Superintendent of Education in this city, has written a "History of the Common School System of the State of

New York," which will be published in January by Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. It is unfortunate that Mr. Randall's style is not what it ought to be to attract readers, to say nothing of what we might expect from a prominent school officer. He has a seemingly incurable fondness for long sentences, which at times do not permit one to see the end from the beginning on the same page. In the two octavo pages of the Introduction to the present work he has found a pretext for using but ten full stops, though needing about nine hundred words with which to express himself; and two consecutive sentences occupy exactly one page.

—Counting ourselves among the well-wishers of the South in all that concerns her future prosperity, material and moral, we have read with no little interest Prof. Francis S. Holmes's brochure on the "Phosphate Rocks of South Carolina, and the 'Great Carolina Marl Bed'" (Charleston: Holmes's Book House, 1870.) The marl bed was a very precious endowment to the State, but it has been quite overshadowed by the discovery of the extent and richness of the phosphate rocks, since the conclusion of the rebellion. Mr. Holmes, who was lately professor of geology and palæontology in the College of Charleston, and who first encountered these rocks as long ago as 1837, when carbonates were alone thought worth the seeking, enters into his subject *con amore*, for personal as well as professional reasons. He gives several colored plates of the strata of the Southern Atlantic coast and of the Charleston basin, and he endeavors to establish the derivation of the phosphates from the underlying marl by the agency of the fossil remains in which the basin so wonderfully abounds. In narrating the circumstances which led, only three years ago, to a realization of the mineral wealth which lay beneath the superficial soil, Prof. Holmes shows that, but for the interruption of communication with England on account of the rebellion, the discovery might have been made in 1864. Dr. Ansted's book on the "Geology of the Cambridge Beds of Phosphates," discovered at about that time, was procured by the author in August, 1867, and as it confirmed him in an opinion he had expressed in 1849, "that Charleston was located geologically on the same formation as that of the great city of London," he was encouraged to associate himself with the enterprise of developing the neglected resources of his native State. The connection between abstract science and human progress is seldom more striking than in this relation of Dr. Ansted's analysis of an English rock to the business of digging and treating for fertilizers the phosphate rocks of South Carolina—a business which has created a new commercial staple, and has already attracted six millions of Northern capital; and which, in the case of the beds of navigable rivers, was, as our readers may remember, lately made the monopoly of a company not too careful to give a *quid pro quo* to the State. Prof. Holmes enumerates a dozen other considerable companies that operate upon land.

—The Minnesota Historical Society has just published the first part of the third volume of its Collections. It contains several memoirs of distinguished citizens of the State and of friendly Indians, some historical reminiscences, a translation of Pénicault's "Relation," and other papers of local interest. What is of most value, and will command the attention of librarians and students of history, is Mr. J. F. Williams's very full "Bibliography of Minnesota," which occupies not less than sixty pages. It is, as the compiler remarks, a matter of surprise that so much has been printed relating to a State organized as a separate commonwealth only twenty-one years ago. Mr. Williams, who is the Society's librarian, has arranged his titles by subjects, and chronologically, with cross-references and an alphabetical index of authors. Three pages are devoted to works concerning the Indian tribes of Minnesota, and six to the Dakota bibliography (works written for the mission, educational and religious). A history of this mission is given by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, who has himself been a great part of it, and is the author of many of the works comprehended under the heads just alluded to. The Rev. S. W. Pond, who seems to belong to the church militant—not only on account of the singular record he has kept, but because he relates that when a certain Dakota had been killed by the Chippewas, he "urged" the tribe of the former "to try to kill" the murdering party, who were concealed in a grove easily surrounded—enumerates the number of those slain on both sides in the warfare between the Dakotas of the Mississippi and Minnesota in the course of the ten years 1835–1844. The number is not great, and Mr. Pond explains why it is not, the principal reasons being that the Indians do not fight when they can help it on even terms, and that the taking of a single scalp makes a hostile expedition a success. In considering the influence on this tribal warfare of the presence of United States forces in the territory, he concludes that the loss of life "was not much, if any, less, most of the time after Fort Snelling was built than it was before." This was especially due to the fact that the Indians "were compelled to restore all captives taken in war, and they preferred scalps around which they could dance to captives whom they could not retain."

—President Barnard's recently printed "Analysis of some Statistics of Collegiate Education," written a year ago, and read last January to the trustees of Columbia College, is deservedly exciting attention, and ought to be more widely distributed than was intended. The enquiry was undertaken with a view to ascertain, if possible, the reasons for Columbia's backwardness in growing, and what might be hoped for it if, like Harvard, it threw off the classical strait-jacket, and adopted a more liberal course of studies. The immediate conclusion reached—that New York City has too many colleges for its needs, and that Columbia is likely to gain in numbers only by removing the college into the country—is of least consequence to the general reader of Dr. Barnard's pamphlet. What he shows by the way has interest for the intelligent population of every State. His remarks upon the irrational and disastrous multiplication of colleges are eminently truthful, and it is a pity they could not be laid before all those well-meaning citizens—there are scores of them, at this moment, we are confident—who have planned in their wills to establish a new academy or high-school or college, without suspecting that they are about to inflict a positive injury upon the higher education they wish to foster. The result of this imprudence in the past has been, in the language of Dr. Barnard, "either that the country voluntarily bears a burthen, in support of collegiate education, three or four times as heavy as it need be," since a college adequately equipped can as cheaply educate several hundred students as the eighty now educated on the average; "or that, of the institutions which bear the title and legally exercise the privileges of colleges, a very large number are not well provided with the instrumentalities indispensable to the efficiency of educational agencies of the highest grade."

—In New England (excepting Maine), in New York, and New Jersey, there are twenty colleges, not counting Columbia, whose catalogues have been examined by President Barnard, with results to be mentioned. Not less than six of these, we observe, are distinctly denominational, while as many more owe a large part of their support to sectarian considerations. Nearly all draw students from this city and vicinity—Yale most, and more than twice as many as Harvard, which stands next, but not twice as many as it drew in 1830, when the population of New York was only a third of what it is now. This fact is one of several which induce Dr. Barnard to assert "that everywhere throughout the country, that system of general mental culture which is to so large an extent dependent on the careful study of classical literature, and which has been so long believed to be indispensable to finished scholarship, is losing ground from year to year in the favor of the people; and, consequently, that the number of students liberally educated among us, in city and country alike, when compared with the total population, is steadily diminishing." For instance, in the States under consideration, the ratio in 1840 was 1 to 1,602; in 1860, 1 to 1,699; in 1868, 1 to 1,901; in 1869, 1 to 1,841—the war having something to do with the decline between 1860 and 1868–9. Or, regarding the college age, in 1840, one person out of 67 who were suitable received a college education; in 1860, one out of 71; in 1868, one out of 79; and in 1869, one out of 77. But, again, discarding all those students not belonging to New England, New York, or New Jersey, only one in 93 of the proper age is now educated in their colleges, or one in 2,200 of the inhabitants. If, further, "we exclude from this comparison the three New England States, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, which furnish a considerable number of students to the colleges of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, while themselves scarcely drawing any from these latter States, we shall obtain a result still more striking": in the old and populous States remaining after this exclusion, "only one student is sent to college for every 2,567 inhabitants, and only one young man in 107 is liberally educated." Finally, in the twenty colleges, the students from abroad are to those from the same State as 1,684 to 1,718; and in six, the former greatly outnumber the latter. One of these is Yale, of whose 518 students Connecticut furnishes but 146—one to about 4,000 inhabitants. In 1824–5, it furnished 178, or more than half, and one in 1,600; in 1836–7, 194, a little less than half, but in the same ratio of population; in 1865, this contingent fell to 114.

—Taking "liberal education" in the narrow sense in which Dr. Barnard employs it, there can be no doubt that, *prima facie*, he has made out a case, and that the colleges are losing ground when brought in comparison with the increase of population. This increase, however, is mainly due to the immigration of foreigners, whose language or condition, or both, prevent them from sending their quota of recruits to our higher institutions of learning. Connecticut's growth since 1836–7 has been, as everybody knows, of this description, and before we yield to the apparent force of the argument derived from her neglect of Yale, there are other statistics which we might exact. For instance, in the past thirty-five years, what change has taken place in the relative proportion of native and foreign-born citizens of that State? What part of the emigration from it to the West has been from among the classes that support our colleges? and what is the total number of students belonging to Connecticut now attending colleges, whether in the State or out of it, as compared with that in 1836–7? Ten years hence these queries might be answered without our being obliged to make so much account of the war as now. Among the minor causes, the higher education given to girls has, perhaps, in mixed families with limited incomes, determined against collegiate education for the boys; and it will not, we suppose, be doubted, that knowledge is more generally diffused now than thirty years ago, and that the sources of information have so multiplied, and the means of instruction so improved, as to lessen the value of college teaching in the eyes of the public. Along with all this, the learned professions have been steadily losing in prestige; and since they used to be the chief end of studying Greek and Latin, their decline has naturally involved that of classical instruction.

—The decline of the ministry has been illustrated in a discourse at Amherst by the Rev. Mr. Cushing. He selected the eight New England colleges which were founded by Congregationalists, chiefly with the view of turning out ministers, and reviewed their alumni for the fifty years, 1815–65. In that time he found they had furnished 16,240 graduates, of whom 4,109, or about twenty-five per cent., became ministers. But, dividing the half-century into decades, the proportion of ministers ran thus: Thirty, thirty-five, twenty-seven, twenty, and eighteen per cent.; and the actual numbers, 688, 988, 946, 730, 757. In the last decade, the total number of graduates is nearly double that of the first, while the number of ministers is but slightly increased. Amherst has been most productive of ministers—forty-six per cent.; Middlebury, forty-two per cent.; Williams, thirty-three; Yale, Dartmouth, and the University of Vermont, twenty-four each; Bowdoin, twenty-one; and Harvard, eleven.

—"Orthodox Phrenology" is the suggestive title of a recent English publication, which would seem to commend itself to Mr. Beecher; and this, too, is not opposed to his ways of thinking: "The Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals, from a Philosophic Point of View, with a Few Letters on Man," by Charles Georges Leroy. Dr. C. D. Ginsburg has published "The Moabite Stone," a fac-simile, with a translation. Mr. J. M. Camp writes a "Baptist History, from the Foundation of the Christian Church to the Present Time;" and the Rev. Thomas Vasey furnishes an Introduction to a "Life of John Wesley," for children. "A History of Animal Plagues," by G. Fleming, who has written about horse-shoes and horse-shoeing, we take to be a practical sort of work, of value to stock-raisers. Naturalists will be interested in Mr. H. C. Watson's "Compendium of the Cybele Britannica, or British Plants in their Geographical Relations;" and artists in Mr. William Walker's "Lessons in Animals and Figures as applied to Landscape Painting." When our postal cards come into vogue (and an enterprising Yankee publisher has printed some for use, of course without any authorized reduction of postage), we may be glad to avail ourselves of the late Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort's "Cryptography: A System of Secret Writing adapted for Telegrams and the New Halfpenny Postage Cards," which is itself published on a card, and sells for sixpence.

—"*The Phœnix*, a monthly magazine for China, Japan, and Eastern Asia," is the title of a new literary venture in London, under the conduct of Professor James Summers, of King's College. The necessarily restricted circle of readers to which a magazine of this class is addressed prevents the indulgence of very sanguine hopes that it will prove a commercial success to its projectors. In a literary point of view, it is neither better nor worse than the numerous predecessors of a similar nature which are to be found on the book-shelves of most Orientalists. Some inscrutable law, moreover, appears to operate against the continuance of an "Asiatic" magazine after the hand which launched it has ceased to labor for its pages. The *Chinese Repository, Chinese and Japanese Repository, Notes and Queries on China and Japan, Straits Magazine* (the first-named successfully edited for a period of twenty years by our erudite countryman, Dr. S. Wells Williams, now U. S. Secretary of Legation at Peking), and a host of others, have lived and died within our own memory, until we have come to the conclusion that the law referred to is absolute. We mean, however, no disparagement to the pages of the *Phœnix* in our remark as to its comparative value. Publications of this nature have usually received the hearty support of leading Orientalists, as being the only means of making public the results of their special labors, and the number before us contains several papers of interest. Mr. Hyde Clarke, foreign secretary of the English Ethnological Society, contributes a good article upon the ancient Scythians. A review of General Alexander's dramatic adaptation of an old Chinese romance, is perhaps the most noteworthy paper of the current number, which also contains an article on the Tientsing massacre—which is, of course, inevitable in any publication supposed to bear, however remotely, on Chinese topics. A translation from the Chinese entitled "The Pearl-embroidered Garment" is amusing, and a "Note on the Manchu Language" by the editor shows considerable labor.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

It is imagined that in the magazine world as well as in the vegetable it is always evident when the year declines towards its end. The preparation of the January magazine, the number extraordinary, which is to appear in the December holidays, at the time of the making of presents, is held to be very exhausting to editor and publisher, and the December issues—or rather those of mid-November—are usually held to be, in consequence, far feebler than common. This, however, we take to be a mistaken view, and arises, we imagine, from popular comparison of the magazine in possession with the prospective magazine with its heralded list of famous names—names which, as a matter of fact, very commonly cover magazine matter which is no better than the general run of periodical literature, and often is not so good. It may be the proverbial blindness of authors to the relative merits of their various works; or it may be their easy good nature, worked upon by the clamors and supplications of publishers; or it may be for some reason so discreditable as carelessness of their own reputation and of the interests of literature, provided only money may be had; but, for whatever reason, it is certainly true that both here and in England men of eminence can be got to sell to the publishers, more especially at the time of the New Year Magazines and Annuals, and to accept excessive pay for them, productions which often seem the mere sweepings and leavings of their portfolios and study-tables. Oftener, perhaps, they sell productions not quite so bad as that, but still far below the level at which it becomes men of eminence to remain, and, too, far below the level at which it is profitable for the rest of us that they should remain. It is, of course, their names that they sell; or, at all events, their names is what the publishers buy, and the quality of the goods purchased very frequently appears to show that the seller knew very well the nature of the transaction. Thus it is that it happens, as we think we have observed, that despite the great noise which ushers in the first magazines of the year, these are not in the average better than the other numbers, and thus it happens that the December numbers are popularly pronounced weak. It is not that the preparations for January induce mental and spiritual exhaustion in the editor; primarily, the evil has its root in ourselves, that we are such persons as greedily to buy cheap stuff if it have a dear brand on it; and, secondarily, in the publisher, who takes advantage of this weakness of ours, and in the poets and essayists and statesmen and divines, and celebrated persons generally, who are not above pocketing money in a transaction which they can hardly hold in high estimation.

The December magazines are on the whole readable, though there is in them hardly any work of the first class—if we except Mr. Howells's essay and Mrs. Stowe's story in the *Atlantic*.

The former, if only for the rarity of its kind, may be said to be a work of the first class. It is marked by all Mr. Howells's subtlety and delicacy of humor and fancy, and it is careful and finished in point of expression, as is sure to be the case with the work of this writer, who is not a writer to whose example any author will ever refer when the question comes before him of selling his name with some crude or trivial writing attached.

A humorist of a decidedly different sort, as respects either subtlety or delicacy or finish, is Mr. Ralph Keeler, who writes "The Confessions of a Patent Medicine Man"—a promising subject, but here treated in an unskilful way. The mixture of narrator and the subject sketched is unpleasantly obvious; and the subjective humor of the writer adds nothing to the effect produced by such glimpses as we get of the really grotesque creature whose portrait he had an opportunity of painting. Some of the stories told are amusing, and probably there is little or nothing false in them. Very unsuccessful, too, is Mr. Barnet Phillips's clumsily elaborate and elaborately clumsy "Rudolph"—an essay which appears to be an attempted satire on the system of education which crams the heads of children with more knowledge than is good for them. Such a sketch, if not based on fact, is nothing; and, if based on fact, it would require affidavits for its support, and only then could it be anything more than a disagreeable literary failure.

Other humorous pieces in the *Atlantic*—which, as it happens, is largely made up of articles falling under this general description—are Mr. W. J. Stillman's "John Bull at Feed," and the "Oldtown Fireside Story," by Mrs. Stowe. Mr. Stillman's essay is not particularly new, but it is pleasant reading of its well-known kind; and whatever may be thought of some of its assertions by the admirers of French cooking and the Franco-American cooking of this city—where, Philadelphians and San Franciscans to the contrary notwithstanding, it is alone in America possible for men really to dine—every instructed person will admit that its main doctrines are worthy of all acceptation, and that it would be well if they could be urgently preached in all our borders. Competent observers testify of the American woman in her highest state of development, that her most cherished notion of dinner is to have some flowers on the table, and an elegant dinner service. Some form of pork, hot bread, strong coffee, no flowers on the table, and something sweet and indigestible, is the notion of a dinner entertained by vast numbers of both the women and the men of that portion of the American population which is less developed; while in many parts of the country there is an uneasy feeling, perhaps derived from our Puritan ancestors, that there is something disgraceful in eating at all, and dinner is looked upon as a necessary but regrettable recognition of the domination of Satan over man, while man is yet confined in the corrupt house of this body. For one reason or another, although American water, earth, and air teem with materials for the very poetry of food, and dinner might here be glorified, there are nowhere in the world forty millions of souls who feed so wastefully and dine so little as the people of the United States. Moral causes are doubtless at the bottom of it. There is surely no geographical reason for this peculiarity of ours. Across the imaginary line that separates us from our Provincial friends, there is dining —dining as solid, substantial, leisurely, earnest, dignified, and productive of robust men and women, as in London itself. Perhaps, even as German immigration is teaching us how to drink, the Canadians, when General Butler and Mr. Chandler have "enticed" them over—as the mate said when he hit the sailor with the handspike—may teach us Christian habits of eating.

Mrs. Stowe's sketch is admirable, and adds one more to the proofs that her best purely literary reputation she has earned in the field of close sympathetic observation and successful reproduction of distinctively New England life. In literary history her place is very secure; for one thing, never was a book more opportune than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and whether or not it will long be much read or much admired, it will never cease to be spoken of as long as American slavery is remembered. And as long as Byron's story is talked about, Mrs. Stowe has a second security against oblivion settling on her name. But when the enlightened New Zealander comes and seats himself on London Bridge, to survey the ruins of Saint Paul's, if he has the means of making a comparative estimate of Mrs. Stowe's various works, we are mistaken if he does not hold that her best title to admiration is not the opportune Uncle Tom, despite Aunt Ophelia and Topsy, nor the pieces of poetry, nor the prophetic swamp negro, nor the argumentation in the Byron case, but the singularly successful picture, instinct with genuine life, of the shiftless, handy, good-natured, lazy Sam Lawson, who deserves a place beside Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, though with his opinion as to "religious privileges" he might be uneasy at the proximity. It is the will rather than the moral sentiment that has fallen into decay in the genus of New Englanders of which Sam Lawson is the type, and he will doubtless die on the Plymouth Platform with his "mind clear" as any deacon's on points of doctrine, and a prayer at his funeral as comforting to his relict as she could desire.

For the rest the *Atlantic* has the conclusion of Mr. Henry James's story called "Travelling Companions." It is clever and interesting, and Mr. James's usual inscrutable young woman suggests agreeably the better sort of American young ladies. We do not find, however, that the direct effort at putting her before us succeeds in doing so. The love-making dialogue, in particular, is highly extraordinary, and Miss Evans would be justified, we should say, in breaking her engagement on her arrival among her friends in New Jersey, though her self-dissecting, criticising, mystery-making lover may very likely, as is the natural fashion of such, have shown himself even troublesomely fond when once accepted. "Father Blumhardt's Prayerful Hotel" is a fairly good description of a curious community of enthusiasts, not unlike our Spiritualists as regards the reasonableness of their faith. "A Virginian in New England" is interesting, though certainly not exciting; it gives one a very favorable impression of the diarist, and gives us, we confess, a little chill by the picture it presents of the Massachusetts life of thirty-five years since. "Indian Summer" is to be commended for its truth of detail, for its good feeling, and its accuracy of observation, and will, by reason of these good qualities, give pleasure. In our own case, the pleasure was a little marred by the lack of *vraisemblance* in the incident upon which the story hinges. The poetry of the number is by Mr. Whittier and Miss Larcom, and the book-notices are numerous and good, except that of Mr. Arthur Helps's last publication, which yet has a good deal of truth in it.

Scribner's Monthly has a prosperous look, and bids fair, we should think, to become the favorite magazine of great numbers of people. That being the case, it is much to be wished that it should be kept free from such things as the poetry of the "Honest Fairy Story." It is, of course, not so bad as the verses which opened the last number—they constituted a glaring offence against good manners, and even against common decency. But there is an inherent vulgarity in such things as these verses, with their accompanying illustrations, which also is demoralizing in its way, and a thing to be regretted. The piece entitled "Love's Young Dream" is less objectionable, but it will do no one any good.

The first article of *Scribner's* is an illustrated paper on "The Street Venders of New York," and will be of interest both inside and outside of this city, as it gives some account of odd occupations pursued by a strange class of persons, who are striking figures in the panorama of New York street-life, and of whom more by far is seen than is known—persons such as the balloon-seller, the chestnut vender, the armless man in Park Row, who whittles with a knife held between his toes, the tooth-powder man, and the *Siempro vive* seller. The second paper is a compilation (illustrated) of narratives of remarkable escapes effected by jail-birds or other prisoners, and is of a kind to be popular. So, we suppose, is Mrs. Harding Davis's "Natasqua;" it is like all her other work, and that, if not so well liked as at first, still finds numerous readers. Other articles in this number of the magazine are a good moralizing of an old monkish legend, by H. H.; a "Thanksgiving Love Story," of a good-natured sort, by Mr. E. Eggleston; an instalment of George Macdonald's serial novel; a readable enough description of Berlin; a rather noisy essay by Mr. Samuel Hopkins, who knocks the Pope about fearfully, and has a bang or two for Francis Joseph, and Napoleon, and Isabella; a description (illustrated) of the Hoosac Tunnel; and some other matter, including Mr. Welford's *Bookbuyer* letter from London.

About the most noticeable thing in *Old and New* nowadays is the way in which the editor continues to make, from month to month, his one or two jokes upon the words "old" and "new." It begins to be something like watching a man on a dangerous tight-rope, whose effort may every time be successful, or may at any time be fatal failure, and who gives the spectator rather more pain by his danger and his profitless dexterity than his skill can give pleasure. The other contributors and contributions to the December *Old and New* are Dr. Bellows ("Natural and Revealed Religion"); Dr. J. F. Clarke ("Wanted, a Statesman"); a translation of a rather feeble essay ("The Four Gospels") by Sainte-Beuve; "The Improvisatore and the Heeler," by Mr. F. W. Loring, a young writer of promise, who, however, seems to be as yet in bondage to Dickens, and who might very profitably study methods more realistic; "Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle," which is too eulogistic in tone; and more of "Pink and White Tyranny," which may be much enjoyed by homely young ladies as doing full justice to that silliness passing the silliness of woman which female novelists sometimes discover in young ladies whom dazzled and stupid man thinks pretty. "The Dying Gladiator" is an essay worth reading, written by Mr. Theodore Lyman, who sums up the arguments and theories as to the nationality and character of the man represented by the celebrated figure, and, after deciding it to be a Gaul, goes into some ethnological speculations which at least are not wanting in dash. "Athens and her Enemies" is some spirited verse by Mr. William Everett; and this, with some pretty stanzas by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and some more by "H. H.," who can, when she likes, be sibyllic enough to be extremely puzzling to the average mind, make up the poetry of the number. "Ah Ying" we must mention as some readable talk, by a man who appears to know his subject, about the Chinese merchants of San Francisco. Honorable and able men he asserts them to be, and of rather better mercantile standing in California than an equal number of traders of any other nationality.

Lippincott's for December is as good a number of this magazine as we have ever seen. The first article tells a strange story about a certain Southern gentleman who occupied the curious position of being known by influential Southerners and influential Northerners to be in the service of the rebels as a messenger, if not a spy, at the same time that he was the Southern correspondent of a loyal Northern newspaper. He went South and North as pleased him, always provided with necessary credentials, and while, as we have said, known in his double capacity to some officials and officers on both sides, to most he was known as the devoted adherent of the side to which they themselves belonged. We do not know how well worthy of credence the story may be, although from the manner of relation we are disposed to accord it full belief. It is tantalizingly told, with suppression of real names—a necessary precaution, perhaps, though one would think that, except in a few cases, the writer might have disregarded it. It would, for instance, be counted for glory, we fear, rather than for shame, to the Northern editor who hired our rebel friend as correspondent.

Another readable article is the lively description of the new Florida—the winter resort of invalids. The soil, climate, flowers, birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects, the writer takes up in turn, and as he has well seen what he is writing about, and is in apparently high spirits, and is well contented with himself, and is not afraid of a bad joke—though he certainly very well might be—he has succeeded in making a bright, entertaining, cheerful article, which we suppose may be useful to such invalids as do not intend going to Florida as well as those who do. Here, for instance, are some comically well-selected adjectives: "A cage full of paroquets is a comical sight; they are perpetually quarrelling—cursing and swearing at a great rate." And here is something about the mocking-bird which everybody may believe who likes:

> "The bird is, however, considered rather a dissipated character, and sets a bad example to the young people. I have always thought that a young man who can sing well is in great danger of falling into bad company, and is likely to acquire wild habits; and this bird is a case in point. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China tree are ripe, and then he proceeds to have a regular frolic, acquires a habit of intoxication, and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccoughing and staggering just like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the most impudent manner, without any regard to the politeness and decorum that usually mark the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home. and get into each other's nests and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are all gone and the yearly frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions, join the temperance society, and never indulge again until the next season comes round and the berries are ripe once more.
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> "I do not think that naturalists have noticed this peculiarity, and I have the honor of calling their attention to my interesting contribution to natural history. I believe that this habit is peculiar to birds that sing, just as wine and song go together among men. It is only another proof that wine is a mocker."

Solider articles are that by Mr. E. A. Pollard—who takes an encouraging view of the condition and prospects of the South, and who writes in a better and more mature style than is usual with him—and that by Mr. Amasa Walker, entitled "Expansion and Contraction." Mr. Walker is of opinion that the action of Congress, in relation to the currency, has been such that resumption of specie payment by the Government and the banks "must be regarded as indefinitely postponed;" and he adds that, on account of this action, the United States would seem to be willing that they should be rated financially with Austria and Russia, the condition of whose currency "has been their disgrace for half a century." He adds further, however, that "while saying this we do not admit for a moment that the people of this country acquiesce in such a decision of this great question." He apparently expects something from the next Congress, or more probably, perhaps, from the Congress that shall come together after the next Presidential election.

Among the other contents of *Lippincott's* is a touching little unmitigated love story, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford—having in it some small quantity of "chrysophrase" and the like, but, on the whole, written really well, and containing some of the least objectionable of "word-painting" and of that "intensity" of feeling which is to true strength of feeling what hysterics are to high athletic training. "Louis" is the title of the story, and it may, we think, be enjoyed by people whom much of its clever author's previous work has affected unpleasantly. "The Appian Way" is a characteristically smooth, and correct, and verbose set of stanzas, by Mr. T. B. Read. "Cacoethes Scribendi" is another love-story with a certain perfectly common and perfectly likable rawness and artlessness which it will doubtless please good-natured people to read. "Our Monthly Gossip" has some talk about Gottschalk which will interest musical readers; a pro-French discussion of the German policy of annexation; some reminiscences of the once famous Nicholas Biddle, who, it appears, had a knack of making impromptu verses; an apparently honest description of the condition induced by hashish, and a eulogy, by "Ouida," on Colonel Pemberton, an English officer killed at Sedan, who, according to most accounts of him, deserved better of his fellow-creatures in Philadelphia and elsewhere than to be written down as "my friend, the author of 'The Scapegoat,'" by one of the most shameless and corrupting of contemporary female writers.

The *Galaxy*, in taking leave of the old year, promises for the new year a number of articles on Americanisms of speech (Mr. Grant White), which cannot fail to have value; a series of sketches of life and adventure by "Porte Crayon" (Col. D. H. Strother), whose pen and pencil are favorably known to old readers of *Harper's Weekly*; a novel by Mrs. Edwards; more of the "Memoranda" of "Mark Twain," and more of the contributions to American history, made by men who have helped to make our recent history, which have helped to fill the columns of its last volume. Of these contributions, some of the pleasantest have been those made by Mr. Thurlow Weed, who in this December instalment of his reminiscences is especially agreeable and readable. Without doubt, his "Autobiography of Mr. Thurlow Weed" will do much, in virtue of its frankness and straightforwardness and modesty, to keep his memory sweet; it can hardly fail to persuade into a good opinion of him many persons who have hitherto thought of him as of a mere manipulator of New York politicians. The *Galaxy* has, besides, an interesting narrative of a visit to the domain of a Prussian nobleman living in feudal state in Silesia; a clever lady's description of Wilhelmshöhe; an essay entitled "Shakespeare as a Plagiarist," by Mrs. Abby Richardson, who writes with intelligence; some chapters of Colonel De Forest's "Overland," and of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Lady Judith;" two clever, sensible, and witty essays by "Philip Quilibet," who writes of the Franco German war; some amusing extravagances by "Mark Twain," who amuses himself by laughing at one of the very British critics who disapproves of the American tourist as he appears in "The Innocents Abroad;" and a forcible plea for international copyright, by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, who shows us how, and with what effect, we steal books from foreign authors. There are also in the *Galaxy* the usual number of book-notices and brief essays under the head of "Nebulæ;" and altogether the magazine well sustains its reputation as being our best magazine for light reading of current interest.

The *Overland Monthly* for December has, for its most noticeable article, another of Mr. Bret Harte's poems—"His Answer to 'Her Letter'"—which will hardly be as popular as most of its predecessors, though it has their characteristic marks of local Californian color, humorous perception of character and sentimentality. It might, by the way, be worth while to know how it has happened that the cockney use of the relative pronoun "which" obtains in California. Perhaps in that *congeries gentium* are to be found the idioms, vulgar and otherwise, of all lands; but we should imagine that most Eastern readers not saturated with Mrs. Gamp would find lines such as these that follow striking strangely on his ear:

"Being asked by an intimate party—
Which the same I would term as a friend—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might lend."

Of really good articles in the *Overland* for this month, one of the best is a careful one by Mr. Charles W. Stoddard, who is known to some of our readers as a skilful verse-maker and a poet worth some attention. "A Canoe Cruise in the Coral Sea" is the title of it. Good, too, is the historical sketch of Mr. Robert J. Walker's Administration in Kansas, and that of the Red River Country and its people.

The attention of all careful readers of Mr. Froude's "History of England" should be given to the current number of the *Catholic World*, in which there is an essay, learned, vigorous, more candid in tone than is usual in the case of semi-polemical controversy, and seemingly conclusive, which attacks Mr. Froude for something worse than what at the best is gross carelessness. The article has been preceded by others equally worthy of study, and is to be followed by still others which may very probably be of still further discouragement to the pictorial and partisan school of history-makers. Most of the other matter in the *Catholic World* will be equally edifying to the Romanists and to the Protestant reader, it being of the Catholico-argumentative order as regards logical method, and the subject-matter being such as is generally left to religious disputants.

In *Harper's* we have Mr. Curtis in a graceful, kind, and sensible essay, written apropos of the so sadly timely and untimely death of the late Fitz Hugh Ludlow; also, on "The Perils of Political Life;" Mr. M. D. Conway, in the last of his curiously learned papers, entitled "The Sacred Flora;" half-a-dozen illustrated articles of the kind known to all the world, and very full "Literary," "Scientific," and "Historical Records," followed by the stories of the "Editor's Drawer"—making altogether the typical American magazine, and one of which we need not be ashamed; although its existence as it is need not prevent us from indulging, in respect of magazines also, our American belief in an indefinitely better future in store for us.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—III.*

THE animals talked about in "Curious Facts for Little People" are the mole, badger, otter, deer, dog, sheep, horse, birds, dolphin, and whale, with a capital illustration for each. The stories are fresh and attractive, and told in simple language as well as printed in bold type; and the book is altogether a handsome and appropriate gift for a little child.

"John Whopper" began his mendacity, we believe, in *Old and New*, and though in the magazine the story was apparently designed for adult readers, it can hardly be classed by itself unless among juvenile publications. As the intellectual product of a grown man, or as the amusement of men and women, the performance is slight enough; but school-boys and girls may possibly enjoy the fancy of a newsboy's trips through the earth's centre to the antipodes of Boston—to Canton in China—his passage through the earth's axis to the North Pole, and subsequent voyage home on an iceberg. A certain local flavor is given to these adventures which will make them rather more interesting to read in the circle of which the Boston *Transcript* forms the centre than elsewhere. But the fiction is too purposeless to find enduring favor, we apprehend, even in those limits among the young.

As to Mrs. Samuels's success as a writer for children, there will hardly be two opinions among the little folks themselves. The six books which form her "Springdale Stories" will be found interesting by all children, from the youngest who can read at all up to boys and girls of twelve or fourteen years; and two or three of the volumes—"Adele," for instance, and "Netta's Trial," and "Johnstone's Farm"—might be read aloud by parents to still younger ones, and found entertaining by both readers and listeners. And that, we suppose, is as much as saying that the books have plenty of incident, very little moralizing, no mock sentiment, and are written in what the author calls "readable English," which is not over the heads of the audience. The children, too, whose adventures are related, though we are not going to praise them for their naturalness, are yet quite sufficiently like real boys and girls to make a personal interest in them quite possible. Whether, however, the account of all the "hair-breadth 'scapes" that Mrs. Samuels puts her little heroes and heroines through—one of them, a boy of twelve or thirteen, goes down in a diving-bell, saves a baby from a burning house when all the adult firemen are afraid to venture, sets a prairie on fire and narrowly escapes being scalped by Comanches; and the others have adventures nearly as thrilling—whether, we say, so much exciting reading will not make anything short of a sensational novel pall hereafter on the children's tastes, is a question which parents might do well to take into consideration. The books are certainly more interesting than children's books are apt to be, and that they are so is due to the easy simplicity of the narrative and the rapid succession of striking incidents. That they are not over-probable incidents nor particularly natural characters to whom they occur, are defects which will be likely to trouble adult readers more than the little ones—and we suppose, too, that it is not at all to the detriment of the latter that the good children in these stories are once in awhile almost too good for this world, and the naughty ones—even when, like Warden Nelson, they are capable of beating smaller boys and even attempting to smother them—are reclaimed and made over into plucky saints with almost too great a facility. Optimism, even when it is a little exaggerated, is certainly the philosophy of life for children.

There is nothing to be urged against the "Fairy-Folk Series" on the score of its exciting character; and children being, whether fortunately or not we do not pretend to decide, so willing to read or listen to anything in the shape of a story, they may not impossibly give pleasure to such of them as have nothing better to measure them by. They are tolerably dull, however, and show on the part of their authors a commonplace effort to be imaginative, and a desire to be perfectly decorous, and a willingness to adapt themselves to the supposed capacity of their readers, which is a rather melancholy indication that writing children's books is not the precise work for which nature intended them.

"On the Seas" is an English book, the scene of which is, however, laid in the first place in "New York, the greatest merchant city in the United States of America," where the father of its hero, Captain Griffin, has a "handsome house in the Broadway." It is not a bad story of adventure in the Arctic seas, written with a certain old-fashioned simplicity of manner, and boys of twelve and upwards might find it interesting reading.

Very much better than it, however, and for readers about the same age, is Mr. Locker's story of life in the Australian gold diggings. Mr. Locker seems to understand his audience better, and to respect both them and himself more than is often the case with people who write for boys. His incidents are exciting without being unhealthily so; and, with every temptation and facility for heightening his effects by means of the horrible, he never tells a cruel story, keeps himself well within the bounds of probability, and writes with a pleasant straightforwardness which will do his readers good. It is a book which may safely be put into the hands of boys, which is true of very few of the books written expressly for them.

We being judge, as much could by no means be said of Mrs. Wood's "Orville College Boys." As a picture of school-boy life it seems to us to be worse than worthless; and the only moral it would be likely to suggest to readers of any age is, that a little less Christian forbearance, and a little more manly assertion of his authority and his claims to respect on the part of the martyr of the story, the persecuted German master, would have been much better for all parties concerned. This is the book, too, which Mr. Hope, the amusing author of the "Book about Boys," criticised as having been written in a "peculiar dialect, based upon English"—a criticism which any page taken at random more than justifies.

We cannot number the years since our first reading of William Howitt's "Jack of the Mill," but it was long ago, and we are glad to see the story revived, finding our pleasant recollections of it confirmed on reperusal. It is not beyond criticism, as an artistic narration, but that will not injure it in the opinion of its proper readers. It is written, as it clearly shows, pretty much as it was told by the fireside, being, as the preface describes it, a "hatch-up"—that is, a tale invented as the author went along, and therefore unnecessarily (though we think agreeably) spun out with descriptions of nature and other makeshifts for the exercised imagination. This is especially true of the first part, which only after repeated tellings, perhaps, was linked with a more serious design than pure entertainment. As it is, it is a semi-historical novel, relating to the persecutions of the Lollards and the wars of the Hussites, under Ziska, and inculcating religious freedom also by examples of Jewish fidelity and humanity. The portraiture of Old England in those days, both in its scenery and in its social and political condition, is calculated to leave truthful and lasting impressions, while the romantic adventures of the hero are, if our own experience is a test, sure to be vividly remembered beyond the age of childhood.

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* "Curious Facts for Little People about Animals. By the author of 'Bears, Boars, and Bulls, and other Animals,'" etc., etc. With twelve Illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1871.

"John Whopper the Newsboy." With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

"The Springdale Stories. Illustrated. By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

"The Fairy-Folk Series. By the Authors of 'The Fairy Egg.' In 3 vols. Vol. I., Daffy Down Dilly and her Friends. Vol. II., The History of A B C. Vol. III., The Wonderful Bag, and What Was In It." Boston: Loring. 1870.

"The Orville College Boys. A Story of School Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of 'East Lynne,' 'The Channings,'" etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"Stephen Scudamore the Younger; or, The Fifteen-Year-Olds. By Arthur Locker." With Illustrations. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"On the Seas. A Book for Boys. With Illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"Jack of the Mill: A Fireside Story. By William Howitt. With Forty Illustrations by G. F. Sargent." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1871.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.*	*—Prices.*
Appleton's European Guide-Book, 1870	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Atlantic Almanac for 1871	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	
Bramston (Mary), Cecy's Recollections	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Dorothy Fox: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Du Chaillu (P.), My Apingi Kingdom	(Harper & Bros.)	
Ingelow (J.), The Monitions of the Unseen, and Other Poems	(Roberts Bros.)	
Konewka (P.), Illustrations to Goethe's Faust	(Roberts Bros.)	$4 00
Black Peter	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Lindley (Capt. A.), After Ophir	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)	
Longfellow (H. W.), Poets and Poetry of Europe	(Porter & Coates)	
Moore (Dr. C. H.), What to Read, and How to Read	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
One Trip More, and Other Stories	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)	
Proctor (L. B.), Bench and Bar of New York	(Diossy & Co.)	
Proctor (R. A.), Other Worlds than Ours	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Renan (E.), Constitutional Monarchy in France	(Roberts Bros.)	
Simms (F. W.), Principles and Practice of Levelling, 5th ed	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Wood (Mrs. H.), The Orville College Boys	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Clever Jack, or the Adventures of a Donkey	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Hammond (Dr. W. A.), The Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Eiloart (Mrs.), From Thistles—Grapes? swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1870.

The Week.

THERE is talk of a movement in Washington for the suppression of Mr. Schurz, begun, we are sorry to say, by the President, who refused to receive him when he called at the White House on his arrival at Washington, and now continued in the Senate by the devoted adherents of the Administration and the blinder party men. The first step against him in the Senate has been the refusal to put him on the Committee on Retrenchment in place of Mr. Patterson, and further rigors are said to be in store for him. There is no doubt that they are poor friends of the President, and still poorer of the party, who try to push this Missouri quarrel any further. There is, unfortunately, only one person who has any good reason to look back on that conflict with much regret, and that is certainly not Mr. Schurz. The public, too, which does not know much about the details of it, is strongly of Daniel Webster's opinion, when he wrote in 1841, being then Secretary of State, that "it was a great abuse to bring the patronage of the Government into conflict with freedom of elections."

The first step towards the realization of the President's St. Domingo scheme was taken by an attempt to substitute Mr. Conkling on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs for Mr. Patterson, and thus outnumber Mr. Sumner, who is said to have his pouch full of cartridges and to be prepared to fight to the last on this business—Mr. Conkling being bound to the President by his great and memorable victory over Mr. Fenton last summer in the matter of "Tom Murphy" of the Custom-house, and of other office-seekers and holders. Mr. Patterson, however, declined to yield, and the committee remains as it was, and the treaty will not get through. Whether annexation by joint resolution will be tried, remains to be seen; if it is, we may look for a conflict in some degree recalling the days of Andrew Johnson. To "practical men," both in the House and Senate, there are features in the annexation of places like St. Domingo of which it would be difficult to overestimate the attractiveness.

Admiral Porter, while in command off Fort Fisher, wrote a very foolish and abusive letter about General Grant, with some collateral observations on General Butler, to the Navy Department, he (Porter) being one of the men with whom one meets every day on whom the pen seems to exert an intoxicating effect, and who, though sensible enough in everyday life, write like raging blatherskites. This letter has now been dug out and published—at first, it was thought, by Secretary Welles, but since proved to be by some naval "ring," for the purpose of barring Porter's succession to the vacant admiralship. The letter has, Grant has declared, "destroyed his confidence in human nature," Porter having then and since been profuse in expressions of respect and attachment; but Grant has done a good deal to maintain other people's faith in it by sending in Porter's nomination all the same. Porter, however, did his best to destroy public sympathy for himself, and pretty thoroughly succeeded, by again seizing the pen, and under its malign influence writing an abject and humiliating defence of himself, half confession and half apology. The most vindictive enemy could not have invented a better means of bringing him to shame.

It was under these circumstances that his nomination went to the Senate, before which it lies at this writing. In the House, however, the Admiral meets with none of the mercy or magnanimity shown him by the President, for there he has to face General Butler and General Banks—the one writhing under the insults of the Fort Fisher expedition, the other under the loss of the cotton collected by the Red River expedition, which Porter is said to have carried off for a marine league from the banks, to the great chagrin and disappointment of the chief of the land force. So General Logan, having brought in a bill for the abolition of the admiralship, to which Porter aspires, Butler went to work at him savagely, and denounced him fiercely. The most affecting portion of the speech was that in which he argued against Porter's elevation on the ground of the bad effect his example would have on the youth of the navy. This anxiety of the General about the models of conduct and character which the young men of our country have before them, will doubtless cause nausea even among the "moral" ostriches in Massachusetts who carried him into Congress. Even their stomachs can hardly be equal to the digestion of his desire that the eyes of minors should only rest on the truly good in high public positions.

The bill was nevertheless passed by a two-thirds vote, and with a great heat and fury, Mr. Scofield asking in vain for delay and consideration—he might have said, for decency. The blood had got into General Logan's head, and he talked much as he did last year about Sherman and the army, though, we confess, we think he is right in thinking that we have no use for an admiral, and that the man for whose honor the office was created being dead, and the navy dwindled down nearly to nothing, the office might as well be abolished. The bill will probably pass in the Senate also, and Porter will remain a vice-admiral, all owing to his having written one foolish letter too many. But there must be many an old hack in Washington who is now fawning on Grant, and who did fawn on Lincoln, who thinks with a chuckle in the stilly night, after the last office-seeker has left his bedside, of the letters he wrote abusing these two personages, in which they were set down as something very far removed from heroes and statesmen, and thanks his stars that they have not got to light thus far. The indignation with which he and his kind look on Porter's indiscretion is very amusing.

Congress met on Monday week, with a short session before it, and a large amount of back-work pressing for early attention. Among all the measures that have thus far come to the front, reconstruction and strictly party questions generally are least prominent; but in Senate and House we have bills to resume specie payments, to abolish the income tax, to revive navigation, to grant aid to railroads and steamship companies, and for like material objects. The most remarkable measure in the Senate, which, the *Tribune* correspondent says "seemed to meet with little favor," has been Mr. Wilson's bill to prevent political or other forced assessments on Government employees, the fate of which will be watched with interest. In the House, the discussion of the report revising and consolidating the Post-Office statutes has led to the abolition of the franking privilege, with some exceptions in favor of newspapers and periodicals. The St. Domingo business was brought up by Mr. Banks, on Monday last, in a resolution substantially the same as that introduced the same day by Senator Morton, but which the House declined to submit to the previous question, referring it to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, not to be reported without five days' warning. It provides for a commission to visit the island, and get at the facts of the case, both in regard to the nature of the country and the wishes of the population. Mr. Logan's move, the same day, to abolish the offices of admiral and vice-admiral caused some excited debate, to which Gen. Butler naturally contributed his full share. Dissatisfaction existed not only with Vice-Admiral Porter, but, on account of the *Oneida* disaster, with Rear-Admiral Rowan also. The bill was passed by a two-thirds vote. A resolution of Mr. Kelley's, that the true principle of revenue reform consists in abolishing the internal revenue system, was supported by 164 yeas to 6 nays. Finally, under Gen. Butler's lead, the Tenure-of-Office acts were abolished without debate.

There is a telegram from Missouri of a curious kind about the relations of Gratz Brown—whom many people begin to regard as the coming man—with "the labor reform party." He has been waited on by a delegation from it, and has said, it is reported, that he approves of its "three fundamental principles—the ballot, the issue of money by the Government for the benefit of the people, and the right of eminent domain in public lands." Most platforms are somewhat mysterious, but this is more mysterious than any we have seen for some time. We presume "the issue of money by the Government for the benefit of the people" is that old familiar doctrine of the "labor reformers" to which we have so often given in our adhesion, that every poor man should have as many greenbacks as he wants, provided nobody else is obliged to take them for goods. Unlimited greenbacks for people who are in want of money is the American equivalent of the plan so long advocated by the French socialists—by which banks were to be established by the Government to lend as much money as they needed without interest, and thus supply them with the thing called "credit," which capitalists made so much fuss about, and then monopolized themselves. Upon the same principle public offices might be opened to lend disreputable people a good character for short periods, or to supply genius in limited quantities to dull writers. If Mr. Gratz Brown has any scheme of this sort in his head, he has a great future before him.

A dispute of considerable magnitude has broken out between the Government and the Pacific Railroads. The United States has given them a large amount of bonds to be sold by them, and the money applied in aid of the construction of the roads—that is, lent them their credit; but the companies were to pay the interest on the bonds, and the bonds themselves at maturity, the Government taking a second mortgage as security. The question now arises, When is the interest to be paid? The Government maintains that it should be paid by the companies as it falls due; the companies, that it should not be paid till the principal is due; but Mr. Boutwell seeks to enforce the former view by withholding the money due to the companies for freight, etc., on Government account. The lawyers are now busily at work over the construction of the act. One opinion from Judge Hoar and Mr. Sidney Bartlett holds prettly firmly that Congress certainly did not intend the roads to begin payment of the interest at once, and cites in support of their position that the attention of Congress was called to the absence of any express provision for the immediate payment of the interest, and it refused to insert one. In the meantime, the Union Pacific is in considerable trouble owing to the persistent efforts made to depress its bonds by all sorts of evil reports—the Western Union Telegraph Company, with which it has had a quarrel, spreading them beautifully.

Business continues in a rather unsatisfactory condition. Failures are increasing in numbers and magnitude, and the strikes of the shoemakers and coal-miners are assuming serious proportions. The steady decline in prices of so many articles at one and the same time inflicts widespread losses; but the absence of speculation, and the generally prudent spirit in which the merchandise trade has been carried on for some time past, prevent any serious results. Cotton has continued to arrive in quantities far exceeding the experience of any year since 1861, the receipts at all the ports being 151,000 bales, and prices a trifle lower. The exports of cotton and all other products are likewise large, and remove for some time to come all prospect of the export of gold, which consequently remains weak and declining. Money, in the absence of all business activity, is easy, and enables the Wall Street manipulators to keep the stock market strong in appearance, but without real business. The decline in breadstuffs, meats, and coal, and more especially the miners' strikes, are diminishing the earnings of railroads, and still further discouraging speculation, while the discussions in Congress, and the action of Secretary Boutwell concerning the Pacific Railroads, have lent additional uncertainty to an important financial interest. Real estate is unsettled and inactive. The holiday trade is reported light, but the sound legitimate country and city trade in dry-goods and groceries is steady and satisfactory. Neither the Department reports nor the initial steps of Congress have affected general business in the least, and some feeble attempts to take advantage of them for purposes of speculation have proved complete failures. The war in Europe appears almost forgotten by business men, and the curtailing of Cable news scarcely excites comment.

The reports concerning the movements and continued struggles of the Army of the Loire, after the evacuation of Orléans, are presented to us in a very confused and altogether unsatisfactory state, owing, perhaps, to the sudden Cable derangement. It is hard to make out whether the great captures the Prussians are reported from Berlin to have made "at Orléans"—ten thousand prisoners, seventy-seven pieces of artillery, four gun-boats—are represented as the aggregate losses of the French army in its various engagements around that city, or as the result of its hasty flight and of a hot pursuit. The report has altogether a somewhat unauthentic look. The defeated army appears to have retreated in three divisions, the one moving in the direction of Blois and Tours, on the south bank of the Loire; one—formerly the right wing—on the north bank of that river towards Gien; and the third, probably the feeblest, between the two others, towards Bourges. This last division seems subsequently to have been consolidated with one of the two others, now forming independent "armies"—"the First" and "the Second," under Generals Bourbaki and Chauzy, respectively—General D'Aurelles de Paladines having been removed from command—a victim, if our insufficient information entitles us to judge, to popular prejudice and clamor, rather than to the exigencies of the situation.

General Chauzy, after a short retreat, made a stand near Beaugency, covering, if the reports be correct, both banks of the Loire from Meung, west of it, to St. Laurent-des-Eaux, east of it. In this position he was attacked, Wednesday, December 7, by the right wing of Prince Frederic Charles's army, under the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg. The contest was severe and indecisive, though the Prussians captured one gun, several mitrailleuses, and a number of prisoners. General Chauzy, too, made some captives, and the Second Army, as he stated it, slept on the positions it held in the morning. The attack was renewed by the Prussians on Thursday, the 8th, "along the whole front." The fighting seems again to have been obstinate, and in the evening the French commander reported: "We held our position throughout the day. All the corps were engaged from St. Laurent to Beaugency. We encamp on our positions of this morning." Beaugency, however, as we learn from a later despatch of the Grand-Duke, was lost on that day, Meung having previously been occupied by the Germans. On the 9th, the French general made a violent attack on the Grand-Duke, but was "victoriously repulsed," according to the latter, whose report alone has as yet been received. Another German report, referring to this, or possibly to a more recent engagement, adds: "Fifteen hundred prisoners and six guns were taken. The remainder of the French army is on the road to Bourges, captured or beaten."

How decidedly the advantage in these engagements has been on the side of the Prussians, appears from the circumstance that on Friday, the 9th, the French Government at Tours seriously began the evacuation of that temporary capital, which is now replaced by Bordeaux. That no spot nearer to the theatres of war has been selected shows how little Gambetta relies upon General Chauzy's army, in spite of its "continuing to resist the attacks of Prince Frederic Charles, taking many prisoners, and inflicting heavy losses on the enemy." Nor has General Bourbaki, commanding the First Army, been more successful. After a slight attempt, as appears, at a diversion in favor of Chauzy and Tours by a forward movement in the direction of Montargis, this army speedily entered upon a full retreat, in which its rear-guard, according to a brief telegram, was overtaken and defeated at Nevoy, northwest of Gien, by the advance of the left wing of Frederic Charles's forces. The date of the affair is not given; nor do we hear whether the retreating army was attempting to recross to the south bank of the Loire, in order to cover Bourges, and still to co-operate with Chauzy; or whether its line of retreat was yet towards the southeast, in the direction of Nevers or Autun, where it would join the forces opposing Von Werder's advance on Lyons. In the meanwhile, a rapidly advanced Prussian column, forming in a way Frederic Charles's centre, has occupied Vierzon, a few miles northwest of Bourges, and thus severed the communications between the two French generals.

Little is heard from the other seats of the war. Belfort and the other besieged fortresses continue to resist, and no headway is made by the Germans in Burgundy. Their success in Picardy, however, appears to have been more complete than at first reported, and Rouen to have fallen after considerable fighting. Dieppe has been occupied; Havre is menaced, and Cherbourg may soon be. Ham and St. Quentin, however, are reported reoccupied by the French. There is nothing indicating the intention, on the part of the French Government, either to concentrate a strong body of troops for the defence of Western Normandy and of Brittany, or to withdraw the more available forces now there to the south bank of the Loire, before the advance of the Prussians cuts off the communication between the two banks. Nantes, however, if well fortified, may for some time remain a connecting link—not to speak of communication by sea—if the continuation of the war *à outrance* be really resolved upon, in spite of the now evident impossibility of relieving Paris from without, and the avowed futility of the attempts made to break from within through the lines of the besiegers. Ducrot, who recrossed the Marne on the 4th, acknowledged, in an order of the day to his soldiers, that their "two days of glorious battles" had been "fruitless;" but he continued to hope for a more propitious time to renew the contest. This hope was not entirely abandoned when the news of the defeats on the Loire became known in Paris, for we hear of another sortie in force made and repulsed on the 10th. That this city is yet to be bombarded is again asserted, but the assertion is the less credible the later it is made.

We here, at least, know of no reason why King William or Bismarck or Moltke should, at this late hour, when famine has nearly done the work of reducing Paris, yield to the impatience of the Germans at home, and determine on or counsel an act so long avoided. Nor is it probable that the desire of speedily returning home, to complete the crowning of the work of German unification by solemnly placing the German Imperial diadem upon his head, can exercise any particular influence on the determinations of the old King. The acceptance of the title of Emperor of Germany, however, which the King of Bavaria took the initiative to propose, meeting with the ready concurrence of the Kings of Saxony and Würtemberg, has definitively been resolved upon in the council at Versailles, and the fact has duly been announced —in a somewhat autocratic way, we must say—in the North-German Parliament. This body has, after lively debates, finally sanctioned the treaties concluded with the southwestern states for their union with North Germany. All amendments to the treaty with Bavaria, some features of which were particularly obnoxious to the opposition, were rejected, in accordance with the distinctly expressed demands of Bismarck, who is said to have threatened to resign in case of non-compliance.

The news regarding the Russo-Turkish difficulty still continues to look pacific, in spite of very vigorous preparations for war on the part of Turkey, but they mean less than would appear. The very existence of the Ottoman Empire is at stake in all these disputes, and Turkey is obliged to keep up a large armament, very much as fire-engines are kept up in cities. In England there is apparently about equal readiness to fight and to keep the peace. The popular state of mind is very well described in our correspondent's letter, and is indeed what we ourselves ventured some weeks ago to predict it would be found to be. In fact, the taunts of the foreign press have at last succeeded in creating a state of mind in England which will probably at last plunge the country in war for some very trifling cause, thus adding another, and one of the greatest, to the list of these blots on our civilization.

Nothing is more certain than that the French press had a large share in bringing about the Franco-Prussian contest, and we have all been properly shocked by its performances. But when one looks at the press of other civilized countries, and remembers how largely the press now influences international relations, and how very small is the control retained over these relations in our time by professional statesmen or diplomatists, and sees how this difficulty between England and Russia has been treated by most of the newspapers, one can hardly help feeling that the devil has really gone into the newspaper business, and is now engaged as an editorial writer on many of "the great dailies" of the world. Everybody is sensible of the value of peace, and everybody is or pretends to be shocked by the horrors of war, and in no place does one find so many general denunciations of war in the abstract as in the columns of the press. But as soon as a particular war seems to be impending, if either of the parties to the quarrel shows the slightest sign of shrinking from the fray, he finds himself assailed with a chorus of taunts from all the editors of the globe. He is jeered at for backing down; his "decay" is declared to have begun; his loss of influence and his perpetual relegation to insignificance and obscurity are pronounced certain. His desire to decide the controversy by the human method—that is, a conference for discussion—instead of the tom-cat method—that is, the tearing and rending to pieces of thousands of men on the battle-field—is ridiculed as a sign of pusillanimity, and, in fact, everything is said and done that Old Nick himself could suggest to lash the two hostile communities into fury and bloodshed. This is precisely the process which is now going on about the Anglo-Russian dispute. The neutral press generally, instead of hailing with delight the reference of the dispute to the decision of human reason, expressed in the debates of a general congress—a practice which offers the civilized world its only chance of final escape from war—treat it as a sign of cowardice on one side or the other, and draw inferences from it as to the national future which make it very difficult—human nature being what it is— for either party to keep the sword in the scabbard.

A country in which failure on the part of the mails to deliver exchange newspapers may be confidently laid to the confiscation of them by Government, has, at least, so much felicity to offset its peculiar trials. Italy is the country we have in mind, and the incident, the forfeiture of the issue of the *Unità Cattolica*, containing the latest Papal encyclical. The acquisition of Rome, as we recently pointed out, led the Government into some anomalous modifications of the press laws for the especial benefit of the new province, with a view to protecting the Pope from local disrespect in newspapers and pamphlets. The journals of the rest of the peninsula unanimously condemned this arbitrary proceeding, and argued the futility of it, inasmuch as they could print what was forbidden to the Roman press, and still circulate in that territory. But they appear to have reckoned without their host. The unhappy fate of the Catholic organ above-mentioned was speedily shared by the Florence journals, the *Opinione* and *Nazione*, which had reprinted the encyclical with a little flourish, as a proof that the Pope was not the prisoner that he pretended to be, and could get a hearing in any of the Italian journals. There was in truth nothing in the contents of the document to justify repression, let alone the question of legality, as the Pope simply rehearsed his old anathemas, and quoted Scripture for holding on to his vineyard. To be logical, as has been wittily remarked, the Government should not have stopped short of the Pope himself in its prosecutions, since, according to the statute, not only is the poor devil of a *gerente responsabile* liable for an abuse of the freedom of the press, but also the writer who signs his name to an offensive article —who, in this case, is no other than the Holy Father himself.

It appears that the long agony with regard to the English mission is over, or nearly over. Mr. Schenck has accepted, or is very likely to accept, the post; and we must say that, if he does accept it, it will be a more satisfactory ending to the difficulty than we had hoped for. Mr. Schenck is a man of great ability and good sense, and, if it fell to his lot to negotiate a settlement with England, would do it creditably and satisfactorily. His qualifications for the general duty of representing the nation at a foreign court, supposing that duty to consist largely in the maintenance of American influence, are open to more question. He has, we believe, but little experience of foreign life, or manners, or ideas, and would probably prove a protestant rather than a propagandist; but it is quite certain he would get us into no scrape, and that neither the honor nor the repute of the country would suffer in his hands. When one thinks, too, of how the place might have been filled, one can hardly help feeling thankful at the prospect of his taking it. His acceptance will be a tremendous blow to the protectionist interest in Congress. He is their Bismarck and Moltke in one.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, just submitted to Congress, is a dreary and unsatisfactory document. It furnishes evidence of the industry of Mr. Boutwell, in giving some thought or attention to each of the different departments of public business under his charge, and it shows that these departments are of the most multifarious character. In collating the report for future reference, we find that no less than thirty-seven different topics are treated of, which, for our own convenience, we classed in two principal groups: those that belong to the Treasury Department proper, and those that, although officially appertaining to that office, really seem to have no business there. It is, for example, difficult to understand why that part of our navy which is employed in assisting the revenue service at sea should be under the command of the Secretary of the Treasury, any more than that portion of the army which is frequently called upon to do similar duty on land. Why it should *not* be, and why, on the contrary, it should be a mere part of the navy itself, must be evident to every one. It is in the same way difficult to see why the coast survey and the lighthouse service form part of the Treasury Department, for, although remotely connected with the commerce of the country, which is traditionally supposed to be under the care of the Treasury, it is nevertheless evident that the connection is mainly an imaginary one, and that both belong more directly to the Navy, or even to the Interior—to anything, in fact, but to the Treasury. Why the Commissioner of Mines should have been instructed to report to the financial secretary is another anomaly; especially in view of the fact that his labors would, on the one hand, directly benefit, and on the other be vastly aided by, the similar work constantly going on in the Land Office of the Interior Department. Still more absurd does it seem that the Treasury should be burdened with the charge and management of the marine hospitals; and why, finally, the one hundred and twenty-seven larger and smaller public buildings belonging to the General Government, and costing over thirty-six millions of dollars, should not be given in charge to the army, who have built a large number of them, and might have built them all to great advantage, or to a board of public works, or to the Interior, or, in fact, to anybody save the Secretary of the Treasury, is only explicable by a reference to the history of all these various institutions, which sprang from insignificant beginnings, in times when the Treasury had little to do save to divide the annual surplus revenues among the States, and all new work fell naturally to its share.

We do not propose on this occasion to point out the evils which arise from this unsystematized multiplicity of public business. We mention it rather as a partial explanation of the fact that this long report, referring to so many different things, has so little to say about the real business of the Treasury: the collection and disbursement of the national revenues. Of course, we have the usual figures of receipts and expenditures, with the glorification over the annual surplus of $101,000,000, and the reduction of the average gold premium from 133 to 115; but for a recognition of the fact that a very serious and widespread dissatisfaction exists with the methods of raising that revenue, or for suggestions as to the possibility of decreasing the expenditures, we have searched the report in vain. We do, indeed, find an assertion that the expenditures and receipts of the current year are so nearly equal, that a serious check to business would reduce the revenues *below* the necessary expenditures; but the assertion is so evidently put forward as a silent plea in favor of a continuance of the protective policy, the growing opposition to which the Secretary prudently ignores, as to deprive it of much of the consideration to which it would otherwise be entitled. To a people revelling in the vague delight of an almost boundless surplus, and utterly confused by an unceasing reiteration of ever-varying methods of computing its magnitude, this official announcement from the head of the Treasury may, however, well be worth a moment's thought. It is true that the figures, as presented by the Secretary, are unintelligible to any one save a clerk in the Department, for of the total expenditures of 309 millions, nearly one-half, 132 millions, are set down under the rather indefinite head of "permanent appropriations." But of the figures which furnish opportunity for comparison, almost all show a reduction of expenditures over last year, while the interest, probably included in the permanent appropriations, has, we know, been reduced ten millions and more. In fact, Mr. Boutwell admits that even upon his figures a reduction of the debt during the present year of fifty millions may be relied upon, and yet he does not hesitate to assert that the expenditures are "so nearly equal to the receipts as to justify and demand the greatest caution in dealing with the revenues and the business of the country," and that "a serious check to business would reduce the revenues below our necessary expenditures." Contradictory as the statements appear, it is evident that Mr. Boutwell's real faith attaches to the fifty-million surplus, and that the other figures are put forth for the purpose indicated.

But we are inclined to think the Secretary's pretended belief far more nearly correct than his real belief. The "prosperous condition of the country," which he so gravely attributes "to the revenue system inaugurated during the war"—as though taking money out of the people's pockets could possibly enrich them—we have repeatedly shown to be a delusion, to which the people have clung with an almost ineradicable tenacity, but from which they are beginning to cast loose at last, little by little. Mr. Boutwell must have profited little by his trip among the people if he has returned with the conviction that they are prosperous. There is to-day more discomfort and distress—for our people do not starve outright under the most unfavorable circumstances—but more genuine discomfort from straitened means and compulsory economy among the bulk of our farmers, than there has been since 1857. The complaint from the Northwest is particularly general, while the disturbances in the whiskey, pork, and meat trades are affecting the more Southwestern States very seriously. In the Atlantic States, we have repeatedly called the attention of our readers to the unusual frequency of strikes and labor suspensions, the majority of which have this fall been due not to increased demands from the workmen, but to a reduction of wages enforced by employers. Altogether, no dispassionate or well-informed person could at any time within the last two years have spoken, any more than he can to-day speak, sincerely of the prosperous condition of the country. But, whichever may be the correct view, it is important to know that Mr. Boutwell, believing in a prosperous condition of the people, does not anticipate a surplus in excess of fifty millions during the current year, and this should be allowed to set at rest a large part of the enthusiastic calculations indulged in in various quarters as to the uses to which the surplus should be applied.

Another fact contained in the report is the total failure of the Secretary's funding schemes, with which readers of the *Nation* are already acquainted. The war in Europe furnishes Mr. Boutwell with a good excuse for his failure, but the real cause is found elsewhere. He says "the large revenues of the Government enabled the Department, by weekly purchases, to reduce the amount of surplus bonds offered for sale." What are these surplus bonds? They are bonds held by our own people, and constantly pressed for sale upon the market, because there are no buyers of six per cent. bonds at par. Yet, when our own people were ready sellers of six per cent. bonds at par, and Europeans scant and slow buyers, and the Treasury purchases alone prevented the abundance of sellers from depressing these six per cent. bonds *below* par, Mr. Boutwell was allowing himself to be deluded into the belief that he could by some hocus-pocus induce people to buy four and four and one-half per cent. bonds by the thousand million and pay him par for them. And, not satisfied with this failure, he urges upon Congress to give him authority to issue three hundred millions more of five per cent. bonds, to try the same experiment a second time.

One more fact of importance gleaned from the dreary waste is the utter failure of the Currency Bill passed during the last session. Of the 57 millions of new currency authorized to be issued, only three millions have been called for, showing clearly that the new currency was not wanted. A large number of charters were, however, applied for, but without depositing the bonds required, showing, with equal clearness, from what class of persons the urgent demand for more banking facilities came, and that what was really needed by the parties applying was not "currency," which the Government might furnish, but "capital," which is produced by the people alone. There are some other suggestions in regard to the national banks which deserve attention. The highly unsatisfactory condition of the notes of some of these banks is bitterly complained of by the people. The banks have no interest in issuing new ones; on the contrary, nothing would please the issuers better than to see them wear away entirely. But the people, who are compelled by law to pay the banks very liberally for the use of their notes, have a right to demand that these notes should be kept decent by frequent exchanges. Mr. Boutwell proposes to comply with this just demand by reprinting these notes in the Treasury Department, *and at the public expense*—a proposition that seems almost incredible. The suggestion to prohibit the banks from paying interest on deposits is too technical to be considered here; but there is coupled with it a remark which acquires importance from the fact that it appears a second time in a different connection entirely: "It is no doubt true that Treasury notes, representing an equal amount of public debt without interest, are the most economical circulation for the Government," and "should the present system of furnishing a paper circulation, partly by the Treasury and partly by the banks, be continued, or the entire circulation be furnished by the Treasury," etc. Is Mr. Boutwell prepared to recommend the substitution of greenbacks for the entire national bank currency? Or is he cognizant of Congressional movements in that direction, and unwilling to commit himself? Or is he merely throwing out a hint to the banks that they had better submit gracefully to his funding schemes, as far as they affect the banks, and not wait until he does recommend a measure they would relish so little? Mr. Boutwell is too astute a politician to throw out hints of this kind without an object, but what the object is we fail to discover.

On the whole, we must feel thankful to Mr. Boutwell for his report. For, if he has not furnished much matter of interest, he has touched upon many topics; and, if he has touched on many topics, he has, at least, spared us the essay on shipping, the dispute on the balance of trade, and the last suggestion for the resumption of specie payments.

MR. BOUTWELL'S LAST EXCUSE.

Mr. Boutwell's utterances on the Civil Service in his reports confirm what we recently said as to his belief in the value of the present tenure of office of the employees in his department; but he recognizes the absurdity of having the examining boards composed of the officers of the department, and subject to the orders of its chief. He approves, on the whole, of the system of examination, but endeavors to save himself and other politicians from the full effects of its operation by a very ingenious statement, the nature of which it is a public duty to expose. He says:

> "It is well understood, however, that no examination can furnish security that the person examined will prove satisfactory upon trial, and there should always be a speedy and easy method of removing such persons from office. I do not, therefore, accept the idea that the tenure of office for the clerks and employees in this department should be changed. Indeed, I believe that the present tenure of office furnishes the best security which the people of the country can have that the business of the Government will be efficiently and properly performed. The work of the Treasury Department does not differ essentially from the business done in the banking-houses and merchants' counting-rooms, and there is no reason why the tenure of office should be permanent in one case that does not apply with equal force in the others. Speaking generally, it is a misfortune to a young man who possesses even ordinary capacity for business or labor to remain in the public offices of this city. It is, however, true that many of the most valuable clerks in the Treasury are young men who are pursuing professional studies, or who, having completed the course, remain from one to four years in the department, with the purpose, by industry and economy, of securing a small amount of money with which to commence an active life elsewhere. A system of life-tenure would exclude all these men from the service, unless they chose to accept it as a permanent pursuit, which in the main would be an injury to them and to the country. I am also fully convinced that any more permanent tenure of office would materially impair the efficiency of the revenue system. There are many thousand men employed in the Customs and Internal Revenue service, and however careful the preliminary examination might be, the evils which now impair the efficiency would undoubtedly exist. No system of examination could exclude all those who are dishonest, or who, under pressing necessity or the offer of sudden wealth, might yield to temptation. It often happens, and it would happen under any system, that men are found who are honest, temperate, and apparently capable, and yet lack the energy or the courage essential to the enforcement of the revenue laws—a duty which often requires sagacity and a kind of intelligence too subtle for discovery through formal questions."

Now it is quite true that the work of the Treasury Department does not differ materially from the business done in banking-houses and counting-rooms—a fact to which the friends of civil service reform are constantly calling attention. But the inference which Mr. Boutwell apparently wishes the public to draw from this is, that he and his successors are likely, if let alone, to superintend this business in the spirit in which a banker or merchant superintends his. Nothing could well be more misleading than any such supposition, and it is because this supposition is grossly at variance with the facts that the cry for civil service reform has any strength. Mr. Boutwell, for instance, believes places in the Treasury should be distributed—so far as is consistent, he would say, with fitness—as a reward for party services; but if you went to Brown Bros., and asked for a place in their banking-house for a young man on the ground that he had been two months on the stump at the last canvass, and was recommended by the Chairman of the State Committee or Horace Greeley as a "sound" and deserving person, they would laugh at you. If you then took the same man to Mr. Boutwell, with the same claims, he would work might and main to make a place for him. So, also, if the Chairman of the State Committee or Senator Fenton went to Brown Bros., and said that their book-keeper was opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment and made no secret of it, and that they ought to dismiss him, they would probably show the Chairman and Mr. Fenton the door. In other words, they exact nothing of their employees but honesty, capacity, and diligence, and if they get these are satisfied, and these men are sure of their places. They know well that if they attempted to conduct their business in the way in which Mr. Boutwell conducts the Treasury, they would speedily be bankrupt; and if the Treasury and other departments of the Government could be so managed that a penalty analogous to bankruptcy would overtake the heads as the consequence of the employment of improper or incompetent persons in the discharge of the duties, there would probably be little need to call for civil service reform. But the Government differs from private firms in this: that let the extravagance, carelessness, and dishonesty of its officials be what they may, the natural result is prevented by contributions levied on the people under the name of taxation. When Mr. Boutwell balances his books, he shows how much the people gave him, and how much he has spent; he does not show, as Brown Bros. do, how much he has won by close attention to business, by careful selection and judicious encouragement of his servants—and how much he has lost by his errors of judgment or the frauds of their agents or customers. Consequently, although the nature of the business transacted in the Treasury and the banking-house are much the same, the checks on the managers are very far from the same. Mr. Boutwell does his work partly with the view of "helping the party," and partly of meeting the public obligations; Brown Bros. do theirs under the influence of one motive only—making a profit on the capital employed; and this is the reason why the country needs to look after Mr. Boutwell, and does not need to look after Brown Bros.

It is quite true that the competency of a man for a particular office cannot be perfectly ascertained by examination. Nobody ever maintained that it could. All that is claimed for it is, that it tests fitness to *a certain extent*. What is said against the present system—recommendation by Congressmen—is that it is no test at all. It is also quite true that a man may pass a very good examination, and yet from moral defects—want of nerve, or vigilance, or punctuality, or perspicacity, may prove unequal to the proper discharge of his duties. It is, therefore, a very wise regulation of the English civil service which puts every candidate on probation for six months, even after he has passed a successful examination, and a wise usage which leaves it in the power of the heads of departments to dismiss employees arbitrarily. But then this discretion is safely confided to English chiefs of departments because it is exercised under the control of another usage, which has almost the force of law, so long established and so firmly supported by public opinion is it, which forbids the dismissal of any man except for glaring misconduct or inefficiency. The reason why we are unwilling to see Mr. Boutwell left in possession of any such discretion is that we know he believes that offices should be used to help the party—that this means that Congressmen should be allowed to demand places for their political hangers-on and get them, and that vacancies should be made for these hangers-on by dismissing the nominees of other Congressmen whose course is unsatisfactory to the Administration—witness the recent Federal interference in Missouri—or whose opinions are discovered to be "unsound," who are therefore held to have been long enough in office. For instance, he naïvely acknowledges that, since March, 1869, 654 Treasury clerks, out of a total of 2,143, or about 30 per cent., have been dismissed. Nobody believes that these were dismissed for incompetency, or that their places have been filled by more efficient persons, or that in the vast majority of cases the change has not been made to satisfy political "claims."

For Mr. Boutwell, under these circumstances, to object to any fetters on his discretion, on the ground that his position is like that of the head of a banking-house, is really trespassing a little too far on public forbearance. When we get rid of the present system, which, without any abuse of language, we may fairly call infernal, and Congressmen have lost the habit of touting for offices, and heads of departments have really grown into the way of regarding themselves as the servants of the American people and not as the agents of the party in power, charged with the duty of controlling elections, we may fairly leave them a large amount of discretion in the matter of dismissal. But unlimited power of dismissal in their present state of mind, and with their present political habits, would make the system of examination a farce.

One other consideration evoked by Mr. Boutwell in opposition to tenure during good behavior, it is impossible to weigh without a smile. He objects to such tenure as likely to keep out of office young men who intend ultimately to follow other pursuits, but would like a short term in the Treasury "in order to save a small amount of money with which to commence an active life elsewhere." "A life tenure," he says, "would exclude all such men, unless they chose to accept it as a permanent pursuit, which would be, in the main, an injury to them and to the country." Now, fancy Brown Bros. & Co.—the comparison is Mr. Boutwell's own, and we hold him to it, for nothing can be apter or more just—announcing that their clerkships were held for the benefit of young men wishing to save a little money to enable them to go into the ministry, or the law, or other pursuits afterwards, and that the clerks would be "rotated" out of them after short terms of service, lest their fondness for the places should tempt them to remain in them permanently, and thus do "injury to themselves and the country." There never was a truer thing said than that it is impossible to be a first-class politician without a sense of humor.

The Boston *Journal* has recently come to Mr. Boutwell's defence, against the *Nation*, with the suggestion that our asking for a sight of Mr. Boutwell's "examination papers" implies that we consider him a "knave." No more than our asking for his monthly or quarterly accounts. He is surely not going to stop publishing his Treasury statements, like our own New York Comptroller, and, when we ask him for them, enquire of us if we doubt his honor, and refer us to his old constituents of "the ancient town of Groton" for testimony as to character. One of these days we shall, it would seem, witness a refusal on the part of the judges to give the reasons of their decisions on the ground that it was insult to subject them to any such test of honesty; that the practice after all did not secure purity—witness Barnard and Cardozo; and that the only way to keep judges straight was to put none but good men on the bench. We are assailed every day with statements showing that our proposed machinery of reform would not "work." The *Journal* says it would not "work." But what *does* "work" as it ought to work, brethren, in this vale of tears? Do the courts and police not work because men go on disputing and thieves go on stealing? Does religion not work because sin endures? Should we not, on the Boutwellian theory, desist from all our efforts after a better civilization, take off our pantaloons, and go to the woods with bows and arrows? Rifles miss fire, power-looms turn out bad goods, book-keeping by double-entry does not prevent fraud, preaching does not stop vice, the jails do not prevent crime, and civil service examinations, says Mr. Boutwell, would not "exclude all those who are dishonest, or who, under pressing necessity or the offer of sudden wealth, might yield to temptation." This astounding revelation, coming, at this season of the year, when the system is naturally depressed by the rapid change in the weather, we fear will produce calamitous results, and crush out hope in many large centres of population. What is the use of striving, people will ask, when there is no means of excluding wicked men from the Treasury, or robbing "the offer of sudden wealth" of its temptations for "young men pursuing professional studies?" To say that the man who found this out deserves to be President is but a small tribute to him; the Popedom at least is his due.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The late civil war was the occasion of much diplomatic discussion upon topics connected with international law; but when the enormous mass of correspondence issued from the American and British Foreign Offices is carefully sifted, it will be found that a very few new questions were mooted, a very few new claims set up, a very few changes suggested. The positive rules which had been acquiesced in for generations, and which had acquired the authority almost of municipal law, were recognized by all parties. Through the entire period of its existence, up to the breaking out of the rebellion, the United States had been the champion of neutral rights, the advocates of a free neutral commerce. Although during the long struggle with the French Republic and Empire and their allies Great Britain had steadily advanced and upheld the claims of belligerents, and in her public acts and diplomacy, in the judgments of her prize courts, and in the writings of her jurists, had labored to keep the rights of neutrals within narrow bounds, a subsequent change in her domestic policy, and a complete devotion to industrial pursuits, had wrought a corresponding change in her interpretation of those portions of the international code which relate to the condition of war. The tendency of theorists was in the same direction. The principles advocated by Hübner had been adopted by all Continental and by many English publicists, and had been pushed by not a few French and German text-writers to an extent which would have nearly destroyed all maritime warfare except that waged against armed vessels and that carried on by means of blockades. Finally, the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, had crowned the work, and had established neutral rights on a firm basis of compact between all civilized nations; for although the United States did not become a signatary of that treaty, it declared its intention of conforming to its stipulations.

American diplomacy did not endeavor, during the civil war, to overturn any of these established doctrines, so favorable to the country in time of peace. No charge was made against Great Britain for the enormously developed propensity of her subjects to trade in contraband and to evade the blockade. We conceded at once that our only redress was against the individuals engaged in the illicit traffic, and that if *we* could not inflict the penalty of seizure and confiscation, the offenders must escape all punishment. The points of controversy were three. It was urged, first: That the British Government violated its neutral duty by suffering a vessel to be constructed and to escape ready for naval service in all particulars except her guns and crew, which were immediately supplied, in accordance with a previous arrangement, by another ship also sailing from an English port. This exact point was new, and there was room for doubt whether it was embraced within any established principles. But all opposition to the claim has now been withdrawn, and the only matter in dispute relates to the amount of damages. Secondly: That the British Government violated its neutral duty in recognizing a status of belligerency. This complaint was afterwards restricted to the alleged fact of prematureness in the recognition. As we understand the acts of our own Administration, it has abandoned its position altogether by a formal avowal of the accepted doctrine that recognition is a matter for each neutral nation to decide for itself. Thirdly: That the general sentiments and opinions of the English people, and the personal sentiments and opinions of members of their Government, were hostile to us, and that thus an international wrong was done calling for some sort of international reparation—the particular kind of relief not exactly determined upon as yet. This charge figured quite prominently at one time in our diplomatic correspondence, but, we are glad to believe, has now been given over to declaimers in Congress and upon the stump. It would seem, therefore, that the positive international results of the great civil war have been (1) to leave the doctrine of recognition just where it had been established—established, in fact, chiefly by our own governmental practice: (2) to start and settle a new and nice question in reference to the liability of a neutral for suffering a vessel of war to be despatched under very peculiar circumstances in aid of our belligerent: and (3) to create a certain feeling of discontent with the exhibition by a neutral people of personal sympathies opposed to our cause.

The terrible contest between Prussia and France has given rise to some further discussion of rules that had long been treated as fixed, and has brought to light a tendency to question if not to overturn doctrines which had been regarded as fundamental. We had occasion in a former article to criticise the action of Prussia in declaring for freedom of belligerent commerce except in contraband articles. We then spoke of King William's proclamation as a bid for popularity. Subsequent events have shown that in this departure from the universal customs of war the North German Government was guided by no principle, but was vainly endeavoring to obtain for itself a great advantage by the surrender of a right which it could not enforce. In his recent communications to the British Cabinet, the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs has taken a position the effect of which would be to enlarge the rights of belligerents, and circumscribe the privileges of neutrals, in a manner and to an extent not before assumed by any nation in modern times, not even by England while sweeping the seas at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, and destroying all commerce except her own. It is laid down by jurists that during a war neutral governments must not aid either belligerent. This prohibition extends not only to all positive acts of material assistance by means of troops, arms, and vessels, but to many permissive acts and even negligences. These latter include, among other things, enlistments of troops either singly or in bodies by foreign agents, voluntary organizations of inhabitants departing in aid of one of the combatants, and the construction and despatch of vessels armed and equipped for a like purpose. It is equally well settled by the authority of text-writers and by the universal practice of mankind, that the citizens of neutral countries may carry on an unmolested commerce in articles not contraband with hostile ports not blockaded. The Treaty of Paris extends this immunity to similar goods of an enemy transported in a neutral bottom. Finally, the citizens of a neutral country may trade in contraband articles, and evade or attempt to evade a blockade, if they are willing to run the personal risk and suffer the personal penalty of seizure by the cruisers and confiscation by the courts of the nation whose purposes are thus interfered with. Such persons do not break the laws of their own Government, nor is that Government at all responsible for the injury they do to one enemy by conferring material aid upon the other. If any doctrines and rules of international law are to be considered as settled beyond dispute upon foundations of common consent and general public policy, these are. But Germany for the first time disturbs this unanimity, and would throw all our notions of inter-state rights and obligations into confusion. English subjects are engaged in an extensive exportation of coal, arms, ammunition, and other warlike material to the French. These articles are contraband, and liable to seizure and confiscation. But the French ports are open, and the sea is free from German cruisers; the traffic, therefore, goes on unmolested. Not possessing a navy sufficient to prevent the transit of such goods, Germany now demands that the British Government shall interpose and put a stop to the practices of its subjects, and asserts that the British nation is violating its neutral obligations by permitting the illicit commerce. We repeat, this claim is unprecedented, and would overturn all international rules in respect to belligerents and neutrals. During the agony of our struggle with the rebels, while whole industries in England were employed in evading our blockade, the Secretary of State laid no blame for all this at England's door. Since the downfall of Napoleon, the changes in international law have been favorable to freedom of neutral commerce. Germany would turn back this benign movement, and would make the condition of neutrals far worse than it ever had been, for she would impose the penalty of war upon whole peoples for the neglect of their rulers in not repressing the trading energies of a few private citizens, whereas the only penalty has been and now is a loss sustained by those persons themselves who choose to accept the risks consequent upon the traffic.

It is the duty of all nations, and especially of the United States, to protest against the introduction of any such new dogma into the code of the civilized world. It is easy to say that the intercourse of states should be governed by exactly the same maxims of right and justice as those which regulate the affairs of individual men. But there is no analogy. The laws which control individual men are uttered by a superior, can be enforced by compulsive sanctions, and thus we can be made to square our actions with notions of abstract right. The rules by which nations profess to be guided are uttered by no superior, can be enforced by no sanction, are voluntarily obeyed. They must, therefore, be such as all states will adopt, and must often spring from motives of public policy rather than from considerations of absolute justice. Some foolish people, influenced by sentiment rather than by reason, may object to our statement, and condemn it as immoral. The answer is, that if international law were not based in part upon the foundation of public and state policy—of interest—there would be no such law, and the external affairs of the civilized world would fall into chaos. It needs no argument to show that the doctrine suggested by Prussia would be against public policy, and contrary to the interests of nations generally. In any given war, most states are neutral. If they are to be responsible as such for the ordinary contraband traffic of their citizens, they will at once become, in a certain sense, parties to the hostilities. The act of war between two countries will extend its immediate repressing *governmental* effects over the entire world, and will subject whole peoples to risks and dangers from the speculations of a very small class. War is bad enough between the two belligerents; but a rule which would tend to draw all other communities into the conflict would be opposed to the best interests of mankind, would be contrary to the public policy of Christendom, and would be a step back towards barbarism. The peace of the world demands that the rules which regulate the conduct of nations when once established on a proper basis, should remain fixed; they should not be controlled and varied by the swayings of popular sentiment. Experience shows that such sentiment is as apt to be vindictive as kindly, is as likely to urge violent and outrageous measures as to mitigate the evils of war. The doctrines we advocate *are* established upon a proper basis. Dictated by public policy, they have also the higher sanction of Christian morality. The right to sell what the seller has and what the buyer desires is a natural right; the advantage which one country possesses in its sea-coast, ports, and facilities for commerce is a natural advantage. War does not destroy the right nor the advantage. A belligerent may by force of arms interfere to a certain extent with both when used for the benefit of its enemy, but the mere status of war affects neither.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DIFFICULTY.

LONDON, Nov. 25, 1870.

I WRITE to you with a more painful feeling than I have ever known on a similar occasion. We are at the present moment in suspense as to the possibility of a war with Russia. Before you receive this letter the die will have been cast, and any speculation as to the probable turn of events would therefore be useless. There is only one subject upon which I can dwell which is in the least likely to be interesting to your readers, and that is the state of opinion at present existing in England. Whether we go to war or not, it may be worth while to record the spirit in which the announcement of a probable war was received. To explain myself more clearly, I must try to point out the nature of the issues presented to us. Russia has, as you know, announced its intention to be no longer bound by that clause of the Treaty of 1856 which neutralizes the Black Sea. There is no appeal to the consent of the various powers which signed the treaty; but simply a declaration that it will no longer be recognized as binding. Everybody is, of course, agreed that this method of obtaining a relaxation of the treaty is in the highest degree objectionable. None of our newspapers, and none of the distinguished men who have expressed their views, have any hesitation upon this point. The next question is whether we should have been willing to concede the liberty which Russia proposes to take by force, if she had asked our leave, instead of taking it for granted. Upon this matter there is more difference of opinion; but I think the general impression is that we should have been willing enough to make the required concession. Finally, it is disputed whether, assuming Russia to be in the wrong, we ought to go to war to maintain the treaty. Those who maintain the concession to be in itself impolitic, are of course in favor of war. Those who think that it might wisely have been made, are divided into two parties. Some of them maintain that if treaties are in future to be respected, and national good faith to have any validity, we must fight to redeem our pledges. Others assert that, however objectionable may be the conduct of Russia, we should not be justified in causing the frightful amount of misery which must necessarily follow from war in order to resist a pretension which we admit to be not unreasonable in itself.

The most warlike party—that which objects both to the form and substance of the demand—is composed, in the first place, of the regular old British politician—the believer in Lord Palmerston; the gentleman who believes in the British Empire; who is great upon the necessity of keeping up our prestige, adhering to our traditional policy, and enabling every Englishman to go about the world saying "*Civis Romanus sum.*" I admire, in some respects, the patriotic spirit of this gentleman; but one could wish that his zeal were a little more according to knowledge. His grievous defect is a want of ideas, and a consequent desire to stick to positions which have now become indefensible, and to refuse to acknowledge facts. So far as concerns the policy of maintaining the Turkish Empire, and sacrificing every other principle to guard our communications with India, I think that they have ceased to represent the mind of the nation. We are thoroughly convinced, as a rule, that the Crimean war was a gross blunder. We do not wish once more to find ourselves committed to maintaining for an indefinite period the Emperor Nicholas's "sick man." We would withdraw, if we could do it honorably, from the hopeless task of propping up a power which is unmistakably doomed to fall into ruin. If only our statesmen had been sufficiently far-sighted, they would long ago have prepared the way for a change of front, and we should not have found ourselves pledged to preserve what is not preservable. But when we come to the question, Can we honorably withdraw? the problem is far more difficult. Here the staunch old Conservatives find themselves reinforced by a sentiment which is capable of leading us into great mischief, and which strongly reminds one of the feeling which was so prevalent before the Crimean war. The fact is that Englishmen are just now, and very naturally, in a touchy humor. We are under the impression that our pacific tendencies have lowered us in the general opinion of Europe, and we are nervously anxious to show that we are not cowards. Many people really wish to go to war, not because they think that great principles are involved, but simply to prove that we are not afraid of going to war. Our position as neutrals, in presence of the greatest contest that has taken place in Europe for generations, may have been judicious, but was certainly not dignified. We have been stung by the taunts that have been aimed at us from so many quarters, and wish to vindicate the warlike character of our race. This is the real difficulty of the situation in England. It is not sufficient to prove—if it can be proved—that the game is not worth the candle, because we are rather anxious for the game on its own account. We have become nervously irritable, and, after having submitted, as we think, to a good many slaps in the face, we are anxious to resent the next insult, even though it may plunge us into a doubtful struggle for a prize of very questionable value.

The most warlike representative of the press has been the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is one of our ablest journals, and has, besides, a certain character for a political morality which is decidedly superior to that possessed by the *Times* or some other newspapers of larger circulation. It has, however, a certain affectation of seeing deeper into millstones than its neighbors, and the result of its insight into the profound political schemes of Gortchakoff and Bismarck is the advocacy of a line of policy which (as everybody says who aims at war) is really the only way of obtaining peace, but which, to more vulgar apprehensions, means simply that we are at once to accept the challenge thrown down to us. I will not discuss its arguments; but it is enough to say that it believes Bismarck to be the accomplice of Russia, and wishes to fight before Prussia is set free from the terrible struggle in France. The general tone of the Liberal press is more in accordance with the second line of policy indicated. It is really anxious for peace, and thinks that peace may be preserved; but it is influenced by that sensitive jealousy of our national honor which I have tried to describe, and is for inducing Russia to submit to a congress by a temporizing policy, the issue of which is more or less doubtful. Finally, a small band of Liberal politicians unreservedly advocates peace. Mr. Mill is the most conspicuous and outspoken of these gentlemen. He declares that war would be a crime, for which our Ministry would be execrated by the mass of the population; and that the conduct of Russia, however wrong, would not justify us in resenting it by an appeal to force, with all the miserable consequences that must necessarily ensue. The same position is substantially occupied by Mr. Froude, Prof. Cairnes, and Mr. Freeman. They are all of them men of deservedly high reputation, and, in my opinion, deserve the highest credit for their independent protest against the cry for war. They have, of course, been bitterly attacked, accused of a want of patriotism, and assailed with the ordinary vocabulary of a majority opposed by a small minority. For, I fear, it is undeniable that they are a small minority—at least amongst the upper classes. The mass of the country, doubtless, cares little for the Eastern question, and would be glad to keep out of the complication at all hazards; but I have no doubt that the large audience to which the *Times* appeals has its sentiments pretty well reflected in the columns of that self-styled leader, but real follower, of public opinion. The upper and middle classes, in fact, are as usual rather uncertain in their views, but incline towards a policy which probably means war—though a war adopted reluctantly, and with many misgivings. Few people share the warlike zeal of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—but nine men out of ten, speaking of the people whom one meets at clubs, at London dinner-parties, and in first and second-class railway carriages, are quite prepared to drift into war, with more or less dislike to the conclusion towards which they are involuntarily propelled.

And now, having tried to describe the state of public opinion generally, may I shortly give you my own? I confess that I agree fully with Mr. Mill. Whatever may be the rights of the quarrel, I cannot look forward without something like horror to the prospect of a war in which, as it seems to me, we should be fighting in behalf of an exploded policy, with no intelligible aim, in pursuance of no settled policy, and at the risk of all kinds of ulterior complications, which you will understand as well as I. A return of the Crimean war is, to my mind, a retrograde movement; and, as the original cause of quarrel will speedily be forgotten, I cannot regard, with anything short of disgust, the confused struggle into which we may soon be plunged, where the one distinct prospect is that of a reckless expenditure of money and blood. Am I, then, in favor of peace at any price? To that I must answer, that I do not believe that England will ever adopt a thoroughly noble line of policy, or recover the prestige to which she is fairly entitled, until we are more at one mind with ourselves. In the present condition of internal politics in this country, we have not, as a nation, any settled convictions. In the absence of genuine political faith, our conduct cannot be really consistent or entitled to respect. The *Pall Mall Gazette* would restore our character by adopting what is called a "vigorous foreign policy." I have no faith in the recipe. I believe that the vigorous policy must be a consequence, and not the cause. We have not yet finished our revolution; and, till we have got a little further, the conflict of opinions between the classes which try to retain and those which try to grasp at power leads to our describing a tortuous and uncertain line, from which little is to be hoped. If we had openly taken part against France at the outbreak of the war, or, if we openly took part against the Prussian claims at the present moment, we should at least know for what we were fighting, and why. But having, rightly or wrongly, insisted upon preserving our neutrality in a question of the deepest interest to the whole civilized world, we are now called upon to abandon it in defence of a cause which ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred condemn at the bottom of their hearts. It may be inevitable that we should pay the penalty of past follies by finding ourselves involved in this wretched dispute; but I shall be truly glad if, before this reaches you, it should have been rendered uninteresting by the disappearance of the danger to which we are now exposed.

PRUSSIA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION—THE NEW GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

BERLIN, November 28.

THE Eastern question has appeared and disappeared on the political horizon like a meteor. I write to you under the impression that it will not lead to a war. I do not wish to exculpate Russia's arrogant tone in breaking the Treaty of 1856. It, however, appears to me that humiliating terms like those imposed upon her by the Paris treaty should not be forced on a great power, and that, if it be done, we cannot expect anything else than that they will be repudiated at the earliest favorable moment. Such a moment had now come for Russia by the defeat of France. I can understand the moral indignation of England and of her friends, but I cannot understand that these same people had not a single word of reprobation against the provocation and violence of the reckless aggressors when within the last ten years—see the rebellion of the South against the North, France in Mexico, Napoleon versus Germany—similar solemn treaties were broken. England, for instance, with a little more moral courage, could have stopped the present war; now she earns the fruits of her sin of omission, and, being unable to resent the outrage thrust in her face, must try all in her power to settle the pending difficulties by diplomatic negotiations.

English as well as other papers have asserted that Russia had acted in concert with Prussia, and that Bismarck had instigated the whole plot. This statement is entirely unfounded. There exists neither a treaty nor an alliance between the two powers. At the outbreak of the present war, Gortchakoff promised Prussia a strict and friendly (*bienveillante*) neutrality. He has kept his word, and has thus prevented Austria from assuming a hostile attitude towards Prussia. Bismarck, of course, declared himself willing to reciprocate the favor, and promised Russia to assist her at the end of the war in her efforts for the abolition of the obnoxious clauses of the Paris treaty. These *pourparlers* took place in Berlin at the end of July last, and their result enabled Prussia to send her whole army into France. Grateful as Bismarck must have been for this proof of sympathy, there was, in fact, no man to whom, just at this moment, the news of the Russian note could be more embarrassing. If England and Austria had been prepared to enter into a war, France, through the complications of European politics, would have gained sufficient strength for a longer and more determined resistance, the end of the war would have been indefinitely postponed, and Prussia might have lost, if not all, at least some of its best fruits. At the conclusion of the war, Russia's claim would have obtained the support of Prussia if it had been properly suggested, but, under the *present* circumstances, it came very inopportunely. It does not require great political sagacity to appreciate the awkward position in which Bismarck has been placed by the Russian Chancellor's taking advantage of the annihilation of the French armies and the approach of the winter. Fortunately for Germany, none of the powers which have guaranteed the Paris treaty are prepared for war, and for this reason they all prefer a diplomatic mediation. Thus Bismarck is placed in the advantageous position of obliging and of securing for himself the friendship of those who, if it had come to a war, would have been his most bitter enemies. The London *Times*, the other day, had a telegram, which has since been confirmed, according to which Bismarck had proposed a congress to be held at Constantinople for the settlement of the Eastern question, excluding all other pending European difficulties. This settlement, in my opinion, can and will be easily effected, as the conflict provoked by Gortchakoff has not yet transcended the limits of diplomacy, and as there thus exists only a theoretical difference, which can still be answered by a theoretical protest, the more as Russia denies all hostile designs, and again and again affirms that she will respect the Paris treaty in all its other terms. English and Austrian papers, for a while, frightened each other into the most warlike state, describing the large fleet of iron-clads which Russia was said to have bought from the United States for the balance of the purchase price for Alaska, which, in fact, was paid long ago, and giving exaggerated accounts of the Russian army, which was only waiting for the signal to attack Turkey, while, in fact, Russia had very few regiments in her southern provinces, and has not called in a single man of her reserves; in short, they have depicted the horrors of a war which, thus far, exists only in the imagination of the excited newspaper correspondents themselves.

Another important proof of the continuance of peace is the fact that Bismarck alludes to the Eastern question in the address by which Mr. Delbrück, a few days ago, opened the Imperial Diet (Reichstag). It has never been the custom of the German Chancellor to introduce pending political questions into his official addresses and publications to the legislative bodies of Germany and Prussia. He certainly would have acted in accordance with his old policy if he had not felt sure that no war would ensue, and if he did not himself hold in his hands one of the ropes which would secure the European peace.

The Reichstag assembled on the 24th instant. Its present session will not last longer than about three weeks. It has been called for the double purpose of granting a loan of 100,000,000 of thalers ($70,000,000 gold) for the continuation of the war, which, to judge from the first two readings of the bill, will be passed with but few dissentient votes, and of ratifying the treaties just concluded by the North German Confederation with Baden, Southern Hesse, Bavaria, and Würtemberg. The two latter states were somewhat vacillating in the last hour of the negotiation, but partly by important concessions on the part of Prussia, partly by heavy pressure at home, and, finally, by the appreciation of the political necessity on the part of the South German rulers, a compromise has finally been effected. If you wish to understand these negotiations, with their intrigues and counter-intrigues, their expectations and disappointments and anxieties, and the final though modest realization of the national hopes, revert to the times of 1787 and 1788 in your own history, or rather the months preceding the adoption of your present Constitution. Contrary to the political superstition of the present and last generations, this Constitution was not considered by its framers as a model of perfection; on the contrary, it was a document of compromise, and not a single member of the Convention of Philadelphia was perfectly satisfied with it. With the greatest reluctance, the most patriotic and enlightened men were finally induced to sacrifice their principles to the practical expediency of a most important bearing. The great desire to emerge from the political chaos, and to create a nation with a real government, even led America's greatest statesman, Alexander Hamilton, finally to abide by the result thus gained.

The present condition of our political affairs is similar to yours at that time. The "Federalist" should be the text-book of every thinking political German of our days; but I doubt whether it is known to half-a-dozen of our public men. Similar conditions create similar consequences. The German constitution is just as indefinable as yours. The classic words by which Johnson (See Elliot's "Debates," iv. 523) characterizes your Federal Government, apply just as well to the new German constitution. "It is," he says, "neither strictly a confederation nor a national government, it is compounded of both; it is an anomaly in the political world, an experiment growing out of our peculiar circumstances, a compromise of principles and opinions; it is partly federal, partly national." Our state-rights men—we call them Particularists—are just as headstrong as were any representatives of your Slave States. What slavery was with them, ultramontane tendencies, bigotry, protective tariffs, a theoretical persistency and radical theories, are with us. Bavaria and Würtemberg, to the very last moment, seemed eager to follow the example of North Carolina and Rhode Island; little Hesse, for a time, played the rôle of New Jersey; only Baden acted nobly and wisely. The less important the states were, the more impudent were their demands, until, finally, the predominating interest of self-preservation made them accept the terms, which are by far too good, too favorable, and therefore quite incompatible with the vital interests of the nation. Why should I speak of the defects of the new constitution? It is far more insufficient by what it does not contain than what it says. There is no responsible head, neither prince nor minister. Prussia, as the leading and central power, has lost her preponderance by only retaining her old number of votes, and adding to those of the others (newly acceded) members, by giving up her exclusive right of declaring war and of execution and sequestration in cases of disobedience to the decrees of the Confederation. On the other side, press and public meetings are subjected to its laws, which in all probability will be more severe than those of the single states; in short, the present constitution robs the central power of some of its most important attributes, giving too much strength to the smaller states, and invests it with some obnoxious powers. Bavaria is independent in the command of her army, her fortresses cannot be garrisoned without the special permission of her king; Würtemberg keeps the post and telegraph administration under her exclusive control; Baden retains the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden.

In spite of all these objections we must accept, and the Reichstag will accept the new constitution, however imperfect it is; and from January 1, 1871, the *North German* will make room for the *German* Confederation. The first desideratum to be accomplished is a national existence. It was high time that Germany should become united in her relations with other states. As far as numerical strength is concerned, even Bavaria was not absolutely required for the new Confederation; but, *morally*, her refusal to enter would have been detrimental to the new German Empire and to the whole civilized world. Witness the joy of Austrian and French papers when they heard of the rumors that Bavaria had made objections to joining the confederation. Her isolation would have been an ever-open wound on the political body, that would have been their point, not for stealing upon, but for operating against, German interests. Napoleon, for instance, would never have dared to assail us if a united Germany had stood in arms against him; he speculated on our disunion, as he himself admits in his late poor pamphlet on the surrender of Sedan. There is one great consolation in the present unsatisfactory state of our political affairs. Germany has been long on the down-side of the hill, now she is marching up again, and the people, as well as all our public men, understand that it is their duty to work with unrelenting zeal and energy until they have attained the same strength and union at home which, to the astonishment of the world, they now exhibit in their dealings with the enemy.

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

Correspondence.

A FINAL EXPLANATION FROM "YOUNG YALE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On one thing all the persons who have spoken in favor of "Young Yale" seem pretty well agreed, that the practical restriction of the government of the college to Congregational ministers and their appointees is an evil. But why and how this is an evil has not yet been expressed in other than the most general terms.

Let me say squarely, at the outset, that I am unable to recognize a more useful man in modern society, or a more venerable character in history, than the minister of Christ's Gospel. Not only has he done his full share of humanity's work, and borne more than his full share of its sorrows, but he has been the chief conservator of knowledge, and is yet in many dark and bitter places the only centre of sweetness and light. But it is no disgrace to Socrates himself to say that he was not enamored of positive knowledge; and I fail to see how it can indicate lack of respect for any moral teacher to doubt whether the proper field for his usefulness is in the conduct of an institution whose principal objects are the pursuit and inculcation of positive knowledge. Even were clergymen, "as a class," indisputably superior to all other men, it would yet be nothing short of superstition to suppose that in that one class could be found the catholicity of knowledge and opinion required for the conduct of an university. But clergymen, so far from being the type of catholicity, are the only men in modern society pledged to confine their beliefs and speculations within assignable limits.

As to the habits of mind thus engendered in a clergyman there is this to be said, that, desirable as it may be for a teacher of religion to be bound to teach certain dogmas and to *make a profession* of holding them, the frame of mind bred by this sort of training incapacitates him for the work of an enquirer after truth. He *cultivates a bias* from the time he enters the theological school. A real university is a place in which philosophy is cultivated—that is, in which the best modes of seeking truth are taught, without reference to the consequences that may result from finding it, and in which nobody is pledged to take or keep any particular view of any question. The mere statement of this point shows how singularly ill-qualified clergymen are to preside over any such institution. They were the best instructors when they were the only men who knew anything, or when all truth was based on *authority*. They have ceased to be so since the spread of the Baconian philosophy, and every university in the world is making or has necessarily made an effort to fill their places with men who are not pledged to see the same things with to-morrow's light that they see with to-day's.

So much for general principles: now how is it with the facts at Yale? My remarks refer solely to the academic department, which is still, virtually, the college; although the liberal management of the Scientific School during the past few years has already made it a powerful claimant for sympathy and support. Its herculean growth consists entirely with the facts that the clerical corporation have had nothing to do with it, while under that corporation the academic department has stood still. The field from which to choose a faculty is narrowed within the religious tests, and no man whose intellectual habits are not those of dogmatic theology stands any chance of election.

As a specific matter, the principal intellectual test applied to a candidate for admission to the faculty is the "standing" with which he graduated, as determined by the record of his regular college performances. Here comes in a striking circumstance: A speculative, ingenious, originating cast of mind is apt to overleap the theological barriers, and hence is not beloved of the governing spirit at Yale. As a consequence, the principal factors in determining the "standing" of a Yale student are his merely acquisitive powers. So true is this, that it is a college proverb that a man who can take the valedictory (the highest honor instituted by the faculty) can seldom do anything else. Yet the same tests applied in giving the valedictory are applied in selecting the faculty. Now the power of taking in second-hand knowledge is proverbially incompatible with the power of giving it out. Such learned men as have been masters of the art of putting things have acquired their learning principally by original investigation; they have been inventors and discoverers, not mere scholars. Nothing needs more *ingenuity* than to dilute knowledge without souring it. Just that set of qualities which make a good *teacher* is the set uncongenial to the type of mind which keeps within the theological bounds of Yale. *What he knows, not what he can teach*, is the principal test in selecting a Yale professor. Is it strange, then, that some of the best known of them—admirable scholars and admirable men, are less interesting as lecturers and inspire less enthusiasm as teachers than the majority of successful men in the lower walks of the profession? Interest in knowledge for the sake of knowledge is certainly as infrequent among the students at Yale as at any average elementary school.

So much for the power of guiding intellectually with which the clerical influence endows the faculty. As to the power of guiding morally, I have to present two illustrations. Neither of them will convince anybody, for nobody ever is convinced by single arguments in religious questions. But they may serve to somewhat clarify the ideas of such persons as are ready to appreciate them as arguments. The first is the fact that, during the past twelve years, Yale College has been subjected to two of those periods of utter abnegation of the intellectual faculties (which it is a university's business to develop) and of unlicensed riot of the emotional faculties (which it is a university's business to regulate) known as "religious revivals." They were promoted in every way by the faculty. During the first, records were kept (perhaps not officially) of the "conversions," and every man not included in them was kindly but persistently importuned to participate in the emotional overflows. One of the most frequent arguments was: "Everybody else is doing it." In one class, every man, I believe, was "converted." Six months after the excitement was over, the debauchery in college was fearful—far greater than it had been since the Kansas troubles had eliminated the habits born of slavery. The class which had been unanimously "converted" took the lead. Yet in spite of this experience the faculty has since been capable of promoting another such convulsion, with substantially the same results. The second illustration is a conversation which I lately heard between a college officer and an alumnus: *College officer*—"We've had to let the college preacher go again. He's the second. We'll never have another. The professors will have to alternate." *Alumnus*—"Why?" "Because no one man can stand it!" "Why?" "Because the students pester the soul out of him. They detest all the compulsory religious observances, and any man specially identified with them is an object of opprobrium." "Well, what's going to be the upshot of it?" "It's hard to tell, exactly. Even the old men are, some of them, getting a little shaky about having religious attendance compulsory. You know evening prayers were given up after I graduated, without any apparent evil result. I think compulsory attendance at afternoon church on Sundays will go next. You see, here's the Scientific School, right by the college, flourishing like a green bay tree, without, apparently, considering religious matters any of its business. This makes the academic students impatient, and it makes some of the academic faculty a little inclined to think that, after all, religious matters may be best taken care of when they are left to take care of themselves."

On the details of instruction, the clerical influence has had a special adjunct. Yale College was founded (as were most colleges two hundred years ago) for the purpose of educating ministers. It is one of the very few colleges now eminent which still professes to be distinctly influenced by that purpose. Since the scientific generalizations of the last thirty years have come to play their part, absurdly limited as it is, in education, there has been a great change in the relative intellectual standing of students for the orthodox ministry. The average material now offering itself for this profession is of a very inferior grade. Of course there is occasionally an exception. This state of things is regarded as something strange. It is acknowledged by the churches, and remedies for it publicly discussed. It is natural, then, that at Yale the things taught and the ways of teaching them should have been sedulously adapted to the average intellect, and that less latitude of selection has been considered necessary than in the undenominational colleges of a similar (professed) grade. Now there are those who think that the natural purpose of the best schools is to train the best minds, and that there is no need of a splendid university to train your average man, though he should be welcomed to get there what he can without having the true objects subverted for his benefit. Professor Porter says, however, that even if the best occupation for a young mind, capable of being interested in the highest subjects, be not the almost exclusive study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, those husks of thought are, nevertheless, the best material for the average stomach to digest, and, therefore, should be the fundamental and almost exclusive fare provided by the highest non-professional schools. To the question, "Why not help the boys to *think?*" he replies, "Why, bless you, most of them *can't* think, and they must be put to doing what they all can do." And such is the Yale policy. But surely if the students are wise enough to be invited, as they constantly are, to announce themselves believers in a system of religion, they are wise enough for any subject within the grasp of human intellect. Yet all systematic consideration of the vital questions of man's relations to himself, to society, and to the universe is postponed till all the weaklings are prepared to absorb some dogmatic instruction regarding them, and then they are treated with a marvellous lack of symmetrical attention, lectured upon without discussion, or taught by rote from text-books by such lights as Whately, Paley, or Hamilton. As a specimen of the indifference to subjects requiring grasp of mind, take English literature, which, if it means the history of the development of the English intellect, is a subject of more importance than Greek and Roman literature put together. The intense difficulty of this topic is proved by the utter worthlessness of nearly all existing text-books. Hence there is double necessity that it should employ the undivided attention of a professor whose heart and soul are in the subject. This chair at Yale is filled by an able and enthusiastic practical politician, who, between the time of his graduation from the academic department and his election to the professional chair (some five or six years) was a practising lawyer, clerk of the Legislature, and editor of a political daily; who, since his election seven years ago, has made an unsuccessful (though by no means discreditable) canvass for Congress, and now is collector of the port of New Haven.

The indirect clerical influence on the relations of the college with the world outside is of a piece with the rest. As your correspondent, L. L. B., pointed out last week, the friendship of such men as Mr. Thomas Hughes with a college faculty affects the number of students applying for admission. But is there anything congruous between such boys' heroes (and boys' heroes are generally men's heroes) and the type of man who holds a professor's chair at Yale? Moreover, such things as success at the Worcester races affect the size of college classes. Can your Yale professor be imagined to encourage his boys, as his equally eminent brother at Harvard does, by occasionally running down to the boat-houses and going to Worcester? A most essential thing to the growth and well-being of a university is the residence near it of such universally recognized examples of general culture as Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Norton; but it is true, both *à priori* and as matter of fact, that that type of man cannot survive in the theological atmosphere of New Haven.

You yourself have said, that when Young Yale is pushed to the wall, it cannot say what it wants. For one, I believe that it has pretty distinct ideas of what it wants, and that they can be expressed in some such terms as these: "We want a practical realization of the fact that, whatever may have been the rights and intentions of the founders of Yale College, the institution has grown to be a part of humanity's general heritage from the past, and that hence no order or condition of men has any right to the control of it, except as they represent in a broad and liberal way the best opinion of the time. We believe that as there must be a centre for this opinion, the proper centre is that body of educated men whose right and duty it ought to be to maintain their venerable *alma mater*, and guide her footsteps."

That it is possible to attempt this reform, or any other reform, in such a way as to defeat the ends sought, nobody denies; and nobody claims, as far as I know, that any suitable plan has yet been matured. But these are no arguments against the reform itself, and no sane man can believe that what has been successfully done in this way elsewhere, cannot be successfully done at Yale, if all will unite to deliberate upon the methods.

While very many of us believe that the probabilities are strong against a Connecticut Congregational clergyman being the model governor of a modern university, we are ready to admit that it would be as narrow in one of us to vote against him *solely* for that reason, as it would be for him to vote against one of us for not adhering to his creed. The application of religious tests, however remotely, is becoming recognized as a great obstacle in the path of education. The other leading colleges of the country are not denominational in any sense. Until lately, we have found it easy to believe Yale among them all *facile princeps*. We feel that she is losing her old position, and we believe that to regain it she must substitute for the policy which was proved good in the last century the policy which is proved good in this. A YALE GRADUATE.

[This absolutely closes the controversy, as far as we are concerned. The *College Courant* offers space, we perceive, for its continuance.—ED. NATION.]

"DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "M." takes issue with me upon several points. First, he says he uses 90 to 120 tons of cast-steel annually, and that he is not conscious of contributing so liberally to the support of the Government as might be inferred from my communication. Also, that his steel costs him less than it did from 1857 to 1861, when his supply came wholly from Sheffield. Lastly, he admits that the tariff of 1861 raised the cost (? price) of steel, and helped to establish its successful manufacture in this country.

Second, he takes exception to the rate alleged by me as being imposed on steel, giving other rates as being correct, viz., 60, 37½, 32, 43, 39, and 30, averaging a little over 40 per cent.

As to this second point, I used a rate given me by an importer of steel, which "M." admits to be one of the rates, but I am entirely willing to correct my example, and my proposition will then stand as follows:

If a shop can be established with a capital of $20,000—for the manufacture of tools from steel—and *if* ten per cent., or $2,000, is a sufficient rate of profit to induce the establishment of such works—and *if* such shop shall use imported steel, costing $15,000, free of duty, and *if* the owner of the works shall pay thereon 40 per cent. duty, or $6,000, then the relation which the duty bears to the profit is 300 per cent., and it is equal to 30 per cent. upon the capital. So long as any foreign steel is imported, and the duty is 40 per cent., the user of such steel is at that relative disadvantage, if compared with his competitor in Sheffield, so far as he attempts to export the tools which are the product of his labor. But as the tool which he makes from steel is (or ought to be) taxed as much as the steel itself, in order that the tax-law may not discriminate against him, he, the user of the steel, adds the duty to his cost, and the home-purchaser or consumer of the tool pays such increased cost.

Now, as to the points first named, which are the material points upon which "M." takes issue.

"M." says he is not conscious that he contributes the amount of the duty to the Government. I never intimated that he did. When he buys Sheffield steel, as he says he sometimes does, he adds the duty to the cost, and becomes the revenue collector to that extent—being enabled so to collect by the duty upon tools.

He says the cost of his steel is less than it was in 1857 to 1861. This fact is not material. There have been vast improvements in making steel, and the absolute price ought to be lower. Competition either here or in England would have reduced prices.

The true question is, Does the steel which "M." uses now cost him more than it would if he could import it *free* from Sheffield? If it does, he is at the relative disadvantage which such excess of cost bears to cost free of duty; the duty imposed upon the tools similar to his made by his Sheffield competitor enables him to add the excess of his cost of steel to the cost of his tools, so far as home consumers of such tools are concerned; but, unless he has a great advantage over his Sheffield competitor in the application of labor and machinery to tool-making, he cannot export a dollar's worth of his product.

If, however, his steel costs him less than Sheffield steel would cost, free of duty, then the steel-maker can make no claim to protection upon any ground whatever.

Finally, "M." admits that the tariff of 1861 raised the cost of steel to him. If so, he, or the consumer of his product, was forced to pay a bounty to enable steel-makers to establish themselves; but as the steel-makers, in a memorial to Congress in 1862 or 1863, declared that steel-making was a substantial success in this country long before 1861, and as the steel makers of Great Britain demanded to be protected against the infant iron and steel-makers of the American colonies in 1750, it would not appear that such a bounty was much needed.

"M." may be perfectly willing to be taxed for bounty purposes, and to be unconsciously used as a collector of revenue, but it is doubtful, at least, whether such acts are within the proper functions of Government. At any rate, it may soon appear that the majority of the people do not believe any Congress can be elected that can so wisely assess such bounties, and distribute them to certain special branches of industry, as to be safely entrusted with that function.

Some one pays $3,000,000, and more, annually, upon steel and steel products. This tax is added to the cost of the home production of all articles into which such steel enters as a component element. It is a tax upon processes of the most injurious kind, to be defended only upon the plea that the Government cannot dispense with it—a plea which cannot now be raised.

E. A.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "M.," of Middletown, in his letter published in your last issue, is deceived by the common fallacy of *post hoc, propter hoc.* He points out that the tariff on steel has been raised since 1861, and that the article has been cheaper from 1861 to 1869 than it was from 1857 to 1861, and he associates these two facts in the relation of cause and effect. If he had taken the pains to enquire whether steel is not now cheaper the world over, he would have seen that his inference was a faulty one. Steel costing £52 in Sheffield in 1860 is now worth but £41; and Swedish iron, from which steel is made in Europe, has fallen from £15 to £10 per ton. So that "M.," instead of getting his raw material a little cheaper now than in 1861, would be paying far less for it if the duty had remained unchanged. The rate of duty prevailing from 1857 to 1861 was 15 per cent., while "M." admits that present rates are from 30 to 60. The prices of the chief varieties of steel in this market, at this time, and the duties upon them, are as follows:

	American—Currency.	Foreign—Gold.	Duties—Gold.
Cast spring steel	11c. per lb.	10c. per lb.	2¼c per lb.
Cast machinery steel	10@11c. per lb.	8@½10c. per lb.	2¼c. per lb.
Cast tool steel	15@17c. per lb.	13@½15c. per lb.	3c. per lb.

It will be seen at a glance that, when the prices of the foreign articles are reduced to currency at 110, their present cost will be about that of the domestic article. But suppose the duties were reduced to 15 per cent., as they were from 1857 to 1861, would not "M." be able to buy his steel cheaper now than in 1861? For it will be apparent to the reader that the duties above given are far in excess of 15 per cent. Or better still: Suppose the duties were abolished, as they should be, is it not clear that the cost of "M.'s" steel would be reduced by the whole amount of the duty, 2¼ to 3 cents, gold, per pound? To compare the prices of to-day with those of ten years ago, and draw the inference that "M." does, is absurd; for no allowance is made for improved processes of manufacture, or the numerous causes tending to affect prices that are sure to have occurred in so long a period of the history of modern manufactures as ten years. "M." says he is quite unconscious of contributing to the support of the Government as liberally as free-traders assert that he does, if he buys the foreign article, burdened with these enormous taxes. It is to enlighten just such men as "M." and consumers generally that the free-trade movement has been started. Moreover, it is proper to point out to "M." that, when he buys American steel, as he says he prefers to do, he pays tribute to some manufacturer, as the following figures will show:

	American in currency.	Foreign in bond in currency.	Excess paid manufacturer.
Cast spring steel	11c.	8¾c.	2¼c.
Cast machinery steel	10c.	6 92-100c.	2 8-100c.
Cast tool steel	15c.	12 15-100c.	2 85-100c.

"M." further says "that the tariff of 1861 raised the cost of steel and helped to establish its successful manufacture in this country." Now, I should like to ask "M." how a tariff which he admits *raised the cost* of steel could have been any advantage to him as a consumer of it; and I would also point out that, instead of any lessening of foreign competition as a result of the advancement of the rates of duty, there has been an increase of it. In 1860, our imports of steel were valued at the places of export at $2,724,355, and in 1869, notwithstanding the lower prices for foreign steel above indicated, thus causing any given sum to represent a greater quantity, the imports were $3,201,046.

It is high time that men like "M." should understand that, instead of being benefited by protection, they are being injured by it. Comparisons should not be made between the prices of to-day and those of ten years ago; but between those of to-day and those at which steel *could* be supplied if the duties were lowered or abolished. Protection can be likened to the giant in the nursery rhyme of "Jack the Giant Killer," who is represented as gobbling up men smaller than himself. This giant of ours has gobbled up our ship-building, our ships, and a large part of our export trade in our own manufactures, and when any one objects to his voracity, and proposes to limit his supply of food, the greedy old fellow sings, "Fee, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," as in the nursery rhyme.

"Free-Trader."

THE RAWLINS STATUE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I clip from the officially published laws of the last session of Congress the following, to which I call the attention of Representatives who believe in economy, and those who (if there be one) have any regard for public taste or the artistic civilization of the Capital:

> [Public Resolution—No. 80.]
>
> A Resolution directing the Secretary of War to place at the disposal of the President certain bronze ordnance to aid the erection of an equestrian statue of General John A. Rawlins.
>
> Whereas, it is in contemplation to erect a suitable bronze equestrian monument to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished deeds of valor and patriotism of the late honored Secretary of War, General John A. Rawlins, after the likeness of that taken in plaster from the face of the deceased; and whereas, a donation on the part of the Government of such bronze ordnance as may have been used or captured in the engagements in which the deceased participated, and which may be no longer useful, would greatly aid the erection of the same: Therefore,
>
> *Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the Secretary of War be, and is hereby, authorized and directed to place at the disposal of the President of the United States such bronze ordnance as may be no longer useful, to be by him contributed and applied to the furtherance and completion of the said monument in bronze; and that such number thereof as may be required in the execution of the same be given by him when the plaster model for the said statue shall have been completed: *Provided,* That the said monument, when completed, shall be erected upon such public grounds in the city of Washington as may hereafter be designated by the Joint Library Committee of Congress, and the title to the same be vested in the United States.
>
> Approved July 14, 1870.

I beg to call attention *en passant* to the elegant and graphic description of the forthcoming work of art, "a bronze equestrian monument" "after the likeness of that taken in plaster from the face of the deceased." I never saw Gen. Rawlins, and shall never cease to regret that so interesting a phenomenon as a face that carried the design of an equestrian monument in it should have escaped my eyes, though I must certainly admit that it is worthy of being reproduced for some museum of anatomy, not perhaps for a public ground, even in Washington.

To people of artistic instincts the fact, which I am able authoritatively to supply, that the strange and interesting work to be produced in accordance with the above law is to be by Clark Mills, will be sufficiently appalling. There are two "public grounds" in Washington already which Mr. Mills has made forbidden ground to men of taste by the nightmares yclept statues of Washington and Jackson—the most atrocious monstrosities ever put in bronze, with the exception, perhaps, of a few Hindoo idols. What Mr. Mills will produce, with the *lusus naturæ* with which we are sorry to hear that Gen. Rawlins was afflicted, before his eyes, I in vain try to conjecture.

But can any one tell us what is hidden in the convenient clause, "that such number thereof (bronze cannon) as may be required in the execution of the same be *given* by him when the plaster model for the said statue shall have been completed?" Who will judge of the number required? What limit can be set to the operation of a law so loose in its terms which shall assure us that Clark Mills shall not make an exhaustive requisition on the old bronze of the United States, and make not only a monument but a fortune *ære perennius?* Let us have light on this heavy theme.

See Jany. 5'71. page 8

Art.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Of works in the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the most important is that for which we have already bespoken a liberal subscription—viz., Mr. Horace Howard Furness's "Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," beginning with *Romeo and Juliet.* It will be remembered that, besides the various readings of the numerous Shakespearian editors and their most valuable notes, this edition will present for the first time in English the critical commentaries of French and German scholars up to the present year. Other announcements are a "Life of John Adams," begun by John Quincy Adams, and completed by Charles Francis Adams; "Memoirs of the Life and Services of the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter. D.D., by Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D.D.; "Sergeant Atkins," a tale of adventure founded on fact, by an army officer; "Minnesota as a home for Invalids," by Dr. Brewer Mattocks; "The Science of Money;" the following religious works: "A Short and Plain Instruction for the Better Understanding of the Lord's Supper," by Rev. Dr. Thomas Wilson; "A Treasury of Christian Thought, Example, and Solicitude," third series; "Talks with a Philosopher on the Ways of God to Man;" "The Other Life," by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe; and the following novels: "Lost and Saved, by Hon. Mrs. Norton; "St. Cecilia;" and a translation from the German by the accomplished and industrious Mrs. Wister; "Why did He not Die? or, The Child from the Ebreu-gang."——Mr. M. W. Sparks has devised for the convenience of those who receive calls on New Year's an Autograph Album, consisting of any number of pages with outlines in imitation of cards in a basket, for the caller's signature in his own hand. The idea will commend itself to many as an easy method of making up and keeping these conventional "lists."

—The Hartt expedition to Brazil is nearly at an end. Some of the party have already returned to their homes, some have gone south to Bahia and Pernambuco, and the remainder, including Professor Hartt himself, return this month to the North. The collections made have been ample, and the observations of the geological structure of the Amazon Valley quite important. Professor Hartt is confirmed in his previous opinion that this formation is not drift but Tertiary, contrary to Professor Agassiz's determination of it. We shall soon have the reasons for such a conclusion. Professor Hartt has found time, he writes, to study the Tupi language, so as to be able to converse in it; and he has amassed a copious vocabulary and a chrestomathia of two hundred pages, all written phonetically. In collecting and publishing these, he will have rendered signal service to philology.

—In the last *North American Review*, as well as in the *Nation*, which contained a notice of the *Review*, and in most other journals which had notices of it, an article on "The Second Empire" was said to have been written by Mr. H. W. Homans. This, as we remarked at the time, was a new name in American periodical literature. As it is a name appended to a very good article, and as it is not the name of the author in question, but was put for his by a proof-reader's error, we take this opportunity to assist in making the necessary correction. The writer's name is H. W. Hemans; and we may be permitted to add that he is a son of the poetess.

—The *Review*, by the way, makes good promise for the new year, and it would seem that its friends and the friends of good literature need not be ashamed to urge its claims upon persons likely to subscribe for it. Indeed, if the practice of giving presents at this time of the year is to be kept up—though it almost seems as if it were time for sensible people to begin to protest—we do not know that one could do better than not only to urge the claims of the *North American* upon acquaintances, but also to select some thoughtful reader of good reading, some citizen careful about the enlightened performance of his political duties, some student of social science, and, making a subscription in his name, send him four times yearly, as a remembrance of one's good-will, a bookful of sound sense, wit, and learning, applied to things new and old. The January number, for instance, will have a long paper by the ex-Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. J. D. Cox, who will treat of "Political Reform;" another of Mr. Lowell's critical essays, which will consider the character and works of the poet Pope; an essay on Prussia, by Mr. Hemans, which will match the essay on Napoleonic France contributed by the same gentleman to the October number; a long article on Government Control of Railroads, by Mr. C. F. Adams, jun.; some criticisms of books worth criticising, by Professors W. D. Whitney, James Hadley, and other men worth respectful attention; and various other articles on various subjects. Among these we may mention a review of public events occurring during the last quarter, which will be mainly or wholly done by Professor Henry Adams, and over which it is probable that not many persons in Washington or elsewhere will fall asleep, and an article on art matters which will have as its writers two very competent authorities—artists and writers of sufficient knowledge and sufficient practice of art in several of its forms, and of sufficiently decided views, to make it certain that they will say definitely what they wish to say, and that what they think fitting to be said will be at least worth listening to. It is likely that in the future this latter department—as well as the record and review of public events—may be made larger and fuller than at first. And, further, it is not wholly unlikely that the ancient quarterly may, by-and-by, undergo a partial transformation, and become a bi-monthly journal—a change which would appear to be for some reasons desirable, as, for instance, because it would bring the review somewhat closer to the political and literary life of the country, and tend, it is probable, to make it more directly and effectively operative on political and literary activity. In this time and country of newspaper writing and reading, a nail driven must be speedily clinched, or another from the other side may displace it. In the prospectus before us, Messrs. Fields & Osgood, with allowable pride, call attention to a long line of distinguished contributors, with which, adding a few not down in the publishers' list, we may close our notice: Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Bryant, Judge Story, Chief-Justice Shaw, the two Everetts, Judge B. R. Curtis, Robert Rantoul, President John Adams, Mr. Wheaton, Caleb Cushing, R. H. Dana, J. L. Motley, W. H. Prescott, Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, Irving, Theophilus Parsons, George Bancroft, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, President Sparks, of Harvard, Charles Sumner; Francis Parkman, J. G. Palfrey, F. J. Child, C. E. Norton, E. W. Gurney, W. D. Howells, Jeffries Wyman, Arthur Clough, Goldwin Smith, F. B. Sanborn, W. F. Allen, A. P. Peabody, Francis Bowen, Chauncey Wright, C. C. Perkins, Eliot Cabot, and very many others who, in the time since the *Review* was established, fifty-five years ago, at the end of "the late war with Great Britain," as we used to say, have kept it at the head of American literature—which, indeed, it has not only done so much to elevate, but which it has itself in large part been.

—In reading the terse and sensible report of the Secretary of War, one is reminded of highly important functions of our military organization which are commonly overlooked in the popular view of that department of the Government. Such are the Engineers' survey of rivers and harbors, the dredging and other improvement of these, the location of bridges, piers, and breakwaters; the survey of the Great Lakes—a most useful enterprise; geological surveys along the Pacific Railway; the storm-signal service, etc., etc. No office, however, that reports to the Secretary of War has attracted more attention abroad or reflected greater credit on the Government and on the scientific discipline of the country than has the Surgeon-General's. We offered lately some testimony as to the acknowledged superiority of American surgery to that of the Continent; and whoever desires more of the same kind will find it in the "Memorandum referring to Extracts from Letters, Reviews, and Bibliographical Notices of the Publications of the Surgeon-General's Office" (Washington, 1870). These publications were begun about five years ago, and consist thus far of five "Circulars"—quarto volumes each, of from 65 to 166 pp.—and a "Catalogue of the United States Army Medical Museum." The Circulars are so many reports: on the extent and nature of the materials available for the preparation of the Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion; on epidemic cholera in the U. S. army in 1866; on amputations at the hip-joint in military surgery; on epidemic cholera and yellow fever in the U. S. army in 1867; and on excisions of the head of the femur for gunshot injury. The illustrations of these documents have been remarkable for the employment of photo-micography, in regard to which three special reports have been made to the Surgeon-General by the officer in charge of the Microscopic Section, each containing samples of this truly wonderful process. American invention, if not the first to make use of it, has, as usual, facilitated the application of it by appropriate original mechanism.

—Some of Surgeon-General Barnes's statistics deserve reproduction. For the year ending June 30, 1870, the medical records of the army show that "while the rate of mortality from wounds and injuries among the colored troops agrees with that among the white troops, their rate of mortality from disease alone is nearly double." The Record and Pension Division is charged with the duty of supplying information concerning "cause of death," and "treatment" and "cause of discharge for disability;" and some idea of the extent of its labors may be got from the fact that enquiries from the Pension Bureau were answered in 16,514 cases, from the Adjutant-General in 5,124, and from other sources in 890 cases. These more than fully occupied the Hospital Stewards to whom they were committed, and the force ought to be increased. They are obliged to consult no less than 15,854 Record Books, an Alphabetical Register of Deaths embracing 289,928 names, and another of Discharges on Surgeon's Certificate of Disability amounting to 188,031. The Medical and Surgical History of the War, authorized by Congress in 1869, is in active preparation, 1,300 quarto pages of the first part being actually in print, and the materials for the second part being ready in the manuscript. With the surgical portion belong tabular statements, discussions, and histories of typical cases, illustrated by wood-cuts and lithographs, of 29,572 cases of amputations, and 4,775 of excisions; together with the consolidated surgical statistics of the army for the five years succeeding the war. A law of Congress authorizing the issue of artificial limbs to mutilated soldiers and seamen has indirectly promoted the interests of science, by "bringing to Washington a large number of pensioners to present their claims," thus permitting "the study of the remote effects of injuries and mutilations"—the value of which, as the Surgeon-General remarks, cannot be overestimated. "The abstracts of cases in this Office," he adds, "are invariably traced to the date of publication." The Army Medical Museum ranks with any other in the world, and surpasses all in some of its collections. It contains the enormous number of 897 human crania and 34 skeletons, being especially rich in skulls from tumuli and crania of North American Indians; all have been accurately measured in their principal dimensions, and the data tabulated for publication, which Congress, it is to be hoped, will allow, without delay, along with the remainder of the Medical and Surgical History. One consideration alone should suffice to make our legislators foster a bureau whose achievements have already been so brilliant and honorable, in spite of the slender support which it has received: "In the standard German systematic work on surgery," says the Report, "by Billroth and Von Pitha, in the last edition of the English System of Surgery by Holmes, in Didiot's 'Service de Santé des Armées,' and in nearly all works on military medicine and surgery printed in the last five years, the majority of the wood-cuts are derived from the specimens in the U. S. Army Medical Museum."

—Medical topics abound this week. There lie before us two pamphlets by Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, on the "Advance in Medical Teaching in this Country during the last Century;" and by Dr. Edward S. Dunster, on the "Relations of the Medical Profession to Modern Education," which forms also the leading article of the *N. Y. Medical Journal* for December. Prof. Hamilton's lecture is an agreeable review of the various stages of medical instruction from the time when, in 1750, apparently in New York, a dissection was made of "the first human subject ever dissected in North America with a view to teaching," to the present day. The body in question was that of an executed convict, whereas now it is almost a condition of entering any public institution as a patient that the cadaver shall be at the disposal of the surgeons. A hundred years ago the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania was conducted by five professors, while fourteen, with distinct branches of instruction, are now engaged at the Belleville Hospital College in this city, and the number is certainly destined to increase. One result of this subdivision has been to improve the examinations, for the obvious reason that, as "each examiner is more exacting in his own department than he is in the department of his colleagues, where his own attainments are usually less," the more examiners (professors) there are, the greater the knowledge required to satisfy them. Prof. Hamilton is able to say positively that "the preliminary education of candidates is vastly in advance of thirty years ago," and he is of opinion that before long, "whether medical colleges see fit to impose these restrictions or not, few or none will enter upon the study of medicine in this country who have not attained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, or who have not made such general scientific and classical attainments as this degree usually represents."

—Dr. Dunster's address ends in the same spirit, demanding "a high scientific education before admitting the student to the study of medicine proper," as well as a "lengthening of the time of that study, and taking up the separate branches in their natural and progressive order." The first half, which goes to show the claims which scientific education is making for itself in our systems and institutions of learning, might, we think, have been stated in fewer words, as being by this time tolerably obvious, not to say notorious. The second discusses a very interesting question as to the comparative fitness of the three learned professions to take a leading part in this modern education according to the spirit of the age. It is unfortunate that medicine should have come to be so identified with therapeutics as to subject all general statements in regard to it to scrutiny from the stand-point of the pill-box, sooner than from that broader plane in which "medicine, as one of the great divisions of human culture, must be considered as taking in the whole of physical science." At least we have felt this difficulty in following Dr. Dunster's argument; and we have asked ourselves, as a preliminary question, whether there is any longer a reason for classifying doctors with clergymen and lawyers that is not to be found in the *terminology* of the healing art. Knowledge of Latin and Greek was the common badge of the *learned* professions; and Dr. Dunster virtually takes the physician out of the category when he insists only on a high "scientific" education for the student of medicine, and not, as Prof. Hamilton, upon the classical also. That done, there can be no dispute as to whether law, medicine, or divinity stands nearest to the present tendency in education. But it ought to be kept in mind that leadership belongs not to that part of medicine whose jargon was naturally associated with the jargon of the law and of dogmatic theology, and which seems destined to an endless empiricism, but to that other part which is concerned with the knife and saw, the microscope, the test-tube, the galvanic battery, and other scientific appliances, the progress of which is certainly not advancing *pari passu* the sphere and administration of drugs.

—Two or three times in recent years, certain citizens of Medford, in Massachusetts, have endeavored to persuade their fellow-townsmen to purchase and hold as common property what is asserted to be now the oldest building in this country. It is known as the Cradock House, or the Old Cradock House, and stands in Ship Street in East Medford—a pretty little village in the environs of Boston, and largely inhabited by persons engaged in business in that city. Mr. Matthew Cradock was a London merchant some two hundred and fifty years ago, and, being a Puritan and wealthy, he became deeply interested in the founding of the colony at Massachusetts Bay, was able to do much in promotion of the prosperity of the settlers, and in the year 1628 was appointed Governor of the Company of Massachusetts Bay. We believe it may be taken as a historical fact that Mr. Cradock never came to this country, and that he never actually ruled the people here. Nevertheless, he is perhaps better deserving of remembrance by Americans than most of the men who have exercised more authority among us and are of more fame. It was he who first proposed that the government of the new colony should be lodged in the hands of the colonists; should be self-government, and not direction from London—a pregnant proposal, as was seen a century and a half later, and one the credit of which should, so far as we know, be given to Mr. Cradock alone; though, of course, it is in this case, as it seems to be in all cases when we look at history century by century, very difficult to give especial credit to one man or especial importance to one event—as difficult as it is, when we look at history year by year and day by day, to find "God in history," and to refrain from laying infinite stress on the operation of the particular acts of particular persons. Whether Cradock was or was not ever in America, he had at any rate an agent here who managed in his interest a small "fishing plantation" on the banks of the Mystic River near Malden, Mass.; and in 1634 the General Court made him a grant of a large tract of land in Medford, not far from his agent's place of residence, and upon this grant, in the course of the same year, he had a house erected. It still stands, and is to-day but very little altered from what it was when first built. It is of brick, with walls a foot and a half in thickness, pierced for loopholes as well as for windows, and thus, it would seem, designed to serve the purpose of a fort as well as of a dwelling-place; the windows, too, were formerly iron-shuttered, the door had an iron covering, and there were fire-proof closets, probably for the storage of ammunition. These last still exist, we are informed. The building is two stories in height, with a gambrel roof, and the inside is finished with white oak, which remains in good preservation, and gives testimony, with its massiveness and solidity and soundness, to the thoroughness with which the old-time contractors and carpenters did their work. It is a pity that so interesting a structure, one so well fitted by its history and its material strength to bear record for generations of the early history of the country, should be in any danger of disappearance. It might be used with excellent effect as a storehouse and museum for relics of our ante-Revolutionary days, and the town of Medford might earn honor by purchasing it and applying it to some such use. Filling its rooms with old furniture, making it the repository of old historical documents, and an occasional meeting-place for antiquarian students and their friends—the social element not being neglected—it might soon be one of the most profitable—we do not mean pecuniarily profitable, though that, too, it might be—pleasant, and interesting "show places" in the whole country. The wonder is that the Massachusetts Historical Society, or some similar body, has not long since made prize of such a piece of perfection in the way of a club-house as the Cradock House seems to be, or might so easily be made. Hardly further from Boston than the Central Park from the Astor House, joined by good roads and good railroads to a city full of descendants of the Puritans, one would have supposed that for the last twenty years not an Englishman could have landed at East Boston without being immediately put into a hack by a committee of writers for the *Genealogist* and carried out to a little dinner at Medford. As it is, however, there is no more knowing what day it may not be pulled down than what day saw the building of Fort Popham—a fortalice which annually occasions much bloodshed among members of the Historical Society.

—The animosities of the Franco-Prussian war doubtless are felt in every part of the globe where Frenchmen and Germans, travelling or settled, encounter each other. This may very well be the case in Palestine, whose coast is traversed by subsidized French steamers, and along the highway, from Beyrout to Damascus, the monopoly of a French company. A religious sect calling itself the "Temple," which has found most of its adherents in Würtemberg, is establishing colonies at four points in Palestine, viz., Jaffa, Jerusalem, Haifa, and Beirut. Mr. Kiepert, writing from the first-named place in the latter part of May to the Berlin Geographical Society (see the *Zeitschrift*, No. 28), estimates the colonists at nearly 200 all told, those at Haifa being most numerous. The majority are mechanics, and in Jerusalem especially are a great comfort to foreigners whose outfit stands in need of repairs; elsewhere they cultivate the soil for a great variety of semi-tropical products, and raise some cattle. Haifa was first settled in September, 1869, and has a church and school-house, with a liberal course of instruction; but Jaffa is very promising. Here, it is hardly forgotten, Elder Adams and his Maine disciples attempted to found a settlement which, in 1867, seemed in a fair way to prosper, notwithstanding past dissensions and some deaths; but their funds gave out at last, and their well-built two and three-story houses (constructed in Maine and brought over in pieces) are now occupied by the German sectarians, who are much shrewder in money matters, and place their funds in a common treasury. The mistakes and failure of the Americans, and of a previous German colony at Samunieh, near Nazareth, have profited the followers of the "Temple" both pecuniarily and in the choice of wholesome localities.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.*

In this little volume are reviews by a merciless critic, essays by a most effective teacher, and "lay sermons" by a preacher who at least believes to the full the doctrines which he promulgates. All of these papers have appeared in England, and several of them are familiar to American readers; their collection and republication is warranted in part by the general interest in protoplasm, the origin of species, and education, and in part by a wish to ascertain upon what grounds their author has of late years received some very hard names.

Prof. Huxley is under fifty years of age, and in the fullest possession of mental and physical powers which have carried him by rapid strides, and within two decades, to the front rank of British men of science. Twice President of the Geological Society, for many years Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, and of Comparative Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and this year (1870) presiding at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he has had ample opportunity for the official promulgation of his views; he is, moreover, one of the few English savants who are ready to address mixed audiences; and he has on several occasions given familiar discourses on scientific subjects before workingmen. He has a wonderful power of illustrating difficult matters by means of everyday objects and occurrences, and his comparisons, especially when aimed at opposing theories, are so apt as to make us wish the present volume had an index, if only as a guide to such intellectual tidbits. His style is very clear and compact, both his words and his sentences being remarkable for brevity, and as a lecturer he is surpassed in impressiveness only perhaps by Agassiz, whom, however, he does not at all resemble.

The first six papers, occupying one-third of the present volume, treat of the aims, the subjects, and the methods of education. Prof. Huxley claims the privileges of education for all races and for both sexes; but he is not yet convinced that the blacks are the intellectual equals of the whites; neither is he sure that women are by nature destined to cope with men in all their pursuits, fearing that "as long as potential motherhood is woman's lot, she will be fearfully weighted in the race for life;" but he insists that in both cases "injustice be not added to inequality" by slavery, or by the denial to women of any opportunities for education. In his view, education has two great purposes, physical and moral. First, to increase knowledge for its practical benefits. Second, to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong (p. 69). Life is a game of chess which every man must play, yet for which we were ill prepared ourselves; and for which we fail to prepare our children by teaching them the pieces, the moves, and the consequences of defeat (p. 31). He refers to the great fire and the plague of two centuries ago as matters of neither chance nor arbitrary Providence, but as inevitable results of ignorance; and he regards the lack of natural knowledge as the cause of all crime and suffering (pp. 2 and 39).

"To read, to write, and to cipher are simply *tools;* the means by which real wisdom is to be gained, by which the youth is to learn the fundamental laws which govern the course of things, so that he may not be turned out into the world naked, defenceless, and a prey to the events he might control;" for "ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed. A liberal education is one which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties" (p. 34). The "stones of education" which, at a cost of ten thousand pounds of money and a dozen of his best years, the British father offers to his son for intellectual food, are too well described as almost exactly "equivalent to what the son of a well-to-do Roman citizen would have received fifteen hundred years ago" (p. 117). And what is the result? The youth has a general impression that "everything of importance happened a very long while ago." "He has found Parnassus so steep that if he ever gets to the top, he recalls his journey with terror. He has read fables more or less absurd, and not always decent, which leave an impression upon his mind that those who wrote them were idiots. He has no ideas of the colony in which he may settle; no notion of the laws of commerce; no knowledge of the processes of manufacture; no conception of political economy, excepting as regards the ancients; no source of truth but authority; and, finally, no science, excepting as a slang synonym for the manly art of self-defence."

But while speaking thus strongly of an exclusively classical training, Prof. Huxley simply means that, to make it the backbone of modern education, is as unnatural as to require every youth to master the science of paleontology or homology; in which, by the way, he engages to get up an "osteological primer so pedantic in its terminology and so distasteful to the youthful mind as to beat the recent famous production of the head-masters out of the field" (p. 44). According to Herbert Spencer, the question of true education is no more involved in the relative merits of mathematics and the classics, than the whole question of dietetics hangs upon a decision whether bread is more nutritive than potatoes; and Huxley objects to the former as based essentially upon books and authority, and as being already so perfect as to leave the student little opportunity for extending their domain by original research. He further compares mathematical science to a "mill of exquisite workmanship, which grinds you stuff of any degree of fineness; but, nevertheless, what you get out depends upon what you put in; and as the grandest mill in the world will not extract wheat-flour from peascods, so pages of formulæ will not get a definite result out of loose data" (p. 249).

And so, while fully admitting the importance of mathematical studies for those who will make some practical use of them, for all others the work done in them with a vague idea of mental discipline is as useless and exhausting as was that of the man who ran a mile in order to prepare himself for leaping a mountain. But Prof. Huxley energetically protests against the common division of science into exact and inexact; and, allowing for their greater scope, he insists that natural history sciences are pursued upon the very same methods which are employed in physics or the higher mathematics. These methods involve four logical processes: 1. Observation and experiment. 2. Comparison and classification. 3. Deduction. 4. Verification (p. 83). And they have the further and great advantage of being acceptable to the young, and dealing with the objects of the senses.

It will be remarked that Prof. Huxley gives only two purposes of education, of which one is purely material, the other purely moral; and he wholly omits what most persons, who believe in a soul in the human form, in a future life, in a personal God, would regard as a third and still higher object of education—to gain some idea of our own spiritual constitution, and the character and purposes of the Creator in whose image we are made. This omission is rendered significant by passages like the following: "There is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it" (p. 19); "natural knowledge can alone satisfy spiritual cravings" (p. 11); "religion has risen, like other kinds of knowledge, out of the interaction of man's mind with that which is not man's mind" (p. 16); "the only medicine for suffering, crime, and all the other woes of mankind, is wisdom" (p. 39). And further, in respect to science, he says: "Science and philosophy are neither christian nor unchristian, but extra-christian" (p. 341); "we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit" (p. 144); "fact I know and law I know; and matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity" (p. 142); "it is a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause" (p. 142); "the final object of physiology is to deduce facts from the laws of the molecular forces of nature" (p. 121); "whether a law is to be regarded as the expression of the mode of operations of natural forces, or whether it is simply the statement of the manner in which a supernatural power has thought fit to act, is a question of secondary importance" (p. 214); "many problems about which we are naturally curious, are essentially questions of lunar politics; of which we know nothing, and can know nothing" (p. 145); "scepticism is the highest of duties, and blind faith the one unpardonable sin;" "as a man of science he believes in justification, not by faith, but by verification" (p. 18).

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* "Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871. pp. 378.

Now, for these words, and more which might be cited, Professor Huxley is held up as a gross materialist, who has no idea of a future life; as a deist; as even an atheist; and certainly as a violent and audacious sceptic, who scouts all authority, applies very hard names to the clergy, and who is in all probability a dangerous man in every respect. It is certain that he is a Darwinian; he talks coolly of spontaneous generation; he cleaves to geology, and despises revelation. These are heavy accusations, and they seem to be justified. How far can they be met? In regard to the last counts, it may be at once stated that if (as is done on page 277) to discredit the literal Mosaic record of the formation of the earth is a sin, Prof. Huxley is in excellent company; and for those who are not with him in this respect, our space will not permit us to discuss the point. The same may be said of him as a believer in the theory of natural selection, which he has adopted provisionally, just as he adopts the undulatory theory of light ("Man's Place in Nature," p. 128); and whether the particular hypothesis of Darwin or some other derivative theory be the true one, the Scripture nowhere describes in detail the precise methods by which living forms were produced, and it is as allowable to suppose that higher were created in some way by means of lower, as it is to suppose that they all sprang "limbed and full-grown" from the earth. But in either case, the first and lowest organisms would have appeared to an observer to arise spontaneously, and the investigations which are so clearly described in the last and best paper of this work, are solely for the purpose of learning whether such a thing as "abiogenesis" occurs at the present day. Prof. Huxley does not think it safe to draw conclusions yet; he inclines to think the present evidence is against it; but in reference to the original occurrence he says, "I should then expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter; but this expectation is simply an act of philosophical faith."

Is Huxley a sceptic? Yes; for what he considers good and sufficient reasons, given especially in that last but one of the essays, in which he speaks of Descartes; he believes in the rule, "Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted" (p. 322). But his is "an active scepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself, and not that other sort born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is to perpetuate itself as an excuse for idleness and indifference; my whole intention is to dig away the drift and the sand until I reach the rock beneath" (p. 323). This is the quality of mind which has made Professor Huxley one of the clearest thinkers and safest scientific guides of his time. We may not adopt his conclusions, but we are generally safe in accepting his premises.

But the trouble with Huxley is not in respect to his science but his theology. We must now ascertain to what extent the ugly terms "atheist" and "deist" and "materialist" can be applied to him. Let us quote his own words: "I am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error" (p. 139); "the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life" (p. 146); "I hold with the materialists that the human body is a machine, all the operations of which will, sooner or later, be explained on physical principles; that we shall arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness and volition; but, when the materialists stray beyond their path, and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but 'matter' and 'force' and 'necessary laws,' I decline to follow them. What we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of consciousness. If I say that 'impenetrability' is a property of matter, I mean that the consciousness I call extension and the consciousness I call resistance constantly accompany each other. And if I say that thought is a property of matter, all I can mean is, that, actually or possibly, the consciousness of extension and the consciousness of resistance accompany all other sorts of consciousness. Why and how they are thus related is an insoluble mystery" (pp. 339, 340, 341).

Let us, then, see what Professor Huxley says of a Creator. The word God or mention of His attributes occurs frequently in this volume, but, in the majority of cases, in such connection as to indicate nothing respecting the writer's individual belief. But the following passages must be carefully weighed before their author can properly be judged an atheist in the common sense of the term: "I take it that all will admit there is a definite government of this universe—that its pleasures and pains are not scattered at random, but are distributed in accordance with orderly and fixed laws" (p. 90). "The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient; substitute for the mocking fiend in Retzsch's picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life" (p. 32). "The religion of the present day sees the need of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship, for the most part of the silent sort, at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable" (p. 16). "Matter and Force are the two names of the one artist who fashions the living as well as the lifeless" (p. 262). "The universe is the veil which lies between us and the Infinite" (p. 283). In "Man's Place in Nature," he speaks of man as "one in substance and in structure with the brutes, but as raised far above his fellows, and transfigured from his grosser nature by reflecting, here and there, a ray from the infinite source of truth." And, finally, as an express reply to a charge of atheism, Prof. Huxley says: "I hold that atheism is as absurd, logically speaking, as polytheism" (*Spectator*, Feb. 10, 1866; quoted by Argyll, "Reign of Law," p. 89).

Huxley seems not to care about propitiating his theological critics, the "righteous overmuch, who disagree in all else than their ignorance of nature," amongst whom he wishes there were "one like Butler of the 'Analogy,' who, if he were alive, would make short work of most of the current *à priori* infidelity of the day" (p. 62), and thus lays himself open to attack. But if they will read his works as carefully, they will see that he nowhere *denies* the existence of a divine being; at the worst, he sees no direct evidence of his existence, and intimates that we all have enough to do in this world to relieve misery and abate ignorance. That there is a future state, in which the essence of man shall dwell in a human form, he surely seems to believe, from passages upon pages 162, 164, and 166. But Professor Huxley is far too logical not to perceive, even if he does not directly mention, the wide gaps which a positive atheism would leave in his own philosophy. What is the *origin* of the difference between his living and his not living protoplasm? (p. 137). What are the "subtle influences" to which dead protoplasm, in the form of food, is subjected in his "curious inward laboratory?" (p. 133). Whence is that "volition which counts for something as a condition of the course of events" (p.145), and that "power of self-adjustment" which we possess? (p. 340). What is the conscience to which he evidently refers (upon p. 69) as "love of right and hatred of wrong, and which education is only to *develop*, not *produce?*" Whence are love and all human affections? Surely he cannot mean that all these are simply the *result* of molecular changes, even though, like thought and muscular contraction, they may be concomitant therewith. If he does mean all this, he could and should state it in clearer language than he has hitherto done.

Professor Huxley is then a "deist," because he cannot make the facts of science agree with the literal sense of Scripture, and has not learned that there is an internal spiritual sense with which all science is in strict accord. He is not an "atheist," if we may take his own express statement, and the opinion of a zealous churchman, the Duke of Argyll. Whether or not he is a "materialist" depends upon the signification of that very indefinite term and the interpretation of his own language.

But were he all three of these, and were his scientific teachings false in the main, instead of true, and were he more hated than loved by those who know him best, even then his keen sense of right and wrong, as evinced in "Emancipation, Black and White," and his scorn of the cruel sophisms used by the advocates of Gov. Eyre, whom he publicly denounced, would make us hesitate long before expressing a doubt as to the good influence of his writings. Whatever his faith may be—and of faith it may well be said, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked"—he at least means to live according to it. "The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will close with me (p. 340): my ideal is one whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself" (p. 35).

Surely religion need fear nothing from one who honestly utters such sentiments; least of all can his "materialism," whether real or apparent, injure those who accept the following statement concerning the relation of the Creator and the universe:

> "Everything in nature owes its origin and cause to something in the spiritual world. The influx of the Lord is use, which is prior to the organical forms intended to effect use. All the conatus or endeavor of nature is from the perpetual influx of the Lord; thus from influx is derived conatus, from conatus energy or force, and from energy effect; and if the influx of the cause should cease for a moment the effect would instantly perish. Doubts concerning the influx of all life from one fountain cannot be removed while men are persuaded by the fallacies of the senses. Man can learn nothing of the divine from nature, but only from revelation."

This last would indicate that there is really no such thing as natural theology in the strictest sense; but rather that with those who were early taught to acknowledge a God, nature may furnish confirmation and illustration.

This is most emphatically the case with Prof. Agassiz, for whom the "facts of nature proclaim aloud the One God, whom man may know, adore, and love." Let us hope that, with all his reluctance to believe more than he can see, Prof. Huxley is on the path to the same conviction. We know that with every step in that direction the clear gray of science becomes a golden light, in which the interior laws which govern matter appear more and more plainly in their true connection, as material expressions of divine order.

GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON.*

WITH each new batch of our illustrated books, fresh point is given to Heine's saying, that what is called book illustration offers a reward to the artist who can cherish commonplace, and repeat himself with assiduity. The individual artist, in his one picture, can risk something for a new idea, and its chance of taking with the public; but the collective publisher has, upon the whole, decided that such a course is not for his own profit as long as the old ways are not yet outworn. Under this pressure, the hack illustrator outranks the artist, who is encouraged to give poor work that he may keep an average; and the respectability of this average depends upon the general level of art in the country. Occasionally an exception comes up in the case of some draughtsman, who, having done his duty by the publisher, can also do something for himself and the public. In the illustrations of Mr. Bryant's "Song of the Sower," Mr. Harry's Fenn's work is the principal point to be noted. Experienced in his practice, he has not only quite recalled Birket Foster's spotting of the page with brilliant and intelligent landscapes, but in one of his drawings he has attained a pleasant simplicity. This is all the more to be mentioned in his favor, that few of the men who draw upon wood have done worse work, meaning work of no value as art, than this same Mr. Fenn, unless, perchance, we have been unable to distinguish him from some others. On the contrary, Messrs. Griswold, Hennessy, and Homer do not appear to advantage; Mr. Homer's manliness is never entirely obscured, but Mr. Griswold seems to have been cramped by instructions, and Mr. Hennessy hesitates between Blake and those illustrators of "The British Ballads," to imitate whom was probably an ambition of his childhood.

The figure illustrations of the poems of George Herbert belong to this latter Anglo-German school, which still lingers. A certain Low Church taste distinguishes them in absurd mistranslation of the chivalric tone of the poet's devotion. Even the floral decorations seem to partake of a mistrust of beauty and of nature, as savoring of paganism or of papistry. The merit of the book does not call for any serious remark, but in a similar case it might not be useless to classify, before its extinction by more elegant types, that mock Elizabethan which has done duty in so many artistic needs of modern Protestantism. Not a bad example, however small, is a little drawing by Mr. Hows, illustrative of the Lord's Table in the "Song of the Sower."

The other English book—Milton's "Ode on Christ's Nativity"—which has a sad jumble of very weak illustrations, may be mentioned as a good subject for serious pictorial decoration. Not that we do not prefer to hold that a great poem is at its best in its natural dress of print, but there is such a thing in decoration as not to disturb the peace of the page.

This ideal of unobtrusive accompaniment was prettily attained in Paul Konewka's silhouette illustrations to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. They were meant to be printed in the text in the manner of initial letters, and in their black surface harmonized pleasantly with the face of the type. This year, in the Boston edition of his illustrations to Goethe's *Faust*, the text is disagreeably separated from the drawings, which are thus made too important for their nature and intention. Too much attention is thereby drawn to the frequent success in cutting out black-paper silhouettes achieved by persons of most limited artistic faculty; and this casts slur upon any such accomplishment. We notice, by the way, that the beauty of the cuttings for the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was in part owing to their representing profile views of the nude body, while in *Faust* the covering of costume imposes disagreeable lines more annoying than they can ever be in nature. With a general poverty of design and intention in this set of drawings, there is much accurate grace of movement, as in the first figure of Faust, for instance. Through a barbarous American habit, ridiculous initial letters of the cheapest manufacture are used in the printed page, which has some pretension to elegance. As much may be said of the binding, which is of the type of pictorial book covers. The pretty floral ornamentation of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was in much better taste.

No peculiar excellence was ever aimed at in illustration of "Songs of Home" or "Winter Poems." The latter drawings are all new, a good many of the former old; none are above mediocrity, unless we should single out Mr. Fenn again. As to Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Homer Martin, they have done their better work this year in *Every Saturday*.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—IV.*

IN "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Blue-Beard," and "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," Doré had a fine opportunity for displaying his fondness for the horrible; but he has used it with comparative moderation; or perhaps the publisher of "Popular Fairy Tales" has selected with some humanity from among the plates he had to borrow from. We should naturally have expected the spectacle of Bluebeard's murdered wives, but that is spared the infant reader, who, however, is treated to the wolf's assault on the grandmother, and to the ogre's seizure of Hop-o'-my-Thumb's brothers, knife in hand. These pictures are, like the book itself, of quarto size; but smaller ones by another designer illustrate the more innocent tale of Cinderella.

The "Book of Nonsense" has a perennial freshness, and will lose little in young eyes from the fact that Mr. Miller's edition is cheap and cheaply colored. Here and there parents may find a verse that will fit into the discipline of the nursery, while cultivating the sense of humor in the delinquent; as,

"There was an old man of the Nile
Who sharpened his nails with a file;
Till he cut off his thumbs,
And said calmly, 'This comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file.'"

The translations of "Black Peter" are not remarkable except for stiffness and dulness, but Konewka's silhouettes are here at their best. They are graphic of childhood and animal life, and will, we apprehend, impress the memory much as their blackness impresses the retina. Mr. Brooks's verses are, of course, unexceptionable, but will probably not be repeated more than once by the mother who is called upon to explain Puck's pranks. These, though more ornately and gracefully rendered than those of "Black Peter," are of less interesting description, and have not the advantage of being within the experience of children.

"Clever Jack" shares, in common with most books of its kind, the fault of making its supposed author—in this case, a donkey—entirely too human, and so leaving in the mind of even the most willingly credulous reader no shadow of illusion. It is not a bad story in its way, however, and children will read and listen to it with interest, although its drollery, which will be likely to give older readers much amusement, is not of a kind to be appreciated by the little people. No author is given, but in many ways the book reads more like a translation than an original work. The American publishers have printed it very carelessly.

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* "The Song of the Sower. By W. C. Bryant." Illustrated with forty-two engravings on wood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

"The Poetical Works of George Herbert." Illustrated New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1871.

"Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Illustrated by eminent artists. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1871.

"Illustrations to Goethe's Faust. Designed by Paul Konewka." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

"Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream." Illustrated with twenty-four designs, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

"Songs of Home. Selected from Many Sources." With numerous illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

"Winter Poems, by favorite American authors." Illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1871.

* "Popular Fairy Tales." Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: James Miller. 1871.

"A Book of Nonsense. By Edward Lear." New York: James Miller.

"Black Peter." Scissor Pictures, by Paul Konewka. With Rhymes from the German. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"Puck's Nightly Pranks." Illustrated by Paul Konewka. Translated from the German of Ludwig Bund, by Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

"Clever Jack; or, The Adventures of a Donkey. Written by Himself." With fifty-four Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"One Trip More, and Other Stories. By the Author of 'Mary Powell,'" etc., etc. With Illustrations. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

"Peoples of the World. By Bessie Parkes-Belloc." With numerous Illustrations. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

"Our Domestic Pets. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A." With Illustrations by the Brothers Dalziel. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

A volume of short stories by the "Author of Mary Powell," which seems to be intended for a "juvenile," is not likely to afford very much pleasure to any class of readers. Both the style and the subjects of the tales will be apt to mystify more than they will amuse children, and their elders may not improbably find the essential commonplaceness of the matter of the book brought into rather disagreeable prominence by the affectation of its manner.

A very good book to give to intelligent children who have already done a good deal of reading is the "Peoples of the World," by Bessie Parkes-Belloc. It is a well-bound and well-printed volume of short essays on all, or nearly all, races and tribes of men, which convey a good deal of information in an interesting way. The book shows extensive reading, quick observation, and a ready intelligence, and is marked throughout with an evident intention to be perfectly fair, which gives one a very pleasant impression of the author, and is sometimes not a little amusing, as, for instance, when she remarks how much easier it is to describe what one knows but little about than what one knows very well, or says that she can give her readers no just idea of the state of the population in Rome, because different travellers describe the same things in precisely opposite terms, accordingly as they are prejudiced in favor of or against the Roman Catholic religion. As a "juvenile" it has this advantage over many of the books provided for children, that it is thoroughly entertaining without being at all exciting, so that its readers, instead of devouring it in haste and then growing tired of it, will be apt to pore over it at their leisure, and to find both pleasure and profit in it.

"Our Domestic Pets" gives a good deal of information about the best ways of caging and taming various birds, insects, and animals, which all children who care for pets, as most children do, ought to find interesting and valuable. Mr. Wood writes pleasantly, and with a practical knowledge of his subject which, while it admirably adapts his work to the children for whom it was intended, makes it also agreeable reading for such of their elders as take interest in the various matters discussed. The hiving and swarming of bees, the care of silk-worms, and the management of canaries, are among the numerous topics treated, and the letterpress is accompanied by sufficiently careful diagrams and illustrations.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
A Visit from Santa Claus, swd	(James Miller)	
Adams (Rev. H. C.), Tales of the Civil Wars	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Alger (H., jr.), Sink or Swim	(Loring)	
Busch (W.), Max and Maurice: a Child's Story	(Roberts Bros.)	$1 50
Biart (L.), Adventures of a Young Naturalist	(Harper & Bros.)	1 75
Bethell (Hon. Augusta) and Plesner (Augusta), Love and Life in Norway	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 50, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
Collins (W.), The Stolen Mask, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 25
The Yellow Mask, swd	" " "	0 25
Cozzens (F. S.), The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker, new ed	(Hurd & Houghton)	
Davidson (E. A.), The Happy Nursery	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)	
Dickens (C.), A Child's Dream of a Star, illustrated	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Elms Homestead	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Eggleston (E.), Mr. Blake's Walking-Stick, swd	(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon)	
Fischer (G.), Dr. A. Baskerville's Practisches Lehrbuch der Englischen Sprache	(E. Steiger)	1 00
Fernyhurst Court: a Tale, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 60
Goodwin (Prof. W. W.), Plutarch's Morals, 5 vols	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Guernsey (Clara F.), The Merman and the Figure-head	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Hart (G.), In the Rapids: a Tale	" " "	
Heaton (Mrs. C.), Routledge's Album for Children	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
King Grisly Beard; Rumpel-Stilts-Kin; The Fairy Ship; Adventures of Puffy; swd. separately	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Lear (E.), A Book of Nonsense	(James Miller)	
Little-Snow-White; The Ugly Duckling; The White Cat; The Little Dog Trusty; The Dog's Dinner Party; My Mother; Our Father's Care, swd. separately	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Lowell (Mrs. Anna C.), Posies for Children; Poetry	(Roberts Bros.)	0 75
Landor (W. S.), Pericles and Aspasia	" "	1 50
On the Seas: a Book for Boys	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Parkes-Belloc (Bessie), Peoples of the World	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)	
Preston (Harriet W.), Aspendale	(Roberts Bros.)	1 50
Parker (T.), Historic Americans	(Horace B. Fuller)	1 50
Perring (Mrs.), Our Poor Neighbors	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Popular Fairy Tales, Doré's illustrations	(James Miller)	
Raymond (R. W.), The Children's Week	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 25
Routledge's Christmas Annual, Fifth Season, swd	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Routledge (E.), Every Boy's Annual	" " "	
Scott (W. B.), Gems of French Art	" " "	
Stowe (Mrs. H. B.), Little Pussy Willow	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Shand (A. I.), On the Trial of the War, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 35
The Hunting Grounds of the Old World	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1870.

The Week.

THERE appears to be little doubt that Mr. Schenck goes to England with instructions which, combined with his own skill, will most probably secure a final and satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* question. He is, we believe, charged to negotiate on a basis which is substantially that traced out by Dr. Bluntschli, of Berlin, in the article in the *Revue de Droit International*, of which we gave a summary some months ago, viz., the payment of all damage done by the *Alabama*, with interest on the amount, and of all expenses incurred by the United States Government on account of the *Alabama*—meaning by this, we presume, expenses directly incurred—and the issue of a joint declaration, recognizing as of perpetual obligation the rules of international law, of the violation of which the payment of the money is an implied confession. Consequential damages will not be talked of, and no formal apology will be demanded. In fact, if the reports from Washington be true, Dr. Bluntschli's programme will not be departed from on the American side, except as regards the demand for Government expenses, and we doubt very much whether even on this point there will be much difference of opinion. It is safe to predict, too, that the negotiation will be conducted by Mr. Schenck in a way of which neither Englishmen nor Americans will find reason to complain, and which will prevent any miscarriage either through over-zeal or want of astuteness. He is, as we said last week, an able man, long versed in affairs, and will command in a work of this kind perhaps more of the confidence of Congress and of the country than anybody whom we could name who is now in public life.

Should our anticipations as to the result of his mission prove correct, it will be one more illustration of the value of the power over the popular mind of the thorough discussion even of questions on which passions have been most powerfully and justifiably excited. Four or five years ago it was very difficult to see any way to the settlement of the *Alabama* case except through war, so great was the unwillingness of a very large portion of the public to look at it in the dry light of international usage. The legal aspects of the case were only just beginning to struggle into view when Mr. Sumner delivered his famous speech, which once more plunged the whole affair into confusion, and seemed to make any sane solution more difficult than ever. His recital of the wrongs of the United States, if accepted as correct, made it plain, as was humorously said by somebody at the time, that nothing short of the appearance of the Queen barefooted at Washington, "leading her progeny in chains," would adequately atone for them. Failing this, the cession of Canada, as an act of contrition, accompanied by a full confession of baseness and negligence, not unnaturally began to be talked of as a very proper penalty to exact of England. The calm repudiation of all this absurdity, at the very moment, too, when the condition of Europe offers an obvious temptation to the United States to make their demands exorbitant, and the final presentation to Great Britain of a basis of negotiation which, it is certain, is the very least that any arbitrator would award, is, we do not hesitate to say, as remarkable an illustration of the healthiness of the public conscience in America as could be wished for, and as important a contribution to the civilization of the world as any nation has ever made. Should the controversy with Great Britain end in a solid and valuable addition to the fabric of international law, it would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate close to the great struggle, which has been already made illustrious, not by emancipation only, but by the unprecedented fact that in it, rebellion though it was, no man lost his life for a political offence, except in open fight.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's address before the Historical Society of this city, last week, recalled very vividly the opening and anxious stages of that controversy, and probably nobody who listened to his masterly recital of the story of the "American struggle for neutrality," remembering the distinguished part the orator had played in the attempt to enforce against England the American rules of neutrality, but must have regretted that it had not fallen to his lot to close the great debate which he so vigorously began and maintained with such extraordinary fortitude and ability through the vicissitudes of the war. The man who, in 1863, bore the brunt of the diplomatic battle, every one would have been glad to see enjoying the triumph of 1871; but, since this was not to be, it was both pleasant and instructive to hear him throw the light of history, and of a personal experience of exceeding richness and variety, on the problems which still present themselves for solution in American foreign policy. The danger of attempting to solve foreign complications in the midst of a gust of popular passion, the value of statesmen who know how to stand firm till the gust passes by, the terrible nature of mistakes in foreign policy, the inestimable value of neutrality and peace, the folly of trying to obtain through war anything of equal moment, were lessons which he preached; but, though the man who uttered them stood on the stage, the voice was the calm and distant voice of bygone generations, and his illustrations were drawn from conflicts once fierce and exciting, of which hardly an echo has reached through ordinary channels the public of to-day.

The amnesty question has been the main occupation of Congress during the week, the Senate's part being confined to the encounter between Messrs. Schurz and Drake. In the House, General Butler's bill has staggered from the first under a load of substitutes and amendments, and its defeat is not doubtful. The only other incident of the sessions last week that need be noticed is the introduction, by Mr. Fenton, of resolutions, which were promptly passed, calling for certain information which he will be very lucky to get, and of which Messrs. Conkling and Murphy will not be overjoyed to furnish their portion. Our long-headed Senator asks of the Committee on Retrenchment a "comparative detailed statement" of the cost of collecting the customs at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and a particular report on the present system and practices connected with the "warehousing business," and the "general-order business," and cartage of goods while in custody of Government at this port. And Mr. Fenton has the impertinence to ask the Secretary of the Treasury for some light on what is one of the greatest scandals of our civil service, and one of the greatest sources of corruption and oppression, not only that ever existed in this country, but, perhaps, anywhere among a civilized people. We refer to the system of fines, penalties, forfeitures, and seizures, concerning which Mr. Fenton would like to know what amounts they have brought into the Treasury in the last three years; whether they were obtained by judgment in court, by settlement, or by compromises with the parties detected in fraud, and for what causes exactions were made; also, how much was paid out of these Treasury dues as moieties to customs officers, informers, etc.; the names of the victims who suffered to the extent of $1,000 or more; and, finally, the names of smugglers and other persons defrauding the revenue who have been prosecuted, criminally convicted, and punished otherwise than by payment of money. We hope Mr. Fenton will insist on every item of this dark chapter.

The only incident of importance in Congress during the week has been the "set-to" between Messrs. Schurz and Drake, arising out of the late contest in Missouri. Mr. Schurz made an elaborate speech, giving the history of the late split in the Republican party in that State. It was due, he said, *in toto*, to a desire to be rid of the "infernal" system of disfranchisement, and had nothing to do with the "revenue reform" movement, "though, had the question of protection or anti-protection been the only question before the people of Missouri, the majority against protection would, in all probability, have been nearer one hundred thousand than forty thousand." He then turned upon Mr. Drake personally, and castigated him, more in sorrow than in anger, treating his offences as the result of a "morbid hallucination," and forgiving him for "the piece of low demagogism" perpetrated in insinuating that, because Mr. Schurz was a German, he "cared less for the industries of America than for the industries of his fatherland."

Mr. Drake, who has just been appointed Judge of the Court of Claims, replied on the following day, in a long string of direct contradictions and accusations, of which the principal were, that Mr. Schurz's object in what he had done in Missouri was to go over to the Democrats himself and carry the Germans with him, and that the enfranchisement of the ex-rebels was treason towards loyal men, and dangerous to the State; that the President's interference in the State election was very proper, and that Mr. Drake took the responsibility of advising it, and believed no man should hold office under a party while warring against it. Mr. Drake's speech had, on the whole, owing to his retirement (we hope complete) from the political arena, only a personal interest.

North Carolina is about to enjoy an entertainment of considerable promise, in the shape of an impeachment of Governor Holden for embodying troops, and inflicting on divers persons "extra-constitutional" captures, searches, imprisonments, and other bodily indignities, on pretence of suppressing violence and outrage, and denying them the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus. There is no doubt there was violence and outrage, and a great deal; but we suppose there is no doubt, also, that when Mr. Holden found himself at the head of his troops, the precedents of the war period ran in his head more than was good for him or the community. His indiscretions have been of a kind, however, that in most States and in ordinary times would be covered by an act of indemnity, but in North Carolina moderation is just now held in great contempt. The proceedings are, it is said, to be enlivened by Butler's appearance as counsel for the accused; and the accused himself is reported to be making an attempt to get the weather-gage of his enemies by "professing religion" and having himself publicly baptized by immersion. No record of any similar preparation for impeachment is, we believe, to be found in the books, and the effect of it will be watched by jurists with deep interest.

There has been a protectionist dinner on a large scale during the week, which was intended by the friends of American industry for the woollen manufacturers, doubtless as a counterblast to the late free-trade demonstration; but, through a mistake of the caterer, the bill of fare was made to offer the feast to the wool-growers, a body of gentlemen who are just now in rather bad odor, both with wool-dealers and woollen manufacturers. There seems also to have been some misunderstanding as to the nature of the occasion, many of those present not having been prepared for the broad and voluminous statements of protectionist doctrine of which the speeches of the evening, except that of Dr. Bellows, consisted. Some strange things were heard in the course of the evening, as, for instance, Mr. Mudge, the chairman's announcement that Colbert's protective system "enabled France to carry on a war with Europe for fifty years," and "placed her at the head of all civilized nations as a manufacturing people," and, besides this, enabled her to pay equal attention to agriculture. We should like to know how Mr. Mudge can tell that these remarkable results were not due to the wearing by Louis XIV. of a full-bottomed wig, and to the persecution of the Protestants. The very same argument can be used in support of both views. Mr. Mudge made another statement, which we are sorry to pronounce not exactly untrue, but disingenuous, viz., that the number of paupers in Great Britain had been increasing since the adoption of a high tariff by the United States. The question of importance in this discussion is whether the number of paupers has increased in proportion to population, other elements in the problem remaining the same. Now, if Mr. Mudge had examined the question as he ought to have done, he would have found that the percentage of pauperism in England is less than it was before 1846, and if he had been perfectly candid, he would have acknowledged that our tariff neither could nor would have prevented the great cotton dearth of 1861. Dr. Bellows seems to have been rather startled by much of what he heard. As a preacher of human brotherhood, he must have been surprised to learn that God Almighty had so arranged matters that the less intercourse nations had with each other, the better. As a Christian, he must have been startled to hear it mentioned, as one of the recommendations of the American tariff, that it has increased the number of paupers in England.

In business circles the week has been a rather eventful one. The unusually large receipts of cotton, and the vigorous opening of the belated pork-packing season, have resulted in a decided, but not severe, drain of currency from the city to the country. The preparations, usual at this season, for the January settlements and New Year's dividends, have added somewhat to the natural stringency of money, which has been further and artificially intensified by the various means known to Wall Street manipulators, and employed for the purposes of affecting the stock market. At the Stock Exchange there has been a severe fall in prices, but without seriously affecting any one except the same old gambling cliques and their adherents. A more serious influence has been exerted by the measures instituted by Mr. Boutwell against the Pacific Railroad Companies, which were immediately followed by lively rumors of his intended resignation. Although the amount of the securities of these roads held here is not believed to be large, the depression which resulted from the first announcement of the Secretary's intentions has had a bad effect upon the market for all similar securities, has added to the prevailing feeling of uneasiness, and has started the usual plentiful crop of unfavorable rumors. There have, however, been no serious complications of any kind, as far as can be ascertained, and about this time it is always safe to mistrust financial rumors, unless thoroughly authenticated. There is, however, enough to account for the prevailing despondency in trade circles without looking to foolish stories. The strike among the shoemakers has been followed by a whole string of failures in Philadelphia, and the suspension of the coal-miners is assuming a serious aspect from the prospect of a similar stoppage among some of the iron-mills, which are said to be running at a loss. In all manufacturing industries reductions of wages are the order of the day, and "unprofitableness" is the complaint made almost universally of every class of business. Mr. Boutwell's predicted falling off in the Treasury surplus promises to be fulfilled sooner than he anticipated.

"M. C. W." writes to us that the resolution in the Woman's Rights Convention, sending Mrs. Emilie J. Meriman to France as their "peace advocate and commissioner," on which we commented some weeks ago, "whatever the reporters may have thought, was not adopted by the Convention, but merely read at the earnest request of Mrs. Meriman, no subsequent action having been taken;" and she adds, "Whatever the action of the Convention may have been, the conscientious offering of the resolution was worthy of respectful mention, if any." It thus appears that, though we were at first assured that there was no resolution such as we criticised, there really *was* one; but the reporter of the *Times* was in error as to its having been passed. Of whatever difference there may be between reading anything so silly and passing it, we are very willing the Convention should have the benefit. But we are sorry to dissent from "M. C. W.'s" view of the way the *Nation* ought to have treated it. Gross folly, especially coming from people who will have it that their participation in the work of government will work a remarkable change in the condition of the civilized world, is not, in our opinion, entitled to "respectful mention," and will never receive it, no matter how "conscientiously" it may be committed.

The *World* falls into a singular error, in arguing against the notion that Butler's Amnesty Bill ought not to be prejudiced by the character of its author—who, it says, is a natural product, with which it is as useless to quarrel as with one's stature. It is "a moral necessity" that he should be what he is, and therefore we may as well accept him without criticism. This is all true of Benjamin F. Butler, the man; that is the work of the Almighty, and one of his mysteries, like pain, death, and sorrow. But General Butler, the legislator, the framer of bills and resolutions, and the author of the Amnesty Bill, is a distinctly human creation, just as much as a bad picture, or an ill-cooked meal. Such as we see him, certain fellow-men in Massachusetts, including several professed "moralists," made him, and to release them ever, as long as his voice is heard in public life, from one iota of their responsibility for him would be wrong, if it were possible. It is they who for the last three years have been working whatever demoralization in public life he is usually charged with. When he tries to cheat the public creditor, he is but their agent; when he denies the existence of a public conscience, it is their voice which is heard; when he proposes to make party "capital" by entering on a bloody war, it is by the shoulders of those who voted for him, and endorsed him and recommended him, that the fiend stands mocking. We must not let them escape because two or three years have slipped by since they "wrought the deed of shame."

Important movements, and not unimportant fighting, have taken place at the various seats of the war in France. General Chauzy, having been forced from his position around Beaugency, "after four days' fighting," as King William telegraphs, retired first towards Blois, but subsequently in a northwesterly direction to Vendôme, abandoning the south banks of the Loire to the Prussians, who occupied Contres, Montrichard, and Romorantin, between Bourges and Tours. The retreat of Chauzy in the direction of Le Mans makes it clear that it is the determination of the French Government to risk the chances of another campaign north of the Loire, in the hope of defending Brittany, Western Normandy, and Maine, and, if fortune be more favorable than it has been till now, of combining an attack on the besiegers of Paris with the defenders of Havre and the Army of the North. The opening of this new movement, however, is far from being favorable to the French army, though Gambetta continues to send rose-colored reports about it to his associates now in Bordeaux. Scarcely had Chauzy established his forces on the banks of the Loir, when the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg occupied in strong force the town of Fréteval on his left flank, December 14, and on the following day, having been reinforced by Frederic Charles's Tenth Corps, engaged the French near Vendôme. The battle was severe, and ended with the discomfiture of the French, who abandoned Vendôme on the 16th, leaving six guns and one mitrailleuse in the hands of the pursuers, and hastily retreated towards Le Mans, beyond Épuisay, which Von der Tann occupied on the 17th, capturing two hundred and thirty prisoners. A less important fight at Brou, between Chartres and Le Mans, also ended with the defeat of the French. Concerning the state of Paris, its means of resistance, and the preparations to bombard it, the reports and speculations are most varied, and frequently much more amusing than instructive. The very positiveness of the assertions now made about the abundance of provisions leads us, in view of what we heard before the fall of Metz, to look for an early surrender. The new sortie, reported last week to have taken place on the 10th, is not spoken of in more recent reports. The warlike movements north and northwest of the besieged capital are the themes of numerous but exceedingly vague and untrustworthy despatches. We hear of desultory fighting in Picardy, of the advance of the French General Faidherbe "beyond Amiens," of the occupation of Ham by the Prussians, of their passing Chauny twenty thousand strong, and of various menacing movements against Havre, made by General Manteuffel's army, both north and south of the Seine.

The Chancellor of North Germany—we ought now, perhaps, to say of the German Empire—seems not to be satisfied with having "abolished the Main," and united thirty-eight million Germans under the headship of his master, with a very fair prospect of enlarging the Fatherland by the reannexation of Alsace and Lorraine. He obviously covets the possession of the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg, which, from 1815 to 1866, though belonging to the King of Holland—not to the kingdom, however—formed a part of the Germanic Confederation, and, on the breaking up of the latter by Prussia in the last-mentioned year, became an independent sovereignty under the House of Orange. The attempt of its royal owner to sell it to France, in the early part of 1867, led to a grave diplomatic complication, which seriously threatened war, but ended with the withdrawal of Napoleon and William of Orange from the bargain, on one side, and the withdrawal, on the other, of the Prussians from the capital, Luxemburg—a fortress which they had continued to garrison, though without right, after the fall of the Bund. The fortifications of the city were to be razed, and Luxemburg was declared a neutral country like Belgium. Against this Grand-Duchy Bismarck now suddenly raises the portentous accusation of having violated its neutrality during the pending war, by allowing the revictualling, from its territory, of the lately reduced fortress of Thionville, situated near its border, and by omitting to stop French fugitives—and even suffering the French Consul to re-enlist them—while forbidding the transit of wounded Germans. And this hostile attitude of Luxemburg, Count Bismarck declares in a circular to the ambassadors of his court, gives him the right of disregarding its neutrality, which obviously means the right of occupying it.

This new firebrand thrown into the diplomatic world so soon after Gortchakoff had launched his, has caused an intense excitement in England, as well as on the Continent. It is regarded not only as a fresh earnest of Prussia's aggressiveness and insatiability, but it has also made the suspicion of a collusion between her and Russia, mutually granting—if not securing—freedom of expansion in the East and West, respectively, more plausible than it appeared a few weeks ago. And this suspicion is still further strengthened by Gortchakoff's reply to Bismarck's note on this question, in which the Russian diplomat is reported to declare that if the charges alleged against the Luxemburg Government are proved, "Prussia is justified in annexing the territory." The English and Austrian journals naturally teem with denunciations of the grasping policy of the German Chancellor, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, among others, urges the British Government not to allow the threatened violation of the territory of Luxemburg to pass with impunity. On the other hand, hopes are freely expressed in official and non-official circles of an amicable settlement preventing a practical enforcement of Bismarck's theories. Such a settlement would be, for instance, Luxemburg's entering the German Confederation or Empire as an "immediate" member, under the semi-sovereignty of Henry of Orange, the brother of the King of Holland, and actual Governor of the Grand-Duchy. The "people," the clergy, and the "Patriotic Committee" of the country, however, vehemently protest against any curtailment of its full independence, and the declarations both of the King of Holland and of his brother are reported to agree with their wishes.

The Catholic associations and corporations, civil and ecclesiastical, lay and clerical, in this country, are pouring in addresses of sympathy on the Pope, many of which are curious and instructive reading, and all of which display the usual sentimentalists' contempt for facts. According to one, "the government of Florence" (which is the "scathing" mode of designating the Government of Victor Emmanuel) "has established despotism and fettered the press" at Rome, and has deprived His Holiness and the Catholic Christians of New York of "the right of communicating freely with each other." Another meeting, held in the cathedral at Albany, declares "the personal independence of the Sovereign Pontiff" "a right dear to American citizens." We would suggest a recognition of it in the constitution of the State of New York, or, better still, in the city charter. In the meantime, the Sovereign Pontiff refuses to be released from his bondage. He remains under the odious rule of the infidel government in the Vatican, and will have it that no Catholic can have access to him, except across Italian bayonets, in spite of the frantic endeavors of the Italian Government to make him as free and independent as possible. In fact, there is no reason, so far as the facts go, why he should not assert, and American Catholics mourn over the announcement, that he is bastinadoed every morning regularly by an Italian corporal, just as well as that the Italians are restraining him of his liberty. Most of the Catholic talk about him, like much of the Woman's Rights talk, impels one to ask whether the distinction between children and adults is not mainly one of physical size and weight, instead of being one of intellectual power, as is commonly supposed.

THE SPECTACULAR THEORY OF WAR.

THERE could hardly have been a better justification of the course of the King of Prussia in persisting in the prosecution of the war, after the fall of the Empire, than the arguments put forward by Russia and her partisans in defence of her violation of the Treaty of Paris, and let us add that it would be difficult to imagine a more serious blow at the cause of peace than would be inflicted by the general acquiescence of civilized nations in their validity. We do not pretend, as we have said already, to attach any peculiar sanctity or permanence to this treaty, or to consider the wish of Russia for its abrogation as anything unnatural or unreasonable. Moreover, we have no doubt that it has lasted its day, and that all the good that can ever result from it has been got out of it. A frank appeal to the co-signataries for release from its obligations would probably have commanded the sympathy and support of most thinking men. Treaties are not meant to last for ever any more than laws, and if Russia had, by force of argument, procured the abolition or modification of this one, or, at all events, had fairly tried argument before announcing her determination to take the law into her own hands, she would have made a very valuable contribution to civilization.

But when she and her friends get up and say—as they do say—that this treaty was imposed on her by force, and that *therefore* she is not bound to observe it beyond the period at which she finds herself strong enough to disregard it, they help to give back to war a character of barbarism of which all Christian nations have for two centuries been steadily and successfully laboring to divest it. All the humane changes which have, during that period, been introduced into the mode of conducting it—the better treatment of prisoners and of the wounded; the more careful avoidance of unnecessary killing; the greater respect for the property and persons of non-combatants, and particularly for those of the inhabitants of fortified places; the greater regard shown for the preservation of public monuments and works of art—have all been signs of the gradual reduction of military operations to a means simply of deciding international disputes. The element of vengeance or hate, which formerly played so large a part in the cause of hostilities, is now carefully eliminated from it, so carefully that it would be difficult to find a public man in Christendom who would come forward and claim for this feeling a place among the good reasons for drawing the sword; and nothing excites more disgust and reprobation than acts of war which clearly have no tendency to bring the struggle to a conclusion. War is, to be sure, at best, a coarse, clumsy, and savage mode of trying causes, but it is apparently the best which is, in the present state of human nature, attainable. But its only claim to respectability, and the only good reason for looking on the shock of civilized armies as anything better than an Indian massacre, is that it *is* a mode of trying causes—that it *does* settle questions of right and duty, which, as yet, there is no other way of settling.

The sword is a more honorable weapon than poison or the knife, mainly because it helps to determine, by the general consent of the civilized world, who shall possess certain tracts of territory, or exercise certain powers of government, or what acts or practices are between nations permissible or not permissible. Deny this prerogative to the sword; reduce it to a mere trial of brute strength, which shall settle nothing but which of the combatants had in a certain year the best army, or navy, or generals, and we fling away one of the strongest guarantees of peace, and, let us add, we inflict almost fatal injury on the sentiment to which we must look for the eventual establishment of an international tribunal, which shall do away with war altogether. That sentiment is, we need hardly say, respect for decisions reached through means to which both parties to the controversy have appealed, and have tacitly or openly agreed to consider effectual. A treaty made at the close of a war, and which settles the points over which the war was waged, is in reality the final judgment in a proceeding which all civilized nations are and have long been trying to make as nearly judicial as its nature will permit. It is not, of course, entitled to the same respect as the judgment of pure reason, but no such judgment is attainable even through courts of law. Judicial decisions are not what we would like, but the best thing we can get, and we all uphold them because we are all interested even more in having an end of strife than in having strict justice done. The principle, too, on which the judgments of the sword rest—that the stronger of two parties shall have his way—brutal as it seems, is neither more nor less than the principle on which democratic government rests—that the majority shall rule. The only good reason under the sun why the majority should rule is the one given by Barbeyrac, "because there is no other mode of bringing business to a conclusion," or, in other words, because the majority is the only power in a state capable, if need be, of enforcing its decisions.

When, therefore, a community deliberately appeals to the sword to decide a controversy with another nation, as Russia did in 1853, and the South in 1860, and as France did this year, every civilized man is interested in having the defeated party abide by the issue, as embodied in the treaty by which the war is closed. All wars end in one party acknowledging its defeat, and the treaty is but the formal recognition of the judgment of the Lord of Hosts. Of course, nobody intends treaties to be perpetual, and nobody expects them to be so; but everybody expects them to last till there is some other change in circumstances than a recovery of strength on one side or the loss of it on the other. Any other mode of looking at them than this would submit international relations to the rule of brute force, pure and simple.

The partisans both of the French and of the Russians have, however, of late been doing their best to spread what we may call the prize-fighter's view of war—that is, the doctrine that it is a trial of military strength and skill simply, and that, beyond settling on which side the superiority in these things lies in a particular year, it settles nothing; that, in other words, it creates no rights and imposes no duties—not even on the belligerent who, at his own time and for his own reasons, has resorted to it. Accordingly, we find King William severely rated for not having withdrawn his forces as soon as the French regular armies had been defeated, the fight, according to "the rules of the ring," being then over; and the fact that the French people were still bursting with rage and humiliation, and made no secret of their sorrow that they should have gone into the contest "unprepared," and of their intention to take their revenge as soon as they could recover, counting for nothing. The French, we were told, "had been beaten enough," and the advantage being plainly with the Prussians, and the fight having, therefore, lost all spectacular interest, hundreds of people who professed never to have any doubt of the original righteousness of the German cause transferred their sympathy to the French, just as a gambler sides with "the under dog" or the losing cock as soon as there is nothing more to bet on. This way of looking at war as a gladiatorial exhibition, which ought to come to a close as soon as the spectators have ceased to get excitement out of it, was dignified by the English friends of the Southern Confederacy during the rebellion as "sympathy with the weaker side," and a large portion of the abuse they lavished on the North for continuing the struggle they unblushingly justified by pointing to the "gallantry" of the Southern resistance, being evidently of opinion that there was no moral element in the struggle whatever, and that, the question of superiority of force having been settled, there was nothing further to fight about; and that it was a shame to try to force the plucky vanquished into formal confession of his defeat and formal acceptance of its consequences.

Seen from the benches of the amphitheatre, of course, there is nothing objectionable in the position Russia has taken up in this controversy about the neutrality of the Black Sea. Russia went to war in 1853, signed something in the nature of a treaty simply because she found it inconvenient to fight any longer, and now that she has recovered her strength, and that of her adversaries is diminished, she goes at it again, the period of acquiescence in the terms imposed by the victor having been simply a breathing spell. It would be difficult to overestimate the evil influence on the world's progress which anything like a general acceptance of this view of the nature and effect of war would exercise. The larger armies grow, the more human industry and ingenuity are devoted to the perfection of the arts of destruction, and the more thoroughly entire nations are enlisted in armed conflicts—we must remember "the Prussian system" is being generally adopted—the more necessary it is in the interest of civilization and humanity to treat war as really and truly not a game, but a judicial process; not as a means of trying strength, but of settling the relations of great communities to each other. It may seem horrible to ascribe to mutual slaughter the dignity and the functions of a legal arbitrament, but it is not half so horrible and so degrading as to treat fighting as simply a means of finding out which of two nations is able to kill and wound more of its enemies in a given period. It is sad to think that nations should still, in the nineteenth century of Christianity, have to work out their doctrines and settle their place among their fellows, to use Bismarck's phrase, by "blood and iron;" but it would be infinitely sadder if we should ever have to acknowledge that battles were only fought for show. The sorrow which darkens thousands of homes day by day in all great wars is sweetened in modern times, at least to most mourners, by the reflection that those who have laid down their lives have helped to end some great contention or solve some perplexing problem of national existence. It would greatly deepen the misery and desolation of war if the dismal mounds which dot every battle-field were to become nothing better than memorials of the victor's prowess.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LAND GRANTS.

The people of the United States justly attribute a great part of their rapid progress in material wealth to their possession of large tracts of fertile lands easily accessible from the sea, and not held in individual ownership, but belonging to the State, whose only duty in regard to them is to use them to the best advantage of the community at large. The magnitude of this national patrimony is so great that it is difficult to form an adequate conception of it even by the aid of figures, and many reasons have combined to withdraw public attention from the figures more than from any other part of the subject. The total area of the United States is, in round numbers, 2,200 millions of acres, of which less than one-fifth, or about 400 millions of acres, have passed into the possession of individuals, and over four-fifths remain in possession of the country at large. It is the disposal of these four-fifths of the entire United States, the disposal of 1,820 millions of acres of land, or territory nearly five times as large as the total settled portion of our country, that forms the great "public land" problem which the present generation will be shortly called upon to solve, or at least seriously to consider.

The conviction of the people that their prosperity has been largely due to the possession and gradual cultivation of these large territories, has naturally grown into a national dogma that the continued prosperity of the country requires a continued progress in the cultivation of larger and still larger portions of our unoccupied domain. Whether well founded or not, this national faith has furnished the sole principle on which our management of the public lands has been conducted. The most rapid transfer possible of the proprietary interest from the Government to individuals has been the Government policy, and has had the warm support of the people. Whatever seemed to promise a speedy settlement of the public domain was approved almost in advance by public sentiment. The sale of land at nominal figures, the free gift of land to actual settlers under the Homestead Law of 1862, the most liberal grants for military services, for agricultural colleges, for schools and universities, were all in accord with popular feeling. Even the earliest grants to railroads and canals were unanimously welcomed, and it is only within the last few years that a doubt has arisen in the public mind as to whether, after all, the policy of giving away the lands almost indiscriminately to great railroad corporations is as wise as we thought it to be ten years ago. In the West, especially, this doubt has almost developed into positive opposition, and not only was the cessation of land grants made a prominent issue in many local platforms of both parties, but many leading men in both Houses of Congress, as well as President Grant, have openly expressed their downright hostility to the present system. It is worth while enquiring what has caused this change of sentiment.

The first influence affecting the public mind has no doubt been a consideration of the almost fabulous magnitude of the gifts thus made by the people to certain individuals. The total extent of lands positively given away by the people of the United States, principally to railroad corporations, up to the end of 1869, amounted to 186 millions of acres, a territory as large as that of Great Britain and France combined, while the last session of Congress entertained applications for and partially granted a further amount of 190 millions of acres, exceeding the combined area of Spain, Italy, and Switzerland, and is now preparing to receive applications for as much more. The land actually granted is four times as large as the whole of New England, twice as large as all the Central Atlantic States combined, including Ohio, and half as large again as the five Southern Atlantic States, or as the five Central Southern States, or as the five great Western States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan united. All ordinary means of estimating size and value fail before these stupendous amounts. Yet this is only what has been irrevocably given. The grants now under more or less favorable consideration by Congress would double them, and the grants asked for, but not yet considered, would more than treble them. It is no wonder that public opinion halts at the idea of giving away to private individuals a territory as big as half of Europe.

But even the magnitude of the gift has scarcely aroused public opinion as much as the evil influence which the opportunity of making these gigantic gifts has had upon the conduct of public affairs, the character of legislators, and the actions of public officials. Not even the tariff has led to so much lobbying, so many corrupt influences, and such neglect of other public business, as the incessant applications of railroad and other corporations for more grants of public lands. Over one hundred companies are now before Congress with applications of this kind, each represented by from two to ten agents, who fill the lobbies of the Capitol, who crowd the committee rooms, who bore the life out of honest members, and fill the pockets, or at least the pocket-books, of the less scrupulous ones with current or uncurrent promises to pay. The waste of time, the disgraceful wranglings, the charges of corruption, and the palpable neglect of legitimate business have so disgusted the public that the enquiry has become common: Do these enormous grants, which seem in themselves the source of so much evil, really result in the advantages which have been anticipated from them? Do they really cause our waste territories to be more rapidly settled?

What the indirect influence of the roads may be, it is as yet next to impossible to determine. But that their direct influence, by sales of their own, materially affects the settlement of the country, is now demonstrated to be a delusion. Of the total lands for which the United States issued patents or title-deeds last year, to wit, 7,660,000 acres, nearly four-fifths were for cash sales and homestead entries, only a very small portion of which were along the lines of the subsidized railroad companies, while the entire amount certified or delivered to all subsidized corporations of whatsoever nature was less than 750,000 acres, or less than one-tenth of the entire amount disposed of, showing that the total sales of all the companies together, including town-sites and railroad depots, etc., was less than one-eighth of what the Government itself sold, and received a valuable consideration for. At this rate of annual sales it would require about 250 years for the existing companies to dispose of the lands given them by the United States, supposing they should be able to continue their sales for town-sites, railroad depots, etc., at the present ratio, which can scarcely be expected. That this proportion of sales is fairly divided among the different lines is apparent from the fact that out of the 35 millions of acres granted to the Central Pacific, Union Pacific, and Kansas Pacific companies, only 165,000 acres had been sold in all up to the close of 1869, which would be at a rate requiring about 300 years for the disposal of the whole. The first few years of a railroad, however, scarcely afford an adequate test of its ability to draw population to itself and to dispose of its lands. It may, therefore, be useful to examine the experience of lines that have had a much longer existence, and of these an admirable illustration is furnished by the very line which initiated the system under discussion. In 1850, the Government of the United States granted to the Illinois Central Railroad a subsidy of 2,600,000 acres of the very choicest prairie lands in the United States, along a line of road traversing the entire breadth of a thriving, populous State, singled out by nature to be the most progressive State of the Northwest. By a system of elaborate advertising, of aiding immigration, of extremely liberal terms of sale, the Illinois Central has succeeded in selling in twenty years nearly two millions of acres of choice land in the heart of Illinois, and is to-day offering, by its widespread advertisements, the remaining 630,000 acres. In other words, the Illinois Central barely succeeded in selling 100,000 acres a year in the very heart of the most prosperous State of the Union. If we suppose that the present subsidized roads can equal these efforts made under the most favorable circumstances, and shall wholly escape the attacks of bankruptcy which periodically visited the Illinois Central during its career, we shall find that it would take about 1,870 additional years from now to sell the last of the Government land grants. It is useless to formulate a hypothetical result based upon the unquestionably far less favorable circumstances under which the present roads will have to operate. It is evident that the popular doubts as to the rapid settlement of the waste lands by means of these land grants are not altogether unfounded.

But if the sale of these lands, in spite of the efforts of the companies, is extremely slow, and promises to extend through centuries, and to be accompanied by serious and continued expense, the question naturally arises, Why are these colossal corporations incessantly clamoring for more? If, in the first place, there is such urgent need for these roads, why can they not be built without Government aid? And if there is no such urgent need for them, what induces so many men of wealth to spend year after year of time, and many thousands of dollars in money, in order to obtain these land grants, and build these roads that are not wanted? The truth is, that in modern railroad building the need of the road is the last consideration that enters the mind of the parties engaged in building it. The sole incentive to railroad building nowadays is the enormous profits made upon building contracts, which, by a strange perversion of moral sentiment, have come to be looked upon as legitimate and proper. Railroads are built exclusively for the profits made in building them, and these profits simply consist of the difference between the amount that the road really costs to build and the amount that the public can be persuaded it is worth and can be induced to invest in its securities. It is evident that the profit depends mainly upon the amount of securities the public can be induced to buy, and this again depends mainly upon the guarantees which the companies can offer for their payment. Now, so long as the public continues to entertain the prevailing opinion of the present and prospective value of the Government lands, so long will they continue to buy bonds secured by mortgages upon these lands, and just so long will huge companies try to get the lands to mortgage for the purpose.

The fact is, that the grants of public lands are sought for the sole purpose of raising money upon them by mortgage, to be employed in the building of roads for which there is no real demand, but from the building of which the grantees expect to derive enormous profits. How long the public will continue to have faith in the value of these lands, when they once begin to understand the extreme difficulty and delay attending their sale, is a question for private investors to consider. The question of interest to the general public is, how long they will permit the patrimony of the people of the United States to be used as a bait, by means of which the money of the country is withdrawn from beneficial industry, and invested in unprofitable enterprises from which corrupt individuals derive extravagant gains?

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN ITALY.

Many people believe that the parliamentary régime, being an Anglo-Saxon specialty, can never in the long run agree with any foreign constitution. The frequent collapses of France, the permanence of obnoxious ministers in Prussia, the barrack platforms in Spain, and the incorrigible indifference shown by the Italians in the exercise of their civic rights, are quoted as proofs of this theory. Political writers should have, if nothing better, a stout heart, and should accustom themselves to witness political failures without at once despairing of human nature. Parliamentary rule means rule of majorities. Majorities can be stupid, silly, and even mad, just as minorities or individuals. Nobody ever pretended that their rule was good or wise; but it is the best and the wisest we can imagine, and we must, therefore, adhere to it with the same disregard for consequences with which we adhere to the moral principles that guide our actions in private life. The difficulty lies in the sifting of the chaff in the electoral law. But when a parliament has once been made adequately representative of all that is worth representing, the constitutional machine must be allowed to work for better or for worse. If the results are bad, the fault should be sought not in the machine, but in the people who work it, and should be corrected accordingly. All that is wanted, not only for a republic, but for all parliamentary life, is public spirit, and in this some nations are sadly deficient—none probably more so than the Italians. The question, then, arises: Can public spirit ever be acquired by special training or by experience, so that the applicability of the parliamentary régime becomes a mere matter of time?

The example of Prussia shows that this is possible, the innate individualism of the German character, which still remains unchecked in Southern Germany, having been considerably modified by the compulsory methods of Prussian bureaucracy. The application of these methods (the word method is too general a term to imply anything like undiscriminating imitation) would probably constitute the best preparatory training for all those people who, by natural disposition, seem least fit for the task of national co-operation and self-government. The Italians need not be too proud to learn such a lesson from Prussia. They have often learnt worse things from foreigners, and, whether they admit it or not, they have, notwithstanding the difference of race, far more in common with the Germans than with the French. To feel the hard hand of discipline and compulsion, and to get used to the idea that right and duty are not correlative, but altogether convertible, terms, would be a blessing to all Italians. They are the spoilt children of Fortune, and want nothing so much as a methodical infliction of artificial hardships. No nation ever saw its wishes and aspirations gratified so easily. Italy wanted union and independence, and she found fifty thousand Frenchmen ready to die for her. She wanted Venetia, and obtained it by two defeats. She wanted Rome, and her only obstacle, the French empire, vanishes into thin air. All this chapter of Italian history reads like a fairy tale. One knows beforehand that some good sprite will be at hand in the hour of need, and that, come what may, all will end well. Who would not rejoice over all this? The drawback is a purely educational one. It has nothing to do with these most welcome facts and events themselves, but with the dangers of the masterly inactivity of those who were chiefly interested in them. The political career of Italy is only now beginning. "L'Italia è fatta," said the King, in 1866; but he said this four years too soon. It is only now that Italy's struggle for existence can be considered as terminated, and that her independent existence as a political unit may be said to have begun in good earnest. A revision of the political machine at such a moment would not be inopportune.

But even before we have time to look at it, we hear of two incidents which, in these Titanic times, can attract but little notice, but which are, nevertheless, full of meaning. One is the withdrawal from public life of the two most conspicuous political leaders of Tuscany; the other is the vast number of abortive contests that have occurred during the recent elections, owing, in most cases, to the presence of an insufficient number of voters. The papers are wrong in calling this "abstention," since the term "abstention" implies intentional non-interference either from tactical motives or from indecision, while the "absenteeism" of Italian voters is generally due to sheer indifference and laziness. That the Romans showed great zeal on the occasion of their provincial *plébiscite* must be ascribed to the natural charm of novelty. When that wears off, the Italians feel inclined to leave the whole management of public (and, unfortunately, even of municipal) affairs to the professional politicians. They never tire of reading their favorite newspaper, and generally take side with either party. But that can be done in an arm-chair or in the café; and if the ballot-box were brought to him thither on election day, the Italian citizen would have no objection whatever to drop in his vote. In ordinary times one might get reconciled to such anomalies. But to see a quick-witted and spirited people like the Italians indulge in such *bodily* laziness (for it is nothing else) at one of the most solemn moments of their national existence, is a sad and ominous sight.

If, then, the Italian state, through the unwarrantable apathy of its citizens, is doomed to become an oligarchy, it would seem desirable, at least, that the oligarchs should be aristocrats in the widest sense of the word, and that the circle to which the rotation of legislative and executive power is restricted should be formed by those who are most conspicuous for experience, intelligence, and integrity. Ricasoli and Peruzzi have belonged to this circle ever since 1859. They have been its ornaments. Why should these men who have health and wealth and leisure to spare retire into private life just now? And why should they do so on the plea that, Rome having been annexed to Italy, they can find no further scope for their political activity? It would be far more proper to plead the reverse of this, and to say that, the catastrophic and cataclysmal period of Italian history being now over, the rulers of Italy stand no longer in need of Piedmontese generalship and Cavourian statecraft, but want precisely what they have not wanted hitherto, and what they have often harshly repudiated—the exquisite tact and delicate touch of Tuscan counsellors. It is said that Ricasoli was once snubbed by the King, who, being used to the rough-and-ready ways of his subalpine comrades, could not endure the cockneyfied stateliness of his Tuscan premier. It is also said that the complete separation of church and state was and is Ricasoli's political hobby; that his greatest failure was his Church Bill of 1864, and that the annexation of Rome, with a live Pope in it, has rendered his sacrilegious schemes even more impracticable than they were in 1864. The King, in fact, can hardly be expected to go to Rome with such a bill in his portfolio. Even his shilly-shallying with the Jesuit school of the Collegio Romano has failed to ingratiate him, and the gates of Rome may prove *to him* really gates of hell, although to the ordinary Italian mind the word "*scomunicato*" (excommunicated) conveys a ludicrous rather than an ecclesiastical meaning.

All this is plausible enough, and ordinary men might be excused for sulking a little, or even for despairing altogether, after such disappointments. But *noblesse oblige*, and a man like Ricasoli should rise above such considerations. He ought to know that, just now, Italy can ill afford to spare a man like him, even though till now she may have been better off without him. On this point, however, the "Iron Baron," as the Italians call the Puritan statesman, has shown himself quite unworthy of his splendid nickname.

On the whole, the Italians are not what is called "robust" politicians. They are far too sensitive and touchy for the rough work of party warfare. And those among them who were no longer young when the new era of constitutional liberty began in their country, have entered the parliamentary arena with such antiquated notions of propriety that honest debating must have been painful even to their adversaries. It is needless to say that these men of stately manners, who have grown up in the habit of considering courtesy the first of duties, never pass through a rough ordeal like that of an American or English election. To be cross-examined, abused, ridiculed, hooted, and pelted by a mob of voters would be considered by any Italian politician too high a price for the honors of a seat in Parliament. The Piedmontese were the first to be inured to the hardships of parliamentary campaigning, but have never got rid of their innate fastidiousness; and least of all would the Tuscans ever submit to the opprobrium of a political canvass, which they would fain banish altogether from the school of politics, as being foreign to its aims and prejudicial to its moral character. The consequence is that Italian canvassing, electioneering, and polling are now, and bid fair long to remain, most orderly, tame, and peaceful proceedings, involving no bodily risk and no mental anxiety to the interested parties beyond that of getting them up at all. Many candidates do not even address their electors, but publish their programme in the local paper, or write a discourse to be read by proxy, or remain altogether silent and passive, relying on their political reputation. And this last proves very often more successful than active canvassing.

American and English politicians may smile at this extraordinary tameness. But there is no harm in it. On the contrary, it will be seen that Italian candidatures, in being shrinking rather than competing, can hardly give scope to bribery or to intimidation; and in being based on a man's general reputation rather than on special issues or "planks," secure a greater independence to the deputy elect than he would enjoy where representation is as here a kind of special delegation. From a moral point of view, this is an important difference. The Italian deputy, being less fettered by promises, has no inducement to break or to evade any, and he can remain consistent—that is to say, loyal to himself without becoming disloyal to his constituents. Whether the system works better is a different question, which may have to be negatived when Italian platforms become more complicated, and the wishes and wants of the people more highly developed.

FRENCH HOPES AFTER FRENCH SUCCESSES.*

NEAR TOURS, Nov. 24, 1870.

COMMUNICATION is not easy now, and the news of to-day, if at all delayed, becomes as it were the news of a year old. The really great interest attaches to the great outlines, which do not deceive, but are ever going on, marking out the great historic and moral lesson. When I wrote to you last—towards the middle of last month—I told you what was then already beginning to be the aspect of the situation, and what has gone on confirming itself every day. I told your readers then that the virtue of the republican idea had already asserted itself, that the "standing army" policy was shattered for ever, and that it was now peoples and not cabinets or governments that would shape out the destinies of Europe, following in France's wake. This has proved more thoroughly true in the space of a few weeks than one could have ventured to suppose.

When I wrote, Metz had not yet fallen, and the identity of baseness existing between Louis Napoleon and *every one* of his military crew had not yet been completed. Vulgar-minded persons proclaimed their vague hopes of Bazaine's army, of the last and, as they said, "best soldiers of France." All that was overthrown at the end of October, and France may say "Thank God!" Bazaine's soldiers were amongst her worst instead of her best, and that for the reason that instead of being "France's" soldiers they were the hired butchers and bullies of the adventurer of the *coup d'état*, to whom France was simply a prey. A word I heard spoken in the streets of Tours but a few days ago serves to show what the feeling of Frenchmen themselves is upon the present attitude of the nation. As some of the young troops of the Army of the Loire were escorting into the town their German prisoners, a very well-known Englishman, who has lived in Touraine for ten years, uttered an emphatic expression of surprise, and ended by saying, "Well, I could never have believed if I had not seen it—and I don't understand it now!"

"I dare say not," remarked a middle-aged Frenchman at his elbow, with no very agreeable look, "for your country is still full of backward notions. But I will tell you who can understand it all better—your American cousins, as I believe you call them."

This speech I heard (and saw) made, and I assure you it conveyed to my mind a strong impression of truth. The present *national* rising of France is what I would fain style an American rather than a European fact. France resembles more and more what your own North was after Bull Run. She has set her back to the wall, and, with clinched teeth and iron will, is resolved to do, and ready to die. Every day brings in citizens who know how to obey, and learn quickly how to fight; but no trace is there of the swashbuckler or the lisping carpet-knight. *These* men are swept from the surface of the land, and are clustering round the adventurer, who, his game once played out, finds himself at his ease, and "comfortable" in the keeping of his "good brother" and sincere friend, King William of Prussia. It was from the hour when Metz was betrayed by Bazaine that the French nation struggled to its feet. It was, indeed, for France what Bull Run was for you—the sign that there must be no further trifling, but that the death-grapple must be carried out in grim earnest.

I have at this moment lying before me the letter of a young wounded Mobile, written to his father the day after the battle of Coulmiers. In it is this passage: "I had often asked myself what was the meaning of being brave, and I confess I was full of terror lest I should not be up to the mark. I prayed God and went forward. We did our best; and when I was taken up to be brought on here, I only know *we* were standing where the Prussians had stood a few hours before. I have been complimented by the colonel, yet, to say the truth, I hardly know for what. I felt all the time as though I were hammering away at that traitor Bazaine's head, and I seemed, in the din, only to hear on all sides, 'Vengeons Metz!' I am said to have behaved well, for which thank God! but war is a horrible thing, and the peoples ought to be spared from ever making it."

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* This letter has been delayed, and some of its previsions are already falsified by events, but it is interesting as an expression of the feeling prevalent in the society in which the writer lives.—ED. NATION.

There are two sentiments expressed in the above letter (written by, I assure you, a very simple-minded young fellow, destined to be a civil engineer)—two sentiments which meet me now in France at every turn: one, a purely French sentiment of the passing hour; the other, a French sentiment for, I fondly hope, all time. The first is the sudden and strong rebound after the Metz treachery, and really does seem to mark a general and national and fierce protestation against the completion of the ruin which that infamous transaction was supposed to induce inevitably; the second is a moral conviction of the horror and unrighteousness of all war. This latter feeling seems to me to be spreading into a universal creed, and to arise from the very steam of the battle-fields and out of the very excesses of war itself. Every day the war endures I mark this feeling growing stronger, and (let me say it to the honor of Frenchmen) the more successful are the several actions on the part of the citizen-soldiers, the more openly it appears to me that they express their disgust and loathing for the fact of war. It is a thing of hourly occurrence now to hear young Frenchmen, lavish of their lives in their country's cause, say: "This must be the last war. It is not only monstrous, but absurd, that reasonable beings, educated, civilized men, should agree to destroy each other, and to devote the best efforts of their intelligence to discovering the best means of mangling the human frame." You may depend upon it, that whatever circumstance brings this war to a conclusion, there will be a clamor throughout France when it is concluded for a universal disarmament, and for an alteration in the public law of the world which shall substitute arbitration for the antiquated and savage appeal to arms.

Your readers will probably be anxious to hear on what grounds the French public in and out of Paris rests its now all but universal hopefulness. Upon three points: First, upon the fact that, since the fall of the Empire and the offer of an honorable peace to Prussia, France has unquestionably right upon her side; second, that every day that passes makes the nation more determined, and that, little by little, the entire population is rising up in arms—armed nations being forces against which no mere army could ever, in the long run, resist; third, that every day causes more discouragement to the Germans, for the plain and simple reason that, Germany having gained all that she ever wished or cared for, it is not only wrong but foolish to persist in wholesale carnage when there is, in reality, no object whatever to be gained. It is perfectly true that the instant Louis Napoleon had delivered himself over to the King of Prussia, and that his despotic empire lay crumbling away in the dust, there no longer existed any reason to justify the continuance of the war, nor any object that could be attained by continuing it.

The relative positions of the two belligerents were these: Germany had for centuries been striving for something which France mainly forbade her to achieve. This "something" was "German unity"—the right to be and to develop herself in a purely German sense. For this Germany really yearned, and no lapse of time stilled her longings. She regretted that the awards of kings and princes in 1815 did not give this unity to the Germans, and her leading statesmen said unto their death that a great mistake had been committed. In 1830, the youth of Germany turned hopefully to *la jeune France,* and actually expected her to help them to their so-craved-for unity. The youth of Germany never forgot that Orleanist France—adopting the narrowest of Bourbonist foreign-policy traditions—not only refused to stand by her own so-called "liberalism" *vis-à-vis* to other countries, but ignored with contempt the onward aspirations of other nations for the sake of selfishly obtaining tolerance for her new dynasty. To Louis Philippe remounts the modern hatred of Germany for France. It is since his reign that the more ardent spirits among liberal Germans have learnt to say, "No matter what she does, or what political form she takes, she will be of no use to any one else!" At the Revolution of '48, young Germany, side by side with France, made her great political movement. Austria and Prussia put her down. But still she went on, longing for her unity. Then, through fifteen years, there was a lull. Bismarck came, the Duchies were snatched from Denmark (made not German but Prussian), the war of '66 followed, and, with Germany half-made, the craving had become ravenous; but France, in the person of the Empire, opposed; and then came war—war for the one great reason that the unity thirsted for on the one side was refused upon the other.

At Sedan, Germany had attained her end—the end she really set out to gain. She was free to be, to call all her kings and princes into one narrow circle, acclaim them or depose them, and announce herself to the world as she listed—empire, republic, federation—anything she might happen to choose. Further than this Germany never spontaneously or naturally went. All the rest has been invented for her by Count Bismarck. Germany—nay, not even Prussia, had any longing for French provinces or populations; but not being able to bear the name of a republic, King William and his chancellor, to avoid peace with so hated a form of government, put forth conditions which they knew they would never, could never, obtain. They hoped to restore the Empire, and are only now beginning to see the fallacy of their hopes. But week after week is dispelling the illusion in the minds of the German troops, and the mass of landwehrmen, who are citizens and educated men, begin to listen to the inward protest of their consciences against this immoral, useless prolongation of the war.

Alsace and Lorraine will not be given up to Prussia, to constitute a perpetual menace against the French. Let alone external complications, France will pull through her present difficulties, and the nation will avenge the crimes of Cæsarism, and ask afterwards for "peace among all men."

Correspondence.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: France and Germany will be discussed long after the armed struggle shall have ceased; what wonder, then, that they continue to form the topic of discussion now when the war is still going on, and when, in America, public sympathy, as it is called, seems suddenly to have taken a turn diverging toward France, probably because that country calls itself now a republic, possibly for other reasons. Grave things, however, ought to be discussed with earnest truthfulness, and not according to little sentimentalities, which are like mere ripples on a lake. The Premier of England says that Germany now plays the part which France performed at the beginning of the war. Why, cannot easily be seen; and there is, according to my opinion, no more substance in this utterance of the distinguished statesman than there was in his saying that Mr. Jefferson Davis had created a new nation. My friend, Senator Sumner, calls the tremendous war between these two great nations a duel. He cannot mean to stigmatize this contest, which is in history rather what great upheavings are in nature, as flippant, or an exposure of limb and life for mere cobweb honor; nor can we allow those to be in the right who ascribe the whole dire conflict to Count Bismarck—the cause of the war and the difficulty in making peace. It is especially Frenchmen, and some of the best and most liberal among them, who take this old-fashioned way of viewing things. They remind us of the former Catholic writers, who used to insist upon it that there would never have been such a thing as a Reformation had not a certain Augustine monk, called Martin Luther, fallen in love with a certain Cistercian nun, Catharine de Bora, and had they not, bent on marrying, rebelliously declared themselves against the Pope.

Of one thing the world ought to be convinced, that, no matter, right or wrong, it is Germany, united to a man, that pursues this war—Germany, closely united like a phalanx of old, which presses on for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine. Prussia, Bavaria; new provinces of Prussia, such as Hanover and Nassau, and old provinces like Pomerania; provinces that once belonged to France, like those in which are Treves, Cologne, and Saarbrück, and Rhenish Bavaria; Saxony, the old ally of Napoleon I.; and Hesse and Baden, the old members of the Confederation of the Rhine under the protectorate of the same Emperor—all, without exception, say we must now have them—not Bismarck, able as he is, he is not Germany; and if there be wrong in it, every German must take the blame, and is quite willing to do so.

But is there any wrong in insisting on the conquest, if it be preferred to call it so, of Alsace and Lorraine, or part of them? In replying to this question, I beg those who wish to arrive at a just conclusion—and I desire to have to do with none other—to divest themselves, as much as it may be in their power, of all the insinuation of figurative speech, or seduction of names and sounds of flickering sympathies, and the almost irresistible strength of mere association of ideas and feelings. Let us, for once, look truth straight in the face, however novel or unexpected some of her sharp features may appear.

The German argument is this: Ever since the fusion of the French people into a nation, France has considered the disunion and weakening of Germany as her greatest problem. Cardinal Mazarin instructed the French ministers at Münster to insist upon having the small princes of Germany declared *sovereign*, in order to weaken Austria and Germany in general, in the Peace of Westphalia, then preparing. Ever after France has preyed upon Germany. Lorraine and Alsace were torn from her by criminal violence and iniquitous adroitness, and Germany, under the most ruinous and incoherent government, disgracefully allowed France to keep the provinces and principalities wrested from her. Even in 1814, and again in 1815, France remained undisturbed as to them; but it was because Russia and England sided with France that Germany was then to be kept down by every one and to remain in her ragged state. France, however, was not satisfied even then. The absurd theory of a river, the Rhine, being the "natural frontier," was reasserted, and with grosser arrogance even than under Louis XIV. Still, Germany, having changed her government, kept quiet. At last, French conceit knew no bounds, and defiantly challenged Germany to meet her in battle. Germany did meet her; is victorious; lays bare the demoralized state of France, and, in order to protect herself, insists upon taking back Alsace and Lorraine or part of the latter, so that the preying and "natural frontier" theory and "strategic reasons" may have an end and Europe may enjoy peace. This is the whole argument, and neither jurist nor lawyer, statesman, soldier, philanthropist, nor religionist, can have aught to say against it, when an injured and patient party, challenged and worried by the wrong-doer into consent, subdues the wrong-doer and takes back the robbed property, however long he may have put up with his loss.

The French argument is, on the contrary, We cannot give up territory once declared to belong to France, for it would go against our honor. The Germans reply, The question is not about *honor*, but about *right* and our safety; nor can we see how honor, if that is to enter as an element of peace, is injured more by the loss of territory than by the loss of a whole series of battles, or by the infliction of a heavy war contribution, or the loss of a number of war-ships.

But say the French—and I do not give here my invention, but publicly and privately avowed and reiterated argument, repeated by high and low—Depend upon it that, if you take territory from us, this alone will be a cause for renewed war within a few years; and they say further, The loss of these precious provinces will extinguish France (*écraser la France* is the expression in the letters I have received), and if you do so you extinguish the civilization of Europe for long eras, for France has been the leader of civilization for centuries; or as others say, You will reduce France to a second-rate power, and—the reader will easily supply what French vanity here adds. We have heard it often enough.

The answer the Germans give to these objections is simple, and, I think, as strong as simple. What shall we do? they say. When we left you in profound peace, you attacked us to get to "the natural frontier;" and now, when we intend to take a portion of the rind of present France, you say that this alone will be a cause of war. What is to be done? We must have war in either case. As to the extinction of France by depriving her of a slice of territory, this argument does not harmonize with the preceding one. France will continue—at least, we must hope so—to contribute her share to the admirable Cis-Caucasian civilization—our united wealth. More she has never done, and more no nation of our great family ought to do. If France, like the other prominent nations, has been the leader in some branches—I cannot clearly see in which—she has also often been the leader of European demoralization. Let France, called upon at the time, as much as any other nation, to enter frankly the great path of the Reformation, but cruelly trampling out every germ of it by degradation, exile, or death—let France become modest. France, so she states officially, has some thirty-eight to forty millions of inhabitants; how can her diminution by a million or so reduce her to a second-rate power?

Mountains may be "natural frontiers;" rivers are only marked lines on the map. If the French are bent on a natural frontier, try the Vosges, and substitute the Moselle for the Rhine. Rivers played a great part in that unfortunate period of constant division of lands among the sons of rulers, not because natural frontiers, but because the best means of designation. The whole idea is merely vamped again in recent times. In the year 1844, I was walking with Alexis de Tocqueville in the garden of the Tuileries, when I asked him: "Is there any idea of France stretching to the Rhine left in the French?" He promptly and emphatically answered: "None whatever; there is but one enthusiastic idea, which extends all over France and to each Frenchman, that is, absolute political unity. That is the reason why the French dislike the United States so much. The French hate confederacies. As to the Rhine, no one thinks of it, be assured on that score." I repeat his words as literally as my memory permits, and I remember that De Tocqueville became slightly aroused when I did not accept his view of the non-existence of the Rhine fever as quickly as he thought I ought to do.

Let it be added that one of the French arguments is that the inhabitants of the departments in question do not wish the annexation; you are tyrants if you tear them from France against their will. This is a strange argument in the mouths of the French, especially concerning these very territories. I have spoken, however, at some length on the admissibility of a *plébiscite* in the case of Alsace and Lorraine; but I may add this significant fact, that the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, who, in 1815, descended, as they thought, very reluctantly from the high position of being subjects of a great empire to the status of a mere Prussian, are now among the most patriotic Germans, needle-gun in hand, and that, as Wagener recently has shown by official census, the population and prosperity of these provinces have vastly increased within the last twenty years, while the population and wealth in Alsace and Lorraine have much decreased.

It is remarkable that not a man out of Germany raised his voice when the natural frontier theory was broached anew, or when Napoleon III. haughtily proclaimed, "When France is content, Europe is at peace," and now so many voices are heard against German love of conquest! The peace people and universal congressmen or women ought to be simply reminded of President Lincoln's remark concerning the difficulty of *swapping* horses in the middle of a stream.

The great war will bring good fruits; the moral equilibrium will be adjusted, and one nation will no longer presume upon the others. War is not the greatest evil, and all the fruits of peace are not free from poison.

I hate no one; surely not the French, among whom I have some of my most cherished friends. I have fought against the French, and, therefore, feel somewhat as a comrade towards them, as is customary among brave men; but personal feelings or fanciful sentimentalities do not settle the question which remains about right, truth, and independence, freedom from domineering, vanity of restless neighbors, and self-collected, undisturbed development of each great nationalized group, so that it may perform its assigned part in the commonwealth of nations and the progress of our civilization. Germany will be united, and must be so; and to be firmly united she must sufficiently strengthen herself against her neighbor, who has so long played the mischief-maker of Europe. Germany must fortify herself toward the west, and the western slope of the Vosges will be the glacis of this redoubt. *On this line it will be fought out.* This is no new idea. I am here, because from early youth I ardently adhered to it, and was sent into exile for my ardor for German unity and liberty.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

COLLEGE STATISTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent notice of a little pamphlet of mine, printed a year ago, on the statistics of collegiate education in this country, you observe that I have, *prima facie*, made out a case—namely, in establishing the fact that "the colleges are losing ground when brought into comparison with the increase of population," but that "this increase is mainly due to the immigration of foreigners, whose language or condition, or both, prevent them from sending their quota of recruits to our higher institutions of learning;" and inferentially, therefore, that my case, when looked into, is no case at all.

Since the pamphlet noticed by you was printed, I have prosecuted the statistical enquiry there commenced much more extensively, and have shown, I think, conclusively that the influx of foreign population into our States does not in any manner affect the truth of the conclusions I have drawn. The results of a very laborious investigation of this educational question in all its phases were embodied in a report presented by me to the Trustees of Columbia College, in June last, of which I had the honor, at the time, to forward to you a copy, and of which a second copy accompanies this communication. In respect to the foreign question, I beg leave to call your attention especially to the statements embraced in the pages from 45 to 48 inclusive.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

F. A. P. BARNARD.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1870.

[We had overlooked these later statistics, which certainly prove that it is not immigration which has diminished the ratio of college students to the total population of all, or of any one, of the New England States. They point, too, to what is undoubtedly a principal reason why the American people have, since 1839, steadily lost interest in the support of the colleges—the enormous impulsion given, at that period, to material progress by the application of steam in locomotion and manufactures, the development of modern chemistry, and the other discoveries which have caused so marked a contrast between the last thirty years and the previous thirty. Not only, however, did these open new and countless avenues to wealth and distinction, but the immigration which they stimulated, by opening up our Western territory, immeasurably heightened the temptations to forsake learning for money-getting. In the decade which ended with 1839, this immigration increased by more than three hundred per cent., and as, on the one hand, it made it easy for the native American to get rich, so, if he belonged to the Democratic party, it made it easy for him to get office, without the expense of a college training. In this view, immigration still forms an important factor of the problem, though not as we were at first disposed to use it.—Ed. Nation.]

COMBINATION AGAINST RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The means of restraining our growing railroad monopolies has received some attention in your columns. I think it will be of little use to simply *pass* new laws unless, at the same time, some system of properly enforcing them is attempted. At present these corporations violate law because they know that very few persons can afford to apply to court for redress against a corporation. It is a very expensive experience in logic to prove that a corporation has violated law. I would suggest as one remedy the formation of local protective associations by the regular passengers and shippers over a certain railroad, excluding from membership those who are in any way interested in the government of the road. I do not think very high annual dues would be necessary to provide funds to carry up suits, as the mere fact of the existence of such an association would restrain them. Before Mr. Bergh formed the "S. P. C. A.," whoever interfered with a brutal man ran the risk of broken bones. Now the feeblest man can with a word restrain the stoutest carter, because he is known to have power behind him to enforce his commands.

It would be the business of the executive committee to pass on complaints from members, and, if the case warrant it, to enter suit. By confining redress to members, all would in a measure be compelled to join, thereby making light annual dues. When new laws were wanted, a conference by delegates from the local organizations would make the movement general.

I propose this movement not for the sake of prosecuting corporations simply because they are corporations whose officers, by judicious management, have made their investments pay, but that our laws when passed may be enforced. If the law itself is bad, have it repealed. S.

Philadelphia, Dec. 16, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A new work, entitled "The Genesis of Species," by Mr. St. George Mivart, is announced as nearly ready by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. While treating of the same subject as the works of Darwin and Wallace, it will be written from an entirely different point of view. The book will contain numerous illustrations.——A very unexpected announcement is that of the retirement from the firm of Fields, Osgood & Co. of the senior partner, Mr. James T. Fields. He will, it is said, still retain his connection with the *Atlantic*, and the style of the new firm will be James R. Osgood & Co.

—It may not be apparent at a glance why even the latitude of these "Notes" should embrace the late proceedings of a convention in this city to organize the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates. A proper reason will be found in the statistics of two of the asylums represented on that occasion. The Washingtonian Home, Chicago, has been seven years in operation, and has had 696 inmates, of whom only 173 were furnished by mechanical trades and callings, the remainder including 19 lawyers, 11 druggists, 10 physicians, 7 clergymen, 6 editors, 5 actors, 3 school-teachers, 1 judge, 1 publisher, and 1 professor of music. Supposing the latter to have their due proportion of the fifty per cent. who are reclaimed, it is obvious how much the intellect of the country is indebted to this beneficent institution. An asylum at Flatbush, which had 217 patients last year, and this year has had 547, shows a similar proportion of literary and professional men; and as this class is generally most able to bear the expense of treatment, we presume that all the other asylums, both State and private, are chiefly engaged in restoring to society those whom, on account of their education and capacity for public usefulness, it could least afford to lose. More complete statistics—and the convention insisted upon these—would go far to attract to inebriate asylums the attention and support which they richly deserve, and to cause their inmates to be looked upon as truly the victims of disease, which they are, and therefore entitled to the sympathy and encouragement of the community. Meantime, the definition of what constitutes an "inebriate," by an able and distinguished patient of the Binghamton Asylum, may be thoughtfully pondered by those whom it concerns:

> "There are persons whose original physical constitution and temperament are such that alcohol, once used, becomes to them a necessity; the brain and nerves, by virtue of some primary tendency, welcome the intruding force, and require the repeated stimulant, until at last they demand it with a vehemence which admits of no denial. The alcoholic habit is thus fixed, and the whole system must be nerved up each day by increased doses of poison, before either the mind or the body can perform its usual functions. Such persons are inebriates, and are none the less so because the use of alcohol may never be pushed by them so far as to produce complete intoxication."

—In many ways, the election of a School-Board in London on the last Tuesday in November was one of the most remarkable events of the day. First of all, the system established by it is a reform measure of so radical a nature that, even if it prove but partially successful, its effects can be little short of revolutionary—not only for London but for the entire kingdom—for it does what is only exceptionally done in this country, when, besides taxing the public for common schools, it compels parents to send their children to them. In the next place, the voting was a political experiment of great interest, inasmuch as it was by ballot, and cumulative, and was the widest application of household suffrage, including the votes of women. The ballot was so much of a novelty that some of the judges of election "lost their presence of mind," and the information of the police was insufficient to give directions where to go for and where to deposit the ballot, while "in many places the ballot-boxes were of an ugly and clumsy form, and it was difficult to get the papers in." But of the general character of the polling the *Daily News* says: "There was but one feeling all over London yesterday, and that was the conviction that in this election the ballot had prevented excitement, stopped intimidation, rendered bribery useless, thrown the shield of a most effectual protection over the voter, and proved the easiest, simplest, quietest method ever devised for taking the votes of a large population." The independence of the voters was shown in the fact that the candidates recommended by parochial committees or associations were quite extensively disregarded in favor of candidates who ran alone; and in the still more striking fact that of leading workingmen, or friends of the workingmen, almost none was returned by the class with which he was identified, and which was very numerous at the polls. And still the most remarkable feature of the election is the return of Miss Elizabeth Garrett by 47,858 votes, or an excess over her nearest competitor of at least 20,000, most of her supporters giving her their whole fifteen votes—"plumping," as it is called in England—thus securing her, by etiquette, the position of Chairman of the Board. Professor Huxley came second in rank, the Vicar of St. Pancras third, a Baptist clergyman fourth, Mr. Hepworth Dixon fifth, next a Roman Catholic, and finally a Presbyterian—this theological diversity showing how largely the question of religion, or certainly denominational feeling, determined the preferences of the voters. As Miss Garrett led Marylebone, so Miss Emily Davies, well-known as a writer on woman's work and duties, led Greenwich; and Mrs. William Grey came near being returned from Chelsea. The last thing worth noting is that for the first time the metropolis acted as a unit; and it should be a good omen that this unity was brought about in promoting education—the best bond society has yet devised for itself.

—An interesting writer in *Blackwood's* has recently been furnishing his fellow-Scots with some reading which, it may be presumed, will give them some considerable pleasure. Its perfervid patriotism, its characteristic pragmaticalness and Scotch conceit, and its crabbed self-assertion ought to make it well pleasing to Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Other people than Scotchmen will be amused by these qualities of it, and furthermore will like it for certain pieces of etymological learning which it contains. "Lost Preterites" was the heading of a former article, of which we said something at the time of its appearance; "Poetry and Humor of the Scottish Language" is the title of the essay now before us, which is the first of a series. "The Scottish *Language?*" it begins. "Yes, most decidedly a language! and no more a branch dialect or corruption of English than Dutch is of Danish;" and the writer goes on and makes out something like a case; or rather he would do so if all the rest of the world were not in a conspiracy against the Northern Athens, and did not decline to look at the Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon of five hundred years ago, and prefer to consider the living modern English as the Attic speech to which are to be referred all the modes of expression of all the various communities which do most of their speaking and writing in English. The English language, says he, so far as it remains Anglo-Saxon, is derived from the Low German, and with this it mixes the Scandinavian and the Icelandic; while the Scottish language, "so far as it remains Scoto-Saxon"—a most pregnant clause—is indebted more immediately to the Flemish, Dutch, and Danish. How far the Scotch of to-day "remains Scoto-Saxon" is a question which it would be a little dangerous to ask this essayist, if we may judge by the explosive character of his writing when he considers the case of those "snobs" and "superfine" people who have forsaken the ways of their fathers, and take a shameless pride in their affected South-British mode of expressing themselves. Time was, he says, when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in good broad Scotch; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and plastic tongue; when titled belles, celebrated for wit and beauty, made their brilliant repartees in their sweet native Doric; when ministers of the Gospel found their way to the hearts of their hearers by means of their honest vernacular speech. But all this is changed, and not only lawyers, clergymen, and titled ladies, but even many of the middle classes, can now be found who are proud of a "crass, besotted ignorance" of a language rich in song and romance, in humor, wit, and learning. For song, indeed, says our author, the Scottish is the only tongue. Hear a South Briton singing of "a pretty little girl," and then turn and listen to a Scot singing of his "bonnie wee lassie"! The Scot employs a language which, with its beautiful terminational diminutives and its copiousness of vowel sounds, is almost as deliciously soft and melodious as the Italian; while the Englishman is condemned to use a harsh, sibilant tongue. In fact, so deficient is the English in euphony that, if we except Durfey and Dibdin, no Englishman has ever made himself famous as a song-writer: and even such Scotchmen and Irishmen as have written songs in English—Campbell and Moore, for example—have produced poems, to be sure, but poems that are very poorly adapted to musical purposes. By the way, one is almost afraid to think of what would happen if some ill-advised persons were to point out to an assemblage of Scotchmen such as our essayist, the exact bearing which this admitted excellence of Scotch song-making would have in a discussion of the proposition "that the Scotch are incapable of pursuing the higher walks of poetry." By the time he had shown that there goes more to the making of the best poetry than naturalness and vividness of expression, or warmth of sentiment, or quickness of sympathy—particularly of sympathy with one's own feelings—or the slyness or breadth of humor—humor generally deficient in the half-affectionateness of humor in its best development, often suggesting coarseness of spiritual fibre, and not seldom bordering on moral coarseness—by the time the unbeliever had gone thus far, illustrating by examples, and long before he had begun the exposition of the office of imagination, thought, and passion in the production of the poetry best deserving of the name and most enduring, the lecturer would in all probability undergo such an assault from the prose incarnate that inhabits north of Tweed, as would effectually prevent his ever again attempting to talk of Shakespeare, or Sophocles, or Dante, to the people for whom "Robbie" brewed his peck o' maut or sang of auld lang syne.

— The principal elements of the Scotch, so far as Scotch is a tongue separate from English, our author finds to be four in number, namely—words derived from the German, which, though once possessed by the South Britons, are now obsolete in England; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French; fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic, or Celtic, of the Scotch Highlands. Some of each of these classes of words we cite. The Gaelic words are mainly words naming features of the landscape, as *glen, burn, burnie, strath, bog, craig, cairn, corrie,* or *correi;* but there are numerous others which have nothing to do with local designation. *Cuddle* is one of these, from the Gaelic *cadail,* which means "sleep;" *whiskey* is another, from the Gaelic *uisge,* meaning "water;" others are *croon* (to hum a tune), from *cruin,* "to mourn, to lament;" *tinder,* from *teine,* "a fire;" *grove,* from *craobh* (pr. *craov*), "a tree;" *fallow,* "to lie uncultivated," from *falambh* (pr. *fallav*), "empty;" *clachan,* "a village," from *clach,* "a stone." It will be seen that in a good many instances the Scotch word is not in any particular sense Scotch, but is accepted and common English. *Croon, cuddle, bog, grove, tinder, fallow, whiskey,* belong to "Scotch," as distinct from English, just as *retribution,* or *candid,* or *difficult,* or *animosity,* or *fortune,* belong to Latin and not to English. Of words borrowed from France, with which country Scotland was long so closely connected, these following are a few: *Fash* (to trouble one's self), from *se fâcher; dour* (grim, obdurate, severe), from *dur; douce* (good-tempered, easy-going), from *doux; creel* (a basket), from *creille; awmrie* (a cupboard), from *armoire; bonnie* (good and beautiful), the diminutive of *bon; callant* (a spirited youth or lad), from *galant; braw,* from *brave; dool,* (sorrow), from *deuil; haggis,* from *hachis; caddie* (a young man acting as porter), from *cadet,* the younger born son, whence the slang word of opprobrium, *cad,* now current in England; *spaul,* from *épaul;* and many others, of which we may mention one as having a fixed place in classical English fiction: "Gardez l'eau"—Smollett, if we recollect, spells it *gardyloo*—was adopted as a necessary cry of warning in the days not so long gone, when the method of disposing of dirty water in Scotch cities was to empty it out at the window into the street below. Of words which he supposes to have been brought from the Netherlands into Scotland, and thence taken across the Tweed and incorporated into the language, our author makes a list, which is a good deal smaller than his list of words brought from France, but which is neverthelss a great deal too large. There is, for instance, small need of referring *blithe* to the Dutch *blyde* (contented), when we have the Anglo-Saxon *blithe* (gay, mirthful, cheerful); or of deriving the Scotch *lear* (learning), from the Dutch *leer,* instead of the Anglo-Saxon *lære;* or *ghost* from *geest,* when we have the Anglo-Saxon *gast;* or *breeks* from *breck,* when behind *breeks* is the Anglo-Saxon *brec,* and a Celtic word older by far than any literary form of either the Dutch or the variations of what is called the Teutonic tongue; or *stane* from *steen,* or *smack* from *smaak,* or *bane* from *been,* when Lowland Scotchmen have, in common with Englishmen and Americans, the Anglo-Saxon *stan, smœccan,* and *ban.*

—As to the German words in the Scotch of to-day, of course they are in very great measure those words of German origin which lie at the basis of all varieties of English, wheresoever spoken. Our essayist is chiefly concerned with such of them as, once common in English, are now obsolete everywhere except in Scotland. He specifies none, however, but contents himself with asserting that of two thousand words which Mr. Thomas Wright felt it necessary to include in the glossary to his "Vision" and "Creed" of Piers Ploughman, "many are still retained in the Scoto-Saxon of the Scotch Lowlands;" while in the glossary to Tyrwhitt's edition of "Chaucer" there are at least six thousand words which an Englishman would need to have explained to him, and only about three thousand which a Scotchman would not fully understand at first sight. At the end of his essay, having done with the contributions to the Scotch language which have been made by the French, the Dutch, and the Gaels, the author quotes from the writing of his poetical compatriots a series of words which seem to him admirable and worthy of general acceptation. But most of them which are particularly valuable have, we should say, already been naturalized in English, and accorded all the rights of citizenship. Thus, no English poet would hesitate to use, with Wordsworth, the Scottish *marrow* for "mate," "loved companion"—

> "Then said my winsome marrow,
> Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
> And see the braes o' Yarrow"—

or to use *malison,* as Lamb, for instance, uses it in his fine poem of the gypsy woman and the inhospitable door-step which she cursed; or to say *mirk* for "dark"; or *raid* for "foray"; or *slogan* for "war-cry"; or *sough* for the sighing sound of the wind; or *rouse* (*vide* Browning, "Dramatic Lyrics") for the drinking of healths; or *spate* (*vide* Browning again, "Childe Roland") for a stream in freshet; or the onomatopoetic *thud* (in constant use in this country); or *tryst* and *trysting* (*vide* Macaulay, "Lars Porsena;" Byron, "Parisina"); or *tyke* for "a rough dog"; or *weird* (at least as an adjective, though not perhaps as a noun); or *wraith* for an "apparition"; or *wimpling* for "flowing gently," "making gentle eddies"; or *wee* for "small"; or *eerie,* or *eyrie,* or *canny,* or *gloaming,* or *gruesome.* It is not Scotland alone in which these words are a part of the spoken or written language; nor was it by way of Scotland alone that they came into modern

English, though, of course, our debt is large to Scotland for her services in helping to preserve and helping to bring again into use words which were at one time driven out of our literature by that barbarous irruption into literary English by which the classical Romans more than repaid us for those irruptions into their empire which our barbarian ancestors used to make.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—V.*

WHILE "Lilliput Levee" is still fresh, this Christmas brings a similar volume in "Posies for Children." It is made up of selections, quite largely, from "Lilliput Levee" itself, from William Blake, various periodicals, with stray pieces by Mary Howitt, Mrs. Follen, and others, besides several signed by initials, which, so far as we know, may be seeing the light now for the first time. It is certainly a long time, dating back from this book, since "Original Poems," by Miss Jane Taylor, were in fashion. There is one of hers only incorporated into this series, and it reminded us, by pure force of contrast with the pieces around it, of the old volume of straightforward little histories in verse which were offered to youth in the beginning of the century. Those were written for children; the "Posies" are largely *about* children, and, in spite of their simplicity and sweetness, are utterly uninteresting to the little folks themselves. Those were distinctly, not to say heavily, moral; the "Posies" do not moralize, they sentimentalize. It is safe to say that Miss Jane Taylor never "gushed;" the sense of her position as a teacher of children was too strong. There is no apparent perception of anything of the kind in the "Posies." Anything graceful, or fanciful, or comical, or anecdotal, or sentimental about children that has come into the author's head has been put down, and the collector has collected the mixture, and offered the whole to the bairns themselves, instead of half of it to their parents, which was the only mistake. The other half, however, the children will like; and the whole, it should be said, in spite of its great miscellaneousness, has been collected with always good feeling and generally good taste. We should omit the very inconclusive theology of "The Violet," and, in general, all sentimental religious pieces, unless of a very high order. "Nursery Nonsense" has furnished some good little things, of which here is a single specimen:

> "A little boy was dreaming,
>   Upon his mother's lap,
> That the pins fell out of all the stars,
>   And the stars fell into his cap.
>
> "So, when his dream was over,
>   What should that little boy do?
> Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
>   And found it wasn't true."

"Routledge's Album for Children" belongs to a species of book which we are not often inclined to praise—a book made up to sell. It is a thick, handsome volume of one hundred and ninety pictures, taken from all sorts of sources, with a page of text opposite each. Where it may be done, the real story belonging to the picture is told, as in the case of the cuts from Robinson Crusoe and Wordsworth's Lucy Gray; for other pictures, the imagination of the compiler furnishes the legend. These little histories, however, short as they are, are so suggestive as to be of real assistance to the mother perpetually pestered for stories by the little ones unable to read. With the half-dozen ideas they contain for a start, even a limited aptitude for invention may construct a much longer narrative. The animal pictures give occasion for some pleasant anecdotes and useful scraps of natural history.

Receipt-books are not always what fancy paints them, but we are mistaken if "The Happy Nursery" do not prove a valuable assistant to the "Mothers, Governesses, and Nurses" for whom it is intended. It opens with some suggestions on the comfortableness and healthfulness of the nursery, which are sensible, though not particularly new to people who have given any attention to such subjects. Its recommendation in regard to temperature, however, will hardly be adopted, although it ought to be reflected on seriously, by American parents. It cautions the parents against too low a temperature in the nursery on the mistaken ground of "hardening" the children; on the contrary, let them be kept warm—have the thermometer, "even in winter time," at about 60° or 62°. For the rest, the book is made up of directions for playing certain indoor games, and other directions, accompanied by cuts, for making toys of paper and cardboard. It concludes with a few short stories.

"Max and Maurice's" tricks are not of a sort that one would have a child of his imitate, and none is so good as the first, though some of the later situations are laughable and well depicted, and Mr. Brooks's version is quite in the spirit of the original. Mr. Busch's designs are of the well-known style of the comic *Bilderbogen*, and are ludicrous enough, though frequently coarse; but he needlessly distorts and vulgarizes the human countenance, and some of his exaggerations are positively repulsive—for instance, the organist who has been blown up by gunpowder.

It is a little difficult to characterize the eccentric composition entitled the "Merman and the Figure-head." It is certainly beyond the range of very young people, with its incomprehensible attempt at satire on Matthew Arnold and non-resistants, and other irrelevant topics; and yet the story, being neither allegory, nor genuine fairy story, nor anything but a kind of smart, haphazard sort of melange, is not at all equal to the demands of an older audience. The jokes and college slang about the "pious Æneas" are tolerably feeble, and the point of the whole very indistinct. But the story gives the impression of a writer capable of doing something better, with an audience kept well in eye, and a strong restraint put on a fancy that is overinclined to oddity.

The style, no less than the external execution, of "The Children's Crusade," shows it to be written for readers of a tender age, and designed to offer an amusingly instructive historical picture, and not a serious history. And as a kind of semi-historical children's book, it is very cleverly done, and will be found both pleasant and instructive, far above the average merit of the great mass of similar productions. Were it designed to be considered a real history, we should have to declare it abominable. For all that is fact in it and closely connected with the subject is hardly sufficient to fill up the tenth part of its pages, while the bulk of the interesting narrative is formed of either entirely suppositional or almost entirely extraneous matter—the merit of the author consisting in plausibly supposing facts and circumstances where his chronicles scarcely offer a hint, and in skilfully interspersing general historical notices and geographical descriptions —in all of which he evinces a considerable familiarity with the time and the countries he describes. The materials, mediæval or modern, from which he has drawn the slender basis for this historico-romantic elaboration, are ample enough to prove that it is not entirely spun out of a myth or a monkish invention, but they are but too vaguely referred to in the notes.

Every good child's Christmas presents this year ought certainly to include a copy of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's "Puss-Cat Mew Stories," as it is one of the best juveniles of the season, and as such will be sure to give pleasure to readers of all ages. It is a long while since we have seen any fairy stories so entirely satisfactory as these, so full of a droll, homely imagination, so well in keeping with the real character of the supposed characters, and so imbued with a thoroughly pleasing morality while yet kept so free from moralizing. The book comes just in time to render again doubtful a conclusion which the perusal of many juveniles had begun to force painfully upon us, to the effect that the art of pleasing children without more or less seriously displeasing their elders was emphatically a lost art. Here and there allusions and incidents occur in the various stories which may need explanation to American children, to whom fox-hunting, for instance, is an unknown sport, and pollarded trees entirely unfamiliar objects, but otherwise there is nothing which the oldest and the youngest of its readers will not find equally entertaining. The stories were originally invented for the amusement of the author's children, and are written down just as they were told to that happy quartette of youthful critics whose entire approval must, one would suppose, have been carefully and successfully studied. The book contains something like twenty stories, long and short, which are accompanied by some pleasant illustrations. Which is the best of them we hardly know—whether that which gives its name to the collection, or the "Four Pigs," or "Kate's Adventures," though we are inclined to think that the choice lies between these three. Where all are so good, however, it is hardly worth while to make a distinction.

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* "Posies for Children. A Book of Verse, selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

"Routledge's Album for Children. By Mrs. Charles Heaton." With one hundred and ninety illustrations. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"The Happy Nursery. A Book for Mothers, Governesses, and Nurses, containing Games, Amusements, and Employments for Boys and Girls. By Ellis A. Davidson." With numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

"Max and Maurice. A Juvenile History in Seven Tricks. By William Busch. From the German by Charles T. Brooks." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

"The Merman and the Figure-head. A Christmas Story. By Clara F. Guernsey." With illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"The Children's Crusade: An Episode of the Thirteenth Century. By George Zabriskie Gray." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

"My Schoolboy Friends." By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "A Book about Boys." New-York: Virtue & Yorston.

"Puss-Cat Mew, and other Stories for My Children. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

"The Magnet Stories. John Jack. By Lynde Palmer. Author of 'Drifting and Steering,'" etc. Troy: H. B. Nims & Co. 1870.

"Work for All, and Other Tales. By C. E. B , Author of 'Amy's Watchword.'" Fifth edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1871.

"Under the Holly; or, A Week at Hopeton House. A book for girls. By 'A Pair of Hands.'" Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1870.

"Enchanting and Enchanted. From the German of Hackländer. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister." Philadephia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"My Apingi Kingdom: With Life in the Great Sahara, and Sketches of the Chase of the Ostrich, Hyena," etc. By Paul Du Chaillu, author of "Stories of the Gorilla Country," etc. Numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

Another book which fairly deserves the praise of being very well adapted to please the class of readers for whom it was intended is Mr. Ascott R. Hope's "My Schoolboy Friends." Mr. Hope is a schoolmaster who seems to have been fitted for his work by nature, and who, by reason of the essential boyishness of his own character, as displayed in everything that he writes, by his inoffensively evident conceit, his fondness for inexpensive wit, and his way of lugging in his sentiment by the ears whenever he thinks it well to show any, ought to be found a readable author by all good-natured people. That his story is quite so good as perhaps it ought to be when we remember the freedom with which, in his "Book about Boys," he criticised other people who presumed to write for or about his favorites, or that that "lay dabbler in boys," the late Mr. Thackeray, has not on the whole, surpassed him on his own grounds, we are hardly prepared to admit. It should be taken into consideration, however, that Mr. Hope disclaims all wish to please other critics than the boys themselves, and their verdict will undoubtedly be in his favor. The book is interesting, too, as showing how a schoolmaster thinks boys should be amused, and how little preaching he thinks it well to administer to them; and to be praised for the way in which grown-up sentiment, unnatural incidents, and exaggeratedly good or bad characters are avoided.

Still another clever and instructive story, which, however, although ranked among juveniles, is, on the whole, rather better adapted to the class known as "young people" than to children, is the fourth of the "Magnet Stories," by Lynde Palmer. This is an American story, and inculcates in a sprightly way, but with plenty of earnestness, the necessity of a steady fight against one's lower impulses, and of a constant watch upon that unruly member, the tongue. The lesson is a sound one, which can hardly be too often repeated; and this book, which teaches it pleasantly and without overmuch preaching, will be found agreeable reading.

"Work for All" is addressed to readers of about the same age as are the "Magnet Stories," but for various reasons is neither so good nor so interesting. It is an English book, written for the benefit of girls of the poorer classes, and, like most books that we remember which fall under that general description, it has a rather irritatingly condescending tone about it, and shows that sort of ready acquiescence in the providential disposition of things which has provided the poor with natural and infallible instructors in their richer neighbors, which is all the more amusing when it is in such perfect good faith as that possessed by the writer of these stories. "To be content in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call them," seems in books like this to be that clause of the catechism most necessary to be impressed on those below us; but, contentment having been found, it is not amiss to show our pupils how easy it is for them to find some good work to do also, and how naturally happiness is found in the path of duty. Which is all very true and very useful, doubtless, but has never, since the days when Hannah More was pursuing the like praiseworthy tasks, been found over-entertaining.

"Under the Holly" is a collection of Christmas stories, supposed to have been read in the holiday season, by "Mrs. Hopeton, of Orange, New Jersey," to a group of children. One or two of them are quite good enough to be interesting, and no doubt the entire book will be found readable by girls of twelve or fourteen, with whom its tendency to be sweetly sentimental will not be likely to hurt it. Against its occasional verses, however, we wish to warn all readers.

Good as were Mrs. Wister's translations from Marlitt, we are not sorry she has turned from that too self-repeating author to give us these charming tales from the German of Hackländer—"Enchanting and Enchanted." The author's delicate imagination raises them above the common run of fairy tales into almost poetical regions. Children will enjoy them, of course, on account of their wonderful plots; but older folk may almost revive their childish pleasure in histories of magic, through the author's skill in managing the old machinery of dwarfs and kobolds, enchanted castles, and princesses of peerless beauty. "The Elfin Tree," the first of the series, reminds one of Andersen in its subject, and somewhat, also, in its realism and sympathy with children's feelings. "The Dwarf's Nest" and "Castle Silence" are more interesting, however, with the weaver getting his designs from the wonderful slips of cloth left in his loom by the dwarfs, whom he hears whirring at it at night when the moon is full; and with the silent valley, in which every one who enters it becomes dumb. Hackländer attempts an Arabian story, which in point of ingenuity is worthy of its models, but is so oddly Germanized in point of style and treatment as to be quite destructive of the sentimental interest one feels in the stories where he is native and to the manner born. His description of the fearful beauty of the Princess Morgana is forced and feeble; nothing like the gorgeous descriptions of the damsels of the Arabian Nights. As inferior here is Hackländer as he is superior in purity and depth of sentiment—for instance, in the picture of the young man riding after the mirage, alone, across the desert, and seeing the spirit-caravan pass him.

Mr. Du Chaillu, this year, conducts his young friends to his kingdom in Equatorial Africa, and tells them remarkable tales about his admiring subjects, the Apingis, who composed and sang short poems in his honor, who invoked him as a "Great Spirit," and who were plunged in profound grief when, having worn out his shoes and exhausted his supply of beads, he found it the part of wisdom to abdicate his throne, and return to New York and to juvenile book-making. There are no gorillas in this volume, nor anything much more exciting than ostriches and white ants, and some of his admiring friends in these more temperate climes are, we fear, going to be a little disappointed. The tales he does tell are, to be sure, quite as remarkable as any he has told heretofore, and quite as easy to be believed, but we suppose it is hardly in the nature of things that boys and girls should be very deeply interested in hearing about the great awe and respect which our traveller inspired among his simple savages, of the numbers of wives pressed upon his unwilling acceptance, or of the ecstasies of excitement into which the present of a "long lock of his black hair" threw a whole village. However, there is a leopard in the book, if there are no gorillas—and our author wounds, if he does not kill, a bull elephant, and we learn that out of the numerous hippopotami which met their death at his hands, he has presented the skin of one to his "distinguished friend Bierstadt, with whose magnificent paintings" his young friends are doubtless familiar. Such little realistic touches as this are always pleasant. Mr. Du Chaillu goes also to the desert of Sahara, where he pursues the timid ostrich, and makes omelettes of its eggs. Here also love and admiration attend his wandering steps—and certainly, if he is as amusing when he travels as he is when he recounts his travels, nobody is going to wonder at his exciting some strong feeling or other wherever he goes. Reverence and awe are, perhaps, not the precise emotions we should expect him to awaken—but then we cannot all be civilized and critical.

The Student's Mythology: A Compendium of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Hindoo, Chinese, Thibetan, Scandinavian, Celtic, Aztec, and Peruvian Mythologies, in accordance with standard authorities. Arranged for the use of Schools and Academies. By C. A. White. (New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1870.)—From the "Prefatory Note," which is much less pretentious than the title, it appears that this new text-book was designed chiefly "for pupils who have not yet entered, or who . . . are not likely ever to enter, upon any regular classical course." It claims for itself no superiority in point of erudition over other mythological text-books, and has confessedly "avoided questions of comparative mythology, except in cases where the analogies are too obvious to be passed unnoticed." What the author aimed at was to present the classic fables in a simple and poetic form, free from impure traits, and to enlarge this ordinary sphere of mythological instruction by brief notices of Eastern, Northern, American, and other religious myths. And this modest task he has executed in a way which ought to secure his "Compendium" admission to a large number of our schools. The style of the book is very pleasant throughout, and the selection of matter, as well as its arrangement, satisfactory. Some of the statements and explanations, however, savor of rather antiquated notions. Thus, we hear that the origin of the false gods is owing to a general corruption of mankind, "when . . . they lost the knowledge of the true God, and easily fell into idolatry;" that "it is probable that there was a wise and good king" of the name of Jupiter, "who really reigned in Greece;" that Bacchus "was probably some prince who taught the people to till the ground, and cultivate the vine;" and that "it is believed that Æolus was a skilful astronomer who dwelt in a volcanic island." Some of the supplementary chapters are exceedingly meagre; that on "Egyptian divinities," for instance, contains only brief old-fashioned notices of Osiris, Apis, Serapis, Isis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, and the one inscribed "Deities of the Assyrians" nothing besides equally poor statements concerning Baal, or Bel, Moloch, Thammuz, and Oannes. The accent is often incorrect; we find Pac'tolus, Alcitho'e, Ocean'us, Diom'edes, Bu'bastis

Orphe'us, and similar inaccuracies. We also notice Cœlum for Cœlus, *Phæton* for Phaethon. and Cytherea for Cythera.

H. Kiepert's Wall Map of the Ancient World. In six sheets. Scale 1 : 5,400,000. (Berlin : Dietrich Reimer. New York : L. W. Schmidt. 1870.) —The full and real title of this map—only the cover title of which is in modern language—is: "Orbis Terrarum Antiqui Tabula Geographica ad illustrandam potissimum Antiquissimi Ævi usque ad Alexandrum M. Historiam in usum scholarum descripta ab Henrico Kiepert." Its contents are thus limited to periods in ancient history previous to the expansion of the Roman power beyond the limits of the Italian peninsula, and this explains the absence of many important names belonging to the wider domain of ancient geography, such as Galatia or Sarmatia—which will be found, of course, in the author's "Wall Map of the Roman Empire." On the merits, both literary and technical, of the map before us, it is needless to expatiate: the name Kiepert is a guaranty for general excellence in this branch. It is, however, particularly remarkable for clearness and distinctness. And not only are all kinds of territorial divisions well marked in fine colors, but the Aryan or non-Aryan descent of the nations in India, the Phœnician or Greek origin of cities, and dependence upon the Persian Empire are similarly pointed out. The author, in a note, makes himself responsible for the revision, and for corrections "in accordance with the requirements of the present day." Comparing this map with the last edition of his "Atlas Antiquus" (Ten Maps of the Ancient World for Schools and Colleges)—which, by the way, we cannot refrain from warmly recommending to our institutions of learning—we find a number of alterations in names, the reason for which lies in the above-mentioned chronological limitation of the compass of the work. Thus we find Saus and Draus for Savus and Dravus, the Latin names of the rivers Save and Drave (in Greek, Σαῦος and Δραῦος), and Letuspolis, Hermupolis, Apollonospolis, and Lyconpolis, for Latopolis, Hermopolis, Apollinopolis, and Lycopolis. The form Lyconpolis, in one word, however, seems to us contrary to the spirit of the Greek language; nor do we know why the names Heliopolis and Heracleopolis have not received the corresponding alteration into Heliupolis and Heracleupolis.

**** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Morning and Evening Exercises	(Harper & Bros.)	
Collins (W.), Sister Rose: a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$0 25
Devereux (G. H.), Sam Shirk	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 75
Holme (Rev. J. S.), Light at Evening Time	(Harper & Bros.)	
Howells (W. D.), Suburban Sketches	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 75
Knatchbull-Hugessen (E.), Crackers for Christmas	(Macmillan & Co.)	0 75
Puss-Cat Mew, and Other Stories for My Children	(Harper & Bros.)	
Knox (T. W.), Overland through Asia	(Am. Pub. Co.)	3 50
Mulock (Miss D.), The Fairy Book	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Morris (C. D.), Compendious Grammar of the Latin Language, with Parsing and Reading Lessons	(F. J. Huntington & Co.)	
Marryat (Florence), The Poison of Asps: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 30
Palmer (L.), John-Jack	(H. B. Nims & Co.)	
Prentiss (Mrs.), The Percys	(A. D. F. Randolph)	1 25
Richardson (Frederika), The Iliad of the East	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 50
Robinson (Mrs. T.), Fifteen Years: a Tale	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Parts 18-22, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 50
Trollope (T. A.), Garstang Grange: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Trowbridge (J. T.), Lawrence's Adventures among the Ice-cutters, Glass-makers, etc	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Trollope (A.), Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 50
Timanus (Sara J.), The Infant Class	(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon)	
The Workshop, No. 10, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
The Victory of the Vanquished	(Dodd & Mead)	
Tuckerman (F. G.), Poems	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Woodward (B. B.), Specimens of the Drawings of Ten Masters	(Macmillan & Co.)	10 00
Wyatt (Prof. M. D.), Fine Art	" "	3 00
Washburn (C. A.), History of Paraguay, 2 vols	(Lee & Shepard)	
Winter Poems, by Favorite American Authors, illustrated	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	3 50
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. J.), We Girls, illustrated	" " "	
Wood (Rev. J. G.), Our Domestic Pets	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Warren (Prof. S. E.), Elements of Machine Construction and Drawing, Text and Plates	(John Wiley & Son)	
Whitehead (T. C.), VillageSketches	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Webb (Mrs. J. B.), Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusal	"	

Fine Arts.

THE WINTER GALLERIES.

Among all the dealers' collections open for the winter season, the gallery at Goupil's maintains its relative importance in foreign pictures, for which indeed Mr. Knoedler has special advantages. They form the solid and valuable side of his collection, contrasting curiously with the American pictures usually exhibited with them, which have nothing but a commercial existence, and should appeal to a class of customers very different from the more cultivated appreciators of foreign refinement. The specialty cultivated at Goupil's is of the French or rather of the Parisian school—for one can be Parisian, and very Parisian, without being French—and many foreigners achieve this nice distinction with an ease quite unattainable to the heavier native character. Thus, it is not at all surprising that Mr. Zamacoïs, a Spaniard, should be the extreme representative of French skill in this collection. The wonderful plausibility of the French stage, and its illusive truth to nature, are revived in the admired picture called "The Education of a Prince," for which no artist devoted to the amusing of the public could have invented a more ingenious libretto. The scene is laid in Spain of the last century, in a royal hall of the *rococo* style of the period, which, by the way, is most admirably understood and rendered. The little prince, perhaps two years old, is busy rolling oranges for cannon-balls, at an army of wooden soldiers. Near him stands his nurse, in the motionless position of a servant on duty, among other indifferent servants, guards, and lackeys. But the child remains a source of wonder for the courtiers; the oldest and stiffest bends to pick up the toys knocked down, and the younger men of the world murmur their respectful admiration. Even a red cardinal of the church smiles, proud of a future illustrious pupil. Mr. Zamacoïs has distributed all his parts with wonderful intelligence, and the little actors of his opéra bouffe carry out their characters of indifference or interest with great earnestness and precision. Perhaps even the faces of his figures are too rigidly set in their meaning, which objection is increased by a certain heaviness of painting in them, very different from the light, gay treatment of the accessories.

Especially does the flesh painting of Mr. Zamacoïs appear heavy and monotonous, and his drawing meagre, when he is compared with his colleague in art, Mr. Vibert, whose little picture of some model, reclining on a red sofa, and fingering the leaves of a big book, is certainly the best painting of these schools that we have had in New York. It is most accurate in modelling, and almost illusive in that way. Far from the continual brilliancy of Mr. Zamacoïs, here each different material has its particular and different quality of dulness or shine. The stuff of a red sofa, of a carpet and tapestried wall, the hard and mysterious surface of a mirror, the fur of a big lion's skin, are rendered fully, easily, and in accurate relations of place. So charmingly successful is it all, that we regret our suspicion that the painter has exaggerated a width of hips in his model beyond the most ample feminine structure. The figure, however, is ever so much more living than is usual with these painters of extreme finish and correctness, who incline rather to the manner of their master Gérôme than to that of their master Meissonnier. When we can look at them in peace, Meissonnier's figures are interesting in themselves, abstracted from their clothing and habits of life. With most of the other painters of drama, they exist only for the part they have to play. In Mr. Zamacoïs' picture, for instance, the group of courtiers, noblemen, clergymen, and warriors are too well suited to their momentary occupation of picking up balls for a baby. That essential contrast is wanting by which in real life we should have thought them degraded. They are all, to speak forcibly but in sober truth, most elaborate and intelligent sketches, or rather studies never to be realized. The painter does not believe enough in them for that; what he does give us is given with the shrewd glance of a mind protected by irony from too much sympathy with nature. Again, in Alfred Stevens' picture of a woman with a parasol, the lady is more important than the woman; but the painting is exquisitely simple and masterly as far as it goes, in that light gray tone which is one of the new ambitions of painters.

The man who shall show respect for the glorious presence of the human form, or feeling for its vitality, is certainly not Mr. Bouguereau, notwithstanding that he desires to repeat and perhaps because he does recall the memories of great work and historic art. Certainly his careful and experienced practice of to-day, the nice modelling of his earlier paintings, his evident knowledge of better things, do not prevent the figures here exhibited from having, with all their merits, also much of the look of the best realistic work on Sèvres porcelain. That big picture of his now occupying the space formerly taken up by Mr. Heade's landscape, would be fashionable if put upon a plate, for which end the brittle and glassy look of every part, even of the flames of the candles and the lips of the young women, makes it eminently fit. It is a picture of which Mr. Koekkoek might well be jealous. Even the illustrious Rosa Bonheur's animals (a flock by the sea-side) have unfortunately somewhat of the same exquisitely polished surface, as has the air in which they breathe, while the grass upon which they live is of too soft and mossy a nature. Her great merits remain unaltered, but her defects seem to have increased with her great experience.

In the seated figure of a woman writing, by Mr. Bischof (of the Hague), the main point of the picture, which is the woman, is sacrificed to the Japanese vase alongside. This, however, is deliciously painted, and the whole picture has the pictorial aspect characteristic of the national liking for painting. In the big picture by Knauss, of "Mowing on the Mountain," we miss the dramatic interest he has taught us to look for in his works. There is a small Alfred Stevens, pleasant and intimate, a pretty De Jonghe, wherein a child's mamma allows it to bite a cherry from her lips, all the while with an expression of countenance not strictly maternal, and a Boughton, full of that graceful melancholy he has of late years assumed.

After all this wit and intelligence it is pleasant, in Mr. Avery's gallery, to rest in the peaceful presence of work by Allston. Of him there is a lovely portrait, traditionally his own in early youth, signed and dated Rome, 1805, the first year of his residence there. It is painted most probably from some earlier study, for the face is very much too young to have been that of Allston at twenty-five. This youthfulness is set off by the formal and slightly absurd costume of that time, which here recalls that refinement of feminine dress by which the contradiction of the cut suggests a graceful body. A soft white collar turned over an orange neckcloth, a sea-green waistcoat, over which is buttoned a high-necked black coat, and a gray background of wall, make so many values of color, which unite in a sober harmony and modestly frame the face. A certain limpidity of soul, as if of youth prolonged, is the impression of character one receives; a sensation helped by the faint grays and pinks of a child-like complexion, though we shall not say that no cleaning has paled the picture. There is a slight weakness of drawing in places, but it seems natural enough in youthful talent, and the general delicacy is increased by the vigor and fulness of the notes of color, black, white, and gray, which are exquisite in relation. It is to be hoped that the picture will remain in New York. We have but little here of the very unequal Allston. Boston is the only place rich in works of his, nor will they likely leave it. It might be well to have some fuller representation of a man who is to be a principal ancestor in our future art-history, and for whom alone, up to to-day, among American artists, we can claim something of a higher rank than talent.

That realizing of an age unconscious of other experiences of life which makes the charm of Allston's portrait, should appear somewhere in the new picture by Mr. Boughton. The mutual "Indifference" of youth and age is the subject of the painting, which has for epigraph these lines by Mr. Aldrich:

> "When my hair is gray,
> Then I shall be wise;
> Then, thank heaven, I shall not care
> For bronze brown eyes."

The bad luck attending the use of poetical titles and subjects has fallen, we fear, upon this painting, which seeks to realize outwardly an inward impassibility to an unexpressed sentiment. That limit within which the comedies of Mr. Zamacoïs and others are able to remain has been overstepped by Mr. Boughton, and we cannot see that his meaning has been given, as he must have wished, in the action of his picture. The two young ladies in the picture who have passed by an elderly and abstracted gentleman are not radiant with a feminine influence no younger man could escape, nor can anything in their "promenade" motion explain that were the old man young the women would not pass on. And what is to assure us that the old gentleman, whose back is turned, is not the owner of a susceptible heart? Nor does the large proportion of landscape, which is carelessly painted and not in intention good enough for Mr. Boughton, help in any way the meaning of the figures. For accenting this, any little caricature, such as those in *Punch,* would have been better suited, as the discarding of reality in color, and the underlining of intention by drawing, might then give the story its necessary evidence. But Mr. Boughton has also here an unpretentious little piece, painted when he was with us—a winter scene under a cold veiled light, which does not need any lines of poetry appended to be understood.

Gérôme has an ethnographic study of an Eastern head, painted with his usual slippery touch, as if he modelled in clay, but intelligent as usual. Of Zamacoïs there is a remarkable water-color, in which his defects become almost advantages, so pleasant is it to follow out the sharpness of his touch; of Leroux, an academic and pseudo-antique composition; of the dead Paul Delaroche, a sketch of the temptation of Christ, which, in painting, is rather like some of the sketches of Mr. Vedder—not his best; several pleasant French and Belgian little pictures, and a Corot, of no great excellence, but which makes all the other pictures look leaden or oily by contrast.

Our own artists also are somewhat represented at Mr. Avery's. Mr. Henry has here two little pictures of American interior architecture of the last century, with figures to match. With an evident sympathy for the furniture of the period, the artist seems unable to get the better of a certain meanness or poverty of sentiment and execution in his copying of the same. Surfaces of metal, of wood, or of porcelain, have no separate charm to his eye, and the very small size of the paintings is not in harmony with their awkward and inaccurate touch. Still, there is quite a record of lights, reflections, and shadows, and the things have their interest doubtless. Whatever may be the distance between their merits and those of Mr. W. T. Richards's work, in his careful and admirable studies of waves and their curves and modelling against the vast horizon of the open sea, something belittles pictures which in their motive ought to give the fullest impressions of size and space. With one at Goupil's quite similar in subject and in treatment, there are at Mr. Avery's several studies from the New Jersey coast of remarkable choice of scene; but in all of these the difficulties of drawing and perspective, in light and in color, seem to be the causes of a miniature impression. There are also some pleasant natural little pictures by Mr. Whittredge, some things by Mr. J. G. Brown, and another Allston, small, not very interesting, painted during the bad days of his bondage in England, but modest and solemn amid the more noisy and more modern pictures.

The few new points at Mr. Schaus's are a Willems, "The Judgment of Paris," a parody in costume of the seventeenth century, with the artist's usual finish and pleasant arrangement of colors, with the usual signature of a satin dress, and unfortunately, too, with the usual gray wall which here does duty for a sky. Also, a large Koekkoek, said by connoisseurs to be fine, but of no other artistic merit. Worth looking at are a demi-monde seated figure, by Toulmouche; a cat, by Henriette Ronners; a soft blue water-color, by Rico; and most especially, another admirable water-color drawing by Zamacoïs, with the usual points of excellence above noted, each touch conveying a lesson in accuracy and decision.

At Snedecor's, amid a wilderness of chromo-lithographs, there are several noticeable pictures by foreign painters. One is by Tissot, and represents an abduction, with much attention to archæology, much observation of nature and probability, and careful choice of scene, but the whole so painted as to enforce the fact that the affair took place in the sixteenth century. There are, besides, one of Diaz's failures, and a pretty picture by Mr. Lévy, one of the younger French celebrities, wherein a classical youth holds fast a little maid while she gazes down from a height of rock with a dizziness nicely indicated by the painter. Though he is evidently skilled in figure drawing and more so than in landscape, the landscape is still the better part of the picture, if we accept the painter's manner. That manner is held to excuse the usual recipe by which the heads of the figures are made to look dark against the sky, not by opposing them to a greater source of light, but by rubbing dark over them. Among a good many other little foreign pictures, and some with merit, one is noteworthy for its character. It is by Mr. Escosura, a Franco-Spaniard of the high-finish school, but has with much finish and littleness therein an appearance of serious naïveté. There are here no American paintings of note, unless we except Mr. Colman's "Regatta," and some pictures and chromo-lithographs by Mr. J. G. Brown, who may represent one end of the scale of comic painters.

A set of etchings, remarkably successful, now at Goupil's, should have been mentioned as the only representatives of Mr. Fortuny's talent which was a late sensation in European art.

The humility and subjection which are the portion of applied art, freeing it from so much of the strain and pretence which disturb independent effort, make it all the more an interesting test of depth of artistic feeling. We were thinking that, with the renewed appearance of Allston, certainly the freshest thing and most hopeful promise was some needle-work, designed and embroidered by a lady, which is also on exhibition at Mr. Avery's. Some specimens are also to be seen at Tiffany's. It is pleasant to recognize that the usual ways of woman's work have given us here something quite equal to what comes to us from far-off art. Indeed, we have not had from abroad any modern decoration more remarkable for the ingenious novelty of a design borrowed directly from nature; a simplicity of decision, which we usually call manliness, but which in art is not uncharacteristic of woman's work; knowledge of form, and accuracy of drawing, and a free and delicate sense of color. And little more could be said in praise of more ambitious work. Indeed, it might be questioned whether any better design has been made in America, whether any painter or draughtsman among us, to-day, could give us as noble and accurate a rendering of the forms and growth of plant life. For these embroideries represent such natural elements of decorations—there are, for instance, among others, apple-tree branches in blossom, trailing grape-leaves, vines seen through illusive spider-webs, the Virginia-creeper in sunlight and shadow, and branches of the pine-tree, chestnut, and frost-bitten sumach. The stuffs upon which these subjects are embroidered seem to be chosen usually for their color's resembling some great natural background, such as the sky, blue or overcast, the brown earth covered with dead leaves, or grass yellowed by the sun. The remarkable beauty of her work has been so fully recognized by others that we need be under no reserve in mentioning the name of the artist embroiderer—Miss F. B. Dixwell, of Cambridge.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1870.

The Week.

CONSIDERING that last Christmas-Day was the eighteen hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Christ, and that the religion he founded was above all things the religion of love, the condition of the Christian world presents a curious spectacle. Some forty millions of German Christians are helping in every way in their power to kill and maim a similar number of French Christians and destroy their property. Large numbers of young French Christians, too, are lying in wait behind hedges and in ditches, trying to shoot passing German Christians through the head; and when German Christians catch them, they shoot *them* through the head. Over half of France, the Christian churches are turned into hospitals for persons whom their brother Christians have horribly gashed and mutilated. In another quarter of Europe, Russian Christians announce their determination to kill and maim any number of Latin Christians, besides Mohammedans, that may be necessary in order to secure themselves the privilege of keeping in the Black Sea as many instruments for destroying life and property as they think proper, and the Latin Christians reply that they will, in their turn, slaughter any number of Greek Christians sooner than submit to anything of the kind. Over here we do not at present propose to kill anybody, but it is only a few weeks since a notorious Massachusetts Christian got up and calmly proposed, as a means of making political capital for the party, that American Christians generally should go to killing English and Canadian Christians, and destroying their property, on account of a certain sum of money; and large numbers of the more "advanced" Christians think that, although he was mistaken, he is still a dear, delightful, naughty man, and that they must really forgive him. To a heathen looker-on of some cultivation and sense of humor, the whole thing, the festival included, would be as good as a play.

The effect of it all is heightened by the fact that, in the midst of these horrors, we usually have peace-meetings, which call attenion to the fact that war is brutal, and works great suffering, and brings sorrow into peaceful homes, and causes mothers the loss of their sons—the speakers being evidently under the impression that as soon as this astounding information gets abroad, all fighting ought to come to an end. We had one of these last week in this city, at which many excellent things were said, but hardly one that went near the root of the difficulty, as we have endeavored to show elsewhere. The way in which the root of the difficulty is sometimes avoided, even by able men, was illustrated in Mr. D. D. Fields's violent condemnation in his speech of the conduct of the Germans in driving back into Metz the civilians whom Bazaine sent out. But then the barbarity of the affair goes a great deal further back. The responsibility for the sufferings of the inhabitants of fortified cities belongs to those who fortify them, and not to those who besiege them, and it is the practice of fortifying populous towns which should be forbidden by international law. Mr. Fields's reprobation of refusing egress to women and children every humane man will sympathize with, but then every humane man must reprobate firing a mitrailleuse into a dense column of husbands and fathers. War is a game with horrible rules, but unless you can stop the game outright, there is little use in inveighing against the rules.

M. Laveleye, a well-known writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, contributes to the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* an interesting article on the "Future of France," in which he speaks of the Republic as the most likely form of government, not because many people want it, but because it is, as Thiers said, the form about which there is least division of sentiment—that is, Orleanists would sooner have it than Imperialism, and the Legitimists than either Orleanism or Imperialism, and so on. But he ascribes, like the rest of the world, the misfortunes of France to ignorance and vanity. He repeats the sad story M. Duruy, the best minister the Empire ever had, told him of the impossibility he found in procuring an appropriation of $200,000 for schools, while double that sum was given freely for the construction of the new opera-house or the subventions of theatres. In fact, there grew up under the Empire a contempt for "culture" very like something we occasionally meet with among some of the brethren here, and against which we venture, in the light of what is happening in France, to warn them respectfully. The "practical men," M. Laveleye tells us, thought they could thrash the "spectacled professors" from Germany out of their boots, and have not to this hour quite got over their astonishment at what "the professors" did to them. There is a story, not one of M. Laveleye's, but well authenticated, of a young French officer who translated Marsh's "Man and Nature," and asked, as is customary, the permission of the Minister of War to publish it. It was refused, and he was informed sharply that officers had no business with such pursuits. There seems to be little doubt, however, that France will, as the result of the war, enter on a new life, and it is permissible to believe that, awful as her sufferings are, she could not have been taught her needs at any less cost.

The situation in France may be summed up by saying that though the new armies have fought well—it is absurd for any one who has heard of Gravelotte to say, as some people do, that they have fought better than "the official armies"—they have accomplished nothing beyond bringing about the desolation of a still wider area of their unhappy country, and that the end is just as certain as it was two months ago. The Mobiles have stood up wonderfully well for raw troops, and are evidently led by a new race of officers, men very unlike the popinjays and debauchees who swarmed in the Imperial forces, but they are no match or anything like a match for the Prussians. In the late sorties all parties confess they were unsteady, and that though there was much hard fighting the regulars and the forts did the bulk of it. Even the pious Bretons behaved badly. Where the French partisans see the grounds of hopefulness in the situation, it is hard to discover. The force which Frederic Charles has been smashing on the Loire, and Manteuffel at Amiens, are the result of the three months' respite given to France by the sieges of Paris and Metz, and of an infinite amount of lying and proclaiming. There is not the least reason to suppose that, once used up, anything will take their places.

A curious example of poetic justice has been brought to light in the Imperial correspondence captured at the Tuileries, in the shape of a warm address in favor of the war from the municipal council of Sedan. We wonder what the councillors thought of war when the Prussian batteries were raining on them on that awful morning in September. It must have borne quite a different look from what it did when they thought it was the Berliners and Stuttgarters who were going to be bombarded. Poor Ducrot has been making a fool of himself, by "swearing" in a general order issued to the troops on the morning of the great sortie, that he would only return "victorious or dead." He has been repulsed, and is alive and well, and, the correspondents say, is sorry and ashamed, and does not well know what to do. We were therefore mightily entertained at learning from that wonderful fellow, the correspondent of the *World*, that he had left Paris in a balloon.

The French have made another combined movement to relieve their besieged capital—this time from the north—and have again failed. The first important fight in this movement took place on the confines of the Departments of Aisne and Nord, near Fontenelle, and resulted in the defeat of the French, reported to have been ten thousand strong. The bulk of General Faidherbe's army, however, moved on Amiens. A reconnoissance in force by the Prussians, near that city, was repulsed. The decisive battle was fought, on the 23d, north of Amiens, the contending forces occupying positions between the confluence of the Encre and the Somme, near Pont Noyelle, to the Niève, near Naours (not Daours, or Davours, as our reports have it, which also mistake Ailly-le-Haut-Clocher, north-west of Amiens, for Ailly-sur-Noye, south of it). The French despatches, which claim an indecisive advantage after a contest of many hours' duration, admit that on "the next day, the enemy showing no disposition to renew the fight, General Faidherbe returned to Albert;" and thus but confirm King William's bulletin, which announces a Prussian victory, the capture of a thousand prisoners, and the pursuit of the French by General Manteuffel in the direction of Arras. The number of the French troops engaged is stated in unofficial reports as high as sixty thousand, which is likely to be an exaggeration. Manteuffel's forces must have been much less numerous, as a part of his army continued to operate against Havre.

Two days before the battle of Amiens, the Parisian commanders, anticipating relief from the north, made a vigorous sortie in that direction—our reports almost uniformly have "south" for "north"—supported by demonstrations on the east and west. The main attack was made by the garrison of St. Denis and a force of marine troops under Admiral De la Roncière, on the Saxon position at Le Bourget, while General Ducrot, on the right, occupied Drancy and Groslay, east of St. Denis, and engaged in a violent artillery action against the besieging strongholds around Blanc-Mesnil; and, still further east, another French force advanced as far as Gagny and Neuilly-sur-Marne. The movement was successful at the onset, but ended in failure, as the French, after having captured Le Bourget, with a considerable sacrifice of men, were unable to hold it against the rallying Saxons, and compelled to retreat. They continued, however, for some time to hold the positions occupied east of the city; but as no further fighting has since been reported from either side, it may be presumed that these too were abandoned on the following day, the 22d, or on the receipt of the news of General Faidherbe's defeat.

A French official report from Le Mans, of the 24th, announcing the withdrawal of a large Prussian force from Nogent-le-Rotrou, in the direction of Paris—which naturally took place in accordance with orders issued before affairs were decided both before Paris and before Amiens—shows that the Prussians had not been perfectly tranquil before the double movement combined against them. That withdrawal may have given a momentary relief to General Chauzy at Le Mans, who, though reinforced from Cherbourg, seems to be rather hard-pressed by the armies of Prince Frederic Charles, the left wing of which, having occupied Blois and Tours, and defeated various French detachments between the Loire and the Loir, is now advancing against the right of the French position between the latter river and the Sarthe. General Bourbaki, with his division of the former Army of the Loire, seems to hold himself on the defensive, observed by one of Frederic Charles's corps, between the Loire and the Cher. Gambetta, who spent some time at Bourbaki's headquarters in a vain attempt to organize a new advance in that region, has left for Lyons, where the people, frightened and exasperated by Von Werder's threatening victory at Nuits, south of Dijon, have allowed some "Red" demagogues to indulge in the "terroristic" amusement of sentencing and putting to death two French officers entirely unconnected with that defeat of the Garibaldians and Lyonnese in Burgundy.

There is news of an incident at Rouen which is likely to prove irritating enough in England—the sinking of some English ships in the Seine by the Prussians, for the purpose of impeding the navigation, the crews being turned adrift, after suffering the loss of all their property. The Prussian generals are gradually growing more high-handed in their proceedings—the usual result of prolonged operations in an enemy's country—and this outrage was probably simply a piece of recklessness on the part of one of them. Bismarck will no doubt disown it, and apologize for it; but the English public will insist on substantial compensation, will chafe under the delays of negotiation, and Bismarck's probably by no means soothing tone in conducting it, so that, although the affair will not end in war, it will work England up one step nearer to the fighting mood; and if she once gets into this it would be difficult to prevent a general European set-to—she being thus far the great check on the bellicose propensities of the other powers.

Russia has been getting ready for the fray by a total change in her military system, for which she is about to substitute that of Prussia, that is, a general conscription without exemptions, and with a short term of service. As to the state of feeling in the empire, there is no question about the enthusiasm with which the proposal of the Government to break up the neutrality of the Black Sea has been received; but the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*—a remarkably well-informed Prussian—says the Russian public is by no means pleased with the prospect of an alliance with the Germans, whom the Russian nationalists detest, and would vastly prefer having Russian policy worked out in alliance with the French. The story of the existence of a large fleet of iron-clads at Nicolaieff receives no confirmation.

In the meantime, it would seem as if she had not as much to fear as was supposed from Austria, whose last financial statement makes a most pitiful show. The army is already enormous, and the Minister of War wants to mobilize it, in view of existing complications, and demands an extraordinary credit of 60,000,000 florins; but the Cisleithan or Austrian Minister of Finance is obliged to own to a deficit in last year's revenue of 25,000,000 florins; and when the empire cannot meet its current expenditure, what is the use of trying to borrow or talking of going to war? Of the state of mind of the Bohemians, and of the difficulties in the work of unification, a striking illustration was afforded the other day by the conduct of the Municipal Corporation of Prague, which refused to allow the school-houses used by the German children to be warmed, and finally sold them to be used as warehouses. The proposition of the Board of Education, too, that the Bohemian children should be taught "a little German," raised violent opposition, and public meetings were held to denounce it.

The accounts from all sections of the business world continue monotonously discouraging. Money is scarce and difficult to obtain, apart from speculative manipulations in Wall Street. Liberal amounts of currency continue to be sent West, in payment of grain and meats, and South, in payment of cotton, and do not seem to return promptly, the complaint of irregular collections being all but universal. Failures are numerous, but not large, and the despondent tone of business-men appears to be rather due to diminished profits than to actual losses. The winding-up of a life insurance company at the demand of the Insurance Inspector at Albany, and the condition of the real-estate market, cause uneasiness; while the unsettled question of the Pacific Railroads causes all new railroad enterprises to halt in their progress. The weak condition of the New York banks is best shown by the fact that the withdrawal of a few millions of currency by a knot of speculative gamblers was sufficient to make money worth a quarter and one-half per cent. a day. The coal strike threatens to become universal, but has not as yet produced as great an advance in price as was expected; nor is it likely to do so, if the reports of an early suspension in some of the iron districts should prove correct. The retail trade of the city for the holidays has not been large; but the exports of breadstuffs and cotton have been active, at a slight advance in prices, the foreign demand for both these articles having increased, while the receipts, especially of flour and cotton, have materially declined. Railroad and other securities have been somewhat lower than last week; but Government bonds remain firm. The January dividend lists, as a general thing, show no great change from last year; and on the whole, the business of the year has been healthier, if less apparently profitable, than for any year since 1859. The year 1870 is certainly entitled to the credit of having witnessed the end of the ten years' gambling mania.

The New York *Tribune* accuses us of divers "naked untruths" with regard to the woollen manufacturers' dinner at Delmonico's, and notably of having misrepresented Mr. Mudge the Chairman's sentiments with regard to the effect of the American tariff on English pauperism. We might, on the authority of precedents, which the *Tribune* will be the last to repudiate, reply that the writer of the criticism on us is "a liar, and a villain who lies knowingly, wilfully, and with intent to deceive;" but we shall content ourselves with saying that the *Tribune* was either guilty of "a naked untruth," on the 15th of December, when, in its report of the wool manufacturers' dinner, it said "the gathering was not called in the interests of protection, but was simply a complimentary dinner, tendered by the commission merchants of New York to the wool manufacturers of the country;" or was guilty of an "untruth," also "naked," on the 24th of December, when it said that the gathering was a "counter-demonstration" got up by the protectionists. When, therefore, it takes the *Nation* to task for "*not* remarking that no full and fair report of the speeches was given in any free-trade organ," to the wickedness of untruthfulness it adds the folly of self-stultification. There is only one free-trade organ in this city—the *World*—which is in the habit of giving full reports of meetings, and we believe it was deceived by the *Tribune*, or the promoters of the dinner, into the belief that "it was not called in the interest of protection:" in other words, it was made the victim of "a naked untruth."

As to Mr. Mudge's speech, he made in it, with regard to English pauperism, two assertions: one was that it was his duty as an American to keep the tariff high ("advocate such measures as will benefit his country") "even if pauperism did increase in England." By this proclamation of the doctrine of pure selfishness as the right rule of political action for an American citizen, we said no doubt Dr. Bellows, as a Christian minister, was startled. We hope and believe he was. All nations have thus far acted on it, but it is none the less a robber's doctrine, and regulated life in the castles on the Rhine centuries before Mr. Mudge was born. His second proposition was that pauperism had increased in England as a consequence of the American tariff (which is untrue, but Mr. Mudge probably did not know it). Said he, "The reason pauperism increases there is that her rulers insist that she shall be the workshop of the world for the production of certain articles, and, as she has over-produced these for her own consumption, and for other markets which she controls, she is, since we have shut her out from ours, fighting desperately for her life. This is no fancy-sketch. The number of paupers in England has been steadily increasing since our tariff enabled people to manufacture for themselves, and unless she can induce us to adopt her free-trade theories she must resign her leadership of the trade of the world, as she has been forced to give up her supremacy in the political affairs of the world." We did not comment, as we might have done, on the absurdity of talk of this kind about a tariff which has actually almost completely driven American products out of foreign markets, and let the British in their place. We simply said—still thinking of the way Dr. Bellows was "sold" in having "the complimentary dinner to the woollen manufacturers of the country" to which he was invited converted under his nose into a "protectionist counter-demonstration"—that he must have been startled "to hear it mentioned as one of the recommendations of the American tariff that it had increased the number of paupers in Great Britain." Whether this passage from Mr. Mudge's speech warranted the construction we put upon it, we must leave our readers to determine. We do not and cannot quote everything we comment on, but we believe our summings-up of the sayings of public men during the last five years have very seldom been questioned on the score either of accuracy or fairness.

We may add that we are rather surprised at the *Tribune's* calling on us for chapter and verse in support of any charge against anybody, considering that it has, for two years nearly, steadily refrained from publishing the passage from the *Nation* on which it three times based the assertion that we had accused General Grant of having been bribed, and has disgraced journalism by a series of slanders on Mr. D. A. Wells, of which it never offered, or pretended to have, a particle of proof, and of which one of the most innocent was accusing him of lying in giving an account of the wool-clip of 1868, which was exactly the same as that given by Mr. Greeley in his book about political economy. For this series of scandalous misrepresentations it has never offered either the public or its victims one word of apology. We confess it has greatly improved within a year or two. It is more sensible, accurate, moderate, and better informed than it has ever been in its whole history, and has nearly given up bawling, but its protectionism seems to exercise a positively diabolical influence on its morals, and would spoil its manners if it had any manners.

The President improved the occasion of a visit from the "Boys in Blue," last week, to bestow a neat rap on the scheme to remove the national capital, the constitutionality of which, he said, was more than doubtful, and which at all events should not be left to a mere Congressional majority, nor surrounded by any less restrictions than an amendment of the Constitution. He added that this might seem singular and "unpopular" doctrine for a Western man, but that he was in earnest. This declaration will, we trust, have the effect intended, not of defeating the scheme in question, which local jealousy would suffice to kill, but of suppressing the petitions and conventions which a suspicion of Executive favor might have made a nuisance of the first order. The Cincinnati demonstration was a pure failure, exciting no enthusiasm on the spot, and costing the promoters of it the full amount of hotel charges and hall-rent. We may not have heard the last of these gentlemen, but now that they have the President as well as time and common sense against them, the public need not trouble itself further with their arguments and proceedings.

General Butler has introduced an amnesty bill, which amnesties everybody guilty of participation in the late rebellion, except graduates of West Point, members of Congress at the outbreak of the rebellion, heads of departments, or foreign ministers in the service of the United States, members of conventions which adopted ordinances of secession, persons who ill-treated Union prisoners or who embezzled United States funds, and bounty-jumpers and deserters. The bill, also, reserves all cemeteries and burying-grounds which contain the graves of United States soldiers. The objection to the bill is, that all those persons are excluded from its benefits whose condition really makes an amnesty of any interest or importance to the South. Considered, therefore, as a means of soothing the South, the measure is worth little or nothing. In the Senate, Mr. Schurz has introduced a resolution laying it down that an amnesty should be full and complete, and without exceptions, to which there is the objection that there are at least half-a-dozen persons whose reappearance in Congress, or in Federal offices of any kind, would be not simply a scandal, but a real injury to the public conscience.

One of the curious things brought out in the St. Domingo debate in the Senate was Mr. Sumner's admission, or rather proclamation, that when the President once called on him at his house, to persuade him into support of the annexation scheme, he (Mr. Sumner) interrupted the conversation on that insignificant theme to plead the cause of Mr. Ashley, whom the President had just very properly removed from the governorship of Montana, to which it was a great scandal ever to have appointed him. Mr. Ashley, when a member of the Committee on Territories, entered into a formal partnership with a land speculator, by the terms of which he was to supply the speculator with information procured by him as a member of the committee, and then was to share in the profits. Having been found out—though not expelled from the House, as he ought to have been—he took up the business of being "sound on the main question," and blew the impeachment horn with such frenzy and yet with such judgment as quite to captivate Mr. Sumner, on whom his misconduct as a legislator does not seem to have made the smallest impression. Another curious incident of the debate to which the Chicago *Tribune* calls attention is, that an attempt is being made by the majority to leave Mr. Sumner "out in the cold" for the independent and conscientious exercise of his judgment, precisely similar to that which he tried last spring against Mr. Trumbull. "It's a long lane that has no turning" is a very well-known proverb, but which few politicians sufficiently remember.

THE ST. DOMINGO ROW.

We presume that a very small portion of the public read the President's statement of his reasons for wishing to annex St. Domingo without a little pain as well as surprise. Of the value of his military arguments we do not presume to speak. To the ordinary lay mind, the notion that fifty millions of people, doubling their numbers every twenty-five years, and owning almost the whole continent of North America, and separated from every great naval power by three thousand miles of ocean, would run some severe risk if it should go to war without owning an island in the West Indies, wears a look of profound mystery. But then most laymen are relieved from all anxiety on this point and all desire to understand it, by their perfect assurance that there will be no war requiring an island in the West Indies unless we choose to make it, and that we shall have the West Indian Islands quite as soon as we know what to do with them after we have got them. The President's economical arguments most people, we are sure, charitably believed were not his own. It is no discredit to a brave and skilful soldier such as he is not to understand "the balance of trade," or to be cheated by some ignorant politician into the belief that $100,000 worth of Dominican products, imported into the United States, would do great harm if they came from the "Republic of Dominica," but great good if they came from the "State of Dominica" in the American Union; that in the one case they would help to ruin the United States, but in the other help to pay off the national debt. Men of far more natural acuteness than General Grant have fallen into similar errors on this subject, and everybody would willingly have passed all this by without notice if it were simply an expression of opinion. But when we find him founding a "policy" on it, and attempting by hook or by crook to force that policy on the acceptance of Congress and the country, his mistake assumes serious importance.

The facts of this St. Domingo affair, we believe, are, that the President—we do not know under what influences—has got it into his head that the United States ought to own half the island of Hayti, and that it is of such serious importance to them to acquire it at once that it is better, in a time of considerable confusion, and with a very large mass of ignorance already weighing on the national vitality, to buy it, and make citizens of 200,000 ignorant Catholic Spanish negroes, than to wait one minute longer. He accordingly, last year, sent General Babcock, a young officer attached to his person in the capacity of aid-de-camp, to the island as an investigator, on the representations of one Baez, who is nominally president of the Republic, and wants to sell the whole concern, but of whose authority to sell it, or weight with the people, we know nothing. General Babcock not only "investigated," we believe without any knowledge of the Spanish language, but concluded a convention for the cession of the Republic to the United States, and brought it back cut and dried in his pocket, greatly to Mr. Fish's astonishment, who had never heard of it. This treaty the President is now pressing, for the second time, on the acceptance of the Senate, our ignorance of the condition of the republic, of the disposition of the people, and of the difficulties and dangers we shall encounter in taking charge of them, being just as great as ever. Let us add that there is a strong and not by any means unfounded suspicion that behind the whole scheme there is a ring of "operators," of one sort or another, busily at work, into whose hands the new state would fall immediately on its annexation, and whose activities and profits would surpass anything they have treated us to here, in the ratio in which the people of the island surpass our own people in simplicity and ignorance, and the products of their soil those of our own soil in richness and variety. We are far from alleging that the President is conscious of any such influences; but then he has shown recently an unfortunate facility in being hoodwinked by plausible knaves which makes us wish heartily that he would, for the sake of his own reputation—in which, as we have said more than once before, the country has a deep interest—let the St. Domingo business drop at once and for ever.

Mr. Sumner has in the Senate opposed the scheme with a warmth which it fully deserves, and with which there would be no fault to find if his personal relations with the President had not for some time past been very cold, if cold be the proper word to apply to a state of feeling which has found vent on Mr. Sumner's side in frequent and bitter denunciations. The knowledge of this which the Senators possess, combined with the fact that when Mr. Sumner feels strongly, his rhetoric always gets the better of him, and produces the impression on his audience that he looks for an earthquake within a reasonable period after he sits down, has prevented his hostility to the St. Domingo scheme having the weight it deserves, and made the debate last week a scene of disgraceful violence and recrimination. The Republican majority in the Senate have assailed him in a way from which the goodness of his cause ought to have protected him, and have proposed his removal from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs for reasons which will commend themselves to most people as arguments of the strongest kind for his retaining it. If he is the best man for the place—and his opposition to this extraordinary enterprise, even if he had rendered no other service, would seem to prove it—it would be a very singular step to drive him from it as a penalty for disrespectful language to the President. The duty of the Chairman of the Committee is to examine the President's projects in all that relates to foreign affairs, and hostility to the President is a disqualification for it only when it becomes factious, which can hardly be affirmed of Mr. Sumner's hostility as yet.

The Senate has sought escape from the embarrassments of the situation by passing a resolution providing for the organization of a Commission of Investigation to go to the island, and report on its social, moral, religious, political, agricultural, geological, and meteorological condition. The range of enquiry is sufficiently wide to cut out work for the next ten years, and the terms of the resolution sufficiently vague to leave it in the power either of the President or the commission to make the report worthless. But there is another and more serious objection to the whole proceeding. There is nothing whatever to prove the propriety of issuing such a commission except the President's desire for the annexation, and there is no good reason for confining the operations of the committee to St. Domingo. Congress has no more right to send down and examine that island with a view to its absorption than any of the other barbarous, ignorant, and troubled states which lie between our southern border and the Straits of Magellan. They are nearly all blessed as regards climate, soil, and productions, and offer magnificent fields to American enterprise; they are nearly all inhabited by people who have thus far shown themselves utterly incapable of self-government, and who, nevertheless, eagerly desire peace and quiet, and would be very much obliged to anybody who would undertake to supply them. If their ignorance and turbulence and weariness of their own management of their own affairs, and our ability to make money out of them, are good reasons for annexing the Dominicans, they are good reasons for annexing Cuba, and Jamaica, and Mexico, and Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, and ever so many other islands, states, and territories, and the commission of enquiry ought to be made perpetual, and its range be extended over all barbarous peoples. But we deny the right of Congress to send out any such body even to St. Domingo till the sense of this country has been distinctly taken on this whole policy of absorbing semi-civilized Catholic states. The sense of the country has not been taken, but we believe it to be firmly opposed to it; and we make no scruple about saying "Catholic states," in view of the practical establishment of the Catholic Church in New York, through the influence of ignorant Catholic voters. The first duty of the American Union is to its own people. As long as there is ignorance, poverty, and corruption within its own borders, it owes it not less to civilization than to its own influence and fame not to saddle itself with fresh loads of responsibility. A nation which contains a problem like New York City is morally bound to solve it before taking up another in some respects far more serious.

PEACE.

The horrors of war are just now making a deeper impression than ever on the popular mind, owing to the close contact with the battle-field and the hospital into which the railroad, and the telegraph, and the newspaper have brought the public of all civilized countries. Wars are fought out now, so to speak, under every man's and woman's eyes; and, what is perhaps of nearly as much importance, the growth of commerce and manufactures, and the increased complication of the social machine, render the smallest derangement of it anywhere a concern and trouble to all other nations. The consequence is that the desire for peace was never so deep as it is now, and the eagerness of all good people to find out some other means of deciding international disputes than mutual killing never so intense.

And yet, the unconsciousness of the true nature and difficulties of the problem they are trying to solve which is displayed by most of those who make the advocacy of peace their special work, is very discouraging. We are far from believing that the incessant and direct appeals to the public conscience on the subject of war are not likely in the long run to produce some effect; but it is very difficult to resist the conclusion that the efforts of the special advocates of peace have thus far helped to spread and strengthen the impression that there is no adequate substitute for the sword as an arbiter between nations, or, in other words, to harden the popular heart on the subject of military slaughter. It is certain that, during the last fifty years, the period in which peace societies have been at work, armies have been growing steadily larger, the means of destruction have been multiplying, and wars have been as frequent and as bloody as ever before; and, what is worse, the popular heart goes into war as it has never done in past ages.

The great reason why the more earnest enemies of war have not made more progress towards doing away with it has been, that, from the very outset of their labors down to the present moment, they have devoted themselves mainly to depicting its horrors and denouncing its cruelty and inhumanity. In other words, they almost invariably approach it from a side with which nations actually engaged in it are just as familiar as anybody, but which has for the moment assumed in their eyes a secondary importance. The peace advocates are constantly talking of the guilt of killing, while the combatants only think, and will only think, of the nobleness of dying. To the peace advocates the soldier is always a man going to slaughter his neighbors; to his countrymen he is a man going to lose his life for their sake—that is, to perform the loftiest act of devotion of which a human being is capable. It is not wonderful, then, that the usual effect of appeals for peace made by neutrals is to produce mingled exasperation and amusement among the belligerents. To the great majority of Europeans our civil war was a shocking spectacle, and the persistence of the North in carrying it on a sad proof of ferocity and lust of dominion. To the great majority of those engaged in carrying it on, the struggle was a holy one, in which it was a blessing to perish. Probably nothing ever fell more cruelly on human ears than the taunts and execrations which American wives and mothers heard from the other side of the ocean, heaped on the husbands and sons whom they had sent to the battle-field, never thinking at all of their slaying, but thinking sorely of their being slain; and very glad indeed that, if death had to come, it should come in such a cause. If we go either to France or Germany to-day, we shall find a precisely similar state of feeling. If the accounts we hear be true—and we know of no reason to doubt them—there is no more question in the German and French mind that French and German soldiers are doing their highest duty in fighting, than there was in the most patriotic Northern or Southern home during our war; and we may guess, therefore, how a German or French mother, the light of whose life had gone out at Gravelotte or Orleans, and who hugs her sorrow as a great gift of God, would receive an address from New York on the general wickedness and folly of her sacrifice.

The fact is—and it is one of the most suggestive facts we know of—that the very growth of the public conscience has helped to make peace somewhat more difficult, war vastly more terrible. When war was the game of kings and soldiers, the nations went into it in a half-hearted way, and sincerely loathed it; now that wars are literally an outburst of popular feeling, the friend of peace finds most of his logic powerless. There is little use in reasoning with a man who is ready to die, on the folly or wickedness of dying. When a nation has worked itself up to the point of believing that there are objects within its reach for which life were well surrendered, it has reached a region in which the wise saws and modern instances of the philosopher or lawyer cannot touch it, and in which pictures of the misery of war only help to make the martyr's crown seem more glorious.

Therefore, we doubt, and everybody doubts who looks at facts, whether the work of peace is well done by those who, amidst the heat and fury of actual hostilities, dwell upon the folly and cruelty of them, and appeal to the combatants to stop fighting on the ground that fighting involves suffering and loss of life, and the destruction of property. We do not hesitate to affirm that the principal effect of this on "the average man" has been to produce the impression that the friends of peace are ninnies, and to make him smile over the earnestness with which everybody looks on his own wars as holy and inevitable, and his neighbors' wars as unnecessary and wicked. Any practical movement to put an end to war must begin far away from the battle-field and its horrors. It must take up and deal with the various influences, social and political, which create and perpetuate the state of mind which makes people ready to fight. Preaching up peace and preaching down war generally, are very like general homilies in praise of virtue and denunciation of vice. Everybody agrees with them, but nobody is ever ready to admit their applicability to his particular case. War is, in our time, essentially the people's work. Its guilt is theirs, as its losses and sufferings are theirs. All attempts to saddle emperors, kings, and nobles with the responsibility of it may as well be given up from this time forward.

Now, what are the agencies which operate in producing the frame of mind which makes people ready to go to war on small provocation? It is at these the friends of peace must strike, *in time of peace*, and not after the cannon has begun to roar, and the country has gone mad with patriotism and rage. They are, first of all, the preaching in the press, and elsewhere, of the false, damnable, and pernicious doctrine, that one nation gains by another's losses, and can be made happy by its misery; that the United States, for instance, profits in the long run by the prostration of French, German, or English industry. One of the first duties of a peace society is to watch this doctrine, and hunt it down wherever they see it, as one of the great promoters of the pride and hardness of heart which makes war seem a trifling evil. America can no more gain by French or German ruin, than New York can gain by that of Massachusetts. Secondly, there is the mediæval doctrine that the less commercial intercourse nations carry on with each other, the better for both, and that markets won or kept by force are means of gain. There has probably been no more fruitful source of war than this. It has for three centuries desolated the world, and all peace associations should fix on it, wherever they encounter it, the mark of the beast. Thirdly, there is the tendency of the press, which is now the great moulder of public opinion, to take what we may call the pugilist's view of international controversies. The habit of taunting foreign disputants, sneering at the cowardice or weakness of the one who shows any sign of reluctance in drawing the sword, and counting up the possible profit to its own country of one or other being well thrashed, in which it so frequently indulges, has inevitably the effect not only of goading the disputants into hostilities, but of connecting in the popular mind at home the idea of unreadiness or unwillingness to fight with baseness, and meanness, and material disadvantage. Fourthly, there is the practice, to which the press, orators, and poets in every civilized country steadily adhere, of maintaining, as far as their influence goes, the same notions about national honor which once prevailed about individual "honor"—that is, the notion that it is discreditable to acknowledge one's self in the wrong, and always more becoming to fight than apologize. "The code" has been abandoned in the Northern States and in England in the regulations of the relations of individual men, and a duellist is looked on, if not as a wicked, as a crack-brained person; but in some degree in both of them, and in a great degree in all other countries, it still regulates the mode in which international quarrels are brought to a conclusion.

Last of all, and most important of all, it is the duty of peace societies to cherish and exalt the idea of *law* as the only true controller of international relations, and discourage and denounce their submission to *sentiment*. The history of civilization is the history of the growth amongst human beings of the habit of submitting their dealings with each other to the direction of rules of universal application, and their withdrawal of them from the domain of personal feeling. The history of "international law" is the history of the efforts of a number of rulers and statesmen to induce nations to submit themselves to a similar régime—that is, to substitute precedents and rules based on general canons of morality. and on principles of municipal law, for the dictates of pride, prejudice, and passion, in their mode of seeking redress of injuries, of interpreting contracts, exchanging services, and carrying on commercial dealings. Their success thus far has been only partial. A nation, even the most highly civilized, is still in its relations with its fellows in a condition somewhat analogous to that of the individual savage. It chooses its friends from whim or fancy, makes enemies through ignorance or caprice, avenges its wrongs in a torrent of rage, or through a cold-blooded thirst for plunder, and respects rules and usages only fitfully, and with small attention to the possible effect of its disregard of them on the general welfare. The man or the woman and, let us say, "the mother"—since that is supposed to be in this discussion a term of peculiar potency—who tries to exert a good influence on public opinion on all these points—to teach the brotherhood of man as an economical as well as a moral and religious truth; to spread the belief that war between any two nations is a general calamity to the civilized world; that it is as unchristian and inhuman to rouse national combativeness as to rouse individual combativeness; as absurd to associate honor with national wrongdoing as with individual wrongdoing; and that peace among nations, as among individuals, is, and can only be, the product of general reverence for *law* and general distrust of *feeling*—may rest assured that he or she is doing far more to bring war to an end than can be done by the most fervid accounts of the physical suffering it causes. It will be a sorrowful day for any people when their men come to consider death on the battle-field the greatest of evils, and the human heart will certainly have sadly fallen off when those who stay at home have neither gratitude nor admiration for those who shoulder the musket, or are impressed less by the consideration that the soldiers are going to kill others than by the consideration that they are going to die themselves. There are things worth cherishing even in war; and the seeds of what is worst in it are sown not in camps, barracks, or forts, but in public meetings and newspapers and legislatures and in literature.

The New York *Times*, in an article which appears too late for us to make a detailed reply to it, protests strongly against the view we have recently taken of the Prussian attempt to impose on neutrals the duty of preventing the export of arms and munitions of war, and attributes to this view consequences hostile to the general cause of peace and humanity. Now, we hold it to be the duty of friends of peace to resist this or any similar change in international usage, because, though it would apparently help to bring hostilities to an earlier conclusion in the present war, it would, we sincerely believe, have a direct tendency to extend the area of war in every subsequent struggle—that is, to make every war a general war, wrapping the civilized world in flames; and for these reasons among others: Wars are, as we have said in the foregoing article, now emphatically peoples' wars and not sovereigns' wars. They are, therefore, carried on with a passion and fervor and with a general belief in their "holiness" never before seen. The consequence is that the number of men who, in any country which engages in hostilities in our day, keep their heads cool and retain firm hold of the legal principles applicable to the various incidents of the conflict, is increasingly small, and the tendency to look at neutrals as wicked, heartless fellows, without conscience or bowels, increasingly and, we might add, alarmingly strong. We might, had we time, furnish numberless illustrations of all this from the struggle now raging in France. From this state of mind on the part of belligerents is gradually springing up the notion that neutrals are bound, when a war breaks out, not to look on and keep quiet, but to find out which side is in the right, or, as the phrase is, which is "defending the cause of progress and humanity," and sympathize actively with that. From this notion has issued the doctrine which Count Bernstoff brought to light in the late controversy with Earl Russell, that not only must the neutral sympathize with the right side, but must exercise towards it what he calls a "benevolent neutrality"—that is, in plain English, *lean* to it, and help it a little by restrictions placed on its own subjects to the detriment of the other belligerent. Now, accept this doctrine of "benevolent neutrality," together with the vagueness and increasing vagueness of the term "contraband of war," and we put, we do not hesitate to say, in the hands of any pair of powerful and unscrupulous belligerents the means of dragging every other nation into their quarrel. Arms and munitions of war happen in the case of the French to be the things most useful to them; but in other cases—such as that of the Confederacy, for instance—clothing, corn, leather, hospital stores might be far more important in prolonging the war than rifles and powder. In fact, in the present state of military science, and with the present composition of armies, "contraband of war" might be made to include, if only the feelings or convenience of the belligerents were to be consulted, the great bulk of the articles of modern commerce. We cannot go any further into the subject at present; but we may remark in closing that, as all readers of the *Nation* know, in opposing the Prussian demands in this matter, we are really arguing in direct opposition to our own hearty sympathies.

THE "COMIC PAPER" QUESTION.

THE death of *Punchinello* has furnished an occasion for the customary enquiry on the part of the serious press into the cause of the apparently insurmountable difficulty experienced by the people of the United States in the establishment of a truly comic paper. It is recorded of a patriotic member of the Committee of Ways and Means that—after hearing from the Special Commissioner of the Revenue an elaborate and strongly fortified argument which made a deep impression on the committee in favor of a reduction of the whiskey tax, on the ground that the then rate, two dollars a gallon, could not be collected—he closed the debate, and carried the majority with him, by declaring that, for his part, he never would admit that a government which had just suppressed the greatest rebellion the world ever saw could not collect two dollars a gallon on whiskey. A large portion of the public approaches the comic-paper problem in much the same spirit in which this gentleman approached the whiskey tax. The country has plenty of humor, and plenty of humorists. It fills whole pages of numerous magazines and whole columns of numerous newspapers with really good jokes every month. It supplies great numbers of orators, and lecturers, and diners-out with "little stories," which of their kind, which is excellent, cannot be surpassed. There is probably no country in the world, too, in which there is so much going on all the time of the fun which does not need local knowledge or coloring to be enjoyed, but will bear exportation, and be recognized as the genuine article in any English-speaking part of the world. Moreover, there is in the real American stories an amount of suggestiveness, a power of "connotation," to borrow a term from the logicians, which cannot be affirmed of those of any other country. A very large number of them are real contributions to sociology, and of considerable value, too. Besides all this, the United States possesses, what no other nation does, several professed jesters—that is, men who are not only humorists in the ordinary sense of the term, but make a business of cracking jokes, and are recognized as persons whose duty it is to take a jocose view of things. Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain, and the Rev. P. V. Nasby, and one or two others of less note, are a kind of personages whom no other society has produced, and who certainly could in no other society attain equal celebrity. In fact, when one examines the total annual production of jokes in the United States, one who knows nothing of the past history of the comic-paper question can hardly avoid the conclusion that such periodicals would run serious risk of being overwhelmed with "good things" and dying of plethora. Yet the melancholy fact is that several—indeed, all that have been started—have died of inanition; that is, of the absence of jokes. The last one says it offered all the great humorists in the country plenty of work, and their own terms as to pay, and failed to enlist them, and the chance jokes apparently were neither numerous enough nor good enough to keep it afloat.

Now, what is the cause of this disheartening state of things? Why can the United States not have a comic paper of their own? The answers to this question vary, though of course not greatly. They are mostly given in the shape of a history, with appropriate comments, of the unsuccessful attempts made to establish comic papers: one went down because it did not sympathize with the liberal and humane movements of the day, and laughed in the pro-slavery interest; another, because it never succeeded in getting hold of a good draughtsman for its engravings; and another venture failed, amongst other mistakes, we are told, because it made fun of the New York *Tribune*. The explanation which finds most general favor with the public is that, while in England, France, and Germany "the great dailies" confine themselves to the serious treatment of the topics of the day, and thus leave room for the labors of *Punch*, or *Kladderadatsch*, or *Charivari*, in America all papers do their own joking; and, if it seems desirable to take a comic view of anything or anybody, take it on the spot in their own columns. Hence any paper which starts on a comic basis alone meets with rivals in all its sober-minded contemporaries, and comes to grief. The difficulty it has to contend with is, in short, very like that which the professional laundress or baker has to contend with, owing to the fact that families are accustomed to do their own washing and bake their own bread. And indeed, it is not unlike that with which professional writers of all kinds have to contend, owing to the readiness of clergymen, lawyers, and professors to write while doing something else. An ordinary daily paper supplies, besides its serious disquisitions, fun enough for one average household—sometimes in single jokes, and sometimes in the shape of "sparkle" or "spiciness" in grave articles. Often enough it is very poor stuff, but it amuses people, without turning their attention away from the sober work of life, which is the only way in which the vast body of Americans are willing to be amused. There is, or was, a low-comedy man in the *World* who certainly jokes well enough for any comic paper; and somebody who, a few weeks ago, in the *Tribune*, burlesqued the *World's* foreign news, might do as good work as ever appears in *Punch;* but then these men have here, what they would not have in London, a chance of letting off a joke once a day, and six or seven jokes a week is more than any comic paper is willing or able to take from any one contributor, partly owing to the need of variety in the vein in a paper given wholly to humor, and partly owing to want of space. Anybody, therefore, who has humor for sale finds a readier market among the dailies or magazines, and a far wider circle of readers, than he would in any comic paper. The charge that our comic papers have generally opposed the friends of liberty and progress—that is, the most intelligent and appreciative portion of the public—is quite true, but it does not go far to account for their failure. *Punch* has done this steadily ever since its establishment, without serious injury. No good cause has ever received much backing from it till it became the cause of the majority, or indeed has escaped being made the butt of its ridicule; and we confess we doubt whether "the friends of progress," using the term in what we may call its technical sense, were ever a sufficiently large body, or had ever sufficient love of fun, to make their disfavor of any great consequence. Most people in the United States who are very earnestly enlisted in the service of "a cause" look on all ridicule as "wicked," and regard with great suspicion anybody who indulges in it, whether he makes them the object of it or not. They bore with it, when turned against slavery, from one or two distinguished humorists, because its effectiveness was plain; but we doubt whether any man who had the knack of seeing the ludicrous side of things ever really won their confidence, partly owing to their own natural want of humor, and partly to their careful cultivation of a habit of solemnity of mind as the only thing that can make an "advanced" position really tenable, to say nothing of comfortable. The causes of all successes as of all failures in the literary world are of course various, and no doubt there is a good deal of truth in all that has been said in solution of the comic-paper problem. American humorists of the best class can find something better or more lucrative to do than writing for a comic paper; while the poor American humorists, like the poor humorists of all countries, are coarse and vulgar, even where they are not stupid.

But there is one striking difference between American society and those societies in which comic papers have succeeded which not only goes a good way to explain their failure here, but puts a better face on some of their efforts—such as their onslaughts on the friends of progress—than they seem to wear at first sight. To furnish sufficient food for fun to keep a comic paper afloat, a country must supply a good many strong social contrasts for the professional joker to play upon, and must have a large amount of reverence for social distinctions and dignities for him to shock. Two-thirds of the zest with which foreign comic papers are read is due to the fact that they caricature persons or social circles with which the mass of their readers are not thoroughly familiar, and whose habits and ways of looking at things they do not share or only partly share. A good deal of the fun in *Punch*, for instance, consists in making costermongers or cabmen quarrel with the upper classes, in ridicule of Jeames's attempts to imitate his master, of Brown's efforts to scrape acquaintance with a peer, of the absurd figure cut by the "cad" in the hunting-field, and of the folly of the city clerk in trying to dress and behave like a guardsman. In short, the point of a great number of its best jokes is made by bringing different social strata into sharp comparison. The peculiarities of Irishmen and Scotchmen also furnish rich materials to the caricaturist. He never tires of illustrating the blunders and impudence of the one, and the hot patriotism and niggardliness of the other. The Irish Highlander who denies, in a rich brogue, that any Irish are ever admitted into his regiment, and the cannie burgher from Aberdeen, who, on his return home from a visit to London, says it's an "awfu' dear place; that he hadna' been twa oors in the toon when bang went saxpence," are types which raise a laugh all over the United Kingdom, and all because, again, they furnish materials for ludicrous contrast which everybody is capable of appreciating. Neither the Irishman, Scotchman, nor Englishman, as such, can be made to yield much fun, if sketched alone. It is when ranged alongside of each other, and measured by the English middle-class standard of propriety, that they become entertaining. In a homogeneous society, like that of the United States, none of this material is to be found. The New Englander, to be sure, furnishes a type which differs from the Middle-State man or the Southerner or Westerner, but none of them differs enough to make him worth caricaturing. His speech, his dress, his modes of acting and thinking, so nearly resemble those of his neighbors in other parts of the country, that after the comic writer or draughtsman had done his best or his worst upon him, it would remain still a little doubtful where the joke came in. The Irishman, and especially the New York Irish voter, and his sister Bridget, the cook, have during the past ten years rendered more or less service as butts for caricaturists, but they are rapidly wearing out. They are not many-sided persons at best, and their characteristics have become associated in the American mind with so much that is uncomfortable and repulsive in domestic and political life, that it becomes increasingly difficult to get a native to laugh at them. It must be confessed, too, that the Irish in America have signally belied the poet's assertion, "Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt." There is nothing more striking in their condition than the almost complete disappearance from their character, at least in its outward manifestations, of the vivacity, politeness, kindliness, comical blundering impetuosity, and doublesightedness, out of which the Irishman of the stage and Jo Miller's Irishman who made all the bulls, were manufactured in the last century. Of the other nationalities we need hardly speak, as the English-speaking public knows little of them.

The absence of class distinctions here, too, and the complete democratization of institutions during the last forty years, have destroyed the reverence and sense of mystery by shocking which the European comic paper produces some of its most tickling effects. Gladstone and Disraeli figuring as pugilists in the ring, for instance, diverts the English public, because it gives a very smart blow to the public sense of fitness, and makes a strong impression of absurdity, these two men being to the English public real dignitaries, in the strict sense of the word, and under the strongest obligations to behave properly. But a representation of Grant and Sumner as pugilists would hardly make Americans laugh, because, though absurd, it would not be nearly *so* absurd, or run counter to any so sharply defined standard of official demeanor. The Lord Chief-Justice playing croquet with a pretty girl owes nearly all its point, as a joke, to the popular awe of him, and the mystery which surrounds his mode of life in popular eyes; a picture of Chief-Justice Chase doing the same thing would hardly excite a smile, because everybody knows him, and has known him all his life, and can have access to him at any hour of the night or day. And then it must be borne in mind that Paris and London contain all the famous men of France and England, and anybody who jokes in them is sure of having the whole public for an audience; while the best New York joke falls flat in Boston or Philadelphia, and flatter still in Cincinnati or Chicago, owing to want of acquaintance with the materials of which it is composed. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely, but we have probably said enough to show any one that the field open to the comic writer is very much more restricted than that in which his European rival labors. He has, in short, to seek his jokes in character, while the European may draw largely upon manners, and it is doubtful whether character will ever supply materials for a really brilliant weekly comedian. Its points are not sufficiently salient.[*] The American comic papers have evidently perceived the value of reverence and of violent contrast for the purposes of their profession, and this it is which leads them so constantly to select reformers and reform movements as their butts. The earnest man, intensely occupied with "a cause," comes nearer to standing in the relation to the popular mind occupied in England by the aristocrat or statesman, than anybody else in America. The politician is notorious for his familiarity with all comers, and "the gentleman" has become too insignificant a person to furnish materials for a contrast; but the progressive man is sufficiently well known, and sufficiently stiff in his moral composition, to make it funny to see him in a humorous tableau. The fun thus procured, however, it must be admitted, has at best been very poor, and has not paid, and most probably never will.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1870.

THE ominous cloud which darkened our prospects when I last wrote to you has passed away—for the present, at least. We are not to have a repetition of the Crimean war. Whether the danger is entirely avoided or only postponed is more than can be said with perfect confidence; but, at any rate, we are relieved for a time from a danger which few of us could contemplate with equanimity. We have, indeed, received a slight shock from a different quarter. General Butler has succeeded in annoying the British lion; and the President's address, so far as it is at present understood, is not calculated to calm our feelings. I shall not, however, dwell upon that matter beyond saying that, as it appears to me, you have the power of bringing about a settlement of the question if you choose. Of course, it is easy to press upon us demands with which we could not in honor comply; but I am convinced that there is a very sincere desire on this side of the water to settle the *Alabama* claims in a manner which would be satisfactory to all parties.

I pass from such topics to a question which has already become rather out of date here, but which has still a certain interest. The first school-board elections have taken place in London since I wrote to you last. A great deal had been said about the matter, and the whole election appeared to be in so chaotic a state that it was difficult to make any confident predictions. Two or three results, however, have come out very plainly. The first point upon which the Liberal press have thought it right to insist was the success of the first experiment in secret voting. There were a few little hitches in the machinery, but such as can easily be rectified on a future occasion. I cannot, however, say that I regard this experiment as of much importance. Everybody knows who has seen an election in America or, indeed, in France, that a large number of votes may be polled very easily without the confusion and excitement attendant upon our clumsy, old-fashioned system. There is no need for collecting all the roughs in a big town round the hustings to hustle respectable voters and drink unlimited beer. We have now learnt that fact by experience. More votes were probably taken in London than ever were taken before, and without the least trouble. The more serious question remains, whether the ballot in England can be made an efficient instrument for resisting intimidation and corruption and, at the same time, be kept free from fraud. Its advocates claim those advantages in the strongest language, and, of course, urge that this experiment raises a presumption in their favor. This, however, may be disputed. There was a very lively interest in the results of the election, but the interest was not of that kind which would encourage either corruption or intimidation. The candidates did not spend much money, and, to use the electioneering slang, the screw was not put on. In this respect, therefore, the result was negative. There were no serious complaints, but we are scarcely in a position to say that the balloting machinery has proved itself capable of meeting the ingenious devices which will doubtless be elaborated in due time by politicians of the lower order.

Other results were far more remarkable. The board includes, as might be expected, a great variety of members. There are representatives of the Church of England, of the Dissenters, of the Roman Catholics, and of nearly every shade of opinion. There are, I am glad to say, several men of more than ordinary claims to respect. Prof. Huxley, for example, Lord Lawrence, Mr. W. H. Smith (the successful rival of Mr. Mill at Westminster, but a very able and excellent man, in spite of his conservatism), Mr. Rogers, one of the most energetic and distinguished of the Liberal clergy, Dr. Barry, an eminent schoolmaster, and other well-known names, appear amongst the successful candidates. The chief interest, however, centred upon the ladies and the workingmen. Three ladies stood: Miss Garret came in not only at the head of the poll in her district, but so far ahead as to receive (if I remember rightly) between three and four times as many votes as Prof. Huxley, who was second; Miss Emily Davies was also at the head of the poll, by a very large majority, in another district; and Mrs. Grey, though she failed of success, only failed by a very narrow margin. The ladies, in short, won a triumph beyond the warmest hopes of their supporters. The workingmen, on the other hand, suffered an equally crushing defeat. Some of the best-known representatives of their class were nominated, and yet, in almost every district, they were hopelessly beaten. One only was elected, and very few even approached success.

This fact is curious, and the more so as it might be supposed that the same party would generally be in favor of both. A partial explanation might, perhaps, be suggested in the fact that the ladies commanded by far the most effective electioneering apparatus. They had enthusiastic supporters and energetic committees, and their cause was thoroughly worked. Their sex supplied them with an excellent advertisement. There was a certain curiosity excited by the novelty of the proceeding. Moreover, Miss Garrett is, perhaps, the ablest member of her party, and Miss Davies and Mrs. Grey both also distinguished themselves by very excellent speeches and addresses. Without indulging in clap-trap, they showed a business-like and reasonable tone which told strongly in their favor. On the other hand, the workingmen were less known and were less able to secure such active support. They could not advertise or hold meetings to the same extent, and found a certain difficulty in getting their names perfectly before the constituents. After every allowance has been made for such circumstances, I think that two things are pretty evident. The first is, that women have made a greater stride toward a general recognition of their rights than was generally thought possible. I should think it highly probable that they will obtain the parliamentary suffrage before long, though I will frankly confess that the prospect does not move me to any lively sense of exultation. My second conclusion is that English workingmen are still far from being roused to that state of political zeal which would lead them to overlook petty jealousies and elect members of their own class. It is still true, though I shall not attempt to decide how far it is a cause for congratulation or regret, that, on the whole, in spite of a good deal of talk to the contrary, they rather prefer to be represented by people of higher social position; or, at any rate, their feeling is not strong enough to overcome the electioneering advantages always attaching to a certain degree of wealth and position. No workingman candidate has yet reached Parliament, and there must be a great change of sentiment before they will reach it in any numbers. I refrain from discussing the causes of this phenomenon, which is, perhaps, not very singular after all, except as it disappoints the anticipations of some of the more ardent reformers. The Radical feeling does not seem to have been anywhere very strong. In Westminster, the whole Conservative ticket was elected, owing, probably, to the better organization of the party, and two very good reformers, Sir Chas. Trevelyan and Lord E. Fitzmaurice, were rejected. Still the school-board is in many ways so strong, and, in particular, is so free from the element of parish politics, that I think we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the result.

I must add a few words on a disagreeable topic, which I have no wish to discuss at length in your pages. A gentleman writing to you from Dublin is angry with me for speaking of the "hysterical and shrieking declamation" used by "some of the best and most eminent of my countrywomen" in regard to the Contagious Diseases Acts. He is afraid that I shall "not think it worth while" to mention the defeat of Sir H. Storks at Colchester, which was owing to the exertions in this respect of Mrs. Josephine Butler. And he says that Mrs. Butler is a lady of many good qualities, the daughter of an admirable father, and wife of a distinguished husband. Now, as to the hysterics and shrieks, I can only say that I think those terms very applicable to most of the female eloquence I have read upon the subject, though I forget having used them, and I am pretty certain that I did not apply them to Mrs. Butler's remarks. That Sir H. Storks lost the election for Colchester because he was an eminent supporter of the Acts is perfectly true. It proves, what is far from surprising, and is, indeed, pretty notorious, that there is a strong popular feeling against the Acts. When such a feeling exists, a great many people are apt to plunge into sentiment without weighing arguments, and to fall into hysterical shrieking in consequence. Therefore, the case of Colchester, to which that of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, may now be added, hardly disproves my statement. When there is a popular agitation in the United States about liquor laws, or woman's rights, or any other exciting subject, you must be far more fortunate than we are if you have not to listen to a good deal of hysterical declamation. I would not speak disrespectfully of Mrs. Butler, who, as I have reason to know, has many admirable qualities; but neither those qualities, nor her connection with praiseworthy people, prevents me from thinking that, in this instance, she has allowed her generous instincts to overpower her logical faculties.

The state of the case, as I understand it, is this: The Acts in question have naturally diminished a most fearful disease. Sir. H. Storks succeeded at Malta in all but stamping it out under favorable conditions; and the experiment, though less systematically tried in England, has produced unequivocal sanitary improvement. It is further asserted by most qualified observers that the Acts have diminished vice and been the means of restoring a very large number of fallen women not only to health, but to virtue. It is quite possible that these statements may be met by fair argument. Dr. Chapman, for example, of the *Westminster Review*, has put the opposite side of the case with great force. His arguments deserve, at least, attentive consideration; possibly, they should carry conviction. But the ladies of whom I was speaking systematically despise facts. They prefer to talk about the rights of British subjects, meaning the right to spread a deadly disease; the wickedness of interfering with a providential punishment of vice, which would be an almost equally good reason for objecting to vaccination; and the atrocity of recognizing prostitution, when it is recognized just as picking pockets is recognized, by putting it under certain restrictions. When I read such arguments, sometimes spiced with texts from Scripture, and sometimes interspersed with the wildest revolutionary views of marriage, I am not afraid to call them hysterical cant, even though they are prompted by a really generous, if ignorant, instinct. I do not argue as to the substantial merits of the case. Whatever my own opinion, I hope that I can do justice to any reasonable opponent; but, even if the acts are utterly wrong, it will not be the first time that a good cause has been advocated on very contemptible grounds.

Correspondence.

THE LEE PEDIGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your journal for April 8, 1869, I briefly reviewed a genealogy of the Lee family of Virginia, pointing out the fact that the English portion was entirely without authority. The last number of the *Herald and Genealogist* (London, October, 1870), edited by the well-known antiquary, John Gough Nichols, Esq., contains a notice of this Lee Genealogy. The writer therein expresses the same opinion of the book that had been given in your columns, but he gives also the true pedigree of the American Lees, being the same which I referred to in my review.

There can be hardly a doubt that Colonel Richard Lee, the emigrant to Virginia, was the seventh son of Sir Robert Lee of Hulcott, and younger brother of Sir Henry Lee of Quarrendon and Ditchley, Bart. Sir Robert Lee died at Stratford-Langton, County Essex, and was buried at Hardwick, August 20, 1616, aged 78.

The will of the emigrant begins: "I, Col. Richard Lee, of Virginia, and lately of Strafford-Langton, in the County of Essex." He named his plantation Stratford, and the pedigree lacks only a little care in identification to be as satisfactory as could be desired.

This particular family of Lee has been distinguished. To it belonged Sir Henry Lee, Knight of the Garter in Queen Elizabeth's time, own cousin to the emigrant; and in the line of Sir Henry, the fifth baronet was made Earl of Litchfield in 1674.

The arms of the family of Lee, of Lee Hall, were argent, a chevron between three leopards' heads sable. Benedict Lee, of Quarrendon, used this coat, but his son Richard, in 1472, used argent, a fesse between three crescents sable. His son, Sir Robert Lee, grandfather of the emigrant, had a special grant, in 1513, of the following coat: argent, on a fesse azure between three unicorns' heads erased sable, as many fleurs-de-lys or. Either of these coats may be used by the descendants of Col. Richard Lee, but that bearing the three crescents has been most used by the family in England.

From the preceding remarks, it will be seen how unfortunate the historian of the family was in giving the first fifty pages of his book to notes on the Lees of Cotton, who were in no way related to the emigrant. The coats of arms which embellish the cover and adorn sundry pages of his book unfortunately did not belong to the emigrant to Virginia. The "ancient genealogy, accompanied by an original coat of arms," which had "long slumbered among the old family papers of the compiler of this work," and of which "the authenticity is undoubted," proves only to have been a copy made in 1750 by officers of the Heralds' College. No doubt they made a true copy of their records, but so far as it interested any American, it might as well have been the pedigree of Sir Walter Raleigh. In short, the writer started on a false scent, and his time and money were entirely wasted.

Having balanced our account with the Lee family by giving them a valid claim to a more illustrious lineage than the one wrongly attributed to them, it cannot be unfair to repeat that such a blunder goes far to justify our disbelief in the claims of Southern genealogists. Here was a gentleman of good family, brother of a baronet, cousin of a Knight of the Garter, and yet even tradition seems to have ignored his hereditary pretensions. It is even probable that, in a century from his death, the family record was so obscured that his descendant in London obtains from the Heralds a pedigree of an alien family, to be transmitted to the bewildered eyes of the present generation. If such a thing be possible in a family so well known as that of Lee, what reliance can be placed on the traditions of families obscure from the time of their emigration or deportation? Bishop Meade, in his valuable book, has shown how imperfect before the late rebellion were the local records in Virginia. Undoubtedly, the prosecution of the war caused a further destruction of important information, but whatever remains should be gathered up and published, and such a work should be the first care of any and every Southern Historical Society.

W. H. W.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE German press has, since the war assured the repossession of Alsace and Lorraine, been prolific of pamphlets in defense of annexation both on historical grounds and on grounds of present right and expediency. Whoever wishes to study the question more carefully than can be done in the newspapers, will do well to consult some or all of the publications whose titles follow: (1) "Elsass und Lothringen sind und bleiben unser," by Wolfgang Menzel, whose very positive thesis is maintained in an interesting manner, both with reference to the past and the future; (2) "Elsass und Lothringen," considered from a geographico-statistical and historico-political point of view; (3) a pamphlet with the same title, by Adolph Schmidt, Professor of History in the University of Jena, showing how the two provinces were lost to Germany, which has met with so much favor as to have reached a third and enlarged edition; (4) "Elsass und Lothringen und ihre Widergewinnung für Deutschland," by Professor Dr. Adolph Wagner, already in its fourth edition, revised and enlarged; (5) "Elsass—eine Deutsche Provinz," by Wilhelm Maurenbrecher, Professor of History in the University of Königsberg, a brief but remarkable contribution to the controversy, calculated for popular reading; (6) "Der deutsche Name Germanen und die ethnographische Frage vom linken Rheinufer," by the librarian of the Royal Academy of Münster, Prof. Dr. Watterich, which argues the Celts entirely away from the Rhine's banks; (7) "Die Grenze zwischen Frankreich und Deutschland," by Rudolph Usinger; (8) "Deutschlands strategische Grenze gegen Frankreich," by Franz Maurer; (9) "Was fordern wir von Frankreich?" by Heinrich von Treitschke. All these can be procured in this city at a trifling cost of Mr. E. Steiger, from whose *Monatsbericht* for November and December we have gleaned them.

—The intellectual bond between Alsace and Lorraine and the rest of Germany was well illustrated the other day in our columns by Dr. von Holst. The towns and cities rendered prominent by the war can lay claim by turns to each of the great names in literature which he enumerated. It was, for instance, in the Benedictine cloisters at Weissenburg that Otfried composed his *Evangelien-Harmonie*, which ranks as the oldest specimen of German poetry. Hagenau had for its poet Reinmar der Aeltere in the days when Gottfried was composing his famous epics in Strassburg, where also wrote Sebastian Brant and Thomas Murner, the satirists, where Gutenberg conceived the idea of movable types, and Goethe sketched out his *Faust*. Finally, it was in Colmar that Pfeffel, the poet and fabulist and satirist, showed how superior the mind may be to the terrible affliction of an almost life-long blindness. Pfeffel's name has been perpetuated in the "Pfeffel-Album" published by another Alastian poet, now deceased, Theodor Klein. The first part of this collection contains the poems of Alsatians not living at the time it was made—seven in number: the second, of those still living—thirty-three in number. Though destitute of any national expression, or any allusion to the Fatherland, these productions have all the marks of the German character, as if the French had never occupied the country.

—The reality of the acquisition of Alsace for Germany appears from the concurrent appeal of upwards of fifty towns and cities of the Confederation for contributions in money and books to re-establish the Strassburg Library, of which, says the address, "absolutely nothing has been saved." The manuscripts and specimens of early printing are, of course, irreplaceable, but the needs of the present time can, perhaps, be as well provided for by a new foundation as by the old. Mr. Trübner, 60 Paternoster Row, London, will receive any offerings entrusted to his care, and furnish whatever additional information may seem desirable. The aid of which this country is capable is, of course, chiefly pecuniary; yet a collection, respectable in numbers and intrinsically valuable, might easily be made up by our publishers and, from their surplus, by our great libraries. We have, indeed, a special interest in establishing a library which will be singular among others of the first rank in Europe, in being deprived of the enormous advantage of antiquity, and with which, therefore, we may properly compare the libraries instituted here during the present century, or within the last hundred years.

—With whatever feelings such a movement on the part of Germany may be regarded by the French, they will, it is to be hoped, some day acknowledge the humane endeavors of the Women's Associations (Frauenvereine) to assuage the sufferings of the sick and wounded of both nations, on both sides of the Rhine. The oldest of these, according to Dr. Hahn ("Die deutschen Frauenvereine unter dem rothen Kreuze"), dates back not further than the close of the Crimean war; the largest is the Vaterlandischer Frauenverein, instituted by Queen Augusta in November, 1866, at the close of the war with Austria. The latter has already 300 branch associations in Prussia, and its regulations are substantially adopted by the other societies not directly connected with it. They all have a double mission: in war, the care of the sick and wounded in the field; in peace, to meet such exigencies at home as epidemics, drought, floods, fires, and also to train nurses for the sick. Their field is thus very wide, and their activity extends even to the building of hospitals, procuring work for the poor, taking charge of children exposed to demoralizing influences, and other forms of social providence. Besides good character, a woman, to become a member, needs only to pay about sixpence a month to the fund of the association, and furnish some sort of needlework. Honorary members pay money only. Without stopping to ask whether French civilization could produce such a system of private benevolence, we may note here the appeal of a patriotic citizen of Berlin—Mr. J. J. Sturz—to his countrymen to prepare food for the relief of the inhabitants of Paris when the city shall have been reduced by hunger—an event of which Bismarck has given due and, we believe, humanely-intentioned warning.

—Herr Wagner, with his "Judenthum in der Musik," has had an imitator in the genial Fritz Reuter, from whom one would have expected more toleration, and, with Wagner's experience before him, we might add, circumspection. Having a speech to make at a recent patriotic festival at Eisenach, he must go out of his way to denounce the Jewish element in literature, singling out Heine as his especial target, calling him a Jewish boor (*Judenbengel*), and even holding up his poem of the "Two Grenadiers" as proof that the author was a worshipper of Napoleonic ideas. There is in such an argument a singular lack of that humor for which the author of "In the Year '13" is justly celebrated, and which ought to have enabled him to appreciate the sentiment of the poem in question. However, he has brought down on himself a severe castigation at the hands of a highly cultivated Jewish advocate, Fr. Wachtel, who makes a pamphlet of "An Open Letter to Dr. Fritz Reuter." It appears that this is not the first time the Platt-Deutsch novelist has improved his chance at public meetings to make attacks on others.

—One of the best caricatures that the Franco-Prussian war has produced is that in which Napoleon is seen fleeing from some invisible pursuer down a narrow street leading to a gateway flanked on the further side by an Orleanist and the Republic, each ready to dispatch him; with the legend from Tell's soliloquy "By this way he must pass" (Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen). They order these matters differently in Paris, where, says a correspondent, the designs are, almost without exception, coarse, indecent, hideous, and witless. Napoleon appears in them in an infinity of degrading conditions and attitudes, it being reserved for Cham, in the *Charivari*, to exhibit something of the German humor without ferocity—as where, for instance, he represents "the crowning of the edifice:" a fortress, Sedan, overshadowed by a Prussian elm. On the once fashionable boulevards from the Madeleine to the Chateau d'Eau, now thronged with venders of all sorts of wares, one hears cried, "The Shameful Life, Crimes, Orgies, and other Unquestioned Deeds of Mr. Louis Bonaparte," all for two sous; also the life of "Mr. Jerome Napoleon" and of the "femme Bonaparte," with promises of a sequel; and worse yet, according to the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who confirms the Italian observer we have been quoting:

> "The most obscenely gross and grossly obscene books are exposed upon the boulevards for sale, and cried by women and children on the streets. I may not even give the title of these vile publications; but they cannot be left without mention by any one who cares to be a faithful chronicler of the crisis and its causes. And I will say that in the concoction of some of these caricatures and pamphlets, the author has descended to the very depth of loathsome indecency. I have seen caricatures of the Empress today which I am sure would not be tolerated on the streets of any city of Turkey or Hindostan. In the smuttiest shop window of the most unfrequented streets of the most licentious cities of Italy or Spain, you will see nothing so loathsome, vile, and brutal as the pictures I saw, one hour ago, dealt out to merry purchasers on the boulevard, by an equally merry young woman of about eighteen years, and of a pretty and unblushing face. . . . And this is not an exceptional spectacle. It is to be seen from one end to the other of the boulevards, and of a dozen other of the most frequented thoroughfares. The best dressed men and women join the crowd that presses up to gaze long and with an admiring relish upon these filthy caricatures."

The contrast between July and November is not greater in this altered license of the boulevards by day than when, no longer illuminated at nightfall, they resound with the noise of street musicians; and "one passes occasionally an entire family, shivering with cold and hunger before two candles set on the pavement, and chanting the Marseillaise in heart-distressing tones."

—The Panslavic idea, as Russia holds it, is to be carried out with the aid of Serbs, Bosnians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins against Turkey; of Serbs, Slavonians, Croats, Slovaks, and Ruthenians against the Hungarians; of Galician Ruthenians against the Poles; and of Czechs, Winds, and Slovens against the Germans of Austria. It may be worth while to elucidate the nature of the national, or rather linguistic, tie binding with each other and with Russia all these various branches of the great Slavic family of peoples—considering how often observers of European politics, unfamiliar with the Slavic idioms, are perplexed by the vague and discrepant statements concerning these matters in American and English journals. And how widely these statements occasionally differ, the following example will show: Speaking of the Slavic race, the writer of a very able, but very partial, pro-Russian letter to the *Tribune*, a few weeks ago, made this statement: "Its bond of unity is language. The sailors of Ragusa converse in the mother-tongue with the fishermen of Archangel, and the inhabitants of Prague with the people of Moscow." This assertion was, two days later, characterized as "decidedly incorrect" by another writer in the same paper, who boldly asserted that "the sturdy Dalmatian sailor has no more knowledge of the Russian vernacular, as spoken at Archangel, than a New Yorker has of the idiom of any Indian tribe on our Western frontier," and "as to the possibility of a conversation between an inhabitant of Prague and a Muscovite," referred "to the historical fact, that at the convention of all Sclavonic races, held at that very Prague in the summer of 1848, the delegates had to make their glowing 'Pansclavonic' speeches in German."

—Were we now to pass judgment in this controversy to the effect that the "historical fact" concerning the Panslavic Congress of Prague is correct, but that the statement preceding it is not only "decidedly incorrect," but perfectly absurd, we should only add a bare assertion to other assertions as unreservedly made. Let us, therefore, bring the question before our readers themselves by a juxtaposition of words and grammatical forms belonging to the foremost languages of the Slavic world—the Russian, the Polish, the Czechish or Bohemian, and the Serbian—beginning with a comparison of the first-named language, which is the vernacular spoken at Archangel, with the last-named, a dialect of which is the idiom of the Slavic Dalmatian. Here, to begin with, are the personal pronouns of the Russian, the vowels to be pronounced as in Italian: *Ya*, I; *ti*, thou; *oh*, he; *ona*, she; *ono*, it; *mi*, we; *vi*, ye; *oni*, they, masc. and neut.; *onye*, they, fem. The corresponding words in Serbian are: *Ya, ti, on, ona; ono, mi, vi, oni* (masc.), *one* (fem.), *ona* (neut.). The Russian numerals are these: *Odin* (m.), *odna* (f.), *odno* (n.), one; *dva*, two; *tri*, three; *tchetire*, four; *pyat'*, five; *shest'*, six; *sem'*, seven; *osm'* or *vosem'*, eight; *deviat'*, nine; *desyat'*, ten; *odinnadtzat'*, eleven; *dvadtzat'*, twenty; *sto*, hundred; *tisyatcha*, thousand. The corresponding Serbian numerals are: *Yedan* (*yedna, yedno*), *dva, tri, tchetiri, pet, shest, sedam, osam, devet, deset, yedanaest', dvadeset, sto, hilyada* or *tisutcha*. The Russian declines the singular of *ruka*, hand, thus: nom., *ruka;* gen., *ruki;* dat., *rukye;* acc., *ruku;*

(voc. like nom. ;) instrumental, *rukoyu ;* locative, *rukye.* The singular of the same noun in Serbian is *ruka, ruke, rutzi, ruku, ruko, rukom, rutzi.* We may add that the Polish and Czechish equivalents for all these words show but very slight deviations.

—Let us now compare the Serbian verb with the Polish : The indicative present of the Serbian *tchitati,* to read, is this : *Tchitam, tchitash, tchita, tchitamo, tchitate, tchitahu ;* of the Polish *czytac'* (pron. *tchitatch*) : *Czytam, czytasz, czyta, czytamy, czytacie, czytaja' ;* of the Serbian *vidyeti,* to see : *Vidim, vidish, vidi, vidimo, vidite, vide ;* of the Polish *widziec' : Widze', widzisz, widzi, widzimy, widzicie, widza';* of the Serbian *biti,* to be : *Yesam, yesi, yest, yesmo, yeste, yesu ;* of the Polish *byc': Jestem* (pron. *yestem*), *jestes', iest, jestes'my, jestes'cie, sa'.* The indicative future of the last-mentioned Serbian verb is : *Budem, budesh, bude, budemo, budete, budu ;* of the corresponding Polish : *Be'de', be'dziesz, be'dzie, be'dziemy, be'dziecie, be'da'.* The past tenses are somewhat less similar. Thus we find for the Serbian *tchitah* (I was reading), *tchitashe, tchitashe, tchitasmo, tchitaste, tchitahu,* the Polish *czytalem, czytales', czytal, czytalis'my, czytalis'cie, czytali.* A comparison of the Polish and Czechish adjectives may complete our circle of grammatical illustrations: *Silny,* robust, in Polish is declined thus: *Silny, silnego, silnemu,* etc. (Lat. *robustus, robusti, robusto,* etc.) ; its feminine thus : *Silna, silnej* (*j=y*), *silnej,* etc. (*robusta, robustæ, robustæ,* etc.) ; its neuter thus : *Silne, silnego, silnemu,* etc. (*robustum, robusti, robusto,* etc.) ; and the corresponding forms in Czechish are : *Silny, silného, silnému,* etc. ; *silná, silné, silné,* etc. ; *silné, silného, silnému.*

—All this will suffice to show how closely the various Slavic languages are related to each other, and how little difficult it would be, for instance, for the Czech of Bohemia or Moravia, when speaking slowly and carefully selecting his words, to make himself understood on most subjects in common life by the inhabitants of Warsaw, Agram, Belgrade, Moscow, or Archangel. A similarly executed comparison of the Romanic languages will easily prove that the difficulties of an Italian or Spaniard speaking his own language in Paris, Lisbon, or Rio de Janeiro would be nearly the same, neither much less nor much greater. And we may add that it would be just as useless a task for a learned Muscovite to address in Russian an assembly of Poles, Czechs, Croats, or Montenegrins, as it would be for a Brazilian priest to deliver Portuguese sermons in the churches of Naples, Toulouse, or Toledo. This explains why the Congress of Prague, almost all the members of which were possessed of sufficient fluency in German, while but with difficulty comprehending each other's tongue, were compelled to use the language of their opponents as their common medium of deliberation on Slavic affairs. It also shows that a universal union of the Slavic nations under the rule of the Czar would be no less a political monstrosity than a union of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and all Central and South America under the sceptre of a common despot.

POPULAR WORKS ON OLD TESTAMENT SUBJECTS.*

Dean Stanley's work on the "History of the Jewish Church" "contains the substance of lectures delivered from the chair of ecclesiastical history in the University of Oxford." In judging its merits we must bear in mind that the author disclaims "any pretensions to critical or linguistic research, and would have his book regarded not as a history, but as *lectures.*" And considered in this light, it will be found to offer much more than it promises, and to deserve forgiveness for what, in a connected narrative, pretending to be exhaustive, we should call want of completeness or of critical precision. In fact, it is almost a history of ancient Israel, both complete and critical. That it is neither entirely complete nor entirely critical is not attributable to a lack of diligence in elaboration or of erudition—for the elaborate finish of the whole, and the scholarship displayed in every part, are fully worthy of the Dean's reputation—but to the peculiar limitation of the subject, and to the peculiar standpoint occupied by the author as investigator of religious history. His subject is not the Jewish people but "the Jewish Church," and his critical research confines itself within boundaries narrowly drawn by reverence for ecclesiastical traditions. For this reason many of the most important narratives presented us in these "Lectures" are marked by an indefiniteness and vagueness which must often leave the reader in doubt whether the author discourses on facts or on legends. His tone is throughout too homiletic and apologetic, and his diction too richly laden with poetico-religious ornaments, to allow the belief that he did *not* regard it as dangerous "to search the Jewish records as we should search those of other nations." The work reads as if written for edification rather than for historical enlightenment and instruction. Yet, like all the Dean's productions, it abounds in vivid illustrations, drawn from a vast store of knowledge, and in felicitous remarks of every kind. The following passages, embracing the narrative of the passage of the Red Sea, may serve to illustrate the tenor, and both the merits and defects, of the "Lectures":

> "The Israelites were encamped on the western shore of the Red Sea, when suddenly a cry of alarm ran through the vast multitude. Over the ridges of the desert hills were seen the well-known horses, the terrible chariots of the Egyptian host : 'Pharaoh pursued after the children of Israel, and they were sore afraid.' . . . And in that terror and perplexity the sun went down behind the huge mountain-range which rose on their rear, and cut off their return to Egypt ; and the dark night fell over the waters of the sea which rolled before them and cut off their advance into the desert. So closed in upon them that evening. Where were they when the morning broke over the hills of Arabia ? Where were they, and where were their enemies ? They stood in safety on the further shore, and the chariots and the horsemen and the hosts of Pharaoh had vanished in the waters. . . . They had passed in that night from Africa to Asia ; they had crossed one of the great boundaries which divide the quarters of the world. . . . Behind the African hills, which rose beyond the Red Sea, lay the strange land of their exile and bondage—the land of Egypt, with its mighty river, its immense buildings, its monster-worship, its grinding tyranny, its overgrown civilization. This they had left to revisit no more. . . . . From slaves they had become free ; from an oppressed tribe they had become an independent nation. . . . The Passage, as thus described, was effected not in the calmness and clearness of daylight, but in the depth of midnight, amidst the roar of the hurricane which caused the sea to go back—amidst a darkness lit up only by the broad glare of the lightning as 'the Lord looked out' from the thick darkness of the cloud. . . . We know not, they knew not, by what precise means the deliverance was wrought : we know not by what precise track through the gulf the passage was effected. We know not, and we need not know ; the obscurity, the mystery, here as elsewhere, was part of the lesson. 'God's way was in the sea, and His paths in the great waters, and *His footsteps were not known.*' "

Prof. Plumptre's "Biblical Studies" are mostly reprinted—"with hardly any alteration"—from *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine.* Though much more strictly critical than Dean Stanley's "Lectures," they are popular productions, as the author's wish in writing them was to address himself "to the wider circle of intelligent readers of the Bible rather than to the narrower circle of scholars." Of Old Testament subjects—the main subjects of the volume—they embrace the following: "The Lord of Sabaoth," "The Most High God," "Shiloh," "The Tree of Life," "Caleb," "The Revolt of Absalom," "The Earthquake in the Days of Uzziah," "The Psalms of the Sons of Korah," "The Authorship of the Book of Job," "The Old Age of Isaiah," "Three Generations of Jewish Patriotism," "The Babylonian Captivity," and "The Last of the Prophets." And the scholarship which the author brings to bear upon these subjects is as comprehensive and solid as his ability to popularize "the more interesting results of the enquiries" is consummate. The critical value of his studies, however, varies according to the scope his ecclesiastical prepossessions allow his criticism. Thus the essay on Job, in which he reaches the conclusion that "in the Book of Job we have the result of that short contact between the religion and culture of the Hebrew and the Arabian branches of the Semitic family which took place during the reign of Solomon," is replete with sagacious and ingenious remarks—though it may fail conclusively to settle the question at issue—while the following essay on Isaiah piles up paltry proofs against overwhelming evidence to vindicate for that prophet the authorship of "the last twenty-six [twenty-seven] chapters of the book that bears his name."

Mr. Cheyne's "Book of Isaiah" deals with its subject in a much more genuine spirit of critical enquiry, and in reference to the last twenty-seven chapters of that collection ably develops the opposite view to that defended by Prof. Plumptre. To the doing of this, which, in fact, has been exhaustively done so many times, he does not devote too much space in his introduction, justly relying on the succinct but well-executed prefatory remarks and explanatory notes to the various divisions and subdivisions of his "chronologically arranged" text. These remarks and notes are, it is true, far from forming an exhaustive commentary, and it need hardly be said that they do not offer conclusive support to every solution presented by the author ; but they cannot fail greatly to facilitate for students and teachers the understanding of the best attempts made by scholars to solve the historical and chronological problems connected with one of the richest and, in every respect, most interesting Biblical books. Popular in the best sense of the word, Mr. Cheyne's production is yet marked throughout by evidences of extensive learning and independent research, and we have no hesitation in declaring it a very valuable contribution to the rich branch of literature to which it belongs.

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* "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., etc." With Maps and Plans. (Part I.: Abraham to Samuel; Part II.: From Samuel to the Captivity.) New York: Charles Scribner and Co. 1870.

"Biblical Studies By E. H. Plumptre, M.A., Rector of Pluckley, Kent, and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London." London: Strahan & Co. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1870.

"The Book of Isaiah, Chronologically Arranged; an Amended Version, with Historical and Critical Introductions and Explanatory Notes. By T. K. Cheyne, M.A., Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford." London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

"Heroes of Hebrew History. By Samuel Wilberforce, D D., Lord Bishop of Winchester." London: Strahan & Co. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1870.

"The Nations Around. By A. Keary, Author of 'Early Egyptian History.'" London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

"Studies in Bible Lands. By Rev. W. L. Gage, Editor of Ritter's 'Comparative Geography of Palestine,' etc., etc." With Seventy-two Illustrations. Boston: American Tract Society. 1870.

Bishop Wilberforce's "Heroes of Hebrew History," a collection of sketches reprinted—with one exception—from the pages of *Good Words*, does not pretend to offer any new results of investigation, and betrays the learning of the author only in the skilful and easy handling of his subject. The heroes chosen—twelve in number—all belong to the oldest period of the Hebrew annals, from Abraham to Elisha. Moving within the narrowest limits of Biblical tradition, the writer manages, nevertheless, to enliven his topics by observations full of originality, and by a racy diction, teeming with marks of spiritual freedom. Witness, for instance, his sketch of young Jacob, who, "thoughtful and given to anticipations of the future, eager to please the mother whom he loved, seeing an opportunity of securing what she had taught him that God meant him to possess, and so, with a meanness bred of a subtle intellect, of misleading affections, of a timid temper, and of a debased religiousness, tempted his brother to a sin by which he was himself to profit;" or of Jacob stealing away the blessing "as he had meanly purchased the birthright of the first-born. Here all the lines are darker. Rebekah is yet more visibly the tempter. Her son, more timid, perhaps less deceitful than herself, shrinks from the perfidy of abusing the darkened sight of his aged father. But she overbears his resistance. She has now persuaded herself that it is well to lie for God; that the great just God of truth can be helped in the government of his world by a cunning devil-born falsehood; and she succeeds in her plot, and the younger son secures the blessing."

Mr. Keary, in "The Nations Around," presents in a very attractive form some of the most instructive results of recent research in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, in their bearing upon the early history of the Hebrews. In the double hope of making some points of that history clearer, by hanging "the minute knowledge of ancient manners and customs, buildings and costumes, that may be learned from Egyptian and Assyrian records, round the familiar heroes of Bible stories," and of infusing life, through a collation with the Hebrew narratives, into "the minute particulars of the outward forms of living" preserved to us on the monuments, he discourses on a variety of interesting topics relating to the countries and cities, the history and mythology, of the Chaldeans, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, and other neighbors of Israel; and he does it in a way which shows his familiarity with the best and latest productions on these subjects. Mr. Gage's hand-book on "Bible Lands," which embodies "the substance of a course of lectures delivered in the spring of 1867 before the Lowell Institute," covers a part of the same ground, but is chiefly devoted to Palestine itself, and exclusively to geographical description. Without being either an exhaustive or an elaborate work on Biblical geography, it is well enough done to achieve its object of imparting to a large class of readers "such information respecting the sacred lands as should make the Old Testament a more vivid and intelligible book."

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.—II.*

THE names of the masters whose drawings are reproduced in Mr. Woodward's publication are all-sufficient in importance—Michael Angelo, Perugino, Raphael, Julio Romano, Leonardo Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Poussin, Dürer, and Holbein. Twenty-four of their studies are the subject of the book and make it beautiful, but its publication is accompanied by an important promise, that of publishing in such a way as to make them generally available, and with helping commentaries, the choicest drawings of the Royal collection at Windsor Castle, which, as to numbers alone, is surpassed but by two or three others in Europe. It contains above 20,000 drawings, the later Italian schools predominating in them, and with the masters of the German, Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish schools least well represented. But it is said to be unequalled for the number and excellence of Holbein's portrait-sketches and studies by Leonardo da Vinci and Poussin. There are, besides, fifty of the works of the earlier masters, many and choice drawings of the school of Venice, and some of the most important examples of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Several drawings given in Mr. Woodward's book are already well-known by other but less accurate reproductions. His comments upon each one are excellent, and quite models in their way; they lend, as he wished it, a help to those who know much and to those who know little. Some lines of remark have been well kept to throughout, such, for instance, as the noting of that sculptural basis of decoration in picture-making which marks in European art the schools of the draughtsmen as distinguished from those of the colorists. Perhaps, while doing so, Mr. Woodward declares too definitely the intention of Michael Angelo with regard to an actual carving or casting of some of his designs, such as the one given in the book, and known as the "Shooters at a Mark." It should have been enough to insist upon the basis and the habits of his technical manner. We note also an appreciation of the continued effect of Poussin's influence in France up to the present day, and of the essential nationality of his gravity of style. Mr. Woodward's notes are certainly in the right direction towards the attaining of the object he has in view—the interesting the wider circle of those who care at all about art in the knowledge and study of the drawings of the old masters, held in such peculiar esteem by the deeper students and lovers of art. Of their critical importance, there can be no doubtful opinion. The drawings of the masters are perfect keys to their intentions, whose successful carrying out has been their glory. And if the statement seems liable to an exception in the case of the colorists, for whose meaning some scheme of colored light is needed, it is borne out by the very wants or lacunæ of their studies in line or black and white, never to be filled until the moment of the definite result. And with the draughtsmen, the full power of such a one as Raphael can never be proved to his natural opponents without the existence of his original drawings, so much do they contain over and above what those paintings carry that bear his name. What a distance, let us say, between the completed "St. Cecilia," however triumphant a success, and the tender and spiritual sketch which Marc-Antonio has preserved. Indeed, besides the fact that the sketches of the great masters are a school of instruction in the principles of art, so much so as to give the prospects of modern art-culture a most important help by their reproductions, they have a more secret value: the man who makes the artist cannot be approached as closely by any other means, so that, to a keen appreciator of these things, it is as if he mingled in unrestricted intercourse with the great poets of his admiration.

The reproduction, under Mr. Scott's direction, of some sixteen pictures by as many artists of the most influential modern school of art, even though labelled with the shop-name of "gems," might lead us naturally enough to expect a choice of some value—the choice of an expert whose instincts had been cultivated into judgment. Such help to a better appreciation and wider knowledge of modern French art and its men might well have come from an artist who has shown a love for the serious in art throughout his little book on Albert Dürer. It is certainly disappointing to find that most of the prints of the present book are of inferior work of well-known artists, or of better work by men of decided inferiority. Even if one choose to think Meissonier and Gérôme first-rate, and wilfully add thereto Hamon and Rosa Bonheur, there is no call for admitting into the same company such poor painters as Dubufe or Compte-Calix, who, in comparison, have no particular existence.

Such a disturbing mixture can only be understood through Mr. Scott's excuse—namely, that the element of popularity had to be considered by the publisher above all, as also the possibility of getting possession of the right work after it had been agreed upon, in such a way, too, as to give a chance to the photographers; which last must mean that prints were to be copied, not pictures, as these are more difficult to render. These reasons would excuse anything, but they are no substitute for a better acquaintance with the great artists of the French schools. Of course, the many-sidedness of views which has made this collective influence felt throughout Europe allows much difference of opinion as to comparative excellence. But it seems high time that the fame of those whose work has been fundamental in French art—who are intensely national and yet, by their genius, represent universal tendencies and aspirations—should spread abroad from its native country. It was to be hoped that Mr. Hamerton, for instance—whose last books are referred to by Mr. Scott as similar to and yet differing from his own—should introduce to the English-reading public the names and works of Géricault Delacroix, Dupré, Rousseau,

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* "Specimens of the Drawings of Ten Masters, from the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. Descriptive text by B. B. Woodward, Librarian to the Queen, and Keeper of Prints and Drawings." London: Macmillan & Co. 1870. (The drawings are reproduced by Carbon-Photographs.)

"Gems of French Art. A series of Carbon-Photographs from the Pictures of Eminent Modern Artists, with Remarks on the Works selected and an Essay on the French School, by Wm. B. Scott." London: G. Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"The Acropolis of Athens. By W. J. Stillman." New York: E. L. Godkin & Co. 1870.

Barye, or Millet. Of Delacroix, indeed, Mr. Stillman once wrote an interesting notice.

To leave these men out of the lists of French art is parallel to forgetting Turner, Blake, Gainsborough, or the Pre Raphaelites in numbering the English. To recall Mr. Hamerton, this book of Mr. Scott's differs from his in that it proceeds differently, the selection of illustrations being first and the writing second. Nevertheless, the notices are the best part of the book, and contain some pleasant talk, some natural criticism, and some errors with regard to places and dates in French history. Louises are put for Henrys, and the end of the eighteenth mistaken for the middle of the seventeenth century.

The publication of Mr. Stillman is another application of the new printing processes to the securing of photographic records whose value, in this case, requires permanence beyond a doubt. These views of the Acropolis of Athens, however interesting in their pictorial effect and beautiful as photographic results, were taken with direct reference to use as documents. By the use of orthoscopic lenses and most careful adjustment of distances, the pictures have been made to coincide with the actual measurements. Those refinements of art in directions of lines, in adjustment of spaces, and curves of surfaces, which are the exclusive difference of pure Greek architecture, and of which the Parthenon here represented is the great example, have thus been, for the first time, recorded as they appear. So that this record of the greatest monument of ancient art may outlive, in its correction, the very monument it pictures, for the comparatively recent injuries to the ruins make it to be regretted that such a work was not earlier attempted. Only a few years since, the west façade of the Erectheum was thrown down by a gale, and the eastern is in a most precarious state, while one of the columns of the west façade of the Parthenon is so badly shattered that the work of the weather or an earthquake shock, so common in Greece, may demolish the glorious structure, and leave in this book the only exact representation of it in existence. Twenty-six views are given in the book, beginning with points external to the Acropolis, which show its relation with the ancient and modern city. The title-page gives the ancient gate recently uncovered by Beulé's excavation, and then the spectator is led in a connected itinerary through the Acropolis, making the circuit through the Propylæa and the Parthenon to the eastern extremity, whence a general view is taken, and then back by the Erectheum, of which each of the four sides is given ; the final prints being an example of the sculpture from the Temple of Victory and another from the frieze of the Parthenon, thus presenting a number of aspects of the ruins which cannot but make their character and qualities clearer either to the architectural or artistic enquirer. The work has been a labor of love, and its results are offered in this book at a price which merely meets the necessary expenses of publication.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
Chardon (G.), Memoirs of a Guardian Angel	(John Murphy & Co.)	
Hale (Mrs. S. J.), Love; or, Woman's Destiny: a Poem	(Duffield Ashmead)	
Howe (Rev. M. A. De W.), Memoirs of Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., LL.D.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Harte (B.), Poems	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	$1 50
Joceline (E.), The Mother's Legacie to her Unborne Childe	(Duffield Ashmead)	
Parkman (F.), The Conspiracy of Pontiac, 2 vols., 6th ed.	(Little, Brown & Co.)	5 00
Whitmore (W. H.), The Massachusetts Civil List, 1630-1774	(J. Munsell)	
Washburn (F. F.), A Comparative View of Religions, swd.	(Crosby and Damrell)	

Fine Arts.

MISS GLYN.

Nature, in creating humanity, has her generous freaks and holiday humors. Once in a century or two the whim seizes her to get out a centennial or festal gift, a sort of prize edition of a woman, at which rivalry may despair and criticism forbear to cavil. When the splendor of the binding only answers to the brilliancy of the work, when to grace of person and manner is added the charm of intellect, the result is one of the great coquettes of history, one of those dread enchantresses at whose feet kings have laid down their sceptres and warriors their swords, in whose smiles poets forget their lyres, sages their books, and well-nigh saints their coronals.

Such a type is Cleopatra, the Cleopatra of poetry, at least, if not of story—a gorgeous picture of oriental luxury and sensuous abandonment, lit up with the fitful play of wit, and fancy, and petulant caprice, or the deeper glow of stern resentment and passionate fervor. No one of Shakespeare's ideal creations is more real and tangible. Beatrice and Desdemona, Hermione and Lady Macbeth, each and all may lie open to the charge of being in some sense abstractions—monographs. In each the poet may to some tastes seem to have laid almost undue stress on some one predominant characteristic in the nature of his heroine. But Cleopatra is vital throughout, instinct, in every word and act, with the warmest life and the most distinct individuality. Her charm is far from being one of mere sensuous attraction. Even should we view the story historically, in that luxurious age Rome, and Athens, and Alexandria must have swarmed with beautiful Hetairæ and graceful Gazeeyah, fair enough in their licentious inanity to enchain the passing fancy of the careless soldier. But the Serpent of Old Nile has subtler fascination. Though assured, in general terms, that the great sorceress was fair to look upon, we read in every line that her true power came from the brain and the temperament. Her magic lay less in curve of line or flush of tint than in her wit, playfulness, fickleness even, in that wonderful manysidedness, that "infinite variety" which "age could not wither nor custom stale," and in that fusing white heat of passion which terrifies but enslaves.

That such a delineation calls for great and exceptional power on the part of the actress—and perhaps even more of the reader—needs little urging. In the lack of all stage accessories, and with the laborious duty of supporting unaided through two or three hours the varied characters of so elaborate a drama, the effort must be as arduous as the triumph, if attained, would be conspicuous.

The lady who essayed this difficult task on Wednesday of last week at Steinway Hall comes among us not as a mere débutante, but with a reputation earned in many dramatic fields, and heralded with much kindly encomium from former auditors. Such an one has a right to be judged—must be judged—from a high and exacting standpoint. To an artist—and a lady—of such position we owe more than hasty or evasive comment, more damning with faint praise. She has a right to claim not only courtesy, but sincerity. The easy superficiality of the daily press, the slighting good-nature which assumes neither earnest aims on the part of the artist nor intelligent standard on that of the hearer, may be as distasteful as the severest censure. To an artist of high character, searching criticism will often be the highest compliment.

With all consideration, then, for the extreme difficulty of the task, and with all reserve for the errors of individual judgment, Miss Glyn's delineation of the Egyptian Queen, as of the other personages of the drama, did not seem to us adequate either to the requirements of the great work she interpreted or to her own traditional reputation. The lady is of a stately and commanding presence, and reads with assurance and distinctness, with good knowledge of dramatic appliances, and often with intelligence and spirit. But this general praise must be given with some admixture of limitation. Viewed as a whole, and judged, as we have said, by an exacting standard, the reading of Wednesday showed certain faults and deficiencies, which somewhat tempered commendation and interfered with an entirely hearty enjoyment.

Miss Glyn's voice, though not deficient in strength and in a certain fulness in energetic passages, lacks something of that peculiar level *sostenuto* and mellow vibration which are so effective in the delineation of intense feeling. Her delivery is clear and measured, but is apt to become a little monotonous and conventional, and, in the attempt to secure impressiveness, is sometimes unduly protracted. Among many instances of this, the one which most readily occurs to us is the passage in Act I., where Cleopatra exclaims to Charmian—

> "What should I do, I do not?"

Here, that the ear of the listener may properly supply the omitted relative, the pause between the two clauses should be extremely slight. Miss Glyn, on the contrary, prolonged it so as to make of the passage two entirely distinct and unrelated sentences, to the injury of the meaning. In the next speech, the sharp, fierce rejoinder—

> "Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him!"

the same over-solemnity in reaching after impressiveness tended to mar the force of the line.

On the other hand, in passages of great intensity and fire, the reader adopted an air of calmness, with a humorous or mocking expression of feature, which differs from the accepted interpretation of the part. Such culminating flashes of savage energy and passionate wilfulness as the lines—

> "Who's born that day
> When I forget to send to Antony,
> Shall die a beggar!"

and further on—

> "By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
> If thou with Cæsar paragon again
> My man of men!"

were read far too quietly. They are angrily direct and vehement, not sarcastic.

Neither in the matter of mere mechanical emphasis does Miss Glyn quite do justice to her professional training. Her reading shows an occasional tendency to get the stress on words where it does not fairly belong, especially on small conjunctions and pronouns, not properly emphatic, and to omit it where so doing runs the risk of marring a "point." Of many instances of this one must suffice, where Cleopatra says to the messenger of Anthony's marriage—

> "Though it be *honest*, it is never *good*
> To bring bad news"—

and where the reader, having given the full emphasis to *honest*, seemed to us to lose the color and vigor of the antithesis by omitting it in the correlative *good*.

It is certainly within the limits of possibility that a reading might have such minor faults as these, yet be, in general conception, in the informing spirit and fire of the whole treatment, so strong and imaginative as to sweep away all carping or pedantic criticism of details. On such a point there will probably be almost as many varying shades of opinion as auditors, but to the careful Shakspearian student Miss Glyn's conception of the fervid Oriental and of the proud Roman might probably leave something to be desired. Her reading as well as her acting of the wonderfully lifelike scenes in the earlier portions of the play—the chameleon-like changeableness and caprice, the teasing yet violent temper, the alternate sulks and sunshine of the moody princess, were not quite as imaginative as we had hoped from her, and as they probably would have been in the larger liberty and warmer dramatic atmosphere of the stage. Neither in her smiles nor her frowns did she quite recall the "royal wench" in whom "vilest things become themselves." It was rather modern and realistic than antique and Oriental. Her portrait of Antony, too, lacked something of the rugged earnestness and impetuosity which one might expect in the bluff, headstrong soldier and haughty but tender lover and master. It seemed rather feminine than masculine.

Among the merely mechanical causes tending to hinder a full enjoyment of Miss Glyn's interpretation was the length of the play. The leisurely afternoon audiences of the Globe and the Bankside were of steadier stuff than those of modern times, and would sit through a whole historical episode, of which even a sketch and insufficient abstract tries the hastier temper and weaker attention of the nineteenth-century listener. Still another impediment, both for reader and hearer, was the undue size of the room. The mutual and, so to speak, magnetic sympathy of the two parties to the bargain is, to a certain extent, one of local relation. The reader needs to feel at home with his audience and they with him. But how is one to feel at home with, or even be properly heard and seen by, a thousand people or more scattered over the vast expanse of Steinway Hall? What moral telegraph shall knit together with its electric chain a listening people spread over such a continent of benches, corridors, and galleries? We cannot help hoping for an occasion to revise our judgment in "cosier" and more sympathetic surroundings.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1870.

The Week.

AT HOME.

Army Bill as passed, 34—Americans in Paris lamenting the Empire, 145—Alabama difficulties, 358—Chas. Francis Adams's address on American struggle for neutrality, 413.

Butler, Gen. B. F., opposes Chinese, 1, imbroglio with Ames, 67, on McGarrahan and Cox, 343, for war with England, 359, Amnesty Bill, 414, 431—Gov. Bullock, of Ga., to hold office two years longer, 66—Gen. Banks on European War and Chinese question, 83—Secretary Boutwell's speeches in Boston, 98, relation to civil service reform, 307, order for competitive examinations, 343, 377, annual report, 377—Speaker Blaine's letter to his constituents, 114—F. W. Bird assailed by Wendell Phillips, 287—Gratz-Brown and Labor Reform Party, 393.

Chinese civilization in disfavor, 18, question as viewed by Mass. politicians, 83—Crispins disorganized by Chinese, 18—Cable war telegrams, 33, 49, 50, 65—College races at Worcester, 51, 67—Colonization societies' feud, 67—*Christian Union vs.* the *Nation*, 307—Chicago *Tribune* on Mr. Boutwell, 131—G. W. Curtis and the *Tribune's* digs, 163—Secretary Cox's removal sought by political managers, 215, resignation, 250, due to differences as to civil service, 271, correspondence with President, 287, supported by majority of press, 306, New Haven letter of sympathy, 307, President's defence, 322, 342—Caste in lecture courses, 251—Cincinnati convention for removing national capital, 271—Forty-second Congress as determined, 323—Catholic addresses of sympathy for the Pope, 415—Christian slaughter at Christmas time, 429.

Congress (XLIst, 2d session) Income tax restored (Senate), Funding Bill passed, naturalization laws altered (House), 1—Appropriation Bill passed (both Houses), Mrs. Lincoln's pension (Senate), Washburn's reports on postal telegraphy, bill to promote reciprocity with Prince Edward's Island passed (House), Tax and Tariff Bill in conference, 17—Amended Naturalization Bill passed (Senate), Currency Bill finally passed, 18—Georgia admitted, Indian Appropriation compromise, Army Bill passed, adjournment, 34.
  (3d session) meets, 377—Wilson's bill to prevent political assessments, Morton's San Domingo Commission (Senate), Franking privilege abolished, Banks's St. Domingo Commission, Admiral and Vice-Admiral abolished, Kelley's revenue-reform resolution, Tenure-of-Office Acts repealed (House), 393—Schurz-Drake encounter, Fenton's resolution of enquiry into customs service (Senate), Butler's Amnesty Bill (House), 413—St. Domingo debate in Senate, 431.

Democratic press anti-German, 146—Drake-Schurz encounter in Senate, 413, 414.

Election returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska, 230, 250, 270, from South Carolina, 271, from New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and the Southern States, 306, 323.

Fenian Congress in Chicago, 50—Admiral Farragut deceased, 99—Mr. Frelinghuysen declines mission to England, 114—Free Trade League's activity, 231—James Fisk, jr.'s speech at Democratic mass-meeting, 287—Col. Forney defends President against Secretary Cox, 322, 342—Florida elections doubtful, 359—David Dudley Field on bombardment of Metz, 429—Financial review of the week, 286, 307, 327, 342, 357, 358, 379, 394, 414, 430.

Franco-Prussian war, 33, 49, effects on American commerce, 270; American press correspondents, 50—French take Saarbrück, 65, 81; Prussians storm Weissenburg, defeat McMahon at Wörth and Frossard at Spichren and Forbach, 81, French fall back upon Metz and Nancy, Marshal Bazaine supersedes Gen. Lebœuf as commander-in-chief 82—Prussians intercept French retreat at Metz; comparative strength of two armies, 97—Five Days before Metz, French retreat cut off, battles of Gravelotte and Rézonville, the Crown-Prince pushes on to Châlons, retreat of MacMahon, 113—MacMahon retires to Mézières and Sedan; actions of the German armies respectively, their commanders and members; the French force 129—French valor not dimmed, 130—MacMahon surrounded at Sedan, French army and Napoleon surrender, 145—Probable conditions of peace, 146—Paris to be beleaguered: attitude of neutrals; territorial designs of Prussia; capture of Laon; prisoners taken at Sedan, 161—King William does not recognize the French Republic, 162—Alsace in German possession, Strasbourg nearly taken, 181—Fighting about Paris; alarm at Tours; raising of the blockade; campaign fictions, 182—Paris invested; defeat of Gen. Ducrot at Châtillon; capture of Toul and Strasbourg; Prussian conditions of armistice, 197—Balloon and pigeon-carrier service from Paris; Prussian circle of occupation and total sway in France, 213—Gambetta's balloon-flight from Paris to Tours; sortie of Bazaine repulsed; Gardes Mobiles defeated in the Vosges; French defeated at Artenay; the "Army of Lyons" a myth; value of Francs-tireurs in 1789, 229—Stories of Prussian cruelty, 230—Trochu's mode of training the raw levies; French fire destroys St Cloud; Kératry leaves Paris by balloon; "Red" movements, 249—Félix Pyat condemns Provisional Government; Victor Hugo's bombast; Soissons reduced, Orléans taken, Tours threatened; Gambetta gone to the East, 250—Peace rumors; ineffectual sortie from Fort du Mont Valérien, 269—Chartres occupied; engagement between Vesoul and Besançon; Schlettstadt taken; St. Quentin occupied, 270—Surrender of Metz proclaimed at Tours; Gen. Moltke made a Count; decorations of Crown-Prince and Frederick Charles; sortie at Le Bourget; Dijon taken; Garibaldi at Dôle, 285—Treason charged all round, 286—Redistribution of German forces after Metz; Verdun taken; Gen. Von der Tann driven out of Orléans; French driven beyond Montbéliard; Thiers's negotiations for armistice, 305—French retake Orléans; New Brisach taken, 321—French defeated near Dreux, 341—Fighting on the line of the Loire; Amiens and La Fère taken; Thionville surrendered; Garibaldians defeated near Dijon; Paris getting hungry, 357—Sortie from Paris; Paladines defeated by Prince Frederick Charles, 378, 394—Retreat of Army of Loire, Battles at Beaugency and Nevoy; Vierzon occupied by Prussians; Tours abandoned for Bordeaux, 391—Dieppe occupied; second sortie from Paris; Paris to be bombarded, 395—Retreat of Gen. Chanzy, defeat at Vendôme, 415—Gen. Faidherbe defeated near Amiens; sortie from Paris; Gambetta in Lyons; steadiness of the new levies, 429, 430—Seine obstructed by sinking British ships, 430.

Georgia admitted, 34—President Grant proposes to admit foreign ships duty free, 34, proclamation of neutrality, 114, failure to reform the administration, 287, desire to be renominated, 322, connection with McGarrahan claim, 343, message, 377, opposes removal of Capital, 431—Horace Greeley's chances for Governor and for English mission, 131.

Hoffman, Gov. John T., nominated for President by Tammany, 1, refuses to redistribute Supreme Judges, 215—Heated term, 51—Mayor Hall finds fault with the Census in New York City, 183—Thomas Hughes leaves for England, 271—Gov. Holden, of N. C., impeached, 414.

Indians of plains on the war-path, 2; Indian Appropriations quarrel and compromises in Congress, 34—Illinois Constitution adopted, 3, 19, Republican Convention's anti-tariff resolutions, 147.

Kapp, Dr. Friedrich, letters from the seat of war in Europe, 82.

Labor Convention in Chicago, 115, Reformers' strength in Mass. election, 343—Gen. R. E. Lee, deceased, 251.

Motley, Minister, superseded, 35, 50, succeeded by Senator Morton, 199, 271, by Mr. Schenck, 395, 413—Missouri Republicans divided, 82, 146, 214, 271—Mich. constitutional amendments for railroad bonds, 99, 342—Mass. town-voting on local prohibition, 163, Republican Convention, 230—Maine election carried by Republicans, 163—Hon. O. P. Morton to succeed Mr. Motley, 199, declines mission 271—Mr. Mundella on councils of arbitration, 323—McGarrahan and the President, 343—Mrs. Meriman's peace mission to France, 414.

New York custom-house changes, 2, 19, State not likely to be carried by Republicans, 99, probable Republican gains from Germans, 131, Republican convention at Saratoga, 162, 163, Democratic convention at Rochester, 198, 199; Sixth Ward of city outvotes actual population, 147, city census complete, 231, Republican scandal and contention, 251, city under U. S. election law, 251, 306—Naturalization Bill in Senate, 3—North Carolina difficulties, 51, 66, election carried by Conservatives, 82, 114, Governor's subordinates in court, 147, political situation, 359, Gov. Holden impeached, 414—Nathan murder, 3—New Haven letter to Secretary Cox, 307.

Orange riot in N. Y. city, 35—Ohio Republican resolutions on protection, 99.

Prévost-Paradol kills himself, 50—Wendell Phillips opposes Chinese immigration, 67, nominated Governor of Mass. on a temperance platform, 114, a triple candidate, 183, 271, smashing things "inside politics," 287, polls a small vote, 323—Prohibitory party in Mass., 114—Political activity, 131—Admiral Porter's letters on and to Grant, 393—Pacific Railroads and interest on U. S. bonds, 394—Protectionist dinner in N. Y., 414.

Reporters' facts *vs.* their opinions, 67—Real's execution and funeral, 83—Republican splits, 214—*Revolution* subordinates suffrage to general emancipation of women, 231—Revenue Reform banquet in New York, 358, no intention to form a new party, 378.

Speculation not roused by prospect of war in Europe, 18—Shipping interest and high-tariff men, 34—South Carolina politics, 66, colored candidates, 82, election, 271, Conservatives in despair, 359—*Sun* sides with Grant against Cox, 322—Southern increase of population, 343—Senator Schurz slighted by his colleagues, 393, encounter with Mr. Drake, 413, 414—Gen. Schenck appointed to English mission, 395, 413—Senator Sumner read out of the party, 431.

Tammany Fourth of July speeches, 1—Tariff on books, 3—*Tribune* no longer disturbs peace of Europe, 19, enterprise appropriated by rivals, 98, 130, 145, little digs at G. W. Curtis, 163, on the French Republic, 193, on war between Russia and Turkey, 214, reports Revenue Reform dinner in full, 358, charges *Nation* with misrepresenting Mr. Mudge, 430, 431—N. Y. *Times* recommends punkahs, 51—Senator Trumbull's programme for Republican party, 306, 307.

Vermont election carried by Republicans, 163—Dr. Von Holtzendorff on Germany's conditions of peace, 181.

Wells, Hon. D. A., complimented on retirement by Senators and Representatives, nominated by Hartford *Post* Representative to Congress, 2, offered special commissionership by Gov. Hoffman, 2, accepts, 231, speech at Revenue Reform dinner, 358—Woods-Porter privilege case in Congress, 18—Woman suffrage reports in Conn. legislature, 51, suffrage in Mass. politics, 215, at Republican Convention, 230, peace ambassador, 270, 359, *Woman's Journal* and *Nation*, 287—Senator Wilson's campaign circular, 98—*World's* war despatches, 250, 306.

ABROAD.

GREAT BRITAIN:—Cardinal Cullen on school-book morality, 35—New treaty for Belgian neutrality, 114—Ludicrous attitude towards Franco-Prussian war; amended neutrality act, 162—*Spectator* on mendacity of French press, 182—French loan, 286—Sir Henry Bulwer on intervention, 214—Carlyle on the war, 379—Granville renews intervention, 269; reply to Gortchakoff, 342, 379—English Liberals denounce war with Russia, 357; general warlike feeling, 395—Women elected to London school-boards, 379. [*See also* "Special Correspondence."]

FRANCE:—Eagerness to go to war with Prussia, 19, War declared, French demands, 33—Secret treaty of 1866 offered to Prussia; line of attack, 49—French account of secret treaty, 65—Effect on the Parisians of defeat at Weissenburg, demand for a general arming, 82—Palikao Cabinet succeeds Ollivier's, 97—Gen. Trochu in command at Paris, 114—The seat of Government to be removed from Paris; disagreement between Trochu and the War Ministry, 129—French disposition to discover Prussian spies. *Tribune* correspondent's fate, 130—Announcement of Emperor's capture in Paris, end of the Palikao Ministry, flight of the Empress, provisional republican government, 145—The republic's chances, 162, 198—Second of October fixed for vote on Constituent Assembly; meeting between Favre and Bismarck, 181—All France guilty of previous hostility to German unity, 182—Crémieux War Minister at Tours; elections for Assembly to take place Oct. 16; Mr. Washburne officious in his friendship; Emile Girardin and M. Villemessant remove their papers from Paris, 213—Favre, Mazade, and Louis Blanc beside themselves; Republican lying, 249—Distrust at Tours of English motives for interfering, 269—Flourens-mob seizes Provisional Government; Thiers armistice rejected; "La Commune" as a panacea, 305, 306—French loan for national defence, 306—Bazaine accused of treachery, 341—Sedan municipal war address; Laveleye on the future of France, 429. [*See also* "Special Correspondence."]

PRUSSIA:—Tranquil in presence of French menaces, 19, accepts war, 33—Line of Defense; controls South German armies, 49—Bismarck's account of secret treaty, 65—Prussia to hold the territory she acquires, 98—Dr. Jacoby's protest against annexation, and imprisonment; Prof. von Sybel in favor of annexation, 214—Prussian loan withdrawn by Barings, 306—Accession of South German States to the Confederation, 341—Protectionist objection to annexation, 359—King William to be made Emperor of Germany, treaties with southwestern states ratified by Parliament, 395—Neutrality of Luxemburg denounced, 415. [*See also* "Special Correspondence."]

AUSTRIA:—Hungary not in sympathy with France, 34.—Disordered finances, 430.

RUSSIA:—Rumored hostile preparations against Turkey; demands a revision of the Treaty of Paris, 230, 321—Gortchakoff's rejoinder to Granville, 342, 379.—Change of military system, 430. [*See also* "Special Correspondence."]

SPAIN:—Prim negotiating for a Hohenzollern prince, 3—Spanish news filtered by the French, 66—Duke of Aosta elected King, 342.

ITALY:—Infallibility carried; Father Hyacinthe not regularly dispensed from his monastic engagements, 35, enlists as a volunteer, 97—Rome evacuated by French, 66—Italy's attitude towards the war, 98; disappoints Prince Napoleon's mission for aid, 131—Rome to be occupied as capital of the kingdom, 146—Entrance of Papal states, investment of Rome, 183—Rome entered, 198—Plebiscitum unanimous for Italian unity, 214, reported officially at Florence, 286—Hesitation to remove the capital, 286—Parliament dissolved, stringent press law for Rome, Pope retains Quirinal, 322—Newspapers suppressed for printing Pope's encyclical, 395. [*See also* "Special Correspondence."]

CHINA:—Tientsin massacre, 115.

Literary Notes.

Announcements, 8, 26, 42, 55, 104, 122, 138, 155, 174, 190, 201, 224, 235, 259, 279, 297, 332, 341, 367, 387, 404, 422—Adams, H. B., to edit *North American Review*, 279, 298—Allen, Dr. N., on American physical degeneracy, 224—Azamat-Batuk on the war, 175—Attila's campaign, by Anatole de Barthélemy, 44—American surgery esteemed abroad, 332—American Philological Association to meet at Rochester, 28—Americans in Paris, 235—Army Medical Museum, 405—Astrology and the Franco-Prussian war, 205—Art instruction in Mass., 191—Author's property in unreturned MS., 8—*American Law Review*, vol. v., 333—*Art*, 332—Alsace and Lorraine annexation literature; great writers, 437.

Barnard, President, statistics of American collegiate education, 388, 421—Bible revision in England, 28—Brazil, Hartt expedition, 405—British Museum's increase in 1869, 192—Bescherelle's "Dictionnaire National" out of date, 94—Bureau of Education circular, 123—*Bibliopolist* for April and May, 8—*Blackwood* on Scotch language, 422, 423.

Cooper's (J. Fenimore) books of travel, 43—Cibrario, Luigi, deceased—Catharine of Aragon's divorce, 236—Colossi di Montecavallo, 44—Census of 1860 to give way to something better, 225—Civil service in England thrown open to all ranks, 28—College-families of New England, 312—Conn. Hist. Society's Collections, 260—Cradock House in Medford, Mass., 406—"Contraband," first application to negroes, 105—*Church Times* on the Papal post-office, 354—*Christian Union* on Prussian culture, 192—Chinese cost of living, 280; Chinese tones, 156; Chinese dictionaries and other publications, 106, 107; Chinese taught at Cornell, 260; Chinese provinces and capital cities, 237; Chinese dictionaries, Baldwin and Maclay's, and Doolittle's, 260; Chinese competitive examinations, 333; Chinese Trade Reports, 333—Caricatures, French and German, 438.

Darwin's opponents in French Academy, 156—Disraeli's preface to collected works, 352—Dickens awkwardly praised; memorial collection of Boston Public Library, 27—Dunster, Dr. E. S., on the relation of medical profession to modern education, 406—Du Bois-Reymond on the French as political heirs of Rome, 236—Darien ship-canal history, 175—Dictionnaire des Contemporains, 140—Dutch Society's (Haarlem) medals, 215.

European cities' increase of population, 176—English papers, circulation of, 57; English publications, 156, 210, 313, 352, 353, 389—*English Churchman* on drought as a divine punishment, 73—*Examiner* (of Chicago), 204.

Frou-frou versions in England, 8—French etymological dictionary, 193; French-war poetry, 156; French nation declining in military population, 140—*Fanfulla*, 9.

Garrett, Miss Elizabeth, M.D., 205, leads London School-Board, 422—Glyn, Miss, English actress, 175—Gowans, Wm., deceased, 368—Gray's MS. collection of Italian music, 10—Guizot's youth's history of France, 226—Germany, state of religious thought in, 74—German and French current literature, 74, 106—German-American teachers' convention at Louisville, 124; German-American School Association and N. Y. schools, 259.

Hamilton, Dr. F. H., on advances in medical teaching, 406—Hemans, H. W., contributor to *N. A. Review*, 405—Hughes, Thomas, at Harvard, 260—Hübner's Life of Sixtus V., 44—Hartt expedition to Brazil, 405—Harvard College and the University Press, 368—Hebrew aristocracy in Western Russia, 237—Horse-chestnut, derivation of name, 105—*Harper's Monthly* Index, 260.

Italian Language, New Dictionary of, 9—Italian journalistic two-facedness, 206—Infallibility schema, 93, 94; Infallibility explained by Vicar-General of New York, 106—Inebriate Asylum Convention, 422.

Jules Janin succeeds Sainte-Beuve in the French Academy, 44—Josh Billings's Aliminax for 1871, 280—Joint-ownership relics in England and New England, 192, 224.

Kennedy, Hon. J. P., deceased, 158, literary remains in MS., 175—Kentucky University, 124—Koran of the Caliph Osman, 237.

Leypoldt & Holt's Educational number of *Trade Circular*, 175—Laboulaye on Mommsen, 206—Laugel, Auguste, on the war, 236—Lavallée on the frontiers of France, 225—Livy MS., worthless discovery, 57—"Lothair" and "The Man who Laughs," 93—London School-Board election, 422.

March's, Rev. Dr., subscription work, 27—Mommsen's appeal to Italy, 139—McPherson's Hand-book of Politics for 1870, 279—Massimo D'Azeglio's Letters to his Wife, 9, to G. Torelli, 124—Marco Polo edited by Pauthier, 205, by Col. Yule, 237—Ministry, decline of, 389—Medical ethics put in verse, 8—Marseillaise sung by Mlle. Agar, 192—Mass. Hist. Society's Proceedings, 369—Minn. Hist. Society's Collections, 388—*Modern Thinker*, 138.

Nuttall's "Dictionary of Scientific Terms," 205—Napoleon's downfall prefigured, 175—*National Standard* becomes a weekly again, 55—*North American Review* to be edited by H. B. Adams, 298, 405—*National Normal* premiums, 17—*Notes and Queries on China and Japan* discontinued, 237.

Olmsted, F. L., on public parks, 56—Ollivier writing history, 289—Oriental Society, American and German meetings, 313—*O Novo Mundo*, 298.
Pickering, Rev. Mr., of Squashville, replies to Young Yale, 312—Pumpelly-Cunningham correspondence in China, 139—Prévost-Paradol overworked, 93—Phila. Academy of Nat. Science and female members, 9, 27—Pennsylvania idioms, 56—Philological Association meeting at Rochester, 92—Pestalozzian teaching discouraged in Boston, 205—Phosphate rocks of S. C., 388—Postal-card uses, 368 369—Paris pictures during the siege, 369, 370, 438—Paris press after Sedan, 388—Press and the war in Europe, 123—Plébiscites, 314—Prussian religious training in schools, 157—Passion-plays at Ammergau, 9—Palestine colonized by Germans, 406—Pope and Father Theiner, 93—Papal infallibility, 353, 354—*Pall Mall Gazette's* correspondents, 139, 175—*Phœnix, The*, 389—*Psychological Journal* for July, 27.
Rowland Williams's will, 105—Rau, Prof., library secured by Michigan University, 312—Renan on the war, 236—Rodrigues' Chrestomathia da Lingua Ingleza, 352—Rothenburg a mediæval relic, 9—Reformation Flugschriften, 106—*Revue des Deux Mondes* as affected by the war, 226—*Revue Celtique* for May 9—Reuter, Dr. Fritz, in trouble with the Jews, 438.
Stanton, Hon. E. M., and California archives, 269—Sargent's Skeleton Tours, 279—Stillman's views of the Acropolis, 332—Seguin's Prescription and Clinic Record, 259—Sibley's Harvard Biographies, 368—Sparks's library to be sold, 191—Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., completed, 367—Schaeffer's Latin Chart, 122—Schlagintweit's Pacific-Eisenbahn, 279—Steiger's prize essay on German population in America, 43; War-map, 155—Sumter, Welles, and Seward controversy, 352—Sanskrit scholars in Prussian army, 261—Scotch language as compared with English, 422, 423—Simmons College, 191—Surgeon-General's Report, 405—Stamp act abolished in England, 314—Slavic unity of language, 438, 439—Strasburg Library to be re-established, 438.
Thomas, Gen. W. B., on Chinese immigration, 235—Towne, Rev. E. C., *Examiner* prospectus, 122—"Temple," sect colonizing Palestine, 406—Telegraphic facilities, 225, 335.
Upton's "Tactics for Non-military Bodies," 224—*United States Jurist*, 279.
Verplanck, Judge, two memoirs of, 298.
Wheeler, Prof., on spoken English, 312—Wright, Henry C., deceased, 155—Whitney's German Reader, 191—Williamson's Journeys in North China, 333—Wisconsin State Historical Society, 260—William and Mary College, Va., 73—War-maps, 123—*Woman's Journal* guesses wrong, 192—*Williams Review* publishing old college exercises, 299—*Westminster Review* on American literature and Eric, 353—Women's German benevolent associations, 438.
Yale College bids for the Rau library, 175; Yale class statistics, 43, 44; Yale Scientific Party and Sioux skulls, 312—Yucatan phonetic alphabet, 8, 73.

Editorial and Miscellaneous Articles.

Alabama Case and the Canadians, 308
Alabama Case, Neutral Opinion on the, 218
American Diplomat of the Old School, 102
Boutwell and the Civil Service, 362
Boutwell's Last Excuse, 397
Business Men as Legislators, 290
Canada Banks and the Usury Laws, 289
Chinese Invasion, 20
Christian Union and Judge Clerke, 347
College Troubles, 69
Comic-Paper Question, 434
Congress and a Funding Bill, 4
Congress, The Next, 36
Cox's Resignation, 252—The "Explanation" in Reply to Mr. Cox, 324—The System, 325—How the Thing is Done, 329
Currency Bill Again, 87
Delicate Subject, Another, 21
Fisheries, North-Eastern, 166
Franco-Prussian War:—European Imbroglio, 20—With which Side should we Sympathize? 36—Future of the Money Market, 53—English Neutrality, 68—Some of the Causes of the War, 68—European war and American Finance, 84—Southwestern Germany, 85—French Opposition to the War, 100—European Suspension of Specie Payments, 100—Belligerent Commerce, Freedom of, 116—Transfer of Power in Europe, 117—Natural Boundaries, 133—The Catastrophe in France, 148—The Future, 149—Prussian War Loans, 150—Culture and War, 151—Terms of Peace, 164—Neutrals and Contraband, 165—Will the Miracle of 1792 Repeat Itself? 184—Why the War has not been more Disastrous to Trade, 185—Cæsarists and Sentimentalists, 200—How the Great Change affects the Nations, 217—International Ignorance, 216—Alsace and Lorraine, 233—Prescription in International Law, 253—Popular Notions of Prussia, 255—French Republic, 272—Comparative Morality of Nations, 274 Immediate Prospect in France, 288—Notes on the War, 167, 188, 201, 220, 256
Funding Bill and the Rate of Interest, 273
"High Priori" Road to Ruin, 360
International Law, Recent Developments in, 398
Italy, Political Crisis in, 418
Journalism, Business Side of, 254
Labor Campaign, 132
Land Grants, Truth about, 447
Monopolies and the XIVth Amendment, 361
New Political Problem, 382
Papal Question, 381
Party, Interests of the, 4
Peace, 432
"Pidgin English," 118
Political Prospect, 132
Political Situation, 344
Political "Work," 380
Politics, 200
Race Question, 89
Railroad Receipts, Pooling of, 309
Railroad Subsidies, 219
Secularization of the Church, 89
Spectacular Theory of War, 416
St. Domingo Row, 432
"Sympathy," 52
Tertullian at the Amphitheatre, 186
Things Plain to be Seen, 232
Treasury Report, 396
Turco-Russian Trouble, 345
Ways and Means for our Colleges, 152
Whittemore Case, 55
Woman's Rights Camp, Feud in the, 346

Occasional Correspondence

Act of Contrition, 174
Alsace and Lorraine, Annexation of, 296
Another Nostradamus, 190
Belgium, Spoliation of, 172
Breitmann, Development of, 25
Carbon Processes, 351
Chinese Massacre, 121
Church and the World, 25
Contagious Diseases Acts and Englishwomen, 40, 136—Butler, Mrs. Josephine, 351—Storks, Sir H., and his Female Assailants, 366
Co-education at Antioch College, 24
College Statistics, 421
Contrabands, 122
Correction, A, 332
Dall's Alaska, 42, 55
Fessenden's Successor, 71
France and Germany, 420
Germany against France, 380
Great Cry and Little Wool, 173
James, Mr., Question for, 42
Joint Ownership in America, 224
Lee Pedigree, 437
Magazine Literature, 223
Military Education, 223
Monopolies and the Fourteenth Amendment, 387
Parker, Capt., and Col. Higginson, 26
Pennsylvania Idioms, 72
President, A Word for the, 387
Protection Protect? Does, 350, 387, 403
Prussian Army, Scholars in, 278
Prussian Military System, 258, 330
Prussian War Loan, 276
Railroad Corporations, Combination against, 422
Rawlins Statue, 404
Religion of the Churches, 214
"Sentimentalist"—Wendell Phillips's Philosophy, 277—More Sentimentalism, 296—Warnings to "A Sentimentalist," 297—A Step in Advance, 311—More of his Impudence, 331—Real Universal Suffrage at Last, 367
Syrian Protestant College, 104
Tientsin Massacre, 189
United Germany, 173
Yale College and its Government, 70, 91—Young Yale's Real Complaint, 137—Young Yale once more, 235, 331—"First Alumnus" and Mr. Pickering, 350—Old Yale on "The First Alumnus," 384, 385—Final Explanation from "Young Yale," 402

Special Correspondence.

Domestic—Saratoga, 87
  Lake George, 119
  From Lake George to Burlington, 185
  Newport, 170
  Affairs at the University of Michigan, 382
England—54, 221, 257, 292.
  The Education Question, 23
  English Feeling about the War.—The Volunteers at Wimbledon, 89
  The New School Boards, 326, 436
  Mr. Gladstone on the War, 363
  The Anglo-Russian Difficulty, 399
France—7.
  Right and Wrong in, 108
  French Patriotism—Trochu—Thiers, 120
  Paris, 154
  The Prospect in France, 202
  What Citizen-soldiers May do for France, 275
  The Prussians at Versailles, 294
  French Hopes after French Successes, 419
Germany—From the Rhine, 90
  The Prussian Soldier, 134
  The Prussian Losses—Field Mail Service, 169
  The Feeling in Germany, 203
  Prussian Sanitary Experience, 222
  Talks with Bismarck, 233
  The Bombardment of Paris and the Expenses of the War, 293
  Our Minister to France, 310
  An American Surgeon in the Prussian Service, 327
  What the Prussian Army is Composed of, 348
  Prussia and the Eastern Question—The New German Confederation, 400
Italy—The Italian Problem, 5
Russia—The Municipal Reform in, 364

Literature.

Bain's Logic, 77
Bell's Travels in North America, 371
Bible, Proposed Revision of the English, 238, 261, 281
Brentano's History of Gilds, 354
Buchanan's, Robert, New Book, 76
Crete, History of, 63
Council, What is Going on in the, 44
Dall's Alaska, 11
Does Protection Protect? 334
Draper's Civil War, 94
European Education, Recent Reports on, 242
Facts, 314
France in Africa, 264
German-American Cyclopædia, 62
Government, Recent Works on, 10
Hartt's Brazil, 370
Hawthorne's English Note-Books, 59
Hesekiel's Bismarck, 46
Holiday Books for the Young—355, 372, 392, 409, 424
Huxley, Professor, 407
Illustrated Gift-Books of the Season, 409, 440
Ireland, Cromwellian Settlement of, 240
Legge's Chinese Classics, 176
Louis Blanc's Revolution of 1848, 107
Lubbock's Primitive Man, 299
Magazines for July, 13, for August, 78, for Sept., 141, for Oct., 206, Nov., 301, Dec., 389
March's Comparative Grammar of the A. S. Language, 334
Molloy's Geology and Revelation, 300
Müller on the Science of Religion, 242
National Self-Government, 264
New Timothy, 125
North American Review for July, 95, for October, 315
Noyes's History of American Socialisms, 140
Old-Fashioned Girl, 80
Old Testament Subjects, Popular Works on, 439
Orton's Amazon, 194
Papacy, Temporal Power of the, 124
Passion Play, 226
Payne's Index of Biography, 12
Population of an Old Pear-Tree, 45
Porter, Prof., on American Colleges, 282
Prehistoric Data, 63
Primitive Man, 75
Prussia and France, Military Resources of, 239
Recent Republications, 108
Red Cloud seen through Friendly Eyes, 61
Rossetti's Poems, 29
Second Empire in its Bloom, 193
Stanhope's Reign of Queen Anne, 57
Ténot's "Paris in December, 1851," 157
Trochu on the French Army, 263
Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," 177

Books Reviewed.

[*The Italics indicate the Shorter Notices, for which also consult the Literary Notes.*]

Alaska and its Resources, 11
Algérie, Quelques Mots sur l', 264
American Civil War, (Draper's) History of, 94
American Colleges and the American Public, 282
American Socialism, History of, 140
American System of Government, 10
Anglo-Saxon, Comparative Grammar of, 335
American Law, Analysis of, 15
Ammergau Passion Play, 226
Ancient History, (Rawlinson's) *Manual of*, 47
Andes and Amazon, 194
Armée Française en 1867, L', 263
Art (Ruskin's), *Lectures on*, 64
Bible Lands, Studies in, 439
Biblical Studies, 439
Bismarck, Life of, 46
Book of Orm, 76
Botany, First Book of, 31
Brazil, Scientific Results of a Journey in, 370
Breezie Langton, 31
British Museum, Lives of Founders of, 158
Brooklyn, History of, 110
California, Scenes of Wonder in, 337
Chinese Classics, 176
Companions of My Solitude, 316
Concile, Ce qui se passe au, 44
Crète, Précis de l'Histoire de, 63
Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland, 240
Dakotas, Gospel among the, 61
Deutsch-amerikanisches Conversations-Lexicon, 62
Dickens, Speeches, etc., of, 79
England, Stanhope's History of, 57
English-Greek Lexicon (Yonge's), 80
Facts as Subjects of Enquiry by a Jury, 314
Friday Night, 11
Galileo, The Private Life of, 15
Geology and Revelation, 300
German Course (Comfort's), 245
Gilds, History of, 354
Government, Part of a Work on, 10
Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods, 46
Gwendoline's Harvest, 127
Hammer and Anvil, 159
Harbaugh's Harfe, 31
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, Passages from English Note-Books of, 59
Haydn's Universal Index of Biography, 12
Hebrew History, Heroes of, 439
Illustrated Holiday Books, 409, 440
Isaiah, Book of, 439
Jewish Church, History of, 439
John, 227
Juvenile Literature, 355, 372, 392, 409, 424
Kalb, Life of, 207
Kentucky, Pioneer Life in, 208
Kiepert's Wall Map of the Ancient World, 426
Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews, 407
Lewis, Sir G. C., Letters of, 128
Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America, 284
Lifting the Veil, 111
Living World, 244
Logic (Bain's), 77
London Lyrics, 336
Man and Wife, 177
Military Resources of Prussia and France, 239
Miss Van Kortland, 127
Monks before Christ, 63
National Self-Government in Europe and America, 264
Nations Around, 439
Nation, The, 10
New Timothy, 125
North America, New Tracks in, 370
Old-Fashioned Girl, 80
Only a Girl, 48
Origin of Civilization, 299
Paris in December, 1851, 157
Pear-tree, Population of an Old, 45
Pickett's Men, 244
Picture-Writing in the Bible, Traces of, 63
Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 29
Political Economy (Rogers's), *Manual of*, 64
Primitive Man, 75
Protection Protect? Does, 334
Race for a Wife, 31
Révolution de 1848, Histoire de la, 107
Robert Falconer, 284
Rob Roy on the Jordan, 336
Roman Republic, Decline of the, 208
Second Empire, Histoire du, 193
Seventy-five Popular Flowers, 48
Six Corps, Three Years in, 337
Smith, Col. James, Remarkable Occurrences in Life of, 110
Smith's Wealth of Nations, 64
Spontaneous Generation, 15
Stern Necessity, 111
Student's Mythology, 425
Tappan, Arthur, Life of, 265
Temporal Power of the Papacy, Growth of, 124
Ten Times One is Ten, 335
Virginia Tourist, 337
Woman of Business, 31

Books of the Week.

16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 111, 128, 159, 178, 195, 209, 245, 265, 317, 337, 356, 373, 392, 410, 426, 441.

Fine Arts.

Christine Nilsson, 209
Marie Seebach, 227
Favarger's French Readings, 365
Miss Glyn, 441
Autotypes and Oleographs, 317
Mr. Lincoln's Statue in Union Square, 373
The Winter Galleries, 426

ERRATA.

Page 40, column 2, line 12, fifth word. For "degraded" read "courted."

Page 61, article "Red Cloud." For "wah-kań" read "wah-kan'," wherever the word occurs.

Page 93, column 2, line 26. For "Grossmayer" read "Strossmayer." Line 11 from bottom: for "say" read "deny."

Page 171, column 1, line 8. For "far" read "free." Line 19: for "impression" read "expression." Line 29: for "gave" read "your." Line 37: for "various" read "serious."

Column 2, line 5. For "coaxing" read "conscious." Line 18: for "lordly" read "lowly." Line 26: for "noise" read "voice." Line 9 from bottom: for "peace" read "prose."

Page 172, column 1, line 18. For "lordly" read "lowly." Line 14 from bottom: for "era" read "sea."

Column 2, line 10. For "innumerable" read "immeasurable."

REGISTER OF BOOKS RECEIVED DURING THE HALF YEAR.

Theology, Metaphysics, and Ethics.

A Lost Piece of Silver......(Pott & Amery)
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Morning and Evening Exercises......(Harper & Bros.)
Sermons, Sept., 1868 to Mar., 1870, 3 vols. (J. B. Ford & Co.) $7 50
Beecher (Rev. T. K.), Our Seven Churches......(J. B. Ford & Co.)
Blunt (Rev. J. H.), A Plain Account of the English Bible....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology......(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Broadus (Rev. J. A.), Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons......(Sheldon & Co.)
Chardon (G.), Memoirs of a Guardian Angel......(John Murphy & Co.)
Charlesworth (M. L.), Letters to a Friend under Affliction....(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Cheyne (T. K.), The Book of Isaiah Chronologically Arranged..(Macmillan & Co.)
Church (Rev. R. W.), Saint Anselm...... " "
Clark (Rev. A.), Workday Christianity......(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 50
Complete Triumph of Moral Good over Evil......(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Edgar (J. H.), The Threefold Graces of the Holy Trinity... " " 1 50
Furness (Rev. W. H.), Jesus...... " "
Girdlestone (C.), Christendom......(Sampson Low, Son & Marston)
Harsha (Rev. J. W.), The Song of the Redeemed......(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hart (J. S.), The Sunday-School Idea......(J. C. Garrigues & Co.) 1 50
Holme (Rev. J. S.), Light at Evening Time......(Harper & Bros.)
Hunt (Dr. E. M.), Bible Notes for Daily Readers, 2 vols.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Joceline (E.), The Mother's Legacie to her Unborne Childe....(Duffield Ashmead)
Lange (Rev. J. P.), Commentary: Galatians......(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Mackenzie (Rev. W. B.), Handbook for the Sick......(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
March (Rev. D.), Our Father's House......(Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.)
Molloy (Rev. G.), Geology and Revelation......(G. P. Putnam & Son) 2 25
Neale (Rev. J. M.), Questions on the Tabernacle and its Services...(Pott & Amery)
O'Reilly (Eleanor), Children of the Church, 4th ed...... " "
Oxenden (Rev. A.), Words of Peace...... " "
Pat and the Council, swd...... " "
Perinchief (Rev. O.), Sermons Preached in Baltimore......(D. Appleton & Co.)
Pressensé (Rev. E. de), The Early Years of Christianity....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
"Quirinus," Letters from Rome on the Council, swd......(Pott & Amery)
Smith (Rev. R. P.), Prophecy a Preparation for Christ......(Gould & Lincoln)
Thompson (Rev. J. P.), The Theology of Christ, from his own Words......(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Timanus (Sara J.), The Infant Class......(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon)
Von Liaño (H. St. A.), The Church of God and the Bishops......(Pott & Amery)
Washburn (F. F.), A Comparative View of Religions, swd.....(Crosby & Damrell)

Poetry.

Abbott (J.), Rollo and Lucy Book of Poetry, 3 vols......(Dodd & Mead) 3 00
Bryant (W. C.), Library of Poetry and Song......(J. B. Ford & Co.) 5 00
The Song of the Sower, 42 illustrations......(D. Appleton & Co.)
Cowper (W.), Poetical Works, Globe ed......(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Hale (Mrs. S. J.), Love: or, Woman's Destiny......(Duffield Ashmead)
Harte (B.), Poems...... (Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Herbert (George), Poetical Works, illustrated......(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Ingelow (Jean), Songs of Seven, swd......(Roberts Bros.) 0 30
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